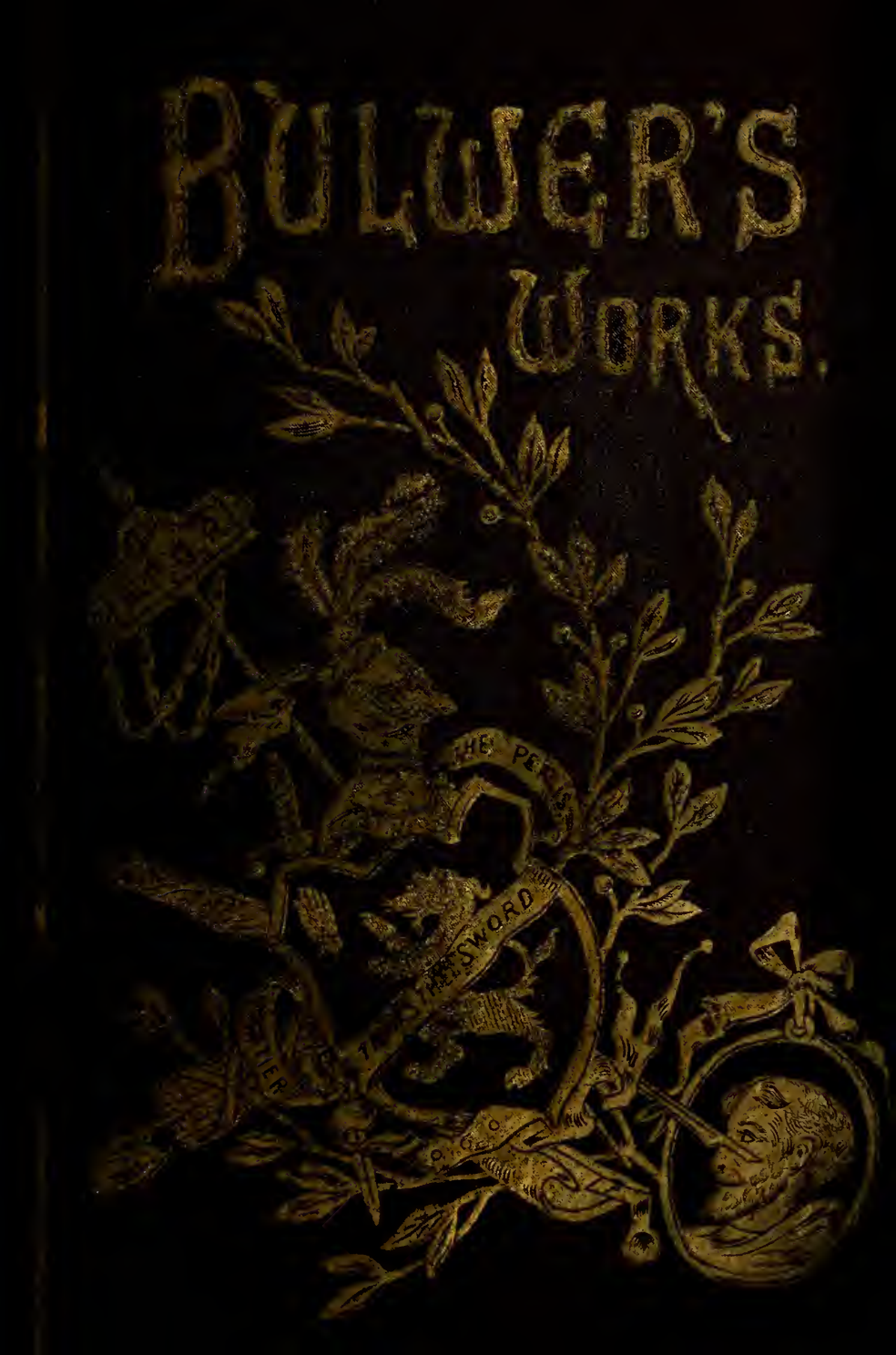
BULWER'S WORKS.



PELHAM.

THE WORKS

OF

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

(LORD LYTTON)

PELHAM.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

ZANONI.

FALKLAND.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW YORK:
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PELHAM;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

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*PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1828.**

I BELIEVE if we were to question every author upon the subject of his literary grievances, we should find that the most frequent of all complaints, was less that of being unappreciated, than that of being misunderstood. All of us write perhaps with some secret object, for which the world cares not a straw: and while each reader fixes his peculiar moral upon a book, no one, by any chance, hits upon that which the author had in his own heart designed to inculcate. Hence this Edition of "PELHAM" acquires that appendage in the shape of an explanatory preface which the unprescient benevolence of the author did not inflict on his readers when he first confided his work to their candor and discretion. Even so, some Candidate for Parliamentary Honors first braves the hustings;—relying only on the general congeniality of sentiment between himself and the Electors — but alas! once chosen, the liberal confidence, which took him upon trust is no more, and when he reappears to commend himself to the popular suffrage, he is required to go into the ill-bred egotisms of detail—and explain all that he has done and all that he has failed to do, to the satisfaction of an enlightened but too inquisitive constituency.

It is a beautiful part in the economy of this world, that nothing is without its use; every weed in the great thoroughfares of life has a honey, which Observation can easily extract; and we may glean no unimportant wisdom from Folly itself, if we distinguish while we survey, and satirize while we share it. It is in this belief that these volumes have their origin. I have not been willing that even the common-places of society should afford neither a record nor a moral; and it is therefore from the common places of society that the materials of this novel have been wrought. By treating trifles naturally, they may be rendered amusing, and that which adherance to Nature renders amusing, the same cause also may render instructive: for Nature is the source of all morals, and the enchanted well, from which not a single drop can be taken, that has not the power of curing some of our diseases.

I have drawn for the hero of my Work, such a person as seemed to me best fitted to retail the opinions and customs of the class and age to which he belongs; a personal combination of antitheses—a fop and a philosopher, a voluptuary and a moralist—a trifler in appearance, but rather one to whom trifles are instructive, than one to whom trifles are natural—an Aristippus on a limited scale, accustomed to draw sage conclusions from the follies he adopts, and while professing himself a votary of Pleasure, desirous in reality to become a disciple of Wisdom. Such a character I have found it more difficult to portray than to conceive: I have found it more difficult still, because I have with it nothing in common,*

* Viz., the Second Edition.

* I regret extremely that by this remark I should be necessitated to relinquish the flattering character I have for so many months borne, and to undeceive not a few of my most indulgent critics, who in reviewing

except the taste for observation, and some experience in the scenes among which it has been cast; and it will readily be supposed that it is no easy matter to survey occurrences the most familiar through a vision, as it were, essentially and perpetually different from that through which oneself has been accustomed to view them. This difficulty in execution will perhaps be my excuse in failure; and some additional indulgence may be reasonably granted to an author who has rarely found in the egotisms of his hero a vent for his own.

With the generality of those into whose hands a novel upon manners is likely to fall, the lighter and less obvious the method in which reflection is conveyed, the greater is its chance to be received without distaste and remembered without aversion. This will be an excuse, perhaps, for the appearance of frivolities not indulged for the sake of the frivolity; under that which has most the semblance of levity I have often been the most diligent in my endeavors to inculcate the substances of truth. The shallowest stream, whose bed every passenger imagines he surveys, may deposit *some* golden grains on the plain through which it flows; and we may weave flowers not only *into* an idle garland, but, like the thyrsus of the ancients, *over* a sacred weapon.

It now only remains for me to add my hope that this edition will present the "ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN" in a less imperfect shape than the last, and in the words of the erudite and memorable Joshua Barnes, "So to begin my intended discourse, if not altogether true, yet not wholly vain, for perhaps deficient in what may exhilarate a witty fancy, or inform a bad moralist."

THE AUTHOR.

October, 1828.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1840.*

THE holiday time of life, in which this novel was written, while accounting, perhaps in a certain gaiety of tone, for the popularity it has received, may perhaps also excuse, in some measure, its more evident deficiencies and faults. Although I trust the time has passed when it might seem necessary to protest against those critical assumptions which so long confounded the author with the hero;—although I equally trust that, even were such assumptions true, it would be scarcely necessary to dispute the justice of visiting upon later and more sobered life, the supposed foibles and levities of that thoughtless age of eighteen, in which this fiction was first begun,—yet, perhaps, some short sketch of the origin of a work, however idle, the success of which determined the literary career of the author, may not be considered altogether presumptuous or irrelevant.

While, yet, then a boy in years, but with some experience of the world, which I entered prematurely, I had the good fortune to be confined to my room by a severe illness, towards the end of a London season. All my friends were out of town, and I was left to such resources as solitude can suggest to the tedium of sickness. I amused myself by writing with incredible difficulty and labor (for till then prose was a country almost as unknown to myself as to Monsieur Jourdain) some half a dozen tales and sketches. Among them was a story called "Mortimer, or the Memoirs of a Gentleman." Its commencement was almost word for word the same as that of "Pelham;" but the design was exactly opposite to that of the latter and later work. "Mortimer" was intended to show the manner in which the world deteriorates its votary, and "Pelham," on the contrary, conveys the newer, and, I believe, sounder moral, of showing how a man of sense can subject the usages of the world to himself instead of being conquered by them, and gradually grow wise by the very foibles of his youth.

This tale, with the sketches written at the same period, was sent anonymously to a celebrated publisher, who considered the volume of too slight a nature for separate publication, and recommended me to select the best of the papers for a magazine. I was not at that time much inclined to a periodical mode of publishing, and thought no more of what, if * *nugæ* to the reader, had indeed been *difficiles* to the

my work have literally considered the Author and the Hero one flesh. "We have only," said one of them, "to complain of the Author's egotisms; he is perpetually talking of himself!"—Poor gentleman! from the first page to the last, the Author never utters a syllable.—[The few marginal notes in which the Author himself speaks, were not added till the present Edition.]

* Viz., in the first collected edition of the Author's prose works.

* *Nugæ*, trifles; *difficiles*, difficult.

author. Soon afterwards I went abroad. On my return I sent a collection of letters to Mr. Colburn for publication, which, for various reasons, I afterwards worked up into a fiction, and which (greatly altered from their original form) are now known to the public under the name of "Falkland."

While correcting the sheets of that tale for the press, I was made aware of many of its faults. But it was not till it had been fairly before the public that I was sensible of its greatest; namely, a sombre coloring of life, and the indulgence of a vein of sentiment, which, though common enough to all very young minds in their first very bitter experience of the disappointments of the world, had certainly ceased to be new in its expression, and had never been true in its philosophy.

The effect which the composition of that work produced upon my mind was exactly similar to that which (if I may reverently quote so illustrious an example) Goethe informs us the writing of "Werter" produced upon his own. I had rid my bosom of its "perilous stuff,"—I had confessed my sins, and was absolved,—I could return to real life and its wholesome objects. Encouraged by the reception which "Falkland" met with, flattering though not brilliant, I resolved to undertake a new and more important fiction. I had long been impressed with the truth of an observation of Madame de Staël, that a character at once gay and sentimental is always successful on the stage. I resolved to attempt a similar character for a novel, making the sentiment, however, infinitely less prominent than the gaiety. My boyish attempt of the "Memoirs of a Gentleman" occurred to me, and I resolved upon this foundation to build my fiction. After a little consideration I determined, however, to enlarge and ennoble the original character: the character itself, of the clever man of the world corrupted *by* the the world, was not new; it had already been represented by Mackenzie, by Moore in "Zeluco," and in some measure by the master-genius of Richardson itself, in the incomparable portraiture of Lovelace. The moral to be derived from such a creation seemed to me also equivocal and dubious. It is a moral of a gloomy and hopeless school.

We live *in* the world; the great majority of us, in a state of civilization, must, more or less, *be* men *of* the world. It struck me that it would be a new, an useful, and perhaps a happy moral, to show in what manner we might redeem and brighten the common places of life; to prove (what is really the fact) that the lessons of society do not necessarily corrupt, and that we may be both men of the world, and even, to a certain degree, men of pleasure, and yet be something wiser—nobler—better. With this idea I formed in my mind the character of Pelham; revolving its qualities long and seriously before I attempted to describe them on paper. For the formation of my story, I studied with no slight attention the great works of my predecessors, and attempted to derive from that study certain rules and canons to serve me as a guide; and, if some of my younger contemporaries whom I could name would only condescend to take the same preliminary pains that I did, I am sure that the result would be much more brilliant. It often happens to me to be consulted by persons about to attempt fiction, and I invariably find that they imagine they have only to sit down and write. They forget that art does not come by inspiration, and that the novelist, dealing constantly with contrast and effect, must in the widest and deepest sense of the word, study to be an *artist*. They paint pictures for Posterity without having learned to draw.

Few critics have, hitherto, sufficiently considered, and none, perhaps, have accurately defined, the peculiar characteristics of prose fiction in its distinct schools and multiform varieties:—of the two principal species, the Narrative and Dramatic, I chose for "Pelham" my models in the former; and when it was objected, at the first appearance of that work, that the plot was not carried on through every incident and every scene, the critics evidently confounded the two classes of fiction I have referred to, and asked from a work in one what ought only to be the attributes of a work in the other: the dazzling celebrity of Scott, who deals almost solely with the dramatic species of fiction, made them forgetful of the examples, equally illustrious, in the narrative form of romance, to be found in Smollett, in Fielding, and Le Sage. Perhaps, indeed, there is in "Pelham" more of plot and of continued interest, and less of those incidents that do not either bring out the character of the hero, or conduce to the catastrophe, than the narrative

order may be said to require, or than is warranted by the great examples I have ventured to name.

After due preparation, I commenced and finished the first volume of "Pelham." Various circumstances then suspended my labors, till several months afterwards I found myself quietly buried in the country, and with so much leisure on my hands, that I was driven, almost in self-defence from *ennui*, to continue and conclude my attempt.

It may serve perhaps to stimulate the courage and sustain the hopes of others to remark, that "the Reader" to whom the MS. was submitted by the publisher, pronounced the most unfavorable and damning opinion upon its chances of success,—an opinion fortunately reversed by Mr. Ollier, the able and ingenious author of "Inesilla," to whom it was then referred. The book was published, and I may add, that for about two months it appeared in a fair way of perishing prematurely in its cradle. With the exception of two most flattering and generously-indulgent notices in the "Literary Gazette" and the "Examiner," and a very encouraging and friendly criticism in the "Atlas," it was received by the critics with indifference or abuse. They mistook its purport, and translated its satire literally. But about the third month it rose rapidly into the favor it has since continued to maintain. Whether it answered all the objects it attempted I cannot pretend to say; one at least I imagine that it did answer: I think, above most works, it contributed to put an end to the Satanic mania,—to turn the thoughts and ambition of young gentlemen without neckcloths, and young clerks who were sallow, from playing the Corsair, and boasting that they were villains. If, mistaking the irony of Pelham, they went to the extreme of emulating the foibles which that hero attributes to himself—those were foibles at least more harmless, and even more manly and noble, than the conceit of a general detestation of mankind, or the vanity of storming our pity by lamentations over imaginary sorrows, and sombre hints at the fatal burthen of inexpiable crimes.*

Such was the history of a publication, which, if not actually my first, was the one whose fate was always intended to decide me whether to conclude or continue my attempts as an author.

I can repeat, unaffectedly, that I have indulged this egotism, not only as a gratification to that common curiosity which is felt by all relative to the early works of an author, who, whatever be his faults and demerits, has once obtained the popular ear;—but also as affording, perhaps, the following lessons to younger writers of less experience but of more genius than myself. First, in attempting fiction, it may serve to show the use of a critical study of its rules, for to that study I owe every success in literature I have obtained; and in the mere art of composition, if I have now attained to even too rapid a facility, I must own that that facility has been purchased by a most laborious slowness in the first commencement, and a resolute refusal to write a second sentence until I had expressed my meaning in the best manner I could in the first. And, secondly, it may prove the very little value of those "cheers," of the want of which Sir Egerton Brydges * so feelingly complains, and which he considers so necessary towards the obtaining for an author, no matter what his talents, his proper share of popularity. I knew not a single critic, and scarcely a single author, when I began to write. I have never received to this day a single word of encouragement from any of those writers who were considered at one time the dispensers of reputation. Long after my name was not quite unknown in every other country where English literature is received, the great quarterly journals of my own disdained to recognize my existence. Let no man cry out then "for cheers," or for literary patronage, and let those aspirants, who are often now pleased to write to me, lamenting their want of interest and their non-acquaintance with critics, learn from the author (insignificant though he be) who addresses them in sympathy and fellowship, — that a man's labors are his best patrons,—that the public is the only critic that has no interest and no motive in underrating him,—that the world of an author is a mighty circle of which enmity and envy can penetrate but a petty segment, and that the pride of carving with our

* Sir Reginald Glanville was drawn purposely of the would-be Byron School as a foil to Pelham. For one who would think of imitating the first, ten thousand would be unawares attracted to the last.

* In the melancholy and painful pages of his autobiography.

own hands our own name is worth all the "cheers" in the world. Long live Sidney's gallant and lofty motto, "*Aut viam inveniam aut faciam!*" *

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE PRESENT EDITION, 1848.

No!—you cannot guess, my dear reader, how long my pen has rested over the virgin surface of this paper, before even that "No," which now stands out so bluffly and manfully, took heart and stept forth. If, peradventure, thou shouldst, O reader, be that rarity in these days—a reader who has never been an author—thou canst form no conception of the strange aspect which the first page of a premeditated composition will often present to the curious investigator into the initials of things. There is a sad mania now-a-days for collecting autographs—would that some such collector would devote his researches to the first pages of auctorial manuscripts! He would then form some idea of the felicitous significance of that idiomatic phrase, "to cudgel the brains!"—Out of what grotesque zigzags, and fantastic arabesques,—out of what irrelevant, dreamy illustrations from the sister art,—houses, and trees, and profile sketches of men, nightmares, and chimeras—out of what massacres of whole lines, prematurely and timidly ventured forth as forlorn hopes,—would he see the first intelligible words creep into actual life—shy streaks of light, emerging from the chaos!

For that rash promise of mine, that each work in this edition of works so numerous, shall have its own new and special Preface, seems to me hard, in this instance, to fulfil. Another Preface! what for? Two Prefaces to "Pelham" already exist, wherein all that I would say is said! And in going back through that long and crowded interval of twenty years, since the first appearance of this work,—what shadows rise to beckon me away through the glades and allies in that dim labyrinth of the Past! Infant Hopes, scarce born ere fated, poor innocents, to die—gazing upon me with reproachful eyes, as if I myself had been their unfeeling butcher;—audacious Enterprises boldly begun, to cease in abrupt whim, or chilling doubt—looking now through the mists, zoophital or amphibious, like those borderers on the animal and vegetable life, which flash on us with the seeming flutter of a wing, to subside away into rooted stems and withering leaves. How can I escape the phantom throng? How return to the starting-post, and recall the ardent emotions with which youth sprang forth to the goal? To write fitting Preface to this work, which, if not my first, was the first which won an audience and secured a reader, I must myself become a phantom, with the phantom crowd. It is the ghost of my youth that I must call up. What we *are*, alone hath flesh and blood—what we have been, like the what we shall be, is an idea; and no more! An idea how dim and impalpable! This our sense of identity, this "I" of ours, which is the single thread that continues from first to last—single thread that binds flowers changed every day, and withered every night—how thin and meagre is it of itself—how difficult to lay hold of! When we say "I remember," how vague a sentiment we utter! how different it is to say, "I *feel!*"

And when in this effort of memory we travel back all the shadow-land of years—when we say "I remember," what is it we retain, but some poor solitary fibre in the airy mesh of that old gossamer, which floated between earth and heaven—moist with the dews and sparkling in the dawn?—Some one incident, some one affection we recall, but not all the associations that surrounded it, all the companions of the brain or the heart, with which it formed one of the harmonious contemporaneous ring. Scarcely even have we traced and seized one fine filament in the broken web, ere it is lost again. In the inextricable confusion of old ideas, many that seem of the time we seek to grasp again, but were not so, seize and distract us. From the clear effort we sink into the vague reverie; the Present hastens to recall and dash us onward, and few, leaving the actual world around them when they say "I remember," do not wake as from a dream, with a baffled sigh, and murmur "No, I forget." And therefore, if a new Preface to a work written twenty years ago, should contain some elucidation of the aims and objects with which it was composed, or convey some idea of the writer's mind at that time my pen

* I will either find a way or make it.

might well rest long over the blank page;—and houses and trees, and profile sketches of men, nightmares and chimeras, and whole passages scrawled aud erased might well illustrate the barren travail of one who sits down to say "I remember!"

What changes in the outer world since this book was written! What changes of thrones and dynasties! Through what cycles of hope and fear has a generation gone! And in that inner world of Thought what old ideas have returned to claim the royalty of new ones! What new ones (new ones then) have receded out of sight, in the ebb and flow of the human mind, which, whatever the cant phrase may imply, advances in no direct steadfast progress, but gains here to lose there;—a tide, not a march. So, too, in that slight surface of either world, "the manners," superficies alike of the action and the thought of an age, the ploughshares of twenty years have turned up a new soil.

The popular changes in the Constitution have brought the several classes more intimately into connection with each other; most of the old affections of fashion and exclusiveness are out of date. We have not talked of equality, like our neighbors the French, but insensibly and naturally, the tone of manners has admitted much of the frankness of the principle, without the unnecessary rudeness of the pretence. I am not old enough yet to be among the indiscriminate praisers of the past, and therefore I recognize cheerfully an extraordinary improvement in the intellectual and moral features of the English world, since I first entered it as an observer.

There is a far greater earnestness of purpose, a higher culture, more generous and genial views, amongst the young men of the rising generation than were common in the last. The old divisions of party politics remain; but among all divisions there is greater desire of indentification with the people. Rank is more sensible of its responsibilities, Property of its duties. Amongst the clergy of all sects, the improvement in zeal, in education, in active care for their flocks, is strikingly noticeable; the middle class have become more instructed and refined, and yet, (while fused with the highest in their intellectual tendencies, reading the same books, cultivating the same accomplishments) — they have extended their sympathies more largely amongst the humblest. And, in our towns especially, what advances have been made amongst the operative population! I do not here refer to that branch of cultivation which comprises the questions that belong to political inquiry, but to the general growth of more refined and less polemical knowledge. Cheap books have come in vogue as a fashion during the last twenty years—books addressed, not as cheap kooks were once, to the passions, but to the understanding and the taste—books not written down to the supposed level of uninformed and humble readers, but such books as refine the gentleman and instruct the scholar. The arts of design have been more appreciated—the Beautiful has been admitted into the pursuits of labor as a principle—Religion has been regaining the ground it lost in the latter half of the last century. What is technically called education (education of the school and the schoolmaster), has made less progress than it might. But that inexpressible diffusion of *oral* information which is the only culture the old Athenians knew, and which in the ready transmission of ideas, travels like light from lip to lip, has been insensibly educating the adult generation. In spite of all the dangers that menace the advance of the present century, I am convinced that classes amongst us are far more united than they were in the latter years of George the Fourth. A vast mass of discontent exists amongst the operatives, it is true, and Chartism is but one of its symptons; yet that that discontent is more obvious than formerly, is a proof that men's eyes and men's ears are more open to acknowledge its existence—to examine and listen to its causes. Thinking persons now occupy themselves with that great reality—the People; and questions concerning their social welfare, their health, their education, their interests, their rights, which philosophers alone entertained twenty years ago, are now on the lips of practical men, and in the hearts of all. It is this greater earnestness—this profounder gravity of purpose and of view, which forms the most cheering characteristic of the present time; and though that time has its peculiar faults and vices, this is not the place to enlarge on them. I have done, and may yet do so, elsewhere. This work is the picture of manners in certain classes of society twenty years ago, and in that respect I believe

it to be true and faithful. Nor the less so, that under the frivolities of the hero, it is easy to recognize the substance of those more serious and solid qualities which Time has educed from the generation and the class he represents. Mr. Pelham studying Mills on Government and the Political Economists, was thought by some an incongruity in character at the day in which Mr. Pelham first appeared —the truth of that conception is apparent now, at least to the observant. The fine gentlemen of that day were preparing themselves for the after things, which were already fore-shadowed; and some of those, then best known in clubs and drawing-rooms, have been since foremost and boldest, nor least instructed, in the great struggles of public life.

I trust that this work may now be read without prejudice from the silly error that long sought to identify the author with the hero.

Rarely indeed, if ever, can we detect the real likeness of an author of fiction in any single one of his creations. He may live in each of them, but only for the time. He migrates into a new form with every new character he creates. He may have in himself, a quality, here and there, in common with each, but others so widely opposite, as to destroy all the resemblance you fancy for a moment you have discovered. However this be, the author has the advantage over his work—that the last remains stationary, with its faults or merits, and the former has the power to improve. The one remains the index of its day—the other advances with the century. That in a book written in extreme youth, there may be much that I would not write now in mature manhood, is obvious; that in spite of its defects, the work should have retained to this day the popularity it enjoyed in the first six months of its birth, is the best apology that can be made for its defects.

E. B. L.

LONDON, 1848.

PELHAM; OR, ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*
—*French Song.*

I AM an only child. My father was the younger son of one of our oldest earls, my mother the dowerless daughter of a Scotch peer. Mr. Pelham was a moderate whig, and gave sumptuous dinners;—Lady Frances was a woman of taste, and particularly fond of diamonds and old china.

Vulgar people know nothing of the necessaries required in good society, and the credit they give is as short as their pedigree. Six years after my birth, there was an execution in our house. My mother was just setting off on a visit to the Duchess of D——; she declared it was impossible to go without her diamonds. The chief of the bailiffs declared it was impossible to trust them out of his sight. The matter was compromised—the bailiff went with my mother to C——, and was introduced as *my tutor*. "A man of singular merit," whispered my mother "but *so* shy!" Fortunately, the bailiff was abashed, and by losing his impudence he kept the secret. At the end of the week, the diamonds went to the jeweller's, and Lady Frances wore paste.

I think it was about a month afterwards that a sixteenth cousin left my mother twenty thousand pounds. "It will just pay off our most importunate creditors, and equip me for Melton," said Mr. Pelham.

"It will just redeem my diamonds, and refurnish the house," said Lady Frances.

The latter alternative was chosen. My father went down to run his last horse at Newmarket, and my mother received nine hundred people in a Turkish tent. Both were equally fortunate, the *Greek* and the *Turk;* my father's horse *lost*, in consequence of which he pocketed five thousand pounds; and my mother looked so charming as a Sultana, that Seymour Conway fell desperately in love with her.

Mr. Conway had just caused two divorces; and of course all the women in London were dying for him—judge then of the pride which Lady Frances felt at his addresses. The end of the season was unusually dull, and my mother, after having looked over her list of engagements, and ascertained that she had none remaining worth staying for, agreed to elope with her new lover.

The carriage was at the end of the square. My mother, for the first time in her life, got up at six o'clock. Her foot was on the step, and her hand next to Mr. Conway's heart, when she remembered that her favorite china monster, and her French dog, were left behind. She insisted on returning—re-entered the house, and was coming down stairs with one under each arm, when she was met by my father and two servants. My father's valet had discovered the flight (I forget how), and awakened his master.

When my father was convinced of his loss, he called for his dressing-gown—searched the garret and the kitchen—looked in the maid's drawers and the cellaret—and finally declared he was distracted. I have heard that the servants were quite melted by his grief, and I do not doubt it in the least, for he was always celebrated for his skill in private theatricals. He was just retiring to vent his grief in his dressing-room, when he met my mother. It must altogether have been an awkward encounter, and, indeed, for my father, a remarkably unfortunate occurrence; since Seymour Conway was immensely rich, and the damages would, no doubt, have been proportionately high. Had they met each other alone, the affair might easily have been settled, and Lady Frances gone off in tranquillity;—those confounded servants are always in the way!

* Where can one be better than in the bosom of one's family?

I have observed that the distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society, is a calm, imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least: they eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money, in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it. To render this observation good, and to return to the intended elopement, nothing farther was said upon that event. My father introduced Conway to Brookes's and invited him to dinner twice a week for a whole twelve-month.

Not long after this occurrence, by the death of my grandfather, my uncle succeeded to the title and estates of the family. He was, as people rather justly observed, rather an odd man: built schools for peasants, forgave poachers, and diminished his farmers' rents; indeed, on account of these and similar eceentricities, he was thought a fool by some, and a madman by others. However, he was not quite destitute of natural feeling; for he paid my father's debts, and established us in the secure enjoyment of our former splendor. But this piece of generosity, or justice, was done in the most unhandsome manner: he obtained a promise from my father to retire from whist, and relinquish the turf; and he prevailed upon my mother to conceive an aversion to diamonds, and an indifference to china monsters.

CHAPTER II.

Tell arts they have no soundness
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.
—*The Soul's Errand.*

At ten years old I went to Eton. I had been educated till that period by my mother, who, being distantly related to Lord ———, (who had published "Hints upon the Culinary Art"), imagined she posessed an hereditary claim to literary distinction. History was her great *forte;* for she had read all the historical romances of the day; and history accordingly I had been carefully taught.

I think at this moment I see my mother before me, reclining on her sofa, and repeating to me some story about Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex; then telling me, in a languid voice, as she sank back with the exertion, of the blessings of a literary taste, and admonishing me never to read above half an hour at a time for fear of losing my health.

Well, to Eton I went; and the second day I had been there, I was half killed for refusing, with all the pride of a Pelham, to wash teacups. I was rescued from the clutches of my tyrant by a boy not much bigger than myself, but reckoned the best fighter, for his size, in the whole school. His name was Reginald Glanville: from that period, we became inseparable, and our friendship lasted all the time he stayed at Eton, which was within a year of my own departure for Cambridge.

His father was a baronet, of a very ancient and wealthy family; and his mother was a woman of some talent and more ambition. She made her house one of the most attractive in London. Seldom seen at large assemblies, she was eagerly sought after in the well-winnowed *soirees* of the elect. Her wealth, great as it was, seemed the least prominent ingredient of her establishment. There was in it no uncalled-for ostentation—no purse-proud vulgarity—no cringing to great, and no patronizing condescension to little people; even the Sunday newspapers could not find fault with her, and the querulous wives of younger brothers could only sneer and be silent.

"It is an excellent connection," said my mother, when I told her of my friendship with Reginald Glanville, "and will be of more use to you than many of greater apparent consequence. Remember, my dear, that in all the friends you make at present, you look to the advantage you can derive from them hereafter; that is what we call knowledge of the world, and it is to get the knowledge of the world that you are sent to a public school."

I think, however, to my shame, that notwithstanding my mother's instructions, very few prudential considerations were mingled with my friendship for Reginald Glanville. I loved him with a warmth of attachment, which has since surprised even myself.

He was of a very singular character; he used to wander by the river in the bright days of summer, when all else were at play, without

any companion but his own thoughts; and these were tinged, even at that early age, with a deep and impassioned melancholy. He was so reserved in his manner, that it was looked upon as coldness or pride, and was repaid as such by a pretty general dislike. Yet to those he loved, no one could be more open and warm; more watchful to gratify others, more indifferent to gratification for himself; an utter absence of all selfishness, and an eager and active benevolence, were indeed the distinguishing traits of his character. I have seen him endure with a careless good-nature the most provoking affronts from boys much less than himself; But if I, or any other of his immediate friends, was injured or aggrieved, his anger was almost implacable. Although he was of a slight frame, yet early exercise had brought strength to his muscles, and activity to his limbs; while there was that in his courage and will which, despite his reserve and unpopularity, always marked him out as a leader in those enterprises, wherein we test as boys the qualities which chiefly contribute to secure hereafter our position amongst men.

Such, briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the character of Reginald Glanville—the one, who, of all my early companions differed the most from myself; yet the one whom I loved the most, and the one whose future destiny was the most intertwined with my own.

I was in the head class when I left Eton. As I was reckoned an uncommonly well-educated boy, it may not be ungratifying to the admirers of the present system of education to pause here for a moment, and recall what I then knew. I could make fifty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe, *without* an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones, *with it;* I could *read* Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of the Latin version technically called a crib.* I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had been only eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one need never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five-and-twenty. As I was never *taught* a syllable of English during this period; as, when I once attempted to read Pope's poems out of school hours, I was laughed at, and called "*a sap;*" as my mother, when I went to school, renounced her own instructions; and as, whatever schoolmasters may think to the contrary, one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration: so of everything which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history (with the exception of the said story of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex), you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left Eton, in the profoundest ignorance.

At this age, I was transplanted to Cambridge, where I bloomed for two years in the blue and silver of a fellow commoner of Trinity. At the end of that time (being of royal descent) I became entitled to an *honorary* degree. I suppose the term is in contra-distinction to an *honorable* degree, which is obtained by pale men in spectacles and cotton stockings, after thirty-six months of intense application.

I do not exactly remember how I spent my time at Cambridge. I had a piano-forte in my room, and a private billiard-room at a village two miles off; and, between these resources, I managed to improve my mind more than could reasonably have been expected. To say truth, the whole place reeked with vulgarity. The men drank beer by the gallon, and ate cheese by the hundred weight—wore jockey-cut coats, and talked slang—rode for wagers, and swore when they lost—smoked in your face, and expectorated on the floor. Their proudest glory was to drive the mail—their mightiest exploit to box with the coachman—their most delicate amour to leer at the barmaid.*

It will be believed, that I felt little regret in quitting companions of this description. I went to take leave of our college tutor. "Mr. Pelham," said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, "your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grassplats, nor set your dog

* It is but just to say that the educational system at public schools is greatly improved since the above was written. And take those great seminaries altogether, it may be doubted whether any institutions more philosophical in theory are better adapted to secure that union of classical tastes with manly habits and honorable sentiments which distinguishes the English gentleman.

* This, at that time, was a character that could only be applied to the gayest, that is the worst, set at the University—and perhaps now the character may scarcely exist.

at the proctor—nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night—nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication—nor the lecture-room, in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behavior of young men of family, and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honor to your college."

Thus closed my academical career. He who does not allow that it passed creditably to my teachers, profitably to myself, and beneficially to the world, is a narrow-minded and illiterate man, who knows nothing of the advantages of modern education.

CHAPTER III.

Thus does a false ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us.
—SHENSTONE.

An open house, haunted with great resort.
—BISHOP HALL'S *Satires*.

I LEFT Cambridge in a very weak state of health; and as nobody had yet come to London, I accepted the invitation of Sir Lionel Garrett to pay him a visit at his country seat. Accordingly, one raw winter's day, full of the hopes of the reviving influence of air and exercise, I found myself carefully packed up in three great coats, and on the high road to Garrett Park.

Sir Lionel Garrett was a character very common in England, and, in describing him, I describe the whole species. He was of an ancient family, and his ancestors had for centuries resided on their estates in Norfolk. Sir Lionel, who came to his majority and his fortune at the same time, went up to London at the age of twenty-one, a raw, uncouth sort of young man, with a green coat and lank hair. His friends in town were of that set whose members are *above ton*, whenever they do not grasp at its possession, but who, whenever they do, lose at once their aim and their equilibrium, and fall immeasurably below it. I mean that set which I call "*the respectable*," consisting of old peers of an old school; country gentlemen, who still disdain not to love their wine and to hate the French; generals who *have served* in the army; elder brothers who succeed to something besides a mortgage; and younger brothers who do not mistake their capital for their income. To this set you may add the whole of the baronetage—for I have remarked that baronets hang together like bees or Scotchmen; and if I go to a baronet's house, and speak to some one whom I have not the happiness to know, I always say "*Sir John!*"

It was no wonder, then, that to this set belonged Sir Lionel Garrett—no more the youth with a green coat and lank hair, but pinched in, and curled out—abounding in horses and whiskers—dancing all night—lounging all day—the favorite of the old ladies, the Philander of the young.

One unfortunate evening Sir Lionel Garrett was introduced to the celebrated Duchess of D. From that moment his head was turned. Before then, he had always imagined that he was somebody—that he was Sir Lionel Garrett, with a good looking person and eight thousand a-year; he now knew that he was nobody, unless he went to Lady G.'s, and unless he bowed to Lady S. Disdaining all importance derived from himself, it became absolutely necessary to his happiness, that all his importance should be derived solely from his acquaintance with others. He cared not a straw that he was a man of fortune, of family, of consequence; he must be a man of *ton*; or he was an atom, a nonentity, a very worm, and no man. No lawyer at Gray's Inn, no galley slave at the oar, ever worked so hard at his task as Sir Lionel Garrett at *his*. *Ton*, to a single man, is a thing attainable enough. Sir Lionel was just gaining the envied distinction, when he saw, courted, and married Lady Harriet Woodstock.

His new wife was of a modern and not very rich family, and striving like Sir Lionel for the notoriety of fashion; but of this struggle he was ignorant. He saw her *admitted* into good society—he imagined she *commanded* it; she was a hanger on—he believed she was a leader. Lady Harriet was crafty and twenty-four—had no objection to be married, nor to change the name of Woodstock for Garrett. She kept up the baronet's mistake till it was too late to repair it.

Marriage did not bring Sir Lionel wisdom. His wife was of the same turn of mind as himself: they might have been great people in the country—they preferred being little people in

town. They might *have* chosen *friends* among persons of respectability and rank—they preferred *being* chosen *as acquaintance* by persons of *ton*. Society was their being's end and aim, and the only thing which brought them pleasure was the pain of attaining it. Did I not say truly that I would describe individuals of a common species? Is there one who reads this, who does not recognize that overflowing class of our population, whose members would conceive it an insult to be thought of sufficient rank to be respectable for what they are?—who take it as an honor that they are made by their acquaintance?—who renounce the ease of living for themselves, for the trouble of living for persons who care not a pin for their existence—who are wretched if they are not dictated to by others—and who toil, groan, travail, through the whole course of life, in order to forfeit their independence?

I arrived at Garrett Park just time enough to dress for dinner. As I was descending the stairs after having performed that ceremony, I heard my own name pronouced by a very soft, lisping voice—"Henry Pelham! dear, what a pretty name. Is he handsome?"

"Rather elegant than handsome," was the unsatisfactory reply, couched in a slow, pompous accent, which I immediately recognized to belong to Lady Harriet Garrett.

"Can we make something of him?" resumed the first voice.

"Something!" said Lady Harriet, indignantly; "he will be Lord Glenmorris! and he is son to Lady Frances Pelham."

"Ah," said the lisper, carelessly: "but can he write poetry, and play *proverbes?*"

"No, Lady Harriet," said I, advancing; "but permit me, through you, to assure Lady Nelthorpe that he can admire those who do."

"So you know me then?" said the lisper: "I see we shall be excellent friends;" and, disengaging herself from Lady Harriet, she took my arm, and began discussing persons and things, poetry and china, French plays and music, till I found myself beside her at dinner, and most assiduously endeavoring to silence her by the superior engrossments of a *béchamelle de poisson*.

I took the opportunity of the pause, to survey the little circle of which Lady Harriet was the centre. In the first place, there was Mr. Davison, a great political economist, a short, dark, corpulent gentleman, with a quiet, serene, sleepy countenance; beside him was a quick, sharp little woman, all sparkle and bustle, glancing a small, gray, prying eye round the table, with a most restless activity: this, as Lady Nelthorpe afterwards informed me, was a Miss Trafford, an excellent person for a Christmas in the country, whom everybody was dying to have: she was an admirable mimic, an admirable actress, and an admirable reciter; made poetry and shoes, and told fortunes by the cards, which *actually came true!*

There was also Mr. Wormwood, the *noli-me-tangere* of literary lions—an author who sowed his conversation not with flowers but thorns. Nobody could accuse him of the flattery generally imputed to his species: through the course of a long and varied life, he had never once been known to say a civil thing. He was too much disliked not to be sought after; whatever is once notorious, even for being disagreeable, is sure to be courted. Opposite to him sat the really clever, and affectedly pedantic Lord Vincent, one of those persons who have been "*promising young men*" all their lives; who are found till four o'clock in the afternoon in a dressing-gown, with a quarto before them; who go down into the country for six weeks every session, to cram an impromptu reply; and who always have a work in the press which is never to be published.

Lady Nelthorpe herself I had frequently seen. She had some reputation for talent, was exceedingly affected, wrote poetry in albums, ridiculed her husband, (who was a fox hunter), and had a particular taste for the fine arts.

There were four or five others of the unknown vulgar, younger brothers, who were good shots and bad matches; elderly ladies, who lived in Baker-street, and liked long whist; and young ones, who never took wine, and said "*Sir!*"

I must, however, among this number, except the beautiful Lady Roseville, the most fascinating woman, perhaps, of the day. She was evidently *the* great person there, and, indeed, among all people who paid due deference to *ton*, was always sure to be so everywhere. I have never seen but one person more beautiful. Her eyes were of the deepest blue; her complexion of the most delicate carnation; her hair of the richest auburn: nor could even

Mr. Wormwood detect the smallest fault in the rounded yet slender symmetry of her figure.

Although not above twenty-five, she was in that state in which alone a woman ceases to be a dependant—widowhood. Lord Roseville, who had been dead about two years, had not survived their marriage many months; that period was, however, sufficiently long to allow him to appreciate her excellence, and to testify his sense of it: the whole of his unentailed property, which was very large, he bequeathed to her.

She was very fond of the society of literary persons, though without the pretence of belonging to their order. But her manners constituted her chief attraction: while they were utterly different from those of every one else, you could not, in the least minutiæ, discover in what the difference consisted: this is, in my opinion, the real test of perfect breeding. While you are enchanted with the effect, it should possess so little prominency and peculiarity, that you should never be able to guess the cause.

"Pray," said Lord Vincent to Mr. Wormwood, "have you been to P—— this year?"

"No," was the answer.

"I have," said Miss Tafford, who never lost an opportunity of slipping in a word.

"Well, and did they make you sleep as usual, at the Crown, with the same eternal excuse, after having brought you fifty miles from town, of small house—no beds—all engaged—inn close by? Ah, never shall I forget that inn, with its royal name, and its hard beds—

'Uneasy sleeps a head beneath the Crown!'"

"Ha, ha! Excellent!" cried Miss Trafford, who was always the first in at the death of a pun. "Yes, indeed they did: poor old Lord Belton, with his rheumatism; and that immense General Grant, with his asthma; together with three 'single men,' and myself, were safely conveyed to that asylum for the destitute."

"Ah! Grant, Grant!" said Lord Vincent, eagerly, who saw another opportunity of whipping in a pun. "He slept there also the same night I did; and when I saw his unwieldly person wadding out of the door the next morning, I said to Temple, 'Well, *that's the largest Grant I ever saw from the Crown.*'" *

"Very good," said Wormwood, gravely. "I declare, Vincent, you are growing *quite* witty. You know Jeckyl, of course? Poor fellow, what a real good punster *he was*—not agreeable though—particularly at dinner—no punsters are. Mr. Davison, what is that dish next to you?"?

Mr. Davison was a great gourmand: '*Salmi de perdreaux aux truffes*," replied the political economist

"Truffles!" said Wormwood, "have *you* been eating any?"

"Yes," said Davison, with unusual energy, "and they are the best I have tasted for a long time."

"Very likely," said Wormwood, with a dejected air. "I am particularly fond of them, but I dare not touch one—truffles are so *very* apoplectic—you, I make no doubt, may eat them in safety."

Wormwood was a tall, meagre man, with a neck a yard long. Davison was, as I have said, short and fat, and made without any apparent neck at all—only head and shoulders, like a cod fish.

Poor Mr. Davison turned perfectly white; he fidgeted about in his chair; cast a look of the most deadly fear and aversion at the fatal dish he had been so attentive to before; and, muttering "apoplectic!" closed his lips, and did not open them again all dinner-time.

Mr. Wormwood's object was effected. Two people were silenced and uncomfortable, and a sort of mist hung over the spirits of the whole party. The dinner went on and off, like all other dinners; the ladies retired, and the men drank, and talked politics. Mr. Davison left the room first, in order to look out the word "truffle," in the Encyclopædia; and Lord Vincent and I went next, "lest (as my companion characteristically observed) that d——d Wormwood should, if we stayed a moment longer, 'send us weeping to our beds.'"

* It was from Mr. J. Smith that Lord Vincent purloined this pun.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! la belle chose que la Poste!*
—*Lettres de Slvigne.*

Ay—but who is it?—*As you like it.*

I HAD mentioned to my mother my intended visit to Garret Park, and the second day after my arrival there came the following letter:—

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"I was very glad to hear you were rather better than you had been. I trust you will take great care of yourself. I think flannel waistcoats might be advisable; and, by-the-by, they are very good for the complexion. Apropos of the complexion: I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you—you look best in black—which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance, in order to do so.

"You know, my dear, that those Garretts are in themselves anything but unexceptionable; you will, therefore, take care not to be *too* intimate; it is, however, a very good house: most whom you meet there are worth knowing, for one thing or the other. Remember, Henry, that the acquaintance (*not* the friends) of second or third-rate people are always sure to be good: they are not independent enough to receive whom they like—their whole rank is in their guests: you may be also sure that the *menage* will, in outward appearance at least, be quite *comme il faut*, and for the same reason. Gain as much knowledge *de l'art culinaire* as you can: it is an accomplishment absolutely necessary. You may also pick up a little acquaintance with metaphysics, if you have any opportunity; that sort of thing is a good deal talked about just at present.

"I hear Lady Roseville is at Garrett Park. You must be particularly attentive to her; you will probably now have an opportunity *de faire votre cour* that may never again happen. In London, she is so much surrounded by all, that she is quite inaccessible to one; besides, there you will have so many rivals. Without flattery to you, I take it for granted, that you are the best looking and most agreeable person at Garrett Park, and it will, therefore, be a most unpardonable fault if you do not make Lady Roseville of the same opinion. Nothing, my dear son, is like a *liaison* (quite innocent of course) with a woman of celebrity in the world. In marriage a man lowers a woman to his own rank; in an *affaire de cœur* he raises himself to her's. I need not, I am sure, after what I have said, press this point any further.

"Write to me and inform me of all your proceedings. If you mention the people who are at Garrett Park, I can tell you the proper line of conduct to pursue with each.

"I am sure that I need not add that I have nothing but your real good at heart, and that I am your very affectionate mother,

"FRANCES PELHAM.

"P.S.—Never talk much to young men—remember that it is the women who make a reputation in society."

"Well," said I, when I had read this letter, "my mother is very right, and so now for Lady Roseville."

I went down stairs to breakfast. Miss Trafford and Lady Nelthorpe were in the room, talking with great interest, and, on Miss Trafford's part, with still greater vehemence.

"So handsome," said Lady Nelthorpe, as I approached.

"Are you talking of me?" said I.

"Oh, you vanity of vanities!" was the answer. "No, we were speaking of a very romantic adventure which has happened to Miss Trafford and myself, and disputing about the hero of it. Miss Trafford declares he is frightful; *I* say that he is beautiful. Now, you know, Mr. Pelham, as to *you*——"

"There can be but one opinion;—but the adventure?"

"Is this!" cried Miss Trafford, in great fright, lest Lady Nelthorpe should, by speaking first, have the pleasure of the narration.—"We were walking, two or three days ago, by the sea-side, picking up shells and talking about the 'Corsair,' when a large fierce——"

"Man!" interrupted I.

"No, *dog*," (renewed Miss Trafford), "flew suddenly out of a cave, under a rock, and began growling at dear Lady Nelthorpe and me, in the most savage manner imaginable. He would certainly have torn us to pieces if a very tall——"

"Not so very tall either," said Lady Nelthorpe.

"Dear, how you interrupt one," said Miss Trafford, pettishly; "well, a very short man, then, wrapped up in a cloak——"

"In a great-coat," drawled Lady Nelthorpe. Miss Trafford went on without noticing the emendation,—"had not, with incredible rapidity, sprung down the rock and——"

"Called him off," said Lady Nelthorpe.

"Yes, called him off," pursued Miss Trafford, looking round for the necessary symptons of our wonder at this very extraordinary incident.

"What is the most remarkable," said Lady Nelthorpe, "is, that though he seemed from his dress and appearance to be really a gentleman, he never stayed to ask if we were alarmed or hurt—scarcely even looked at us——"

("I don't wonder at *that!*" said Mr. Wormwood, who, with Lord Vincent, had just entered the room;)

* *Oh! what a beautiful thing is—the Post-office.*

"—and vanished among the rocks as suddenly as he appeared."

"Oh, you've seen that fellow, have you?" said Lord Vincent: "so have I, and a devlish queer-looking person he is,—

'The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red;
He looked a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair.'

Well remembered, and better applied—eh, Mr. Pelham!"

"Really," said I, "I am not able to judge of the application, since I have not seen the hero."

"Oh! it's admirable," said Miss Trafford, "just the description I should have given of him in prose. But pray, where, when, and how did you see him?"

"Your question is religiously mysterious, *tria juncta in uno*," replied Vincent; "but I will answer it with the simplicity of a Quaker. The other evening I was coming home from one of Sir Lionel's preserves, and had sent the keeper on before, in order more undisturbedly too——"

"Con witticisms for dinner," said Wormwood.

"To make out the meaning of Mr. Wormwood's last work," continued Lord Vincent. "My shortest way lay through that churchyard about a mile hence, which is such a lion in this ugly part of the country, because it has three thistles and a tree. Just as I got there, I saw a man suddenly rise from the earth, where he appeared to have been lying; he stood still for a moment, and then (evidently not perceiving me) raised his clasped hands to heaven, and muttered some words I was not able distinctly to hear. As I approached nearer to him, which I did with no very pleasant sensations, a large black dog, which, till then, had remained *couchant*, sprang towards me with a loud growl,

'Sonat hic de nare canina
Litera,'

as Persius has it. I was too terified to move—

'Obstupui—steteruntque comæ—'

and I should most infallibly have been converted into dog's meat, if our mutual acquaintance had not started from his reverie, called his dog by the very appropriate name of Terror, and then, slouching his hat over his face, passed rapidly by me, dog and all. I did not recover the fright for an hour and a quarter. I walked—ye gods how I *did* walk!—no wonder, by the by, that I *mended* my pace, for, as Pliny says truly—

"'Timor est *emendator* asperrimus.'" *

Mr. Wormwood had been very impatient during this recital, preparing an attack upon Lord Vincent, when Mr. Davison, entering suddenly, diverted the assault.

"Good heavens!" said Wormwood, dropping his roll, "how very ill you look to-day, Mr. Davison; face flushed—veins swelled—oh, those horrid truffles! Miss Trafford, I'll trouble you for the salt."

CHAPTER V.

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?
—GEORGE WITHERS.

—— It was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed.
—*First Part of King Henry IV.*

SEVERAL days passed. I had taken particular pains to ingratiate myself with Lady Roseville, and, so far as common acquaintance went, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with my success. Anything else, I soon discovered, notwithstanding my vanity, (which made no inconsiderable part in the composition of Henry Pelham) was quite out of the question. Her mind was wholly of a different mould from my own. She was like a being, not perhaps of a better, but of another world than myself: we had not one thought or opinion in common; we looked upon things with a totally different vision; I was soon convinced that

* Most of the quotations from Latin or French authors, interspersed throughout this work, will be translated for the convenience of the general reader; but exceptions will be made, where such quotations (as is sometimes the case when from the mouth of Lord Vincent) merely contain a play upon words, which are pointless, out of the language employed, or which only iterate or illustrate, by a characteristic pedantry, the sentence that precedes or follows them.

she was of a nature exactly contrary to what was generally believed—she was anything but the mere mechanical woman of the world. She possessed great sensibility, and even romance of temper, strong passions, and still stronger imagination; but over all these deeper recesses of her character, the extreme softness and languor of her manners threw a veil which no superficial observer could penetrate. There were times when I could believe that she was inwardly restless and unhappy; but she was too well versed in the arts of concealment, to suffer such an appearance to be more than momentary.

I must own that I consoled myself very easily for my want, in this particular instance, of that usual good fortune which attends me with the divine sex; the fact was, that I had another object in pursuit. All the men at Sir Lionel Garrett's were keen sportsmen. Now, shooting is an amusement I was never particularly partial to. I was disgusted with that species of rational recreation at a *battue*, where, instead of bagging anything, *I was nearly bagged*, having been inserted, like wine in an ice pail, in a wet ditch for three hours, during which time my hat had been twice shot at for a pheasant, and my leather gaiters once for a hare; and to crown all, when these several mistakes were discovered, my intended exterminators, instead of apologizing for having shot at me, were quite disappointed for having missed.

Seriously, that same shooting is a most barbarous amusement, only fit for majors in the army, and royal dukes, and that sort of people; *the mere walking* is bad enough, but embarrassing one's arms, moreover, with a gun, and one's legs with turnip tops, exposing oneself to the mercy of bad shots and the atrocity of good, seems to me only a state of painful fatigue, enlivened by the probability of being killed.

This digression is meant to signify, that I never joined the single men and double Mantons that went in and off among Sir Lionel Garrett's preserves. I used, instead, to take long walks by myself, and found, like virtue, my own reward, in the additional health and strength these diurnal exertions produced me.

One morning, chance threw into my way a *bonne fortune*, which I took care to improve. From that time the family of a Farmer Sinclair (one of Sir Lionel's tenants) was alarmed by strange and supernatural noises: one apartment in especial, occupied by a female member of the household, was allowed, even by the clerk of the parish, a very bold man, and a bit of a sceptic, to be haunted; the windows of that chamber were wont to open and shut, thin airy voices confabulate therein, and dark shapes hover *thereout*, long after the fair occupant had, with the rest of the family, retired to repose. But the most unaccountable thing was the fatality which attended *me*, and seemed to mark me out for an untimely death. *I*, who had so carefully kept out of the way of gunpowder as a sportsman, very narrowly escaped being twice shot as a ghost. This was but a poor reward for a walk more than a mile long, in nights by no means of cloudless climes and starry skies; accordingly I resolved to "give up the ghost" in earnest rather than in metaphor, and to pay my last visit and adieus to the mansion of Farmer Sinclair. The night on which I executed this resolve was rather memorable in my future history.

The rain had fallen so heavily during the day, as to render the road to the house almost impassible, and when it was time to leave, I inquired with very considerable emotion whether there was not an easier way to return. The answer was satisfactory, and my last nocturnal visit at Farmer Sinclair's concluded.

CHAPTER VI.

Why sleeps he not, when others are at rest?—Byron.

According to the explanation I had received, the road I was now to pursue was somewhat longer, but much better, than that which I generally took. It was to lead me home through the churchyard of ——, the same, by the by, which Lord Vincent had particularized in his anecdote of the mysterious stranger. The night was clear, but windy; there were a few light clouds passing rapidly over the moon, which was at her full, and shone through the frosty air, with all that cold and transparent brightness so peculiar to our northern winters. I walked briskly on till I

came to the churchyard; I could not then help pausing (notwithstanding my total deficiency in all romance) to look for a few moments at the exceeding beauty of the scene around me. The church itself was extremely old, and stood alone and grey, in the rude simplicity of the earliest form of gothic architecture: two large dark yew-trees drooped on each side over tombs, which, from their size and decorations, appeared to be the last possession of some quondam lords of the soil. To the left, the ground was skirted by a thick and luxuriant copse of evergreens, in the front of which stood one tall, naked oak, stern and leafless, a very token of desolation and decay; there were but few grave stones scattered about, and these were, for the most part hidden by the long wild grass which wreathed and climbed round them. Over all, the blue skies and still moon shed that solemn light, the effect of which, either on the scene or the feelings, it is so impossible to describe,

I was just about to renew my walk, when a tall dark figure, wrapped up like myself, in a large French cloak, passed slowly along from the other side of the church, and paused by the copse I have before mentioned. I was shrouded at that moment from his sight by one of the yew trees; he stood still only for a few moments; he then flung himself upon the earth, and sobbed, audibly, even at the spot where I was standing. I was in doubt whether to wait longer or to proceed; my way lay just by him, and it might be dangerous to interrupt so substantial an apparition. However, my curiosity was excited, and my feet were half frozen, two cogent reasons for proceeding; and, to say truth, I was never very much frightened by any thing dead or alive.

Accordingly I left my obscurity, and walked slowly onwards. I had not got above three paces before the figure arose, and stood erect and motionless before me. His hat had fallen off, and the moon shone full upon his countenance; it was not the wild expression of intense anguish which dwelt on those hueless and sunken features, nor their quick change to ferocity and defiance, as his eye fell upon me, which made me start back and feel my heart stand still! Notwithstanding the fearful ravages graven in that countenance, once so brilliant with the graces of boyhood, I recognized, at one glance, those still noble and striking features. It was Reginald Glanville who stood before me! I recovered myself instantly; I threw myself towards him, and called him by his name. He turned hastily; but I would not suffer him to escape; I put my hand upon his arm, and drew him towards me. "Glanville!" I exclaimed, "it is I! it is your old—old friend, Henry Pelham. Good Heavens! have I met you at last, and in such a scene?"

Glanville shook me from him in an instant, covered his face with his hands, and sank down with one wild cry, which went fearfully through that still place, upon the spot from which he had but just risen. I knelt beside him; I took his hand; I spoke to him in every endearing term that I could think of; and, roused and excited as my feelings were, by so strange and sudden a meeting, I felt my tears involuntarily falling over the hand which I held in my own. Glanville turned; he looked at me for one moment, as if fully to recognize me; and then throwing himself in my arms, wept like a child.

It was but for a few minutes that this weakness lasted; he rose suddenly—the whole expression of his countenance was changed—the tears still rolled in large drops down his cheeks, but the proud, stern character which the features had assumed, seemed to deny the feelings which that feminine weakness had betrayed.

"Pelham," he said, "*you* have seen me thus; I had hoped that no living eye would—this is the last time in which I shall indulge this folly. God bless you—we shall meet again—and this night shall then seem to you like a dream."

I would have answered, but he turned swiftly, passed in one moment through the copse, and in the next had disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

You reach a chilling chamber, where you dread Damps.—CRABBE'S *Borough*.

I COULD not sleep the whole of that night, and the next morning I set off early, with the resolution of discovering where Glanville had taken up his abode; it was evident from his

having been so frequently seen, that it must be in the immediate neighborhood.

I went first to Farmer Sinclair's; they had often remarked him, but could give me no other information. I then proceeded towards the coast; there was a small public-house belonging to Sir Lionel close by the sea shore; never had I seen a more bleak and dreary prospect than that which stretched for miles around this miserable cabin. How an innkeeper could live there, is a mystery to me at this day—I should have imagined it a spot upon which anything but a sea-gull or a Scotchman would have starved.

"Just the sort of place, however," thought I, to hear something of Glanville." I went into the house; I inquired, and heard that a strange gentleman *had* been lodging for the last two or three weeks at a cottage about a mile further up the coast. Thither I bent my steps; and after having met two crows, and one officer on the preventive service, I arrived safely at my new destination.

It was a house a little better, in outward appearance, than the wretched hut I had just left, for I observe in all situations, and in *all* houses, that "the public" is not too well served; but the situation was equally lonely and desolate. The house itself, which belonged to an individual, half-fisherman and half-smuggler, stood in a sort of bay, between two tall, rugged, black cliffs. Before the door hung various nets to dry beneath the genial warmth of a winter's sun; and a broken boat, with its keel uppermost, furnished an admirable habitation for a hen and her family, who appeared to receive *en pension* an old clerico-bachelor-looking raven. I cast a suspicious glance at the last-mentioned personage, which hopped towards me with a very hostile appearance, and entered the threshold with a more rapid step, in consequence of sundry apprehensions of a premeditated assault.

"I understand," said I, to an old, dried, brown female, who looked like a resuscitated red-herring, "that a gentleman is lodging here."

"No, sir," was the answer: "he left us this morning."

The reply came upon me like a shower bath; I was both chilled and stunned by so unexpected a shock. The old woman, on my renewing my inquiries, took me up stairs, to a small, wretched room, to which the damps literally clung. In one corner was a flock-bed, still unmade, and opposite to it, a three-legged stool, a chair, and an antique carved oak table, a donation perhaps from some squire in the neighborhood; on this last were scattered fragments of writing paper, a cracked cup half full of ink, a pen, and a broken ramrod. As I mechanically took up the latter the woman said, in a charming *patois*, which I shall translate, since I cannot do justice to the original:—"The gentleman, sir, said he came here for a few weeks to shoot; he brought a gun, a large dog, and a small portmanteau. He stayed nearly a month; he used to spend all the mornings in the fens, though he must have been but a poor shot, for he seldom brought home anything; and we fear, sir, that he was rather out of his mind, for he used to go out alone at night, and stay sometimes till morning. However, he was quite quiet, and behaved *to us* like a gentleman; so it was no business of ours, only my husband does think—"

"Pray," interrupted I, "why did he leave you so suddenly?"

"Lord, sir, I don't know! but he told us for several days past that he should not stay over the week, and so we were not surprised when he left us this morning at seven o'clock. Poor gentleman, my heart bled for him when I saw him look so pale and ill."

And here I *did* see the good woman's eyes fill with tears: but she wiped them away, and took advantage of the additional persuasion they give to her natural whine to say, "If, sir, you know of any young gentleman who likes fen-shooting, and wants a nice, pretty, quiet apartment—"

"I will certainly recommend this," said I.

"You see it at present," rejoined *the landlady*, "quite in a litter like; but it is really a sweet place in summer."

"Charming," said I, with a cold shiver, hurrying down the stairs, with a pain in my ear, and the rheumatism in my shoulder.

"And this," thought I, "was Glanville's residence for nearly a month! I wonder he did not exhale into a vapor, or moisten into a green damp."

I went home by the churchyard. I paused on the spot where I had last seen him. A small grave-stone rose above the mound of earth on which he had thrown himself; it was

perfectly simple. The date of the year and month (which showed that many weeks had not elapsed since the death of the deceased) and the initials G. D., made the sole inscription on the stone. Beside this tomb was one of a more pompous description, to the memory of a Mrs. Douglas, which had with the simple tumulus nothing in common, unless the initial letter of the surname, corresponding with the letter initial on the neighboring gravestone, might authorize any connection between them, not supported by that similitude of style usually found in the cenotaphs of the same family: the one, indeed, might have covered the grave of a humble villager—the other, the resting-place of the lady of the manor.

I found, therefore, no clue for the labyrinth of surmise; and I went home, more vexed and disappointed with my day's expedition than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

Lord Vincent met me in the hall. "Delighted to see you," said he; "I have been to —— (the nearest town), in order to discover what sort of savages abide there. Great preparations for a ball—all the tallow candles in town are bespoken—and I heard a most uncivilized fiddle,

'Twang short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.

The one milliner's shop was full of fat squiresses, buying muslin ammunition, to make the *ball go off;* and the attics, even at four o'clock, were thronged with rubicund damsels, who were already, as Shakspeare says of waves in a storm,

'Curling their monstrous heads.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

Jusqu'au revoir le ciel vous tienne tous en joie.*
—MOLIERE.

I was now pretty well tired of Garrett Park. Lady Roseville was going to H——, where I also had an invitation. Lord Vincent meditated an excursion to Paris. Mr. Davison had already departed. Miss Trafford had been gone, God knows how long, and I was not at all disposed to be left, like "the last rose of summer," in single blessedness at Garrett Park. Vincent, Wormwood, and myself, all agreed to leave on the same day.

The morning of our departure arrived. We sat down to breakfast as usual. Lord Vincent's carriage was at the door; his groom was walking about his favorite saddle horse.

"A beautiful *mare* that is of yours," said I, carelessly looking at it, and reaching across the table to help myself to the *pâté de foie gras.*

"Mare!" exclaimed the incorrigible punster, delighted with my mistake: "I thought that you would have been better acquainted with your *propria quæ* maribus."

"Humph!" said Wormwood, "when I look at you I am always at least reminded of the 'as *in præsenti!*'"

Lord Vincent drew up and looked unutterable anger. Wormwood went on with his dry toast, and Lady Roseville, who that morning had, for a wonder, come down to breakfast, good-naturedly took off the bear. Whether or not his ascetic nature was somewhat moodified by the soft smiles and softer voice of the beautiful countess, I cannot pretend to say; but he certainly entered into a conversation with her, not much rougher than that of a less gifted individual might have been. They talked of literature, Lord Byron, conversaziones, and Lydia White.*

"Miss White," said Lady Roseville, "has not only the best command of language herself, but she gives language to other people. Dinner parties, usually so stupid, are, at her house, quite delightful. There, I have actually seen English people look happy, and one or two even almost natural"

"Ah!" said Wormwood, "that is indeed rare. With us everything is assumption. We are still exactly like the English suitor to Portia, in the Merchant of Venice. We take our doublet from one country, our hose from another, and our behavior everywhere. Fashion with us is like the man in one of Le Sage's novels, who was constantly changing his servants, and yet had but one suit of livery, which every new comer, whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, was obliged to wear. We adopt manners, however incongruous and ill suited to our nature, and thus we always seem awkward and constrained. But Lydia

* Heaven keep you merry till we meet again.

* Written before the death of that lady.

White's *soirées* are indeed agreeable. I remember the last time I dined there, we were six in number, and though we were not blessed with the company of Lord Vincent, the conversation was without 'let or flaw.' Every one, even S———, said good things."

"Indeed!" cried Lord Vincent, "and pray Mr. Wormwood, what did you say?"

"Why," answered the poet, glancing with a significant sneer over Vincent's somewhat inelegant person, "I thought of your lordship's figure, and said—*grace!*"

"Hem—hem!—'Gratia *malorum tam infida est quam ipsi*,' as Pliny says," muttered Lord Vincent, getting up hastily, and buttoning his coat.

I took the opportunity of the ensuing pause to approach Lady Roseville, and whisper my adieus. She was kind and even warm to me in returning them; and pressed me, with something marvellously like sincerity, to be sure to come and see her directly she returned to London. I soon discharged the duties of my remaining farewells, and in less than half an hour, was more than a mile distant from Garrett Park and its inhabitants. I can't say that for one, who, like myself, is fond of being made a great deal of, there is anything very delightful in those visits into the country. It may be all well enough for married people, who, from the mere fact of *being* married, are always entitled to certain consideration, put—for instance—into a bed-room, a little larger than a dog-kennel, and accommodated with a looking-glass, that does not distort one's features like a paralytic stroke. But we single men suffer a plurality of evils and hardships, in intrusting ourselves to the casualties of rural hospitality. We are thrust up into any attic repository—exposed to the mercy of rats, and the incursions of swallows. Our lavations are performed in a cracked basin, and we are so far removed from human assistance that our very bells sink into silence before they reach half way down the stairs. But two days before I left Garrett Park, I myself saw an enormous mouse run away with my shaving soap, without any possible means of resisting the aggression. Oh! the hardships of a single man are beyond conception; and what is worse, the very misfortune of being single deprives one of all sympathy. "A single man can do this, and a single man ought to do that, and a single man may be put here, and a single man may be sent there," are maxims that I have been in the habit of hearing constantly inculcated and never disputed during my whole life; and so, from our fare and treatment being coarse in all matters, they have at last grown to be all matters in course.

CHAPTER IX.

Therefore to France.—*Henry IV.*

I WAS rejoiced to find myself again in London. I went to my father's house in Grosvenor-square. All the family, viz., he and my mother, were down at H——; and despite my aversion to the country, I thought I might venture as far as Lady——'s for a couple of days. Accordingly, to H——I went. That is really a noble house—such a hall—such a gallery! I found my mother in the drawing-room, admiring the picture of his late Majesty. She was leaning on the arm of a tall, fair young man. "Henry," said she (introducing me to him), "do you remember your old shool-fellow. Lord George Clinton?"

"Perfectly," said I (though I remembered nothing about him), and we shook hands in the most cordial manner imaginable. By the way, there is no greater bore than being called upon to recollect men, with whom one had been at school some ten years back. In the first place, if they were not in one's own set, one most likely scarcely knew them to speak to; and, in the second place, if they *were* in one's own set, they are sure to be entirely opposite to the nature we have since acquired: for I scarcely ever knew an instance of the companions of one's boyhood being agreeable to the tastes of one's manhood:—a strong proof of the folly of people, who send their sons to Eton and Harrow to *form connections!*

Clinton was on the eve of setting out upon his travels. His intention was to stay a year at Paris, and he was full of the blissful expectations the idea of that city had conjured up. We remained together all the evening, and took a prodigious fancy to one another. Long before I went to bed, he had perfectly inoculated me with his own ardor for continental adventures; and, indeed, I had half promised

to accompany him. My mother, when I first told her of my travelling intentions, was in despair, but by degrees she grew reconciled to the idea.

"Your health will improve by a purer air," said she, "and your pronunciation of French is, at present, any thing but correct. Take care of yourself, therefore, my dear son, and pray lose no time in engaging Coulon as your *maître de danse*."

My father gave me his blessing and a cheque on his banker. Within three days I had arranged every thing with Clinton, and on the fourth, I returned with him to London. Thence we set off to Dover—embarked—dined, for the first time in our lives, on French ground—were astonished to find so little difference between the two countries, and still more so at hearing even the little children talk French so well * proceeded to Abbeville—there poor Clinton fell ill; for several days we were delayed in that abominable town, and then Clinton, by the advice of the doctors, returned to England. I went back with him as far as Dover, and then, impatient at my loss of time, took no rest, night or day, till I found myself at Paris.

Young, well-born, tolerably good-looking, and never utterly destitude of money, nor grudging whatever enjoyment it could procure, I entered Paris with the ability and the resolution to make the best of those *beaux jours* which so rapidly glide from our possession.

CHAPTER X.

Seest thou how gayly my young maister goes?
—BISHOP HALL'S *Satires*.

Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.†
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

I LOST no time in presenting my letters of introduction, and they were as quickly acknowledged by invitations to balls and dinners. Paris was full to excess, and of a better description of English than those who usually overflow that reservoir of the world. My first engagement was to dine with Lord and Lady Bennington, who were among the very few English intimate in the best French houses.

On entering Paris I had resolved to set up "*a character*;" for I was always of an ambitious nature, and desirous of being distinguished from the ordinary herd. After various cogitations as to the particular one I should assume, I thought nothing appeared more likely to be obnoxious to men, and therefore pleasing to women, than an egregious coxcomb: accordingly, I arranged my hair into ringlets, dressed myself with singular plainness and simplicity (a low person, by the by, would have done just the contrary), and, putting on an air of exceeding languor, made my maiden appearance at Lord Bennington's. The party was small, and equally divided between French and English: the former had been all emigrants, and the conversation was chiefly in our own tongue.

I was placed, at dinner, next to Miss Paulding, an elderly young lady, of some notoriety at Paris, very clever, very talkative, and very conceited. A young, pale, ill-natured looking man, sat on her left hand; this was Mr. Aberton.

"Dear me!" said Miss Paulding, "what a pretty chain that is of your's, Mr. Aberton."

"Yes," said Mr. Aberton, "I know it must be pretty, for I got it at Breguet's, with the watch." (How common people always buy their opinions with their goods, and regulate the height of the former by the mere price or fashion of the latter!)

"Pray, Mr. Pelham," said Miss Paulding, turning to me, "have you got one of Breguet's watches yet?"

"Watch!" said I: "*do* you think *I* could ever wear a watch? I know nothing so plebeian. What can ony one, but a man of business, who has nine hours for his counting-house and one for his dinner, ever possibly want to know the time for? 'An assignation,' you will say: true, but—if a man is worth having, he is surely worth waiting for!"

Miss Paulding opened her eyes, and Mr. Aberton his mouth. A pretty lively French woman opposite (Madame d'Anville) laughed, and immediately joined in our conversation, which, on my part, was, during the whole dinner, kept up exactly in the same strain.

Madame d'Anville was delighted, and Miss Paulding astonished. Mr. Aberton muttered to a fat, foolish Lord Luscombe, "What a damnation puppy!"—and every one, even to

* See Addison's Travels for this idea.

† Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.

old Madame de G——s, seemed to consider me impertinent enough to become the rage!

As for me, I was perfectly satisfied with the effect I had produced, and I went away the first, in order to give the men an opportunity of abusing me; for whenever the men abuse, the women, to support alike their coquetry and the conversation, think themselves called upon to defend.

The next day I rode into the Champs Elysées. I always valued myself particularly upon my riding, and my horse was both the most fiery and the most beautiful in Paris. The first person I saw was Madame d'Anville. At that moment I was reining in my horse, and conscious, as the wind waved my long curls, that I was looking to the very best advantage; I made my horse bound towards her carriage, (which she immediately stopped), and made at once my salutations and my court.

"I am going," said she, "to the Duchess D——'s this evening—it is *her* night—do come."

"I don't know her," said I.

"Tell me your hotel, and I'll send you an invitation before dinner," rejoined Madame d'Anville.

"I lodge," said I, "at the Hôtel de ——, Rue de Rivoli, on the second floor at present; next year, I suppose, according to the usual gradations in the life of a *garçon* I shall be on the third: for here the purse and the person seem to be playing at see-saw—the latter rises as the former descends."

We went on conversing for about a quarter of an hour, in which I endeavored to make the pretty Frenchwoman believe that all the good opinion I posessed of myself the day before, I had that morning entirely transferred to her account.

As I rode home I met Mr. Aberton with three or four other men; with that glaring good-breeding, so peculiar to the English, he instantly directed their eyes towards me in one mingled and concentrated stare. "*N'importe*," thought I, "they must be devilish clever fellows if they can find a single fault either in my horse or myself."

CHAPTER XI.

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses,
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses.
—GOLDSMITH'S *Epilogue to the Comedy of the Sisters.*

MADAME D'ANVILLE kept her promise—the invitation was duly sent, and accordingly, at half past ten, to the Rue d'Anjou I drove.

The rooms were already full. Lord Bennington was standing by the door, and close by him, looking exceedingly *distrait*, was my old friend Lord Vincent. They both came towards me at the same moment. "Strive not," thought I, looking at the stately demeanor of the one, and the humorous expression of countenance in the other—"strive not, Tragedy nor Comedy, to engross a Garrick." I spoke first to Lord Bennington, for I knew he would be the sooner despatched, and then for the next quarter of an hour found myself overflowed with all the witticisms poor Lord Vincent had for days been obliged to retain. I made an engagement to dine with him at Véry's the next day, and then glided off towards Madame D'Anville.

She was surrounded with men, and talking to each with that vivacity which, in a Frenchwoman, is so graceful, and in an Englishwoman would be so vulgar. Though her eyes were not directed towards me, she saw me approach by that instinctive perception which all coquettes possess, and suddenly altering her seat, made way for me beside her. I did not lose so favorable an opportunity of gaining *her* good graces, and losing those of all the male animals around her. I sank down on the vacant chair and contrived, with the most unabashed effrontery, and yet, with the most consummate dexterity, to make everything that I said pleasing to her, revolting to some one of her attendants. Wormwood himself could not have succeeded better. One by one they dropped off, and we were left alone among the crowd. Then, indeed, I changed the whole tone of my conversation. Sentiment succeeded to satire, and the pretence of feeling to that of affectation. In short, I was so resolved to please that I could scarcely fail to succeed.

In this main object of the evening I was not however solely employed. I should have been very undeserving of that character for observation which I flatter myself I peculiarly de-

serve, if I had not, during the three hours I stayed at Madame D——'s, conned over every person remarkable for any thing, from rank to a riband. The Duchess herself was a fair, pretty, clever woman, with manners rather English than French. She was leaning, at the time I paid my respects to her, on the arm of an Italian count, tolerably well known at Paris. Poor O———i! I hear he is since married. He did not deserve so heavy a calamity!

Sir Henry Millington was close by her, carefully packed up in his coat and waistcoat. Certainly, that man is the best padder in Europe.

"Come and sit by me, Millington," cried out old Lady Oldtown; "I have a good story to tell you of the Duc de———."

Sir Henry, with difficulty, turned round his magnificent head, and muttered out some unintelligible excuse. The fact was, that poor Sir Henry was not that evening *made* to sit down—he had only his *standing up coat* on! Lady Oldtown—heaven knows—is easily consoled. She supplied the place of the baronet with a most superbly mustachioed German.

"Who," said I, to Madame d'Anville, "are those pretty girls in white, talking with such eagerness to Mr. Alberton and Lord Luscombe?"

"What!" said the Frenchwoman, "have you been ten days in Paris and not been introduced to the Miss Carltons? Let me tell you that your reputation among your countrymen at Paris depends solely upon their verdict."

"And upon your favor," added I.

"Ah;" said she, "you *must* have had your origin in France; you have something about you almost *Parisian*."

"Pray," said I, (after having duly acknowledged this compliment, the very highest that a Frenchwoman can bestow), "what did you really and candidly think of our countrymen during your residence in England?"

"I will tell you," answered Madame d'Anville; "they are brave, honest, generous, *mais ils sont demi-barbares!*" *

* But they are half-barbarians.

CHAPTER XII.

——————— *Pia mater*
Plus quam se sapere, et virtutibus esse priorem
Vult, et ait prope vera.*—HOR. *Sat.*

——— *Vere* (*y*) mihi festus atras
Eximet curas.—HOR. *Or.*

THE next morning I received a letter from my mother. "My dear Henry," began my affectionate and incomparable parent—

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"You have now fairly entered the world, and though at your age my advice may be but little followed, my experience cannot altogether be useless. I shall, therefore, make no apology for a few precepts, which I trust may tend to make you a wiser and a better man.

"I hope, in the first place, that you have left your letter at the ambassador's, and that you will not fail to go there as often as possible. Pay your court in particular to Lady ——. She is a charming person, universally popular, and one of the very few English people to whom one may safely be civil. Apropos of English civility, you have, I hope, by this time discovered that you have to assume a very different manner with French people from that with our own countrymen: with us, the least appearance of feeling or enthusiasm is certain to be ridiculed everywhere; but in France, you may venture to seem not quite devoid of all natural sentiments: indeed, if you affect enthusiasm, they will give you credit for genius, and they will place all the qualities of the heart to the account of the head. You know that in England, if you seem desirous of a person's acquaintance, you are sure to lose it; they imagine you have some design upon their wives or their dinners; but in France you can never lose by politeness: nobody will call your civility forwardness and pushing. If the Princesse de T——, and the Duchesse de D——, ask you to their houses (which indeed they will, directly you have left your letters), go there two or three times a week, if only for a few minutes in the evening. It is very hard to be *acquainted* with great French people, but *when* you are, it is your own fault if you are not *intimate* with them.

"Most English people have a kind of diffidence and scruple at calling in the evening—this is perfectly misplaced: the French are never ashamed of themselves, like us, whose persons, families, and houses are never fit to be seen, unless they are dressed out for a party.

"Don't imagine that the ease of French manners is at all like what *we* call ease: you must not lounge on your chair—nor put your feet upon a stool—nor forget yourself for one single moment when you are talking with women.

"You have heard a great deal about the gallantries of the French ladies, but remember that they demand infinitely greater attention than English women do; and that after a month's incessant devotion, you may lose every thing by a moment's neglect.

"You will not, my dear son, misinterpret these hints.

* With sage advice, and many a sober truth,
The pious mother moulds to shape the youth.
—HAWKE'S *Paraphrase.*
The application of the second motto rests solely upon an untranslateable play of words.

I suppose, of course, that all your *liaisons* are platonic.

"Your father is laid up with the gout, and dreadfully ill-tempered and peevish; however, I keep out of the way as much as possible. I dined yesterday at Lady Roseville's: she praised you very much, said your manners were particularly good, and that no one, if he pleased, could be at once so brilliantly original, yet so completely *bon ton*. Lord Vincent is, I understand, at Paris; though very tiresome with his learning and Latin, he is exceedingly clever and much in vogue; be sure to cultivate his acquaintance.

"If you are ever at a loss as to the individual character of a person you wish to gain, the general knowledge of human nature will teach you one infallible specific,—*flattery!* The quantity and quality may vary according to the exact niceties of art; but, in any quantity and in any quality, it is more or less acceptable, and therefore certain to please. Only never (or at least very rarely) flatter when other people, besides the one to be flattered, are by; in that case you offend the rest, and you make even your intended dupe ashamed to be pleased.

"In general, weak minds think only of others, and yet seem only occupied with themselves; *you*, on the contrary, must appear wholly engrossed with those about you, and yet never have a single idea which does not terminate in yourself: a fool, my dear Henry, flatters himself—a wise man flatters the fool.

"God bless you, my dear child, take care of your health—don't forget Coulon; and believe me your most affectionate mother, "F. P."

By the time I had read this letter, and dressed myself for the evening, Vincent's carriage was at the door. I hate the affectation of keeping people waiting, and went down so quickly that I met his facetious lordship upon the stairs. "Devilish windy," said I, as we were getting into the carriage.

"Yes," said Vincent; "but the moral Horace reminds us of our remedies as well as our misfortune—

'Jam *galeam* Pallas, et ægida,
Currusque—parat'—

viz: 'Providence that prepares the *gale*, gives us also a great coat and a carriage.'"

We were not long driving to the *Palais Royal*. Véry's was crowded to excess—"A very low set!" said Lord Vincent, (who, being half a liberal, is of course a thorough aristocrat), looking round at the various English who occupied the apartment.

There was, indeed, a motley congregation; country esquires; extracts from the universities; half-pay officers; city clerks in frogged coats and mustachios; two or three of a better looking description, but in reality half swindlers, half gentlemen: all, in short, fit specimens of that wandering tribe, which spread over the continent the renown and the ridicule of good old England.

"*Garçon, garçon*, cried a stout gentleman, who made one of three at the table next to us, "*Donnez-nous une sole frite pour un, et des pommes de terre pour trois!*"

"Humph!" said Lord Vincent; "fine ideas of English taste these *garçons* must entertain; men who prefer fried soles and potatoes to the various delicacies they can command here, might, by the same perversion of taste, prefer Bloomfield's poems to Byron's. Delicate taste depends solely upon the physical construction; and a man who has it not in cookery, must want it in literature. *Fried sole and potatoes!!* If I had written a volume, whose merit was in elegance, I would not show it to such a man!—but he might be an admirable critic upon 'Cobbett's Register,' or 'Every Man his own brewer.'"

"Excessively true," said I; "what shall we order?"

"*D'abord, des huîtres d'Ostende*," said Vincent; "as to the rest," taking hold of the carte, "*deliberare utilia mora utilissima est.*" *

We were soon engaged in all the pleasures and pains of a dinner.

"*Petimus*," said Lord Vincent, helping himself to some *poulet à l'Austerlitz*, "*petimus bene vivere,——quod petis, hic est?*" †

We were not, however, assured of that fact at the termination of dinner. If half the dishes were well conceived and better executed, the other half were proportionably bad. Véry is, indeed, no longer the prince of restaurateurs. The low English who have flocked thither, have entirely ruined the place. What waiter—what cook *can* possibly respect men who take no soup, and begin with a *rôti;* who know neither what is good nor what is bad; who eat *rognons* at dinner instead of at breakfast, and fall into raptures over *sauce Robert* and *pieds de cochon;* who cannot tell, at the first taste, whether the beaune is *première qualite*, or the *fricasee* made of yesterday's chicken; who suffer in the stomach after a *champignon*, and die with indigestion of a *truffle?* O! English people, English people! why can you not stay and perish of apoplexy and Yorkshire pudding at home?

* To deliberate on things useful is the most useful delay.

† We seek *to live well*—what you seek is here.

By the time we had drunk our coffee it was considerably past nine o'clock, and Vincent had business at the ambassador's before ten; we therefore parted for the night.

"What do you think of Véry's?" said I, as we were at the door.

"Why," replied Vincent, "when I recall the astonishing heat of the place, which has almost sent me to sleep; the exceeding number of times in which that *bécasse* had been re-roasted, and the extortionate length of our bills, I say, of Véry's, what Hamlet said of the world, *Weary, stale, and unprofitable!*"

CHAPTER XIII.

I would fight with proad swords, and sink point on the first plood drawn like gentleman's.—*The Chronicles of the Canongate.*

I STROLLED idly along the Palais Royal (which English people, in some silly proverb, call the *capital* of Paris, whereas no French man of any rank, nor French woman of any respectability, is ever seen in its promenades) till, being somewhat curious to enter some of the smaller *cafés*, I went into one of the meanest of them, took up a *Journal des Spectacles*, and called for some lemonade. At the next table to me sat two or three Frenchmen, evidently of inferior rank, and talking very loudly over England and the English. Their attention was soon fixed upon me.

Have you ever observed that if people are disposed to think ill of you, nothing so soon determines them to do so as any act of yours, which, however innocent and inoffensive differs from their ordinary habits and customs? No sooner had my lemonade made its appearance, than I perceived an increased sensation among my neighbors of the next table. In the first place, lemonade is not much drunk, as you may suppose, among the French in winter; and, in the second, my beverage had an appearance of ostentation, from being one of the dearest articles I could have called for. Unhappily I dropped my newspaper—it fell under the Frenchmen's table; instead of calling the *garçon*, I was foolish enough to stoop for it myself. It was exactly under the feet of one of the Frenchman; I asked him with the greatest civility, to move: he made no reply. I could not, for the life of me, refrain from giving him a slight, very slight push; the next moment he moved in good earnest; the whole party sprang up as he set the example. The offended leg gave three terrific stamps upon the ground, and I was immediately assailed by a whole volley of unintelligible abuse. At that time I was very little accustomed to French vehemence, and perfectly unable to reply to the vituperations I received.

Instead of answering them, I therefore deliberated what was best to be done. If, thought I, I walk away, they will think me a coward, and insult me in the streets; if I challenge them, I shall have to fight with men probably no better than shopkeepers; if I strike this most noisy amongst them, he *may* be silenced, or he *may* demand satisfaction: if the former, well and good; if the latter, why I shall have a better excuse for fighting him than I should have now.

My resolution was therefore taken. I was never more free from passion in my life, and it was, therefore, with the utmost calmness and composure that, in the midst of my antagonist's harangue, I raised my hand and—quietly knocked him down.

He rose in a moment. "*Sortons*," said he, in a low tone, "a Frenchman never forgives a blow!"

At that moment, an Englishman, who had been sitting unnoticed in an obscure corner of the *cafe*, came up and took me aside.

"Sir," said he, "don't think of fighting the man; he is a tradesman in the *Rue St. Honore*. I myself have seen him behind the counter; remember that '*a ram may kill a butcher.*'"

"Sir," I replied, "I thank you a thousand times for your information. Fight, however, I must, and I'll give you, like the Irishman, my reasons afterwards: perhaps you will be my second."

"With pleasure," said the Englishman (a Frenchman would have said, "*with pain!*")

We left the *cafe* together. My countryman asked them if he should go to the gunsmith's for the pistols.

"Pistols!" said the Frenchman's second: "we will only fight with swords."

"No, no," said my new friend. '*On ne prend pas le lièvre au tambourin.*' We are the challenged, and therefore have the choice of weapons."

Luckily, I overheard this dispute, and called to my second—"Swords or pistols," said I; "It is quite the same to me. I am not bad at either, only *do* make haste."

Swords, then, were chosen, and soon procured. Frenchmen never grow cool upon their quarrels: and as it was a fine, clear, starlight night, we went forthwith to the *Bois de Boulogne*. We fixed our ground on a spot tolerably retired, and, I should think, pretty often frequented for the same purpose. I was exceedingly confident, for I knew myself to have few equals in the art of fencing; and I had all the advantage of coolness, which my hero was a great deal too much in earnest to possess. We joined swords, and in a very few moments I discovered that my opponent's life was at my disposal.

"*C'est bien*," thought I; "for once I'll behave handsomely."

The Frenchman made a desperate lunge. I struck his sword from his hand, caught it instantly, and, presenting it to him again, said—

"I think myself peculiarly fortunate that I may now apologize for the affront I have put upon you. Will you permit my sincerest apologies to suffice? A man who can so well resent an injury, can forgive one."

Was there ever a Frenchman not taken by a fine phrase? My hero received the sword with a low bow—the tears came into his eyes.

"Sir," said he, "you have *twice* conquered."

We left the spot with the greatest amity and affection, and re-entered with a profusion of bows, our several *fiacres*.

"Let me," I said, when I found myself alone with my second, "let me thank you most cordially for your assistance; and allow me to cultivate an acquaintance so singularly begun. I lodge at the *Hotel de*——, *Rue de Rivoli;* my name is Pelham. Yours is—"

"Thornton," replied my countryman. "I will lose no time in profiting by an offer of acquaintance which does me so much honor."

With these and various other fine speeches, we employed the time till I was set down at my hotel; and my companion, drawing his cloak round him, departed on foot, to fulfil (he said, with a mysterious air) a certain assignation in the *Faubourg St. Germain*.

CHAPTER XIV.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.*—PLINY.

I DO not know a more difficult character to describe than Lord Vincent's. Did I imitate certain writers, who think that the whole art of portraying individual character is to seize hold of some prominent peculiarity, and to introduce this distinguishing trait, in all times and in all scenes, the difficulty would be removed. I should only have to present to the reader a man, whose conversation was nothing but alternate jest and quotation—a due union of Yorick and Partridge. This would, however, be rendering great injustice to the character I wish to delineate. There were times when Vincent was earnestly engrossed in discussion in which a jest rarely escaped him, and quotation was introduced only as a serious illustration, not as a humorous peculiarity. He possessed great miscellaneous erudition, and a memory perfectly surprising for its fidelity and extent. He was a severe critic, and had a peculiar art of quoting from each author he reviewed, some part that particularly told against him. Like most men, if in the theory of philosophy he was tolerably rigid, in its practice he was more than tolerably loose. By his tenets you would have considered him a very Cato for stubbornness and sternness: yet was he a very child in his concession to the whim of the moment. Fond of meditation and research, he was still fonder of mirth and amusement; and while he was among the most instructive, he was also the boonest, of companions. When alone with me, or with men whom he imagined like me, his pedantry (for more or less, he always *was* pedantic) took only a jocular tone; with the *savant* or the *bel esprit*, it became grave, searching, and sarcastic. He was rather a contradictor than a favorer of ordinary opinions: and this, perhaps, led him not unoften into paradox: yet was there much soundness, even in his most vehement notions, and the strength of mind which made him think only for himself, was visible in all the productions it created. I have hitherto only given his conversation in one of its moods; henceforth I shall be just enough occasionally to be dull, and to pre-

* "He was a clever and able man—acute, sharp—with abundance of wit and no less of candor."—COOKE.

sent it sometimes to the reader in a graver tone.

Buried deep beneath the surface of his character, was a hidden, yet a restless ambition: but this was perhaps, at present, a secret even to himself. We know not our own characters till time teaches us self-knowledge: if we are *wise*, we may thank ourselves; if we are *great*, we must thank fortune.

It was this insight into Vincent's nature which drew us closer together. I recognized in the man, who as yet was playing a part, a resemblance to myself, while he, pehaps, saw at times that I was somewhat better than the voluptuary, and somewhat wiser than the coxcomb, which were all that at present it suited me to appear.

In person. Vincent was short, and ungracefully formed—but his countenance was singularly fine. His eyes were dark, bright and penetrating, and his forehead (high and thoughtful) corrected the playful smile of his mouth, which might otherwise have given to his features too great an expression of levity. He was not positively ill dressed, yet he paid no attention to any external art, except cleanliness. His usual garb was a brown coat, much too large for him, a colored neckcloth, a spotted waistcoat, grey trowsers, and short gaiters: add to these gloves of most unsullied doeskin, and a curiously thick cane, and the portrait is complete.

In manners, he was civil, or rude, familiar, or distant, just as the whim seized him; never was there any address less common, and less artificial. What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or even talent, if it fall short of genius—they will more than supply all. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree; viz., he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require, possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but luck and opportunity to become "*great*."

CHAPTER XV.

Le plaisir de la société entre les amis se cultive par une ressemblance de goût sur ce qui regarde les mœurs, et par quelque différence d'opinions sur les sciences; par là ou l'on s'affermit dans ses sentiments, ou l'on s'exerce et l'on s'instruit par la dispute.*—LA BRUYERE.

THERE was a party at Monsieur de V——e's, to which Vincent and myself were the only Englishmen invited: accordingly, as the Hotel de V. was in the same street as my hotel, we dined together at my rooms, and walked from thence to the minister's house.

The party was as stiff and formal as such assemblies invariably are, and we were both delighted when we espied Monsieur d'A——, a man of much conversational talent, and some celebrity as an ultra writer, forming a little group in one corner of the room.

We took advantage of our acquaintance with the urbane Frenchman to join his party; the conversation turned almost entirely on literary subjects. Allusion being made to Schlegel's History of Literature, and the severity with which he speaks of Helvetius, and the philosophers of his school, we began to discuss what harm the free thinkers in philosophy had effected.

"For my part," said Vincent, "I am not able to divine why we are supposed, in works where there is much truth, and little falsehood, much good, and a little evil, to see only the evil and the falsehood, to the utter exclusion of the truth and the good. All men whose minds are sufficiently laborious or acute to love the reading of metaphysical inquiries, will by the *same* labor and acuteness separate the chaff from the corn—the false from the true. It is the young, the light, the superficial who are easily misled by error, and incapable of discerning its fallacy; but tell me if it is the light, the young, the superficial, who are in the habit of reading the abtruse and subtle speculations of the poilosopher. No, no! believe me that it is the *very studies Monsieur Schlegel recommends* which do harm to morality and virtue; *it is the study of literature itself*, the play, the poem, the novel, which all minds, however frivolous, can enjoy and understand, that constitute the real foes of religion and moral improvement."

* The pleasure of society amongst friends is cultivated by resemblance of taste as to manners, but some difference of opinion as to mental acquisitions. Thus while it is confirmed by congeniality of sentiments, it gains exercise and instruction by intellectual discussion.

"*Ma foi*," cried Monsieur de G., (who was a little writer, and a great reader of romances), "why you would not deprive us of the politer literature—you would not bid us shut up our novels, and burn our theatres!"

"Certainly not!" replied Vincent; "and it is in this particular that I differ from certain modern philosophers of our own country, for whom, for the most part, I entertain the highest veneration. I would not deprive life of a single grace, or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant: if among my flowers there is a snake, I would not root up my flowers, I would kill the snake. Thus, who are they that derive from fiction and literature a prejudical effect? We have seen already—the light and superficial?—*but* who are they that derive profit from them?—they who enjoy well regulated and discerning minds; who pleasure?—*all mankind!* Would it not therefore be better, instead of depriving some of profit, and all of pleasure, by banishing poetry and fiction from our Utopia, to correct the minds which find evil, where, if they were properly instructed, they would find good? Whether we agree with Halvetius, that all men are born with an equal capacity of improvement, or merely go the length with all other metaphysicians, that education can improve the human mind to an extent yet incalculable, it must be quite clear, that we can give sound views, instead of fallacies, and make common truths as easy to discern and adopt as common errors. But if we effect this, which we all allow is so easy, with our children; if we strengthen their minds, iustead of weakening them, and clear their vision, rather than confuse it, from that moment, we remove the prejudicial effects of fiction, and just as we have taught them to use a knife, without cutting their fingers, we teach them to make use of fiction without perverting it to their prejudice. *What philosopher* was ever hurt by reading the novels of L***, or seeing the comedies of Molière? You understand me, then, Monsieur de G., I do, it is true, think that polite literature (as it is termed) is prejudicial to the superficial, but, for that reason, I would do not away with the literature, I would do away with the superficial."

"I deny," said M. d'A——, "that this is so easy a task—you cannot make all *men* wise."

"No," replied Vincent! "but you can all *children*, at least to a certain extent. Since you cannot deny the prodigious effects of education, you *must* allow that they will, at least, give common sense; for if they cannot do this, they can do nothing. Now common sense is all that is necessary to distinguish what is good and evil, whether it be in life or in books: but then your education must not be that of public teaching and private fooling; you must not counteract the effects of common sense by instilling prejudice, or encouraging weakness; your education may not be carried to the utmost goal, but as far as it does go, you must see that the road is clear. Now, for instance, with regard to fiction, you must not first, as is done in all modern education, admit the disease, and then dose with warm water to expel it: you must not put fiction into your child's hands, and not give him a single principle to guide his judgment respecting it, till his mind has got wedded to the poison, and too weak, by its long use, to digest the antidote. No; first fortify his intellect by reason, and you may then please his fancy by fiction. Do not excite his imagination with love and glory, till you can instruct his judgment as to what love and glory *are*. Teach him, in short, to *reflect*, before you permit him full indulgence to *imagine*."

Here there was a pause. Mousieur D'A—— looked very ill-pleased, and poor Monsieur de G—— thought that somehow or other his romance writing was called into question. In order to soothe them, I introduced some subject which permitted a little national flattery; the conversation then turned insensibly on the character of the French people.

"Never," said Vincent, "has there been a character more often described—never one less understood. You have been termed superficial. I think, of all people, that you least deserve the accusation. With regard to the *few*, your philosophers, your mathematicians, your men of science, are consulted by those of other nations, as some of their profoundest authorities. With regard to the *many*, the charge is still more unfounded. Compare your mob, whether of gentlemen or plebeians, to those of Germany, Italy—even England—and I own, in spite of my national prepossessions, that the comparison is infinitely in your favor. The country gentleman, the lawyer, the *petit maître* of England, are proverbially

inane and ill-informed. With you, the classes of society that answer to those respective grades, have much information in literature, and often not a little in science. In like manner, your tradesmen, and your servants, are of better cultivated, and less prejudiced minds than those ranks in England. The fact is, that *all* with you pretend to be *savans*, and this is the chief reason why you have been censured as shallow. We see your fine gentleman, or your *petit bourgeois*, give himself the airs of a critic or a philosopher; and because he is neither a Scaliger nor a Newton, we forget that he is *only* the *bourgeois* or the *petit maître*, and brand all your philosophers and critics with the censure of superficiality, which this shallow individual of a shallow order may justly have deserved. We, the English, it is true, do not expose ourselves thus: our dandies, our tradesmen, do not vent second-rate philosophy on the human mind, nor on *les beaux arts:* but why is this? Not because they are better informed than their correspondent ciphers in France, but because they are much worse informed; not because they can say a great deal more on the subject, but because they can say nothing at all."

"You do us more than justice," said Mons. D'A——, "in this instance: are you disposed to do us justice in another? It is a favorite propensity of your countrymen to accuse us of heartlessness and want of feeling. Think you that this accusation is deserved?"

"By no means," replied Vincent, "The same cause that brought on you the erroneous censure we have before mentioned, appears to me also to have created this; viz., a sort of *Palais Royal* vanity, common to all your nation, which induces you to make as much display at the shop window as possible. You show great cordiality, and even enthusiasm, to stangers: you turn your back on them—you forget them. 'How heartless!' cry we. Not at all! The English show no cordiality, no enthusiasm to strangers, it is true: but they equally turn their backs on them, and equally forget them! The only respect, therefore, in which they differ from you, is the previous kindness: now if we are to receive strangers, I can really see no reason why we are not to be as civil to them as possible; and so far from imputing the desire to please them to a bad heart, I think it a thousand times more amiable and benevolent than telling them *à l'Anglaise*, by your morosity and reserve, that you do not care a pin what becomes of them. If I am only to walk a mile with a man, why should I not make that mile as pleasant to him as I can: or why, above all, if I choose to be sulky, and tell him to go and be d—d, am I to swell out my chest, color with conscious virtue, and cry, see what a good heart I have? * Ah, Monsieur d'A——, since benevolence is inseparable from all morality, it must be clear that there is a benevolence in little things as well as in great, and that he who strives to make his fellow-creatures happy, though only for an instant, is a much better man than he who is indifferent to, or (what is worse) despises it. Nor do I, to say truth, see that kindness to an acquaintance is at all destructive to sincerity to a friend; on the contrary, I have yet to learn, that you are (according to the customs of your country) worse friends, worse husbands, or worse fathers than we are!"

"What!" cried I, "you forget yourself, Vincent. How can the private virtues be cultivated without a coal fire? Is not domestic affection a synonymous term with *domestic hearth?* and where do you find either, except in honest old England?"

"True," replied Vincent; "and it is certainly impossible for a father and his family to be as fond of each other on a bright day in the *Tuileries*, or at *Versailles*, with music and dancing, and fresh air, as they would be in a back parlor, by a smoky hearth, occupied entirely by *le bon pere, et la bonne mere;* while the poor little children sit at the other end of the table, whispering and shivering, debarred the vent of all natural spirits, for fear of making a noise: and strangely uniting the idea of the domestic hearth with that of a hobgoblin, and the association of dear papa with that of a birch rod."

We all laughed at this reply, and Monsieur d'A——, rising to depart said, "Well, well, *milord*, your countrymen are great generalizers in philosophy; they reduce human actions to two grand touchstones. All hilarity, they

* Mr. Pelham, it will be remembered, has prevised the reader, that Lord Vincent was somewhat addicted to paradox. His opinions on the French character are to be taken with a certain reserve.—*Author.*

consider the sign of a shallow mind; and all kindness, the token of a false heart."

CHAPTER XVI.

——— Quis sapiens bono
Confidat fragili?*—SENECA.

Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.†—HOR.

WHEN I first went to Paris, I took a French master to perfect me in the Parisian pronunciation. This "Haberdasher of pronouns" was a person of the name of Margot. He was a tall, solemn man, with a face of the most imperturbable gravity. He would have been inestimable as an undertaker. His hair was of a pale yellow; you would have thought it had caught a bilious complaint from his complexion; the latter was, indeed, of so sombre a saffron, that it looked as if ten livers had been forced into a jaundice, in order to supply its color. His forehead was high, bald, and very narrow. His cheekbones were extremely prominent, and his cheeks so thin, that they seemed happier than Pyramus and Thisbe, and kissed each other inside without any separation or division. His face was as sharp and almost as long as an inverted pyramid, and was garnished on either side by a miserable half-starved whisker, which seemed scarcely able to maintain itself amidst the general symptoms of atrophy and decay. This charming countenance was supported by a figure so long, so straight, so shadowy, that you might have taken it for the monument in a consumption!

But the chief characteristic of the man was the utter and wonderful gravity I have before spoken of. You could no more have coaxed a smile out of his countenance than you could out of the poker; and yet Monsieur Margot was by no means a melancholy man. He loved his joke, and his wine, and his dinner, just as much as if he had been of a fatter frame; and it was a fine specimen of the practical antithesis, to hear a good story, or a jovial expression, leap friskily out of that long, curved mouth; it was at once a paradox and a bathos—it was the mouse coming out of its hole in Ely Cathedral.

I said that this gravity was M. Margot's most especial characteristic. I forgot;—he had two others equally remarkable; the one was an ardent admiration for the chivalrous, the other an ardent admiration for himself. Both of these are traits common enough in a Frenchman, but in Monsieur Margot their excesses rendered them *uncommon*. He was a most ultra specimen of *le chevalier amoureux*—a mixture of Don Quixote and the Duc de Lauzun. Whenever he spoke of the present tense, even *en professeur*, he always gave a sigh to the preterite, and an anecdote of Bayard; whenever he conjugated a verb, he paused to tell me the that the favorite one of his female pupil was *je t' aime*.

In short, he had tales of his own good fortune, and of other people's brave exploits, which, without much exaggeration, were almost as long, and had perhaps as little substance, as himself; but the former was his favorite topic: to hear him, one would have imagined that his face, in borrowing the sharpness of the needle, had borrowed also its attraction;—and then the prettiness of Monsieur Margot's modesty!

"It is very extraordinary," said he, "very extraordinary, for I have no time to give myself up to those affairs: it is not, Monsieur, as if I had your leisure to employ all the little preliminary arts of creating *la belle passion*. *Non, Monsieur*, I go to church, to the play, to the Tuileries, for a brief relaxation—and *me voilà partout accable* with my good fortune. I am not handsome, Monsieur, at least, not *very;* it is true, that I have expression, a certain *air noble*, (my first cousin, Monsieur, is the Chevalier *de* Margot). and above all, *soul* in my physiognomy; the women love soul, Monsieur—something intellectual and spiritual always attracts them; yet my success certainly is singular."

"*Bah! Monsieur*," replied I: "with dignity, expression, and soul, how could the heart of any French woman resist you? No, you do yourself injustice. It was said of Cæsar, that he was great without an effort; much more, then, may Monsieur Margot be happy without an exertion."

"Ah, Monsieur!" rejoined the Frenchman, still looking

> "As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out
> As sober Lanesbro' dancing with the gout."

"Ah, Monsieur, there is a depth and truth

* What wise man confides in the fragile?—SENECA.

† Grammarians dispute, and the matter is still under consideration of the judge.—HORACE.

in your remarks, worthy of Montaigne. As it is impossible to account for the caprices of women, so it is impossible for ourselves to analyze the merit they discover in us; but, Monsieur, hear me—at the house where I lodge there is an English lady *en pension. Eh bien, Monsieur*, you guess the rest; she has taken a caprice for me, and this very night she will admit me to her apartment She is very handsome,—*Ah qu'elle est belle! une joile petite bouche, une denture eblouissante, un nez tout à fait grec.* in fine, quite a *bouton de rose.*"

I expressed my envy at Monsieur Margot's good fortune, and when he had sufficiently dilated upon it, he withdrew. Shortly afterwards Vincent entered—"I have a dinner invitation for both of us to-day," said he; "you will come?"

"Most certainly," replied I; "but who is the person we are to honor?"

"A Madame Laurent," replied Vincent; "one of those ladies only found at Paris, who live upon anything rather than their income. She keeps a tolerable table, haunted with Poles, Russians, Austrians, and idle Frenchmen *peregrinæ gentis amænum hospitium.* As yet she has not the happiness to be acquainted with any Englishmen, (though she boards one of our countrywomen) and (as she is desirous of making her fortune as soon as possible) she is very anxious of having that honor. She has heard vast reports of our wealth and wisdom, and flatters herself that we are so many ambulatory Indies: in good truth, a Frenchwoman thinks she is never in want of a fortune as long as there is a rich fool in the world.

'Stultitiam patiuntur opes.

in her hope: and

'Ut tu *fortunam*, sic nos te, Celse, feremus,'

is her motto."

"Madame Laurent!" repeated I, "why, surely that is the name Mons. Marsot's landlady."

"I hope not," cried Vincent, "for the sake of our dinner; he reflects no credit on her good cheer—

'Who eats fat dinners, should himself be fat.'"

"At all events," said I, "we can try the good lady for once. I am very anxious to see a countrywoman of ours, probably the very one you speak of, whom Mons. Margot eulogizes in glowing colors, and who has, moreover, taken a violent fancy for my solemn preceptor. What think you of that, Vincent?"

"Nothing extraordinary," replied Vincent; "the lady only only exclaims with the moralist—

'Love, virtue, valor, yea, all human charms,
Are shrunk and centred *in that heap of bones.*
Oh! there are wondrous beauties in the *grave!*'"

I made some punning rejoinder, and we sallied out to earn an appetite in the Tuileries for Madame Laurent's dinner.

At the hour of half-past five we repaired to our engagement. Madame Laurent received us with the most evident satisfaction, and introduced us forthwith to our countrywoman. She was a pretty, fair, shrewd-looking person, with an eye and lip which, unless it greatly belied her, showed her much more inclined to be merry and wise, than honest and true.

Presently Monsieur Margot made his appearance. Though very much surprised at seeing me, he did not appear the least jealous of my attentions to his *inamorata.* Indeed, the good gentleman was far too much pleased with himself to be susceptible to the suspicions common to less fortunate lovers. At dinner I sat next to the pretty Englishwoman, whose name was Green.

"Monsieur Margot," said I, "has often spoken to me of you before I had the happiness of being personally convinced how true and unexaggerated were his sentiments."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Green, with an arch laugh, "you are acquainted with Monsieur Margot, then?"

"I have that honor," said I. "I receive from him every morning lessons both in love and languages. He is perfect master of both."

Mrs. Green burst out laughing.

"*Ah, le pauvre Professeur!*" cried she. "He is *too* absurd!"

"He tells me," said I, gravely, "that he is quite *accable* with his *bonnes fortunes*—possibly he flatters himself that even you are not perfectly inaccessible to his addresses."

"Tell me, Mr. Pelham," said the fair Mrs. Green, "can you pass by this street about half-past twelve to-night?"

"I will make a point of doing so," replied I, not a little surprised by the question.

"Do," said she, "and now let us talk of old England."

When we went away I told Vincent of my appointment.

"What!" said he, "eclipse Monsieur Margot! Impossible!"

"You are right," replied I, "nor is it my hope; there is some trick afloat to which we may as well be spectators."

"With all my heart!" answered Vincent; "let us go till then to the Duchesse de G——." I assented, and we drove to the rue de——.

"The Duchesse de G—— was a fine relic of the *ancien regime*—tall and stately, with her own grey hair *crêpe*, and surmounted by a high cap of the most dazzling *blonde*. She had been one of the earliest emigrants, and had stayed for many months with my mother, whom she professed to rank amongst her dearest friends. The Duchesse possessed to perfection that singular *melange* of ostentation and ignorance which was so peculiar to the ante-revolutionists. She would talk of the last tragedy with the emphatic tone of a connoisseur, in the same breath that she would ask, with Marie Antoinette, why the poor people were so clamorous for *bread*, when they might buy such nice cakes for twopence a-piece? "To give you an idea of the Irish," said she one day to an inquisitive marquess, "know that they *prefer* potatoes to mutton!"

Her *soiress* were among the most agreeable at Paris—she united all the rank and talent to be found in the ultra party, for she professed to be quite a female Mecænas; and whether it was a mathematician or a romance-writer, a naturalist or a poet, she held open house for all, and conversed with each with equal fluency and self-satisfaction.

A new play had just been acted, and the conversation, after a few preliminary *hoverings*, settled upon it.

"You see," said the Duchesse, "that *we* have actors, *you* authors; of what avail is it that you boast of a Shakspeare, since your *Liseton*, great as he is, cannot be compared with our Talma?"

"And yet," said I, preserving my gravity with a pertinacity, which nearly made Vincent and the rest of our compatriots assembled lose theirs, "Madame must allow that there is a striking resemblance in their persons, and the sublimity of their acting?"

"*Pour ca, j'en conviens*," replied this *critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*. "*Mais cependant Liseton n'a pas la nature, l'ame, la grandeur de Talma!*" *

"And will you then allow us *no* actors of merit?" asked Vincent.

"*Mais oui!—dans le genre comique, par exemple votre buffo Kean met dix fois plus d'esprit et de drollerie dans ses roles que La Porte.*" †

"The impartial and profound judgment of Madame admits of no further discussion on this point," said I. "What does she think of the present state of our dramatic *literature?*"

"Why," replied Madame, "you have many great poets; but when they write for the stage they lose themselves entirely: your Valter Scote's play of Robe Roi is very inferior to his novel of the same name."

"It is a great pity," said I, "that Byron did not turn his Childe Harold into a tragedy—it has so much *energy, action—variety!*"

"Very true," said Madame, with a sigh; "but the tragedy is, after all, only suited to our nation—we alone carry it to perfection."

"Yet," said I, "*Goldoni* wrote a *few* fine *tragedies*."

"*Eh bien!*" said Madame, "one rose does not constitute a garden!"

And satisfied with this remark, *la femme savante* turned to a celebrated traveller to discuss with him the chance of discovering the North Pole.

There were one or two clever Englishmen present; Vincent and I joined them.

"Have you met the Persian prince yet?" said Sir George Lynton to me; "he is a man of much talent, and great desire of knowledge. He intends to publish his observations on Paris, and I suppose we shall have an admirable supplement to Montesquieu's *Lettres Persannes!*"

"I wish we had," said Vincent: "there are few better satires on a civilized country than the observations of visitors less polished; while on the contrary the civilized traveller, in describing the manners of the American barbarian, instead of conveying ridicule upon the

* I grant that, but Liston, however, has not the nature, the soul, the grandeur, of Talma.

† Yes, in comedy, for instance, your Kean has ten times more vivacity and drollery than La Porte.

visited, points the sarcasm on the visitor; and Tacitus could not have thought of a finer or nobler satire on the Roman luxuries than that insinuated by his treatise on the German simplicity."

"What," said Monsieur d'F—— (an intelligent *ci-devant emigre*), "what political writer is *generally* esteemed as your best?"

"It is difficult to say," replied Vincent, "since with so many parties we have many idols; but I think I might venture to name Bolingbroke as *among* the most popular. Perhaps, indeed, it would be difficult to select a name more frequently quoted and discussed than his; and yet his political works are not very valuable from political knowledge:—they contain many lofty sentiments, and many beautiful yet scattered truths; but they were written when legislation, most debated, was least understood, and ought to be admired rather as excellent for the day than admirable in themselves. The life of Bolingbroke would convey a juster moral than all his writings: and the author who gives us a full and impartial memoir of that extraordinary man, will have afforded both to the philosophical and political literature of England one of its greatest desiderata."

"It seems to me," said Monsieur d'E——, "that your national literature is peculiarly deficient in biography—am I right in my opinion?"

"Indubitably!" said Vincent; "we have not a single work that can be considered a model in biography (excepting, *perhaps*, Middleton's Life of Cicero). This brings on a remark I have often made in distinguishing your philosophy from ours. It seems to me that you who excel so admirably in biography, memoirs, comedy, satirical observation on peculiar classes, and pointed aphorisms, are fonder of considering man in his relation to society and the active commerce of the world, than in the more abstracted and metaphysical operations of the mind. *Our* writers, on the contrary, love to indulge rather in abstruse speculations on their species—to regard man in an abstract and isolated point of view, and to see him *think* alone in his chamber, while you prefer beholding him *act* with the multitude in the world."

"It must be allowed," said Monsieur d'E——, "that if this be true, our philosophy is the most useful, though yours may be the most profound."

Vincent did not reply.

"Yet," said Sir George Lynton "there will be a disadvantage attending your writings of this description, which, by diminishing their general *applicability*, diminish their general *utility*. Works which treat upon man in his relation to society, can only be strictly applicable so long as that relation to society treated upon continues. For instance, the play which satirzies a particular class, however deep its reflections and accurate its knowledge upon the subject satirized, must necessarily be obsolete when the class itself has become so. The political pamphlet, admirable for one state, may be absurd in another; the novel which exactly delineates the present age may seem strange and unfamiliar to the next; and thus works which treat of men relatively, and not man *in se*, must often confine their popularity to the age and even the country in which they were written. While on the other hand, the work which treats of man himself, which seizes, discovers, analyzes the human mind, as it is, whether in the ancient or the modern, the savage or the European, must evidently be applicable, and consequently useful, to all times and all nations. He who discovers the circulation of the blood, or the origin of ideas, must be a philosopher to every people who have veins of ideas; but he who even most successfully delineates the manners of one country, or the actions of one individual, is only the philosopher of a single country, or a single age. If, Monsieur d'E——, you will condescend to consider this, you will see perhaps that the philosophy which treats of man in his relation is *not* so useful, because neither so permanent nor so invariable, as that which treats of man in himself." *

* Yet Hume holds the contrary opinion to this, and considers a good comedy more durable than a system of philosophy. Hume is right, if by a system of philosophy is understood—a pile of guesses, false but plausible, set up by one age to be destroyed by the next. Ingenuity cannot rescue error from oblivion; but the moment Wisdom has discovered Truth, she has obtained immortality.—But is Hume right when he suggests that there may come a time when Addison will be read with delight, but Locke be utterly forgotten? For my part, if the two were to be matched for posterity, I think the odds would be in favor of Locke I very much doubt whether five hundred years hence, Addison will be read at all, and I am quite sure that, a thousand years hence, Locke will not be forgotten.

I was now somewhat weary of this conversation, and though it was not yet twelve, I seized upon my appointment as an excuse to depart—accordingly I rose for that purpose. "I suppose," said I to Vincent, "that you will not leave your discussion."

"Pardon me," said he, "amusement is quite as profitable to a man of sense as metaphysics. *allons*."

CHAPTER XVII.

I was in this terrible situation when the basket stopped.
—*Oriental Tales—History of the Basket.*

We took our way to the street in which Madame Laurent resided. Meanwhile suffer me to *get rid of myself*, and to introduce you, dear Reader, to my friend, Monsieur Margot, the whole of whose adventures were subsequently detailed to me by the garrulous Mrs. Green.

At the hour appointed he knocked at the door of my fair countrywoman, and was carefully admitted. He was attired in a dressing-gown of sea-green silk, in which his long, lean, hungry body, looked more like a starved pike than any thing human.

"Madame," said he, with a solemn air, "I return you my best thanks for the honor you have done me—behold me at your feet!"—and so saying, the lean lover gravely knelt down on one knee.

"Rise, sir," said Mrs. Green, "I confess that you have won my heart; but that is not all—you have yet to show that you are worthy of the opinion I have formed of you. It is not, Monsieur Margot, your person that has won me—no! it is your chivalrous and noble sentiments—prove that these are genuine, and you may command all from my admiration."

"In what manner shall I prove it, madame?" said Monsieur Margot, rising, and gracefully drawing his sea-green gown more closely round him.

"By your courage, your devotion, and your gallantry! I ask but one proof—you can give it me on the spot. You remember, monsieur, that in the days of romance, a lady threw her glove upon the stage on which a lion was exhibited, and told her lover to pick it up. Monsieur Margot, the trial to which I shall put you is less severe. Look, (and Mrs. Green threw open the window)—look, I throw my glove out into the street—descend for it."

"Your commands are my law," said the romantic Margot. "I will go forthwith," and so saying, he went to the door.

"Hold, sir!" said the lady, "it is not by that simple manner that you are to descend—you must go the same way as my glove, *out of the window*."

"Out of the window, madame!" said Monsieur Margot, with astonished solemnity; "that is impossible, because this apartment is three stories high, and consequently I shall be dashed to pieces."

"By no means," answered the dame; "in that corner of the room there is a basket, to which (already foreseeing your determination) I have affixed a rope; by that basket you shall descend. See, monsieur, what expedients a provident love can suggest."

"H—e—m!" said, very slowly, Monsieur Margot, by no means liking the airy voyage imposed upon him; "but the rope may break, or your hand may suffer it to slip."

"Feel the rope," cried the lady, "to satisfy you as to your first doubt; and, as to the second, can you—*can* you imagine that my affections would not make me twice as careful of your person as of my own? Fie! ungrateful Monsieur Margot! fie!"

The melancholy chevalier cast a rueful look at the basket. "Madame," said he, "I own that I am very averse to the plan you propose: suffer me to go down stairs in the ordinary way; your glove can be as easily picked up whether your adorer goes out of the door or the window. It is only, madame, when ordinary means fail, that we should have recourse to the extraordinary."

"Begone, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Green—"begone! I now perceive that your chivalry was only a pretence. Fool that I was to love you as I have done!—fool that I was to imagine a hero where I now find a——"

"Pause, madame, I will obey you—my heart is firm—see that the *rope* is!——"

"Gallant Monsieur Margot!", cried the lady: and going to her dressing-room, she called her woman to her assistance. The rope was of the most unquestionable thickness, the basket of the most capacious dimensions. The former was fastened to a strong hook—and the latter lowered.

"I go, madame," said Monsieur Margot, feeling the rope; "but it really is a most dangerous exploit."

"Go, monsieur! and St. Louis befriend you!"

"Stop!" said Monsieur Margot, "let me fetch my coat: the night is cold, and my dressing-gown thin."

"Nay, nay, my chevalier," returned the dame, "I love you in that gown: it gives you an air of grace and dignity quite enchanting."

"It will give me my death of cold, madame," said Monsieur Margot, earnestly.

"Bah!" said the Englishwoman: "what knight ever feared cold? Besides, you mistake; the night is warm, and you look so handsome in your gown."

"Do I!" said the vain Monsieur Margot, with an iron expression of satisfaction. "If that is the case, I will mind it less; but may I return by the door?"

"Yes," replied the lady; "you see that I do not require too much from your devotion—enter."

"Behold me!" said the French master, inserting his body into the basket, which immediately began to descend.

The hour and the police of course made the street empty; the lady's handkerchief waved in token of encouragement and triumph. When the basket was within five yards of the ground, Mrs. Green cried to her lover, who had hitherto been elevating his serious countenance towards her, in sober, yet gallant sadness—

"Look, look, monsieur — straight before you."

The lover turned round, as rapidly as his habits would allow him, and at that instant the window was shut, the light extinguished, and the basket arrested. There stood Monsieur Margot, upright in the basket, and there stopped the basket, motionless in the air?

What were the exact reflections of Monsieur Margot, in that position, I cannot pretend to determine, because he never favored me with them; but about an hour afterwards, Vincent and I (who had been delayed on the road), strolling up the street, according to our appointment, perceived, by the dim lamps, some opaque body leaning against the wall of Madame Laurent's house, at about the distance of fifteen feet from the ground.

We hastened our steps towards it; a measured and serious voice, which I well knew, accosted us—

"For God's sake, gentlemen, procure me assistance. I am the victim of a perfidious woman, and expect every moment to be precipitated to the earth."

"Good heavens!" said I, "surely it is Monsieur Margot whom I hear. What are you doing there?"

"Shivering with cold," answerd Monsieur Margot in a tone tremulously slow.

"But what are you *in*? for I can see nothing but a dark substance."

"I am in a basket," replied Monsieur Margot, "and I should be very much obliged to you to let me out of it."

"Well—indeed," said Vincent (for *I* was too much engaged in laughing to give a ready reply), "your *Château-Margot* has but a cool cellar. But there are some things in the world easier said than done. How are we to remove you to a more desirable place?"

"Ah," returnd Monsieur Margot, "*how* indeed! There is, to be sure, a ladder in the porter's lodge long enough to deliver me; but then think of the gibes and jeers of the porter!—it will get wind—I shall be ridiculed, gentlemen—I shall be ridiculed—and what is worse, I shall lose my pupils."

"My good friend," said I, "you had better lose your pupils than your life; and the daylight will soon come, and then, instead of being ridiculed by the porter, you will be ridiculed by the whole street!"

Monsieur Margot groaned. "Go, then, my friend," said he, "procure the ladder! Oh, those she devils!—what *could* make me such a fool!"

Whilst Monsieur Margot was venting his spleen in a scarcely articulate mutter, we repaired to the lodge, knocked up the porter, communicated the *accident*, and procured the ladder. However, an observant eye had been kept upon our proceedings, and the window above was re-opened, though so silently that I only perceived the action. The porter, a jolly, bluff, hearty-looking fellow, stood grinning below with a lantern, while we set the ladder (which only just reached the basket) against the wall.

The chevalier looked wistfully forth, and then, by the light of the lantern, we had a fair view of his ridiculous figure. His teeth chat-

tered woefully, and the united cold without and anxiety within, threw a double sadness and solemnity upon his withered countenance. The night was very windy, and every instant a rapid current seized the unhappy sea-green vesture, whirled it in the air, and threw it, as if in scorn, over the very face of the miserable professor. The constant recurrence of this sportive irreverence of the gales—the high sides of the basket, and the trembling agitation of the inmate, never too agile, rendered it a work of some time for Monsieur Margot to transfer himself from the basket to the the ladder. At length, he had fairly got out one thin, shivering leg.

"Thank Heaven!" said the pious professor—when at that instant the thanksgiving was checked, and, to Mousieur Margot's inexpressible astonishment and dismay, the basket rose five feet from the ladder, leaving its tenant with one leg dangling out, like a flag from a balloon.

The ascent was too rapid to allow Monsieur Margot even time for an exclamation, and it was not till he had had sufficient leisure in his present elevation to perceive all its consequences, that he found words to say, with the most earnest tone of thoughtful lamentation, "One could not have foreseen this!—it is really extremely distressing—would to Heaven that I could get my leg in, or my body out!"

While we were yet too convulsed with laughter to make any comment upon the unlooked-for ascent of the luminous Monsieur Margot, the basket descended with such force as to dash the lantern out of the hand of the porter, and to bring the professor so precipitously to the ground, that all the bones in his skin rattled audibly.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said he, "I am done for! Be witness how inhumanly I have been murdered."

We pulled him out of the basket, and carried him between us into the porter's lodge. But the woes of Monsieur Margot were not yet at their termination. The room was crowded. There was Madame Laurent,—there was the German count, whom the professor was teaching French—there was the French viscount, whom he was teaching German—there were all his fellow-lodgers, the ladies whom he had boasted *of*, the men he had boasted *to*. Don Juan, in the infernal regions, could not have met with a more unwelcome set of old acquaintances than Monsieur Margot had the happiness of opening his bewildered eyes upon in the porter's lodge.

"What!" cried they all, "Monsieur Margot, is that you who have been frightening us so? We thought the house was attacked. The Russian general is at this very moment loading his pistols; lucky for you that you did not *choose* to stay longer in that situation. Pray, Monsieur, what could induce you to exhibit yourself so, in your dressing-gown too, and the night so cold? Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?"

All this, and infinitely more, was levelled against the miserable professor, who stood shivering with cold and fright; and turning his eyes first on one, and then on another, as the exclamations circulated round the room.

"I do assure you——" at length he began.

"No, no," cried one, "it is of no use explaining now!"

"*Mais, Messieurs*——" querulously recommenced the unhappy Margot.

"Hold your tongue," exclaimed Madame Laurant, "you have been disgracing my house."

"*Mais, Madame, ecoutez-moi*——"

"No, no," cried the German, "we saw you—we saw you."

"*Mais, Monsieur le Comte*——"

"Fie, fie!" cried the Frenchman.

"*Mais, Monsieur le Vicomte*——"

At this every mouth was opened, and the patience of Monsieur Margot being by this time exhausted, he flew into a violent rage; his tormentors, pretended an equal indignation, and at length he fought his way out of the room, as fast as his shattered bones would allow him, followed by the whole body, screaming, and shouting, and scolding, and laughing after him.

The next morning passed without my usual lesson from Monsieur Margot; that was natural enough; but when the next day, and the next, rolled on, and brought neither Monsieur Margot nor his excuse, I began to be uneasy for the poor man. Accordingly I sent to Madame Laurent's to inquire after him: judge of my surprise at hearing that he had, early the day after his adventure, left his lodgings with his small possession of books and clothes, leaving

only a note to Madame Laurent, enclosing the amount of his debt to her, and that none had since seen or heard of him.

From that day to this I have never once beheld him. The poor professor lost even the little money due to him for his lessons—so true is it, that in a man of Monsieur Margot's temper, even interest is a subordinate passion to vanity!

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is good to be merry and wise,
It 's good to be honest and true;
It is good to be off with the old love,
Before you be on with the new.—*Song.*

One morning, when I was riding to the *Bois de Boulogne*, (the celebrated place of assignation), in order to meet Madame d'Anville, I saw a lady on horseback, in the most imminent danger of being thrown. Her horse had taken fright at an English tandem, *or its driver*, and was plunging violently; the lady was evidently much frightened, and lost her presence of mind more and more every moment. A man who was with her, and who could scarcely manage his own horse, appeared to be exceedingly desirous, but perfectly unable, to assist her; and a great number of people were looking on, doing nothing, and saying, "*Mon Dieu*, how dangerous!"

I have always had a great horror of being a hero in scenes, and a still greater antipathy to "*females in distress*." However, so great is the effect of sympathy upon the most hardened of us, that I stopped for a few moments, first to look on, and secondly to assist. Just when a moment's delay might have been dangerous, I threw myself off my horse, seized her's with one hand, by the rein which she no longer had the strength to hold, and assisted her with the other to dismount. When all the peril was over, Monsieur, her companion, managed also to find his legs; and I did not, I confess, wonder at his previous delay, when I discovered that the lady in danger had been his wife. *He* gave me a profusion of thanks, and *she* made them more than complimentary by the glance which accompanied them. Their carriage was in attendance at a short distance behind. The husband went for it—I remained with the lady.

"Mr. Pelham," she said, "I have heard much of you from my friend Madame d'Anville, and have long been anxious for your acquaintance. I did not think I should commence it with so great an obligation."

Flattered by being already known by name, and a subject of previous interest, you may be sure that I tried every method to improve the opportunity I had gained; and when I handed my new acquaintance into her carriage, my pressure of her hand was somewhat more than slightly returned.

"Shall you be at the English ambassador's to-night?" said the lady, as they were about to shut the door of the carriage.

"Certainly, if *you* are to be there," was my answer.

"We shall meet then," said Madame, and her look *said more*.

I rode into the *Bois;* and giving my horse to my servant, as I came near *Passy*, where I was to meet Madame d'Anville, I proceeded thither on foot. I was just in sight of the spot, and indeed of my *inamorata*, when two men passed, talking very earnestly; they did not remark me, but what individual could ever escape *my* notice? The one was Thornton; the other—who could he be? Where had I seen that pale and remarkable countenance before? I looked again. I was satisfied that I was mistaken in my first thought; the hair was of a completely different color. "No, no," said I, "it is not he: yet how like!"

I was *distrait* and absent during the whole time I was with Madame d'Anville. The face of Thornton's companion haunted me like a dream; and, to say the truth, there were also moments when the recollection of my new engagement for the evening made me tired with that which I was enjoying the troublesome honor of keeping.

Madame d'Anville was not slow in perceiving the coldness of my behavior. Though a Frenchwoman, she was rather grieved than resentful.

"You are growing tired of me, my friend," she said; "and when I consider your youth and temptations, I cannot be surprised at it—yet, I own, that this thought gives me much greater pain than I could have supposed."

"Bah! *ma belle amie*," cried I, "you deceive yourself—I adore you—I shall always adore you; but it's getting very late!"

Madame d'Anville sighed, and we parted. "She is not half so pretty or agreeable as she was," thought I, as I mounted my horse, and remembered my appointment at the ambassador's.

I took unusual pains with my appearance that evening, and drove to the ambassador's hotel in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, full half an hour earlier than I had ever done before. I had been some time in the rooms without discovering my heroine of the morning. The Duchess of H—— passed by.

"What a wonderfully beautiful woman!" said Mr. Howard de Howard, a lean gentleman, who valued himself on his ancestors, to Mr. Aberton.

"Ay," answered Aberton, "but to my taste, the Duchesse de Perpignan is quite equal to her—do you know *her?*"

"No—yes!" said Mr. Howard de Howard; "that is, not exactly—not well. An Englishman never owns that he does not know a duchess.

"Hem!" said Mr. Aberton, thrusting his large hand through his lank light hair. "Hem—could one do any thing, do you think, in that quarter?"

"I should think *one* might, with a tolerable person!" answered the spectral aristocrat, looking down at a pair of most shadowy supporters.

"Pray," said Aberton, "what do you think of Miss——? they say she is an heiress."

"Think of her!" said Mr. Howard de Howard, who was as poor as he was thin, "why, I *have* thought of her!"

"They say that fool Pelham makes up to her." (Little did Mr. Aberton imagine, when he made this remark, that I was close behind him.)

"I should not imagine that was true." said the secretary; "he is so occupied with Madame d'Anville."

"Pooh!" said Aberton, dictatorially, "*she* never had any thing to say to him."

"Why are you so sure?" said Mr. Howard de Howard.

"Why—because he never showed any notes from her, nor ever even said he had a *liaison* with her!"

"Ah! that is quite enough!" said Mr. Howard de Howard. "But, is not that the Duchesse de Perpignan?"

Mr. Aberton turned, and so did I—our eyes met—his fell—well they might, after his courteous epithet to my name; however, I had far too good an opinion of myself to care one straw about his; besides, at that moment, I was wholly lost in my surprise and pleasure, in finding that this Duchesse de Perpignan was no other than my acqaintance of the morning. She caught my gaze and smiled as she bowed. "Now," thought I, as I approached her, "let us see if we cannot eclipse Mr. Aberton."

All love-making is just the same, and, therefore, I shall spare the reader my conversation that evening. When he recollects that it was Henry Pelham who was the gallant, I am persuaded that he will be pretty certain as to the success.

CHAPTER XIX.

Alea sequa vorax species certissima furti
Non contenta bonis, animum quoque perfida mergit;—
Furca, furax—infamis, iners, furiosa, ruina.*
—PETR. *Dial.*

I DINED the next day at the Frères Provençaux; an excellent restaurateur's, by-the-by, where one gets irreproachable *gibier*, and meets few English.† After dinner, I strolled into the various gambling-houses, with which the Palais Royal abounds.

In one of these the crowd and heat were so great, that I should immediately have retired if I had not been struck with the intense expression of interest in the countenance of one of the spectators at the *rouge et noir* table. He was a man about forty years of age; his complexion was dark and sallow; the features prominent, and what are generally called handsome; but there was a certain sinister expression in his eyes and mouth, which rendered the effect of his physiognomy rather disagreeable than prepossessing. At a small distance from him, and playing, with an air which, in its carelessness and *nonchalance*, formed a remarkable contrast to the painful anxiety of the man I have just described, sate Mr. Thornton.

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* Gaming, that direst felon of the breast,
Steals more than fortune from its wretched thrall,
Spreads o'er the soul the inert devouring pest,
And gnaws, and rots, and taints, and ruins all.
—PARAPHRASE.

† Mr. Pelham could not say as much for the *Freres Provencaux* at present!

At first sight, these two appeared to be the only Englishmen present beside myself; I was more struck by seeing the former in that scene than I was at meeting Thornton there; for there was something distinguished in the mien of the stranger, which suited far worse with the appearance of the place, than the air and dress of my *ci-devant* seeond.

"What! another Englishman?" thought I, as I turned round and perceived a thick, rough great coat, which could possibly belong to no continental shoulders. The wearer was standing directly opposite the seat of the swarthy stranger; his hat was slouched over his face; I moved in order to get a clearer view of his countenance. It was the same person I had seen with Thornton that morning. Never to this moment have I forgotten the stern and ferocious expression with which he was gazing upon the keen and agitated features of the gambler opposite. In the eye and lip there was neither pleasure, hatred, nor scorn, in their simple and unalloyed elements; but each seemed blent and mingled into one deadly concentration of evil passions.

This man neither played, nor spoke, nor moved. He appeared utterly insensible of every feeling in common with those around. There he stood, wrapped in his own dark and inscrutable thoughts, never, for one instant, taking his looks from the varying countenance which did not observe their gaze, nor altering the withering character of their almost demoniacal expression. I could not tear myself from the spot. I felt chained by some mysterious and undefinable interest; my attention was first diverted into a new channel, by a loud exclamation from the dark-visaged gambler at the table; it was the first he had uttered, notwithstanding his anxiety; and, from the deep, thrilling tone in which it was expressed, it conveyed a keen sympathy with the overcharged feelings which it burst from.

With a trembling hand, he took from an old purse the few Napoleons that were still left there. He set them all at one hazard on the *rouge*. He hung over the table with a dropping lip; his hands were tightly clasped in each other; his nerves seemed strained into the last agony of excitation. I ventured to raise my eyes upon the gaze, which I *felt* must still be upon the gambler—there it was fixed, and stern as before!—but it now conveyed a deeper expression of joy than it had hitherto assumed; yet a joy so malignant and fiendish, that no look of mere anger or hatred could have equally chilled my heart. I dropped my eyes. I redoubled my attention to the cards—the last two were to be turned up. A moment more!—the fortune was to the *noir*. The stranger had lost! He did not utter a single word. He looked with a vacant eye on the long mace, with which the marker had swept away his last hopes, with his last coin, and then, rising, left the room, and disappeared.

The other Englishman was not long in following him. He uttered a short, low, laugh, unheard, perhaps, by any one but myself; and, pushing through the atmosphere of *sacres!* and *mille tonnerres!* which filled that pandemonium, strode quickly to the door. I felt as if a load had been taken from my bosom, when he was gone.

CHAPTER XX.

. Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*
—HOR. *Ars. Poet.*

I WAS loitering over my breakfast the next morning, and thinking of the last night's scene, when Lord Vincent was announced.

"How fares the gallant Pelham?" said he, as he entered the room.

"Why, to say the truth," I replied, "I am rather under the influence of blue devils this morning, and your visit is like a sun-beam in November."

"A bright thought," said Vincent, "and I shall make you a very pretty little poet soon; publish you in a neat octavo, and dedicate you to Lady D———e. Pray, by-the-by, have you ever read her plays? You know they were only privately printed?"

"No," said I, (for in good truth, had his lordship interrogated me touching any other literary production, I should have esteemed it a part of my present character to return the same answer).

"No!" repeated Vincent; "permit me to tell you, that you must never seem ignorant of any work *not* published. To be admired, one

* The appropriate justice sorts each shade and hue,
And gives to each the exact proportion due.
—PARAPHRASE.

must always know what other people don't—and then one has full liberty to sneer at the value of what other people *do* know. Renounce the threshold of knowledge. There, every new proselyte can meet you. Boast of your acquaintanee with the scantum, and not one in ten thousand can dispute it with you. Have you read Monsieur de C———'s pamphlet?"

"Really," said I, "I have been so busy!"

"*Ah, mon ami!*" cried Vincent, "the greatest sign of an idle man is to complain of being busy. But you have had a loss: the pamphlet is good. C——, by the way, has an extraordinary, though not an expanded mind: it is like a citizen's garden near London; a pretty parterre here, and a chinese pagoda there; an oak tree in one corner, and a mushroom bed in the other: and above all, a Gothic Ruin opposite the bay-window! You may traverse the whole in a stride; it is the four quarters of the globe in a mole-hill. Yet everything is good in its kind; and is neither without elegance nor design in its arrangment."

"What do you think," said I, "of the Baron de———, the minister of ————?"

"Of him?" replied Vincent—

'His soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.'

It is dark and bewildered—full of dim visions of the ancient *regime;*—it is a bat hovering about the cells of an old abbey. Poor, *antique* little soul! but I will say nothing more about it:

'For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small'

as the soul of the Baron de———!"

Finding Lord Vincent so disposed to the biting mood, I immediately directed his *rabies* towards Mr. Aberton.

"Aberton," said Vincent, in answer to my question, if he knew that amiable young gentleman—"Yes! a sort of man who, speaking of the best society, says *we*—who sticks his *best* cards on his chimney-piece, and writes himself *billets-doux* from duchesses. A duodecimo of 'precious conceits,' bound in calf-skin—I know the man well; does he not dress decently, Pelham?"

"His clothes *are* well made," said I, candidly.

"Ah!" said Vincent, "I should think he went to the best tailor, and said, 'Give me a collar like Lord So and So's;' one who would not dare to have a new waistcoat till it had been authoritively patronized, and who took his fashions, like his follies from the best proficients. Such fellow are always too ashamed of themselves not to be proud of their clothes;—like the Chinese mariners, they burn inscense *before the needle!*"

"And Mr. Howard de Howard," said I, laughing, "what do you think of him?"

"What! the thin Eupatrid?" cried Vincent. "He is the mathematical definition of a straight line—*length without breadth.* His inseparable friend, Mr. Aberton, was running up the Rue St. Honoré yesterday in order to catch him, and when I saw him chasing that meagre apparition, I said to Bennington, 'I have found out the real Peter Schlemil!' 'Whom?' (asked his grave lordship, with serious *naïvete*)—'Mr. Aberton,' said I; 'don't you see him *running after his shadow?*' But the pride of the lean thing is so amusing! He is fifteenth cousin to the duke, and so his favorite exordium is, 'Whenever I succeed to the title of my ancestors.' It was but the other day, that he heard two or three silly young men discussing church and state, and they began by talking irreligion—(Mr. Howard de Howard is too unsubstantial not to be spiritually inclined)—however he only fidgeted in his chair. They then proceeded to be exceedingly disloyal. Mr. Howard de Howard fidgeted again. They then passed to virtuperations on the aristocracy;—this the attenuated pomposity (*magni nominis umbra*) could brook no longer. He rose up, cast a severe look on the abashed youths, and thus addressed them—'Gentlemen, I have sate by in silence, and heard my King derided, and my God blasphemed; but now when you attack the aristocracy, I can no longer refrain from noticing so obviously intentional an insult. *You have become personal.*'"

"Pray, Vincent," said I, after a short pause, "did you ever meet with a Mr. Thornton at Paris?"

"Thornton, Thornton," said Vincent, musingly; "what, Tom Thornton?"

"I should think, very likely," I replied; "just the sort of man who would be Tom Thornton—has a broad face, with a color, and wears a spotted neckcloth; Tom—what could his name be but Tom?"

"Is he about five-and-thirty?" asked Vincent, "rather short, and with reddish-colored hair and whiskers?"

"Precisely," said I; "are not all Toms alike?"

"Ah," said Vincent, "I know him well: he is a clever, shrewd fellow, but a most unmitgated rascal. He is the son of a steward in Lancashire, and received an attorney's education; but being a humorous, noisy fellow, he became a great favorite with his father's employer, who was a sort of Mecænas to cudgel-players, boxers, and horse-jockeys. At his house, Thornton met many persons of rank, but of a taste similar to their host's: and they, mistaking his vulgar coarseness for honesty, and his quaint proverbs for wit, admitted him into their society. It was with one of them that I have seen him. I believe of late, that his character has been of a very indifferent odor: and whatever has brought him among the English at Paris—those white-washed abominations—those 'innocent blacknesses,' as Charles Lamb calls chimney-sweepers, it does not argue well for his professional occupations. I should think however, that he manages to *live* here; for wherever there are English fools, there are fine pickings for an English rogue."

"Ay," said I, "but are there enough fools here to feed the rogues?"

"Yes, because rogues are like spiders, and eat each other, when there is nothing else to catch; and Tom Thornton is safe, as long as the ordinary law of nature lasts, that the greater knave preys on the lesser,—for there cannot possibly be a greater knave than he is! If you have made his acquaintance, my dear Pelham, I advice you most soberly to look to yourself, for if he doth not steal, beg, or borrow of you, Mr. Howard de Howard will grow fat, and even Mr. Aberton cease to be a fool. And now, most noble Pelham, farewell. *Il est plus aise d'etre sage pour les autres que de l'etre pour soi-meme.*" *

* It is more easy to be wise for others than for oneself.

CHAPTER XXI.

This is a notable couple—and have met
But for some secret knavery.
—*The Tanner of Tyburn.*

I HAD now been several weeks in Paris, and I was not altogether dissatisfied with the manner in which they had been spent. I had enjoyed myself to the utmost, while I had, as much as possible, combined profit with pleasure; viz., if I went to the Opera in the evening, I learned to dance in the morning; if I drove to a *soiree* at the Duchesse de Perpignan's, it was not till I had fenced an hour at the *Salon des Assauts d'Armes;* in short, I took the greatest pains to complete my education.—I wish all young men who frequented the Continent for that purpose could say the same!

One day (about a week after the conversation with Vincent, recorded in my last chapter) I was walking slowly along one of the paths in the *Jardin des Plantes*, meditating upon the various excellencies of the *Rocher de Cancale* and the Duchesse de Perpignan, when I perceived a tall man, with a thick, rough coat, of a dark color, (which I recognized long before I did the face of the wearer) emerging from an intersecting path. He stopped a few moments, and looked round as if expecting some one. Presently a woman, apparently about thirty, and meanly dressed, appeared in an opposite direction. She approached him; they exchanged a few words, and then, the woman taking his arm, they struck into another path, and were soon out of sight. I suppose that the reader has already discovered that this man was Thornton's companion in the *Bois de Boulogne* and the hero of the gaming-house, in the *Palais Royal.* I could not have supposed that so noble a countenance, even in its frowns, could ever have wasted its smiles upon a mistress of the low station to which the woman who had met him evidently belonged. However, we all have our little foibles, as the Frenchman said, when he boiled his grandmother's head in a pipkin.

I myself was, at that time, the sort of person that is always taken by a pretty face, however coarse may be the garments which set it off; and although I cannot say that I ever stooped so far as to become amorous of a chambermaid, yet I could be tolerably lenient to any man under thirty who did. As a proof

of this gentleness of disposition, ten minutes after I had witnessed so unsuitable a *rencontre*, I found myself following a pretty little *grisette* into a small sort of *cabaret*, which was, at the time I speak of (and most probably still is), in the midst of the gardens. I sat down, and called for my favorite drink of lemonade; the little *grisette*, who was with an old woman, possibly her mother, an *un beau gros garçon*, probably her lover, sat opposite, and began, with all the ineffable coquetries of her country, to divide her attention between the said *garçon* and myself. Poor fellow, he seemed to be very little pleased by the significant glances exchanged over his right shoulder, and at last, under pretence of screening her from the draught of the opened window, placed himself exactly between us. This, however ingenious, did not at all answer his expectations; for he had not sufficiently taken into consideration, that *I* also was endowed with the power of locomotion; accordingly I shifted my chair about three feet, and entirely defeated the countermarch of the enemy.

But this flirtation did not last long; the youth and the old woman appeared very much of the same opinion as to its impropriety; and accordingly, like experienced generals, resolved to conquer by a retreat; they drank up their orgeat—paid for it—placed the wavering regiment in the middle and quitted the field. I was not, however, of a disposition to break my heart at such an occurrence, and I remained by the window, drinking my lemonade, and muttering to myself, "After all, women are a bore!"

On the outside of the *cabaret*, and just under my window, was a bench, which, for a certain number of *sous*, one might appropriate to the entire and unparticipated use of one's self and party. An old woman (so at least I suppose by her voice, for I did not give myself the trouble of looking,—though, indeed as to that matter, it might have been the shrill treble of Mr. Howard de Howard!) had been hitherto engrossing this settlement with some gallant or other. In Paris, no woman is too old to get an *amant*, either by love or money, This couple soon paired off, and was immediately succeeded by another. The first tones of the man's voice, low as they were, made me start from my seat. I cast one quick glance before I resumed it. The new pair were the Englishman I had before noted in the garden, and the female companion who had joined him.

"Two hundred pounds, you say?" muttered the man; "we must have it all."

"But," returned the woman, in the same whispered voice, "he says, that he will never touch another card."

The man laughed. "Fool," said he, "the passions are not so easily quelled—how many days is it since he had this remittance from England?"

"About three," replied the woman.

"And is it absolutely the very last remnant of his property?"

"The last."

"I am then to understand, that when this is spent there is nothing between him and beggary?"

"Nothing," said the woman, with a half sigh.

The man laughed again, and then rejoined in an altered tone, "Then, then will this parching thirst be quenched at last. I tell you, woman, that it is many months since I have known a day—night—hour, in which my life has been as the life of other men. My whole soul has been melted down into one burning, burning thought. Feel this hand—ay, you may well start—but what is the fever of the frame to that within?"

Here the voice sank so low as to be inaudible. The woman seemed as if endeavoring to soothe him; at length she said—

"But poor Tyrrell—you will not, surely, suffer him to starve, to die of actual want, abandoned and alone!"

"Alone! no!" cried her companion, fiercely. "When the last agonies shall be upon that man—when, sick with weariness, pain, disease, hunger, he lies down to die—when the death-gurgle is in the throat, and the eye swims beneath the last dull film—when remembrance peoples the chamber with Hell, and his cowardice would falter forth its dastard recantation to Heaven—*then—may I be there!*'"

There was a long pause, only broken by the woman's sobs, which she appeared endeavoring to stifle. At last the man rose, and in a tone so soft that it seemed literally like music, addressed her in the most endearing terms. She soon yielded to their persuasion, and replied to them with interest.

"Spite of the stings of my remorse," she

said, "as long as I lose not you, I will lose life, honor, hope, even soul itself!"

They both quitted the spot as she said this.

CHAPTER XXII.

At length the treacherous snare was laid,
Poor pug was caught—to town convey'd;
There sold. How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!—GAY'S *Fables*.

I WAS sitting alone a morning or two after this adventure, when Bedos, entering, announced *une dame*.

This *dame* was a fine tall thing, dressed out like a print in the *Magasin des Modes*. She sate herself down, threw up her veil, and, after a momentary pause, asked me if I liked my apartment?

"Very much," said I, somewhat surprised at the nature of the interrogatory.

"Perhaps you would wish it altered in some way?" rejoined the lady.

"*Non—mille remercîmens!*" said I—"you are very good to be so intersted in my accommodation."

"Those curtains might be better arranged—that sofa replaced with a more elegant one," continued my new superintendant.

"Really," said I "I am too, too much flattered. Perhaps you would like to have my rooms altogether; if so, make at least no scruple of saying it."

"Oh, no," replied the lady, "I have no objection to your staying here."

"Your are too kind," said I, with a low bow.

There was a pause of some moments—I took advantage of it.

"I think, madame, I have the honor of speaking to—to—to—"

"The mistress of the hotel," said the lady, quietly. "I merely called to ask you how you did, and hope you were well accommodated."

"Rather late, considering I have been six weeks in the house," thought I, revolving in my mind various reports I had heard of my present visitor's disposition to gallantry. However, seeing it was all over with me, I resigned myself, with the patience of a martyr, to the fate that I foresaw; I rose, approached her chair, took her hand (very hard and thin it was too), and thanked her with a most affectionate squeeze.

"I have seen much English!" said the lady, for the first time speaking in our language.

"Ah!" said I, giving another squeeze.

"You are a handsome *garçon*, renewed the lady.

"I am so," I replied.

At that moment Bedos entered, and whispered that Madame d'Anville was in the ante-room.

"Good Heavens!" said I, knowing her jealousy of desposition, "what is to be done? Oblige me, madame," seizing the unfortunate mistress of the hotel, and opening the door to the back entrance—"There" said I, "you can easily escape. *Bon jour.*"

Hardly had I closed the door, and put the key in my pocket, before Madame d'Anville entered.

"Is it by your order that your servant keeps me waiting in your ante-room?" said she, haughtily.

I endeavored to make my peace; but all my complaisance was in vain—she was jealous of my intimacy with the Duchesse de Perpignan and glad of any excuse to vent her pique. Forfunately, however, she was going to the Luxembourg; and my only chance of soothing her anger was to accompany her.

Down stairs, therefore, we went, and drove to the Luxembourg; I gave Bedos, before my departure, various little commissions, and told him he need not be at home till the evening. Long before the expiration of an hour, Madame d'Anville's ill humor had given me an excuse for affecting it myself. Tired to death of her, and panting for release, I took a high tone—complained of her ill-temper, and her want of love—spoke rapidly—waited for no reply, and, leaving her at the Luxembourg, proceeded forthwith to Galignani's, like a man just delivered from a strait waistcoat.

Leave me now, for a few minutes, in the reading-room at Galignani's, and return to the mistress of the hotel, whom I had so unceremoniously thrust out of my salon. The passage into which she had been put communicated by one door with my rooms, and by another with the staircase. Now, it so happened, that Bedos was in the habit of locking the latter door, and keeping the key; the other egress, it will be remembered, I myself had secured; so that the unfortunate mistress of the hotel was no sooner turned into this pas-

sage, than she found herself in a sort of dungeon, ten feet by five, and surrounded, like Eve in Paradise, by a whole creation—not of birds, beasts, and fishes, but of brooms, brushes linen for the laundress, and—a wood basket! What she was to do in this dilemma was utterly inconceivable; scream, indeed, she might, but then the shame and ridicule of being discovered in so equivocal a situation, were somewhat more than our discreet landlady could endure. Besides, such an *expose* might be attended with a loss the good woman valued more than reputation, viz. lodgers; for the possessors of the two best floors were both Englishwomen of a certain rank; and my landlady had heard such accounts of our national virtue, that she feared an instantaneous emigration of such inveterate prudes, if her screams and situation reached their ears.

Quietly then, and soberly, did the good lady sit, eyeing the brooms and brushes as they grew darker and darker with the approach of the evening, and consoling herself with the certainty that her release must eventually take place.

Meanwhile, to return to myself—I found Lord Vincent at Galignani's, carefully looking over "Choice Extracts from the best English Authors."

"Ah, my good fellow!" said he, "I am delighted to see you: I made such a capital quotation just now: the young Benningtons were drowning a poor devil of a puppy; the youngest (to whom the mother belonged) looked on with a grave, earnest face, till the last kick was over, and then burst into tears. 'Why do you cry so? said I. 'Because it was so cruel in us to drown the poor puppy!' replied the juvenile Philocunos. 'Pooh!' said I; "Quid juvat errores *mersâ jam puppe* fateri?" Was it not good?—you remember it in Claudian, eh, Pelham? Think of its being thrown away on those Latinless young lubbers! Have you seen anything of Mr. Thornton lately?"

"No," said I, "I've not; but I am determined to have that pleasure soon."

"You will do as you please," said Vincent, "but you will be like the child playing with edged tools."

"I am not a child," said I, "so the simile is not good. He must be the devil himself, or a Scotchman at least, to take *me* in."

Vincent shook his head. "Come and dine with me at the Rocher," said he; "we are a party of six—choice spirits all."

"*Volontiers;* but we can stroll in the Tuileries first, if you have no other engagement."

"None," said Vincent, putting his arm in mine.

After an hour's walk, Vincent suddenly recollected that he had a commission of a very important nature in the Rue J. J. Rousseau. This was—to *buy a monkey.* "It is for Wormwood," said he, "who has written me a long letter describing its qualities and qualifications. I suppose he wants it for some practical joke—some embodied bitterness—Heaven forbid I should thwart him in so charitable a design!"

"Amen," said I; and we proceeded together to the monkey-fancier. After much deliberation, we at last decided upon the most hideous animal I ever beheld—it was of a—no, I will not attempt to describe it—it would be quite impossible! Vincent was so delighted with our choice, that he insisted upon carrying it way immediately.

"Is it quite quiet?" I asked.

"*Comme un oiseau,*" said the man.

We called a *fiacre*—paid for monsieur Jocko, and drove to Vincent's apartments; there we found, however, that his valet had gone out and taken the key.

"Hang it," said Vincent, "it does not signify! We'll carry *le petit-monsieur* with us to Rocher."

Accordingly we all *three* once more entered the *fiacre*, and drove to the celebrated restaurateur's of the Rue Mont Orgueil. O, blissful recollections of that dinner! how at this moment you crowd upon my delighted remembrance! Lonely and sorrowful as I now sit, digesting with many a throe the iron thews of a British beefsteak—*more Anglico*—immeasurably tough—I see the grateful apparitions of *Escallopes de Saumon* and *Laitances de Carpes* rise in a gentle vapor before my eyes! breathing a sweet and pleasant odor, and contrasting the dream-like delicacies of their hue and aspect, with the dire and dure realities which now weigh so heavily on the region below my heart! And thou, most beautiful of all—thou evening star of *entremets*—thou that delightest in truffles, and gloriest in a dark cloud of sauces—exquisite *foie gras!*—Have I forgotten thee?

Do I not, on the contrary, see thee—smell thee—taste thee—and almost die with rapture of thy possession? What, though the goose, of which thou art a part, has, indeed, been roasted alive by a slow fire in order to increase thy divine proportions—yet has not our *Almanach*—the *Almanach des Gourmands*—truly declared the goose rejoiced amid all her tortures—because of the glory that awaited her? Did she not, in prophetic vision, behold her enlarged and ennobled *foie* dilate into *pâtes* and steam into *sautes*—the companion of truffles—the glory of dishes—the delight—the treasure—the transport of gourmands! O, exalted among birds—apotheosized goose, did not thy heart exult even when thy liver parched and swelled within thee, from that most agonizing death; and didst thou not, like the Indian at the stake, triumph in the very torments which alone could render thee illustrious?

After dinner we grew exceedingly merry. Vincent punned and quoted; we laughed and applauded; and our Burgundy went round with an alacrity to which every new joke gave an additional impetus. Monsieur Jocko was by no means the dullest in the party; he cracked his nuts with as much grace as we did our jests, and grinned and chattered as facetiously as the best of us. After coffee we were all so pleased with one another, that we resolved not to separate, and accordingly we adjourned to my rooms, Jocko and all, to find new revelries and grow brilliant over Curaçoa punch.

We entered my salon with a roar, and set Bedos to work at the punch forthwith. Bedos, that Ganymede of a valet, had himself but just arrived, and was unlocking the door as we entered. We soon blew up a glorious fire, and our spirits brightened in proportion. Monsieur Jocko sate on Vincent's knee—"*Ve* monstrum," as he classically termed it. One of our compotatores was playing with it. Jocko grew suddenly in earnest—a grin—a scratch, and a bite, were the work of a moment.

"Ne *quid nimis*—now," said Vincent, gravely, instead of endeavoring to soothe the afflicted party, who grew into a towering passion. Nothing but Jocko's absolute disgrace could indeed have saved his life from the vengeance of the sufferer.

"Whither shall we banish him?" said Vincent.

"Oh," I replied, "put him out in that back passage; the outer door is shut; he'll be quite safe;" and to the passage he was therefore immediately consigned.

It was in this place, the reader will remember, that the hapless dame du Château was at that very instant in "durance vile." Unconscious of this fact, I gave Bedos the key, he took the condemned monkey, opened the door, thrust Jocko in, and closed it again. Meanwhile we resumed our merriment.

"*Nunc est bibendum*," said Vincent, as Bedos placed the punch on the table. "Give us a toast, Dartmore."

Lord Dartmore was a young man, with tremendous spirits, which made up for wit. He was just about to reply, when a loud shriek was heard from Jocko's place of banishment: a sort of scramble ensued, and the next moment the door was thrown violently open, and in rushed the terrified landlady, screaming like a sea-gull, and bearing Jocko aloft upon her shoulders, from which "bad eminence" he was grinning and chattering with the fury of fifty devils. She ran twice round the room, and then sank on the floor in hysterics, feigned or real. We lost no time in hastening to her assistance; but the warlike Jocko, still sitting upon her, refused to permit one of us to approach. There he sat, turning from side to side, showing his sharp, white teeth, and uttering from time to time the most menacing and diabolical sounds.

"What the deuce, shall we do?" cried Dartmore.

"*Do?*" said Vincent, who was convulsed with laughter, and yet endeavoring to speak gravely; "why, watch like L. Opimius, '*ne quid* respublica *detrimenti caperet.*'"

"By Jove, Pelham, he will scratch out the lady's *beaux yeux*," cried the good-natured Dartmore, endeavoring to seize the monkey by the tail, for which he very narrowly escaped with an unmutilated visage. But the man who had before suffered by Jocko's ferocity, and whose breast was still swelling with revenge, was glad of so favorable an opportunity and excuse for wreaking it. He seized the poker, made three strides to Jocko, who set up an ineffable cry of defiance—and with a single blow split the skull of the unhappy monkey in twain. It fell with one convulsion on the ground and gave up the ghost.

We then raised the unfortunate landlady,

placed her on the sofa, and Dartmore administered a plentiful potation of the Curaçoa punch. By slow degrees she revived, gave three most doleful suspirations, and then, starting up, gazed wildly around her. Half of us were still laughing—my unfortunate self among the number; this the enraged landlady no sooner perceived than she imagined herself the victim of some preconcerted villany. Her lips trembled with passion—she uttered the most dreadful imprecations; and had I not retired into a corner, and armed myself with the dead body of Jocko,, which I wielded with exceeding valor, she might, with the simple weapons with which nature had provided her hands, have for ever demolished the loves and graces that abide in the face of Henry Pelham.

When at last she saw that nothing hostile was at present to be effected, she drew herself up, and giving Bedos a tremendous box on the ear, as he stood grinning beside her, marched out of the room.

We then again rallied around the table, more than ever disposed to be brilliant, and kept up till day-break a continued fire of jests upon the heroine of the passage: "*cum quâ* (as Vincent happily observed) *clauditur adversis innoxia simia fatis!*"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Show me not thy painted beauties,
These impostures I defy.—GEORGE WITHERS.

The cave of Falri smelt not more delicately;—on every side appeared the marks of drunkenness and gluttony. At the upper end of the cave the sorcerer lay extended, etc.—*Mirglip the Persian, in the Tales of the Genii.*

I WOKE the next morning with an aching head and feverish frame. Ah, those midnight carousals, how glorious they would be if there were *no* next morning! I took my *sauterne* and soda-water in my dressing-room: and, as indisposition always makes me meditative, I thought over all I had done since my arrival at Paris. I had become (*that*, Heaven knows, I *soon* manage to do) rather a talked-of and noted character. It is true that I was everywhere abused—one found fault with my neckcloth—another with my mind—the lank Mr. Aberton declared that I put my hair into papers, and the stuffed Sir Henry Millington said I was a thread paper myself. One blamed my riding—a second my dancing—a third wondered how any woman *could* like me, and a fourth said that no woman *ever* could.

On one point, however, all—friends and foes—were alike agreed: viz., that I was a consummate puppy, and excessively well satisfied with myself. Perhaps, they were not much mistaken there. Why is it, by-the-by, that to be pleased with one's-self is the surest way of offending everybody else? If any one, male or female, an evident admirer of his or her own perfections, enter a room, how perturbed, restless, and unhappy every individual of the offender's sex instantly becomes: for them not only enjoyment but tranquillity is over, and if they could annihilate the unconscious victim of their spleen, I fully believe no Christian toleration would come in the way of that last extreme of animosity. For a coxcomb there is no mercy—for a coquette no pardon. They are, as it were, the dissenters of society—no crime is too bad to be imputed to them; they do not believe the religion of others—they set up a deity of their own vanity—all the orthodox vanities of others are offended. Then comes the bigotry—the stake—the *auto-da-fe* scandal. What, alas! is so implacable as the rage of vanity! What so restless as its persecution? Take from a man his fortune, his house, his reputation, but flatter his vanity in each, and he will forgive you. Heap upon him benefits, fill him with blessings: but irritate his self-love, and you have made the very best man ungrateful. He will sting you if he can; you cannot blame him; you yourself have instilled the venom. This is one reason why you must rarely reckon upon gratitude in conferring an obligation. It is a very high mind to which gratitude is not a painful sensation. If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive—solicit even—favors, than accord them: for the vanity of the *obliger* is always flattered—that of the *obligee* rarely.

Well, this is an unforseen digression: let me return! I had mixed, of late, very little with the English. My mother's introductions had procured me the *entrée* of the best French houses; and to them, therefore, my evenings were usually devoted. Alas! that was a happy time, when my carriage used to await me at the door of the Rocher de Cancale, and then

whirl me to a succession of visits, varying in their degree and nature as the whim prompted: now to the brilliant *soirees* of Madame de ——, or to the *appartement au troisieme* of some less celebrated daughter of dissipation and *ecarte;* —now to the literary conversaziones of the Duchess de D——s, or the Vicomte d'——, and then to the feverish excitement of the gambling house. Passing from each with the appetite for amusement kept alive by variety; finding in none a disappointment, and in every one a welcome; full of the health which supports, and the youth which colors all excess or excitement, I drained, with an unsparing lip, whatever enjoyment that enchanting metropolis could afford.

I have hitherto said but little of the Duchesse de Perpignan; I think it necessary now to give some account of that personage. Ever since the evening I had met her at the ambassador's, I paid her the most unceasing attentions. I soon discovered that she had a curious sort of *liaison* with one of the *attaches*—a short ill-made gentleman, with high shoulders and a pale face, who wore a blue coat and buff waistcoat, wrote bad verses, and thought himself handsome. All Paris said she was excessively enamoured of this youth. As for me, I had not known her four days before I discovered that she could not be excessively enamoured of anything but an oyster *pâte* and Lord Byron's Corsair. Her mind was the most marvellous *melange* of sentiment and its opposite. In her amours she was Lucretia herself; in her epicurism Apicius would have yielded to her. She was pleased with sighs, but she adored suppers. She would leave everything for her lover, except her dinner. The *attache* soon quarrelled with her, and I was installed into the platonic honors of his office.

At first, I own that I was flattered by her choice, and though she was terribly exacting of my *petits soins*, I managed to keep up her affection, and, what is still more wonderful, my own, for the better part of a month. What then cooled me was the following occurrence:—

I was in her boudoir one evening, when her *femme de chambre* came to tell us that the Duc was in the passage. Notwithstanding the innocence of our attachment, the Duchesse was in a violent fright; a small door was at the left of the ottoman, on which we were sitting. "Oh, no, no, not there," cried the lady; but I, who saw no other refuge, entered it forthwith, and before she could ferret me out, the Duc was in the room.

In the meanwhile, I amused myself by examining the wonders of the new world into which I had so abruptly immerged: on a small table before me, was deposited a remarkably constructed night-cap; I examined it as a curiosity; on each side was placed *une petite cotelette de veau cru*, sewed on with green-colored silk (I remember even the smallest minutiæ); a beautiful golden wig (the Duchesse never liked me to play with her hair) was on a block close by, and on another table was a set of teeth, *d'une blancheur eblouissante*. In this manufactory of a beauty I remained for a quarter of an hour; at the end of that time, the abigail (the Duchesse had the grace to disappear) released me, and I flew down stairs like a spirit from purgatory.

From that moment the Duchesse honored me with her most deadly abhorrence. Equally silly and wicked, her schemes of revenge were as ludicrous in their execution as remorseless in their design: at one time I narrowly escaped poison in a cup of coffee—at another, she endeavored to stab me to the heart with a paper cutter.

Notwithstanding my preservation from these attacks, my fair enemy had resolved on my destruction, and another means of attempting it still remained, which the reader will yet have the pleasure of learning.

Mr. Thornton had called upon me twice, and twice I had returned the visit, but neither of us had been at home to benefit by these reciprocities of politeness. His acquaintance with my mysterious hero of the gambling house and the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the keen interest I took, in spite of myself, in that unaccountable person, whom I was persuaded I had seen before in some very different scene, and under very different circumstances, made me desirous to improve an acquaintance, which, from Vincent's detail, I should otherwise have been anxious to avoid. I therefore resolved to make another attempt to find him at home; and my headache being somewhat better, I took my way to his apartments in the Faubourg St. Germain.

I love that *quartier!*—if ever I go to Paris again I shall reside there. It is a different

world from the streets usually known to, and tenanted by the English—*there*, indeed, you are among the French, the fossilized remains of the old *regime*—the very houses have an air of desolate, yet venerable grandeur—you never pass by the white and modern mansion of a *nouveau riche;* all, even to the ruggedness of the *pave*, breathes a haughty disdain of innovation—you cross one of the numerous bridges, and you enter into another time—you are inhaling the atmosphere, of a past century; no flaunting *boutique*, French in its trumpery, English in its prices, stares you in the face; no stiff coats and unnatural gaits are seen *anglicising* up the melancholy streets. Vast hotels, with their gloomy frontals, and magnificent contempt of comfort: shops, such as shops might have been in the aristocratic days of Louis Quatorze, ere British contamination made them insolent and dear; public edifices, still eloquent of the superb charities of *le grand monarque*—carriages with their huge bodies and ample decorations; horses, with their Normal dimensions and undocked honors; men, on whose more high though not less courteous demeanor, the Revolution seems to have wrought no democratic plebeianism—all strike on the mind with a vague and nameless impression of antiquity; a something solemn even in gaiety, and faded in pomp, appears to linger over all you behold; there are the Great French People unadulterated by change, unsullied with the commerce of the vagrant and various tribes that throng their mighty mart of enjoyments.

The strangers who fill the *quartiers* on this side the Seine pass not there; between them and *the* Faubourg there is a gulf: the very skies seem different — your own feelings, thoughts—nature itself—alter, when you have passed that Styx which divides the wanderers from the habitants; your spirits are not so much damped, as tinged, refined, ennobled by a certain inexpressible awe—you are girt with the stateliness of eld, and you tread the gloomy streets with the dignity of a man, who is recalling the splendors of an ancient court where he once did homage.*

I arrived at Thornton's chambers in the Rue St. Dominique. "*Monsieur est il chez lui?*" said I to the ancient porteress, who was reading one of Crebillon's novels.

"*Oui Monsieur, au quatrieme,*" was the answer. I turned to the dark and unclean staircase, and, after incredible exertion and fatigue, arrived, at last, at the elevated abode of Mr. Thornton.

"*Entrez,*" cried a voice, in answer to my rap. I obeyed the signal, and found myself in a room of tolerable dimensions and multiplied utilities. A decayed silk curtain of a dingy blue, drawn across a recess, separated the *chambre à coucher* from the *salon.* It was at present only half drawn, and did not, therefore, conceal the the mysteries of the den within; the bed was still unmade, and apparently of no very inviting cleanliness; a red handkerchief, that served as a night-cap, hung pendent from the foot of the bed: at a little distance from it, more towards the pillow, were a shawl, a parasol, and an old slipper. On a table, which stood between the two dull, filmy windows, were placed a cracked bowl, still reeking with the lees of gin-punch, two bottles half full, a mouldy cheese, and a salad dish: on the ground beneath the table lay two huge books, and a woman's bonnet.

Thornton himself sat by a small consumptive fire, in an easy chair; another table, still spread with the appliances of breakfast, viz., a coffee-pot, a milk-jug, two cups, a broken loaf, and an empty dish, mingled with a pack of cards, *one* dice, and an open book *de mauvais goût*, stood immediately before him.

Every thing around bore some testimony of low debauchery; and the man himself, with his flushed and sensual countenance, his unwashed hands, and the slovenly rakishness of his whole appearance, made no unfitting representation of the *Genius loci.*

All that I have described, together with a flitting shadow of feminine appearance, escaping through another door, my quick eye discovered in the same instant that I made my salutation.

Thornton rose, with an air half-careless and half-abashed, and expressed, in more appropriate terms than his appearance warranted, his pleasurable surprise at seeing me at last. There was, however, a singularity in his conversation which gave it an air both of shrewdness and vulgarity. This was, as may before have been noted, a profuse inter-mixture of

* It was in 1827 that this was first published; the glory (by this time) has probably left *the* Faubourg.

proverbs, some stale, some new, some sensible enough, and all savoring of a vocabulary carefully eschewed by every man of ordinary refinement in conversation.

"I have but a small tenement," said he, smiling; "but, thank Heaven, at Paris a man is not made by his lodgings. Small house, small care. Few *garçons* have indeed a more sumptuous apartment than myself."

"True," said I; "and if I may judge by the bottles on the opposite table, and the bonnet beneath it, you find that no abode is too humble or too exalted for the solace of the senses."

"'Fore Gad, you are in the right, Mr. Pelham," replied Thornton, with a loud, coarse, chuckling laugh, which, more than a year's conversation could have done, let me into the secrets of his character. "I care not a rush for the decorations of the table, so that the cheer be good; nor for the gee-gaws of the head-dress, so long as the face is pretty—'the taste of the kitchen is better than the smell.' Do you go much to Madame B——'s in the Rue Grétry—eh, Mr. Pelham?—ah, I'll be bound you do."

"No," said I, with a loud laugh, but internal shiver; "but you know where to find *le bon vin et les jolies filles*. As for me, I am still a stranger in Paris, and amuse myself but very indifferently."

Thornton's face brightened. "I tell you what, my good fellow——I beg pardon—I mean Mr. Pelham—I can show you the best sport in the world, if you can only spare me a little of your time—this very evening, perhaps?"

"I fear," said I, "I am engaged all the present week; but I long for nothing more than to cultivate an acquaintance, seemingly *so exactly to my own taste*."

Thornton's gray eyes twinkled. "Will you breakfast with me on Saturday?" said he.

"I shall be *too* happy," I replied.

There was now a short pause. I took advantage of it. "I think," said I, "I have seen you once or twice with a tall, handsome man, in a loose great coat of very singular color. Pray, if not impertinent, who is he? I am sure I have seen him before in England."

I looked full upon Thornton as I said this; he changed color, and answered my gaze with a quick glance from his small, glittering eye, before he replied, "I scarcely know who you mean, my acquaintance is so large and miscellaneous at Paris. It might have been Johnson, or Smith, or Howard, or anybody, in short."

"It is a man nearly six feet high," said I, "thin, and remarkably well made, of a pale complexion, light eyes, and very black hair, mustachios and whiskers. I saw him with you once in the Bois de Boulogne, and once in a hell in the Palais Royal. Surely, *now* you will recollect who he is?"

Thornton was evidently disconcerted. "Oh!" said he, after a short pause, and another of his peculiarly quick, sly glances.—"Oh, *that* man; I have known him a very short time. What *is* his name?—let *me* see!" and Mr. Thornton affected to look down in a complete reverie of dim remembrances.

I saw, however, that, from time to time, his eye glanced up to me, with a restless, inquisitive expression, and as instantly retired.

"Ah," said I, carelessly, "I think I know who he is!"

"Who?" cried Thornton, eagerly and utterly off his guard.

"And yet," I pursued, without noticing the interruption, "it scareely can be—the color of the hair is so very different."

Thornton again appeared to relapse into his recollections.

"War—Warbur—ah, I have it now!" cried he, "Warburton—that's it—that's the name—is it the one you supposed, Mr. Pelham?"

"No," said I, apparently perfectly satisfied. "I was quite mistaken. Good morning, I did not think it was so late. On Saturday, then, Mr. Thornton—*au plaisir!*"

"A cunning dog!" said I to myself, as I left the apartments. "However, *on peut etre trop fin*. I shall have him yet."

The surest way to make a dupe, is to let your victim suppose you are his.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Voilà de l'érudition.*—*Les Femmes Savantes.*

I FOUND, on my return, covered with blood, and foaming with passion, my inestimable valet—Bedos!

* There 's erudition for you.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Matter!" repeated Bedos, in a tone almost inarticulate with rage; and then, rejoicing at the opportunity of unbosoming his wrath, he poured out a vast volley of *ivrognes* and *carognes*, against our dame due château, of monkey reminiscence. With great difficulty, I gathered at last, from his vituperations, that the enraged landlady, determined to wreak her vengeance on some one, had sent for him into her *appartement*, accosted him with a smile, bade him sit down, regaled him with cold *vol-au-vent*, and a glass of Curaçoa, and, while he was felicitating himself on his good fortune, slipped out of the room: presently, three tall fellows entered with sticks.

"We'll teach you," said the biggest of them —"we'll teach you to lock up ladies, for the indulgence of your vulgar amusement;" and, without one other word, they fell upon Bedos with incredible zeal and vigor. The valiant valet defended himself, tooth and nail, for some time, for which he only got the more soundly belabored. In the meanwhile the landlady entered, and, with the same gentle smile as before, begged him to make no ceremony, to proceed with his present amusement, and when he was tired with the exercise, hoped he would refresh himself with another glass of Curaçoa.

"It was this," said Bedos, with a whimper, "which hurt me the most, to think she should serve me so cruelly, after I had eaten so plentifully of the *vol-au-vent;* envy and injustice I can bear, but treachery stabs me to the heart."

When these threshers of men were tired, the lady satisfied, and Bedos half dead, they suffered the unhappy valet to withdraw; the mistress of the hotel giving him a note, which she desired, with great civility, that he would transmit to me on my return. This, I found, inclosed my bill, and informed me that, my month being out on the morrow, she had promised my rooms to a particular friend, and begged I would, therefore, have the *bonte* to choose another apartment.

"Carry my luggage forthwith," said I, "to the Hôtel de Mirabeau:" and that very evening I changed my abode.

I was engaged that day to a literary dinner at the Marquis d'Al——: and as I knew I should meet Vincent, I felt some pleasure in repairing to my entertainer's hotel. They were just going to dinner as I entered. A good many English were of the party. The good-natured, in all senses of the word, Lady ——, who always affected to pet me, cried aloud, "Pelham, *mon joli petit mignon*, I have not seen you for an age—do give me your arm."

Madame d'Anville was just before me, and, as I looked at her, I saw that her eyes were full of tears; my heart smote me for my late inattention, and going up to her, I only nodded to Lady ——, and said, in reply to her invitation, "*Non, perfide*, it is *my* turn to be cruel *now*. Remember your flirtation with Mr. Howard de Howard."

"Pooh!" said Lady ——, taking Lord Vincent's arm, "your jealousy does indeed rest upon '*a trifle light as air*.'"

"Do you forgive me?" whispered I to Madame d'Anville, as I handed her to her *salle à manger*.

"Does not love forgive everything?" was her answer.

"At least," thought I, "it never talks in those pretty phrases!"

The conversation soon turned upon books. As for me, I rarely at that time took a share in those discussions; indeed, I have long laid it down as a rule, that when your fame, or your notoriety, is once established, you never gain by talking to more than one person at a time. If you don't shine, you are a fool—if you do, you are a bore. You must become either ridiculous or unpopular—either hurt your own self-love by stupidity, or that of others by wit. I therefore sat in silence, looking exceedingly edified, and now and then muttering "good!" "true!" Thank heaven, however, the suspension of one faculty only increases the vivacity of the others; my eyes and ears always watch like sentinels over the repose of my lips. Careless and indifferent as I seem to all things, nothing ever escapes me: I have two peculiarities which serve me, it may be, instead of talent; *I observe, and I remember*.

"You have seen Jouy's 'Hermite de la Chaussèe d'Antin?'" said our host to Lord Vincent.

"I have, and think meanly of it. There is a perpetual aim at something pointed, which as perpetually merges into something dull. He is like a bad swimmer, strikes out with great force, makes a confounded splash, and

never gets a yard the further for it. It is a great effort *not to sink.* Indeed, Monsieur d'A——, your literature is at a very reduced ebb;—bombastic in the drama—shallow in philosophy—mawkish in poetry, your writers in the present day seem to think, with Boileau—

'Souvent de tous nos maux la raison est le pire.'" *

"Surely," cried Madame d'Anville, "you will allow De la Martine's poetry to be beautiful?"

"I allow it," said he, "to be among the best you have; and I know very few lines in your language equal to the two first stanzas in his 'Meditation on Napolean,' or to those exquisite verses called '*Le Lac;*' but *you* will allow also, that he wants originality and nerve. His thoughts are pathetic, but not deep; he whines but sheds no tears. He has, in his imitation of Lord Bryon, reversed the great miracle; instead of turning water into wine, he has turned wine into water. Besides, he is so unpardonably obscure. He thinks, with Bacchus—(you remember, D'A——, the line in Euripides, which I will *not* quote), that 'there is something august in the shades;' but he has applied this thought wrongly—in his obscurity there is nothing sublime—it is the back-ground of a Dutch picture. It is only a red herring, or an old hat, which he has invested with such pomposity of shadow and darkness."

"But his verses are *so* smooth," said Lady——.

"Ah!" answered Vincent.

"'Quand la rime enfin se trouve au bout des vers,
Qu' importe que le reste y soit mis de travers?'" †

"*Helas!*" said the Viscount d'A—, an author of no small celebrity himself; "I agree with you—we shall never again see a Voltaire or a Rousseau."

"There is but little justice in those complaints, often as they are made," replied Vincent. "You may not, it is true, see a Voltaire or a Rousseau, but you will see their equals. Genius can never be exhausted by one individual. In our country, the poets after Chaucer in the fifteenth century complained of the decay of their art—they did not anticipate Shakspeare. In Hayley's time, who ever dreamt of the ascension of Byron? Yet Shakspeare and Byron came like the bride-groom 'in the dead of night;' and you have the same probability of producing—not, indeed, another Rousseau, but a writer to do equal honor to your literature."

"I think," said Lady——, "that Rousseau's 'Julie' is over-rated. I had heard so much of 'La Nouvelle Héloise' when I was a girl, and been so often told that it was destruction to read it, that I bought the book the very day after I was married. I own to you that I could not get through it."

"I am not surprised at it," answered Vincent; "but Rousseau is not the less a genius for all that. There is no plot in his novel to bear out the style, and he himself is right when he says, 'this book will suit few readers.' One letter would delight every one—four volumes of them are a surfeit—it is the *toujours perdrix.* But the chief beauty of that wonderful conception of an impassioned and meditative mind is to be found in the inimitable manner in which the thoughts are embodied, and in the tenderness, the truth, the profundity of the the thoughts themselves. When Lord Edouard says, '*c'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie,*' * he inculcates, in one simple phrase, a profound and unanswerable truth. It is in these remarks that nature is chiefly found in the writings of Rousseau. Too much engrossed in himself to be deeply skilled in the *characters* of others, that very *self-study* had yet given him a knowledge of the more hidden recesses of the heart. He could perceive at once the motive and the cause of actions, but he wanted the patience to trace the elaborate and winding progress of their effects. He saw the passions in their home, but he could not follow them abroad. He knew *mankind* in the general, but not *men* in the detail. Thus, when he makes an aphorism, or reflection, it comes home at once to you as true; but when he would *analyze* that reflection—when he argues, reasons, and attempts to prove, you reject him as unnatural, or you refute him as false. It is then that he partakes of that *manie commune* which he im-

* Often of all our ills the worst is reason.

† No matter what the stuff, if good the rhime—
The rubble stands cemented with the lime.
—PARAPHRASE.

* It is the path of the passions which has conducted me to philosophy.

putes to other philosophers, '*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*'" *

There was a short pause. "I think," said Madame d'Anville, "that it is in those reflections which you admire so much in Rousseau, that our authors in general excel."

"You are right," said Vincent, "and for this reason—with you men of letters are nearly always men of the world. Hence their quick perceptions are devoted to human beings as well as to books. They made observations acutely, and embody them with grace; but it is worth remarking, that the same cause which produced the aphorism, frequently prevents its being profound. These literary *gens du monde* have the tact to observe, but not the patience, perhaps not the time, to investigate. They make the maxim, but they never explain to you the the train of reasoning which led to it. Hence they are more brilliant than true. An English writer will seldom dare to make a maxim, involving, perhaps, in two lines, one of the most important of moral problems, without bringing pages to support his dictum. A French essayist leaves it wholly to itself. He tells you neither how he came by his reasons, nor their conclusion: '*le plus fou souvent est le plus satisfait.*'† Consequently, if less tedious than the English, your reasoners are more dangerous, and ought rather to be considered as models of terseness than of reflection. A man might learn to *think* sooner from your writers, but he will learn to *think justly* sooner from ours. Many observations of La Bruyère and Rochefoucault—the latter especially—have obtained credit for truth solely from their point. They possess exactly the same merit as the very sensible—permit me to add—very *French* line in Corneille:—

Ma plus douce espérance est de perdre l'espoir.'"‡

The marquis took advantage of the silence which followed Vincent's criticism, to rise from table. We all (except Vincent, who took leave) adjourned to the salon. "*Qui est cet homme là?*" said one "*comme il est épris de lui-meme!*" "How silly he is," cried another —"How *ugly*," said a third. "What a taste in literature—such a talker—such shallowness, and such assurance—not worth the answering —could not slip in a word—disagreeable, revolting, awkward, slovenly," were the most complimentary opinions bestowed upon the unfortunate Vincent. The old railed at his *mauvais goût*, and the young at his *mauvais cœur*, for the former always attribute whatever does not correspond with their sentiments, to a perversion of taste; and the latter, whatever does not come up to their enthusiasm, to a depravity of heart.

As for me, I went home, enriched with two new observations; first, that one may not speak of anything relative to a foreign country, as one would if one were a native. National censures become particular affronts. Secondly, that those who know mankind in theory, seldom know it in practice; the very wisdom that conceives a rule, is accompanied with the abstraction, or the vanity, which destroys it. I mean, that the philosopher of the cabinet, is often too diffident to put into action his observations, or too eager for display to conceal their design. Lord Vincent values himself upon his *science du monde*. He has read much upon men, he has reflected more; he lays down aphorisms to govern or to please them. He goes into society: he is cheated by the one half, and the other half he offends, The sage in the cabinet is but a fool in the salon; and the most consummate men of the world are those who have considered the least on it.

* To deny that which is, and explain that which is not.
† He who has the least sense is the most satisfied.
‡ My sweetest hoping is to forfeit hope.

CHAPTER XXV.

Falstaff.—What money is in my purse?
Page.—Seven groats and two-pence.
—*Second Part of Henry IV.*

En iterum Crispinus!

THE next day a note was brought me, which had been sent to my former lodgings in the Hôtel de Paris; it was from Thornton.

"MY DEAR SIR," (it began)

"I am very sorry that particular business will prevent me the pleasure of seeing you at my rooms on Saturday. I hope to be more fortunate some other day. I should be glad to introduce you, the first opportunity, to my friends in the *Rue Gretry*, for I like obliging my countrymen. I am sure, if you were to go there, you would cut and come again—one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

"I beg you to accept my repeated excuses, and remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"THOMAS THORNTON.

"Rue St. Dominique,
Friday Morning."

This letter produced in me many and manifold cogitations. What could possibly have induced Mr. Tom Thornton, rogue as he was, to postpone thus of his own accord, the plucking of a pigeon, which he had such good reason to believe he had entrapped? There was evidently no longer the same avidity to cultivate my acquaintance as before; in putting off our appointment with so little ceremony, he did not even fix a day for another meeting. What had altered his original designs towards me? for if Vincent's account were true, it was natural to suppose that he wished to profit by any acquaintance he might form with me, and therefore such an acquaintance his own interests would induce him to continue and confirm.

Either, then, he no longer had the same necessity for a dupe, or he no longer imagined I should become one. Yet neither of these suppositions was probable. It was not likely that he should grow suddenly honest, or suddenly rich: nor had I, on the other hand, given him any reason to suppose I was a jot more wary than any other individual he might have imposed upon. On the contrary, I had appeared to seek his acquaintance with an eagerness which said but little for my knowledge of the world. The more I reflected, the more I should have been puzzled, had I not connected his present backwardness with his acquaintance with the stranger, whom he termed Warburton, It is true, that I had no reason to suppose so: it was a conjecture wholly unsupported, and, indeed, against my better sense; yet, from some unanalyzed associations, I could not divest myself of the supposition.

"I will soon see," thought I; and, wrapping myself in my cloak, for the day was bitterly cold, I bent my way to Thornton's lodgings. I could not explain to myself the deep interest I took in whatever was connected with (the so-called) Warburton, or whatever promised to discover more clearly any particulars respecting him. His behavior in the gambling-house; his conversation with the woman in the *Jardin des Plantes;* and the singular circumstance, that a man of so very aristocratic an appearance should be connected with Thornton, and only seen in such low scenes, and with such low society, would not have been sufficient so strongly to occupy my mind, had it not been for certain dim recollections, and undefinable associations, that his appearance when present, and my thoughts of him when absent, perpetually recalled.

As, engrossed with meditations of this nature, I was passing over the *Pont Neuf*, I perceived the man whom Warburton had so earnestly watched in the gambling-house, and whom my conjectures identified with the "Tyrrell," who had formed the subject of conversation in the *Jardin des Plantes*, pass slowly before me. There was an appearance of great exhaustion in his swarthy and strongly-marked countenance. He walked carelessly on, neither looking to the right nor the left, with the air of thought and abstraction common to all men in the habit of indulging any engrossing and exciting passion.

We were just on the other side of the *Seine*, when I perceived the woman of the *Jardin des Plantes* approach. Tyrrell (for that, I afterwards discovered, was really his name) started as she came near, and asked her in a tone of some asperity, where she had been? As I was but a few paces behind, I had a clear, full view of the woman's countenance. She was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. Her features were decidedly handsome, though somewhat too sharp and aquiline. Her eyes were light and rather sunken; and her complexion bespoke somewhat of the paleness and languor of ill-health. On the whole, the expression of her face, though decided, was not unpleasing, and when she returned Tyrrell's rather rude salutation, it was with a smile, which made her, for the moment, absolutely beautiful.

"Where have I been to?" she said, in answer to his interrogatory; "why, I went to look at the New Church, which they told me was so *superbe*."

"Methinks, replied the man, "that ours are not precisely the circumstances in which such spectacles are amusing."

"Nay, Tyrrell," said the womon, as, taking his arm, they walked on together a few paces before me, "nay, we are quite rich now to what we have been; and, if you *do* play again, our two hundred pounds may swell into a fortune. Your losses have brought you skill, and you may now turn them into actual advantages."

Tyrrell did not reply exactly to these re-

marks, but appeared as if debating with himself. "Two hundred pounds—twenty already gone!—in a few months all will have melted away. What is it then now but a respite from starvation?—but what luck it may become a competence."

"And why not have luck? many a fortune has been made with a worse beginning," said the woman.

"True, Margaret," pursued the gambler, "and even without luck, our fate can only commence a month or two sooner—better a short doom than a lingering torture."

"What think you of trying some new game where you have more experience, or where the chances are greater than in that of *rouge et noir?*" asked the woman. "Could you not make something out of that tall, handsome man, who, Thornton says, is so rich?"

"Ah, if one could!" sighed Tyrrell, wistfully. "Thornton tells me, that he has won thousands from him, and that they are mere drops in his income. Thornton is a good, easy careless fellow, and might let me into a share of the booty; but then, in what games can I engage him?"

Here I passed this well-suited pair, and lost the remainder of their conversation. "Well," thought I, "if this precious personage does starve at last, he will most richly deserve it, partly for his designs on the stranger, principally for his opinion of Thornton. If he were a knave only, one might pity him; but a knave and fool both, are a combination of evil, for which there is no intermediate purgatory of opinion—nothing short of utter damnation."

I soon arrived at Mr. Thornton's abode. The same old woman, poring over the same novel of Crebillon, made me the same reply as before; and accordingly again I ascended the obscure and rugged stairs, which seemed to indicate, that the road to vice is not so easy as one generally supposes. I knocked at the door, and, receiving no answering acknowledgment, opened it at once. The first thing I saw was the dark, rough coat of Warburton; that person's back was turned to me, and he was talking with some energy to Thornton (who lounged idly in a chair, with one ungartered leg thrown over the elbow).

"Ah, Mr. Pelham," exclaimed the latter, starting from his not very graceful position, "it gives me great pleasure to see you—Mr. Warburton, Mr. Pelham—Mr. Pelham, Mr. Warburton."

My new-made and mysterious acquaintance drew himself up to his full height, and bowed very slightly to my own acknowledgment of the introduction. A low person would have thought him rude. I only supposed him ignorant of the world. No man of the world is uncivil. He turned round, after this stiff condescension, and sank down on the sofa, with his back towards me.

"I was mistaken," thought I, "when I believed him to be above such associates as Thornton—they are well matched."

"My dear sir," said Thornton, "I am very sorry I could not see you to breakfast—a particular engagement prevented me—*verbum sap.* Mr. Pelham, you take me, I suppose—black eyes, white skin, and such an ankle!" and the fellow rubbed his great hands and chuckled.

"Well," said I, "I cannot blame you, whatever may be my loss—a dark eye and a straight ankle are powerful excuses. What says Mr. Warburton to them?" and I turned to the object of my interrogatory.

"Really," he answered drily, (but in a voice that struck me as feigned and artificial), and without moving from his uncourteous position, "Mr. Thornton only can judge of the niceties of his peculiar tastes, or the justice of his general excuses."

"Mr. Warburton said this in a sarcastic bitter tone. Thornton bit his lips, more, I should think, at the manner than the words, and his small gray eyes sparkled with a malignant and stern expression, which suited the character of his face far better than the careless levity which his glances usually denoted.

"They are no such great friends after all," thought I; "and now let me change my attack. Pray," I asked, "among all your numerous acquaintances at Paris, did you ever meet with a Mr. Tyrrell?"

Warburton started from his chair, and as instantly re-seated himself. Thornton eyed me with one of those peculiar looks which so strongly reminded me of a dog, in deliberation whether to bite or run away.

"I do know a Mr. Tyrrell!" he said, after a short pause.

"What sort of a person is he?" I asked with an indifferent air—"a great gamester, is he not?"

"He does slap it down on the colors now and then," replied Thornton. "I hope you don't know him, Mr. Pelham?"

"Why?" said I, evading the question. His character is not affected by a propensity so common, unless, indeed, you suppose him to be more of a gambler than a gamester, viz., more acute than unlucky."

"Heaven forbid that I should say any such thing," replied Thornton; "you won't catch an old lawyer in such imprudence."

"The greater the truth, the greater the libel," said Warburton, with a sneer.

"No," resumed Thornton, "I know nothing against Mr. Tyrrell—*nothing!* He *may be* a very good man, and I believe he is; but as a friend, Mr. Pelham, (and Mr. Thornton grew quite affectionate), I advise you to have as little as possible to do *with that sort of people.*"

"Truly," said I, "you have now excited my curiosity. Nothing, you know, is half so inviting as mystery."

Thornton looked as if he had expected a very different reply; and Warburton said in an abrupt tone—

"Whoever enters an unknown road in a fog may easily lose himself."

"True," said I; "but that very chance is more agreeable than a road where one knows every tree! Danger and novelty are more to my taste than safety and sameness. Besides, as I rarely gamble myself, I can lose little by an acquaintance with those who do."

Another pause ensued—and, finding I had got all from Mr. Thornton and his uncourteous guest that I was likely to do, I took my hat and my departure.

"I do not know," thought I, "whether I have profited much by this visit. Let me consider. In the first place, I have not ascertained why I was put off by Mr. Thornton—for as to his excuse, it could only have availed one day, and had he been anxious for my acquaintance, he would have named another. I have, however, discovered, first, that he does not wish me to form any connection with Tyrrell; secondly, from Warburton's sarcasm, and his glance of reply, that there is but little friendship between those two, whatever be the *intimacy;* and, thirdly, that Warburton, from his *dorsal* positions, so studiously preserved, either wished to be uncivil or unnoticed." The latter, after all, was the most probable supposition; and, upon the whole, I felt more than ever convinced that he was the person I suspected him to be.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Tell how the fates my giddy course did guide
The inconstant turns of every changing hour.
—*Pierce Gaveston*, by M. DRAYTON.

Je me retire donc.—Adieu, Paris, adieu!—BOILEAU.

WHEN I returned home, I found on my table the following letter from my mother:—

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"I am rejoiced to hear you are so well entertained at Paris—that you have been so often to the D——s and C——s; that Coulon says you are his best pupil—that your favorite horse is so much admired—and that you have only exceeded your allowance by £1,000. With some difficulty I have persuaded your uncle to transmit you an order for 1,500*l.*, which will, I trust, make up all your deficiencies.

"You must not, my dear child, be so extravagant for the future, and for a very good reason, viz., I do not see how you can. Your uncle, I fear, will not again be so generous, and your father cannot assist you. You will therefore see more clearly than ever the necessity of marrying an heiress: there are only two in England (the daughters of gentlemen) worthy of you—the most deserving of these has 10,000*l.* a year, the other has 100,000*l.* The former is old, ugly, and very ill-tempered; the latter tolerably pretty, and agreeable, and just of age; but you will perceive the impropriety of even thinking of her till we have tried the other. I am going to ask both to my Sunday *soirees*, where I never admit any single men, so that *there*, at least, you will have no rivals.

"And now, my dear son, before I enter into a subject of great importance to you, I wish to recall to your mind that pleasure is never an end, but a means—viz., that in your horses and amusements at Paris—your visits and your *liaisons*—you have always, I trust, remembered that these were only so far desirable as the methods of shining in society. I have now a new scene on which you are to enter, with very different objects in view, and where any pleasures you may find have nothing the least in common with those you at present enjoy.

"I know that this preface will not frighten you, as it might many silly young men. Your education has been too carefully attended to, for you to imagine that any step can be rough or unpleasant which raises you in the world.

"To come at once to the point. One of the seats in your uncle's borough of Buyemall is every day expected to be vacated; the present member, Mr. Toolington, cannot possibly live a week, and your uncle is very desirous that you should fill the vacancy which Mr. Toolington's death will create. Though I called it Lord Glenmorris's borough, yet it is not entirely at his disposal, which I think very strange, since my father, who was not half so rich as your uncle, could

send two members to Parliament without the least trouble in the world—but I don't understand these matters. Possibly your uncle (poor man) does not manage them well. However, he says no time is to be lost. You are to return immediately to England, and come down to his house in ——shire. It is supposed you will have some contest, but be certain eventually to come in.

"You will also, in this visit to Lord Glenmorris, have an excellent opportunity of securing his affection; you know it is some time since he saw you, and the greater part of his property is unentailed. If you come into the House, you must devote yourself wholly to it, and I have no fear of your succeeding; for I remember, when you were quite a child, how well you spoke, 'My name is Norval,' and 'Romans, countrymen, and lovers,' etc. I heard Mr. Canning speak the other day, and I think his voice is quite like yours. In short, I make no doubt of seeing you in the ministry in a very few years.

"You see, my dear son, that it is absolutely necessary you should set out immediately. You will call on Lady ——, and you will endeavor to make firm friends of the most desirable among your present acquaintance; so that you may be on the same footing you are now, should you return to Paris. This a little civility will easily do; nobody (as I before observed), except in England, ever loses by politeness;—by the by, that last word is one you must never use, it is too *Gloucester-place like.*

"You will also be careful, in returning to England, to make very little use of French phrases; no vulgarity is more unpleasing. I could not help being exceedingly amused by a book written the other day, which professes to give an accurate description of good society. Not knowing what to make us say in English, the author has made us talk nothing but French. I have often wondered what common people think of us, since in their novels they always affect to portray us so different from themselves. I am very much afraid we are in all things exactly like them, except in being more simple and unaffected. The higher the rank, indeed, the less pretence, because there is less to pretend *to.* This is the chief reason why our manners are better than low persons: ours are more natural, because they imitate no one else; theirs are affected, because they think to imitate ours; and whatever is evidently borrowed becomes vulgar. Original affectation is sometimes good *ton*,—imitated affection, always bad.

"Well, my dear Henry, I must now conclude this letter, already too long to be interesting. I hope to see you about ten days after you receive this; and if you can bring me a Cachemire shawl, it would give me great pleasure to see your taste in its choice. God bless you, my dear son.

"Your very affectionate,

"FRANCES PELHAM."

"P.S.—I hope you go to church sometimes: I am sorry to see the young men of the present day so irreligious; it is very bad taste! Perhaps you could get my old friend, Madame de ——, to choose the Cachemire;—take care of your health."

This letter, which I read carefully twice, over, threw me into a most serious meditation. My first feeling was regret at leaving Paris; my second, was a certain exultation at the new prospects so unexpectedly opened to me. The great aim of a philosopher is, to reconcile every disadvantage by some counterbalance of good; where he cannot create this, he should imagine it. I began, therefore, to consider less what I should lose than what I should gain, by quitting Paris. In the first place, I was tolerably tired of its amusements: no business is half so fatiguing as pleasure. I longed for a change: behold, a change was at hand! Then, to say truth, I was heartily glad of a pretence of escaping from a numerous cohort of *folles amours*, with Madame d'Anville at the head; and the very circumstance which men who play the German flute and fall in love would have considered the most vexatious, I regarded as the most consolatory.

My mind being thus relieved from its primary regret at my departure, I now suffered it to look forward to the advantages of my return to England. My love of excitement and variety made an election, in which I was to have both the importance of the contest and the certainity of the success, a very agreeable object of anticipation.

I was also by this time wearied with my attendance upon women, and eager to exchange it for the ordinary objects of ambition to men: and my vanity whispered that my success in the one was no unfavorable omen of my prosperity in the other. On my return to England, with a new scene and a new motive for conduct, I resolved that I would commence a different character from that I had hitherto assumed. How far I kept this resolution the various events hereafter to be shown will testify. For myself, I felt that I was now about to enter a more crowded scene upon a more elevated ascent; and my previous experience of human nature was sufficient to convince me that my safety required a more continual circumspection, and my success a more dignified bearing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Je noterai cela, madame, dans mon livre.—MOLIERE.

I AM not one of those persons who are many days in deciding what may be effected in one. "On the third day from this," said I to Bedos "at half-past nine in the morning, I shall leave Paris for England."

"Oh, my poor wife!" said the valet, "she will break her heart if I leave her."

"Then stay," said I. Bedos shrugged his shoulders.

"I prefer being with Monsieur to all things."

"What, even to your wife?" The courteous rascal placed his hand to his heart and bowed. "You shall not suffer by your fidelity—you shall take your wife with you."

The conjugal valet's countenance fell. "No," he said, "no; he could not take advantage of Monsieur's generosity.

"I insist upon it—not another word."

"I beg a thousand pardons of Monsieur; but—but my wife is very ill, and unable to travel."

"Then, in that case, so excellent a husband cannot think of leaving a sick and destitute wife."

"Poverty has no law; if I consulted my heart, and stayed, I should starve, *et il faut vivre*." *

"*Je n'en vois pas la necessite*," † replied I, as I got into my carriage. That repartee, by the way, I cannot claim as my own; it is the very unanswerable answer of a judge to an expostulating thief.

I made the round of reciprocal regrets, according to the orthodox formula. The Duchesse de Perpignan was the last;—(Madame d'Anville I reserved for another day)—that virtuous and wise personage was in the *boudoir* of reception. I glanced at the fatal door as I entered. I have a great averson, after any thing has once happened and fairly subsided, to make any allusion to its former existence. I never, therefore, talked to the Duchess about our ancient *egaremens*. I spoke, this morning, of the marriage of one person, the death of another, and lastly, the departure of my individual self.

"When do you go?" she said eagerly.

"In two days: my departure will be softened, if I can execute any commissions in England for Madame."

"None," said she; and then in a low tone (that none of the idlers, who were always found at her morning *levees*, should hear), she added, "you will receive a note from me this evening."

I bowed, changed the conversation, and withdrew. I dined in my own rooms, and spent the evening in looking over the various *billets-doux*, received during my *sejour* at Paris.

"Where shall I put all these locks of hair?" asked Bedos, opening a drawer full.

"Into my scrap-book."

"And all these letters?"

"Into the fire."

I was just getting into bed when the Duchesse de Perpignan's note arrived—it was as follows:—

"My dear Friend,

"For that word, so doubtful in our language, I may at least call you in *your own*. I am unwilling that you should leave this country with those sentiments you now entertain of me, unaltered, yet I cannot imagine any form of words of sufficient magic to change them. Oh! if you knew how much I am to be pitied; if you could look for one moment into this lonely and blighted heart; if you could trace, step by step, the progress I have made in folly and sin, you would see how much of what you now condemn and despise, I have owed to circumstances, rather than to the vice of my disposition. I was born a beauty, educated a beauty, owed fame, rank, power to beauty; and it is to the advantages I have derived from person that I owe the ruin of my mind. You have seen how much I now derive from art; I loathe myself as I write that sentence; but no matter: from that moment you loathed me too. You did not take into consideration that I had been living on excitement all my youth, and that in my maturer years I could not relinquish it. I had reigned by my attractions, and I thought every art preferable to resigning my empire: but, in feeding my vanity, I had not been able to stifle the dictates of my heart. Love is so natural to a woman, that she is scarcely a woman who resists it: but in me it has been a sentiment, not a passion.

"Sentiment, then, and vanity, have been my seducers. I said, that I owed my errors to circumstances, not to nature. You will say, that in confessing love and vanity to be my seducers, I contradict this assertion—you are mistaken. I mean, that though vanity and sentiment were in me, yet the scenes in which I have been placed, and the events which I have witnessed, gave to those latent currents of action a wrong and a dangerous direction. I was formed *to love;* for one whom I did love I could have made every sacrifice. I married a man I hated, and I only learnt the depths of my heart when it was too late.

"Enough of this; you will leave this country; we shall never meet again—never! You may return to Paris, but I shall then be no more; *n'importe*—I shall be unchanged to the last. *Je mourrai en reine.*

"As a latest pledge of what I have felt for you, I send you the enclosed chain and ring; as a latest favor, I request you to wear them for six months, and, above all, for two hours in the Tuileries to-morrow. You will laugh at this request: it seems idle and romantic—perhaps it is so. Love has many exaggerations in sentiment, which reason would despise. What wonder, then, that mine, above that of all others, should conceive them? You will not, I know, deny this request. Farewell!—in this world we shall never meet again. Farewell! "E. P."

* One must live.

† I don't see the necessity of that.

"A most sensible effusion," said I to myself, when I had read this billet; "and yet, after all, it shows more feeling and more character than I could have supposed she possessed." I took up the chain: it was of Maltese workmanship; not very handsome, nor, indeed, in any way remarkable, except for a plain hair ring which was attached to it, and which I found myself unable to take off, without breaking. "It is a very singular request," thought I, "but then it comes from a very singular person; and as it rather partakes of adventure and intrigue, I shall at all events appear in the Tuileries to-morrow, *chained* and *ringed*."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thy incivility shall not make me fail to do what becomes me; and since thou hast more valor than courtesy, I for thee will hazard that life which thou wouldst take from me.—*Cassandra*, "*elegantly done into English by* Sir Charles Cotterell."

About the usual hour for the promenade in the Tuileries, I conveyed myself thither. I set the chain and ring in full display, rendered still more conspicuous by the dark-colored dress which I always wore. I had not been in the gardens ten minutes, before I perceived a young Frenchman, scarcely twenty years of age, look with a very peculiar air at my new decorations. He passed and repassed me, much oftener than the alternations of the walk warranted; and at last, taking off his hat said in a low tone, that he wished much for the honor of exchanging a few words with me in private. I saw, at the first glance, that he was a gentleman, and accordingly withdrew with him among the trees, in the more retired part of the garden.

"Permit me," said he, "to inquire how that ring and chain came into your possession?"

"Monsieur," I replied, "you will understand me, when I say, that the honor of another person is implicated in my concealment of that secret."

"Sir," said the Frenchman, coloring violently, "I have seen them before—in a word, they belong to me!"

I smiled—my young hero fired at this. "*Oui Monsieur*," said he, speaking very loud, and very quick, "they belong to *me*, and I insist upon your immediately restoring them, or vindicating your claim to them by arms."

"You leave me but one answer, Monsieur," said I; "I will find a friend to wait upon you immediately. Allow me to inquire your address?" The Frenchman, who was greatly agitated, produced a card. We bowed and separated.

I was glancing over the address I held in my hand, which was—*C. de Vautram, Rue de Bourbon, Numero* —— when my ears were saluted with—

"Now do you know me?—*thou* shouldst be Alonzo."

I did not require the faculty of sight to recognize Lord Vincent, "My dear fellow," said I, "I am rejoiced to see you!" and thereupon I poured into his ear the particulars of my morning adventure. Lord Vincent listened to me with much apparent interest, and spoke very unaffectedly of his readiness to serve me, and his regret at the occasion.

"Pooh!" said I, "a duel in France is not like one in England; the former is a matter of course; a trifle of common occurrence; one makes an engagement to fight, in the same breath as an engagement to dine; but the latter is a thing of state and solemnity—long faces—early rising—and will-making. But *do* you get this business over as soon as you can, that we may dine at the *Rocher* afterwards."

"Well, my dear Pelham," said Vincent, "I cannot refuse you my services; and as I suppose Monsieur *de Vautran* will choose swords, I venture to augur everything from your skill in that species of weapon. It is the first time I have ever interfered in affairs of this nature, but I hope to get well through the present.

'Nobilis ornatur lauro collega *secundo*,'

as Juvenal says; *au revoir*," and away went Lord Vincent, half forgetting all his late anxiety for my life in his paternal pleasure for the delivery of his quotation.

Vincent is the only punster I ever knew with a good heart. No action, to that race in general, so serious an occupation as the play upon words; and the remorseless habit of murdering a phrase, renders them perfectly obdurate to the simple death of a friend. I walked through every variety the straight paths of the Tuileries could afford, and was beginning to get exceedingly tired, when Lord Vin-

cent returned. He looked very grave, and I saw at once that he was come to particulize the circumstances of the last extreme. "*The Bois de Boulogne—pistols—in one hour*," were the three leading features of his detail.

"Pistols!" said I; "well, be it so. I would rather have had swords, for the young man's sake as much as my own: but thirteen paces and a steady aim will settle the business as soon. We will try a bottle of the Chambertin to-day, Vincent." The punster smiled faintly, and for once in his life made no reply. We walked gravely and soberly to my lodgings for the pistols, and then proceeded to the engagement as silently as philosophers should do.

The Frenchman and his second were on the ground first. I saw that the former was pale and agitated, not, I think, from fear, but passion. When we took our ground, Vincent came to me, and said, in a low tone, "For Heaven's sake, suffer me to accommodate this, if possible!"

"It is not in *our* power," said I, receiving the pistol. I looked steadily at de Vautran, and took my aim. His pistol, owing, I suppose, to the trembling of his hand, went off a moment sooner than he had anticipated—the ball grazed my hat. My aim was more successful—I struck him in the shoulder—the exact place I had intended. He staggered a few paces, but did not fall.

We hastened towards him—his cheek assumed a still more livid hue as I approached! he muttered some half-formed curses between his teeth, and turned from me to his second.

"You will inquire whether Monsieur de Vautran is satisfied," said I to Vincent, and retired to a short distance.

"His second," said Vincent, (after a brief conference with that person), "replies to my question, that Monsieur de Vautran's wound has left him, for the present, no alternative." Upon this answer I took Vincent's arm, and we returned forthwith to my carriage.

"I congratulate you most sincerely on the event of this duel," said Vincent. "Monsieur de M—— (de Vautran's second) informed me, when I waited on him, that your antagonist was one of the most celebrated pistol shots in Paris, and that a lady with whom he had been long in love, made the death of the chain-bearer the price of her favors. Devilish lucky for you, my good fellow, that his hand trembled so; but I did not know *you* were so good a shot."

"Why," I answered, "I am *not* what is vulgarly termed 'a crack shot'—I cannot split a bullet on a penknife; but I am sure of a target somewhat smaller than a man; and my hand is as certain in the field as it is in the practice-yard."

"*Le sentiment de nos forces les augmente*," * replied Vincent. "Shall I tell the coachman to drive to the Rocher?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Here's a kind host, that makes the invitation,
To your own cost, to his *fort bonne collation*.
—WYCHERLY'S *Gent. Dancing Master*.

Vous pouvez bien juger que je n'aurai pas grande peine à me consoler d'une chose dont je me suis déjà consolé tante de fois.—*Lettres de* BOILEAU.

As I was walking home with Vincent from the *Rue Mont-orgueil*, I saw, on entering the *Rue St. Honore*, two figures before us; the tall and noble stature of the one I could not for a moment mistake. They stopped at the door of an hotel, which opened in that noiseless manner so peculiar to *Conciergerie* of France. I was at the door the moment they disappeared, but not before I had caught a glance of the dark locks and pale countenance of Warburton,—my eye fell upon the number of the hotel.

"Surely," said I, "I have been in that house before."

"Likely enough," growled Vincent, who was gloriously drunk. "It is a house of twofold utility—you may play with cards, or coquet with women, which you please."

At these words I remembered the hotel and its inmates immediately. It belonged to an old nobleman, who, though on the brink of the grave, was still grasping at the good things on the margin. He lived with a pretty and clever woman, who bore the name and honors of his wife. They kept up two *salons*, one *pour le petit souper*, and the other *pour le petit jeu*. You saw much *ecarte* and more love-

* The conviction of our forces augments them.

making, and lost your heart and your money with equal facility. In a word, the marquis and his *jolie petite femme* were a wise and prosperous couple, who made the best of their lives, and lived decently and honorably upon other people.

"*Allons*, Pelham," cried Vincent, as I was still standing at the door in deliberation; "how much longer will you keep me to congeal in this 'eager and nipping air'—'Quamdiu patientiam nostram abutêre, Catilina.'"

"Let us enter," said I. "I have the run of the house, and we may find——"

"'Some young vices—some fair iniquities,'" interrupted Vincent, with a hiccup—

> "'Leade on, good fellowe,' quoth Robin Hood,
> 'Lead on, I do bid thee.'"

And with these words, the door opened in obedience to my rap, and we mounted to the marquis's tenement *au premiere*.

The room was pretty full—the *soi disante* marquise was flitting from table to table—betting at each, and coquetting with all; and the marquis himself, with a moist eye and a shaking hand, was affecting the Don Juan with the various Elviras and Annas with which his *salon* was crowded. Vincent was trying to follow me through the crowd, but his confused vision and unsteady footing led him from one entanglement to another, till he was quite unable to proceed. A tall, corpulent Frenchman, six foot by five, was leaning, (*a great and weighty objection*), just before him, utterly occupied in the vicissitudes of an *ecarte* table, and unconscious of Vincent's repeated efforts, first on one side, and then on the other, to pass him.

At last the perplexed wit, getting more irascible as he grew more bewildered, suddenly seized the vast incumbrance by the arm, and said to him, in a sharp, querulous tone, "Pray, Monsieur, why are you like the lotc tree in Mahomet's Seventh heaven?"

"*Sir!*" cried the astonished Frenchman.

"Because," (continued Vincent, answering his own enigma)—"because, *beyond you there is no passing!*"

The Frenchman (one of that race who always forgive any thing for a *bon mot*) smiled, bowed, and drew himself aside. Vincent steered by, and joining me, hiccuped out, "Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus."

Meanwhile I had looked round the room for the objects of my pursuit: to my great surprise I could not perceive them; they may be in the other room, thought I, and to the other room I went; the supper was laid out, and an old *bonne* was quietly helping herself to some sweetmeat. All *other* human beings (if, indeed, an old woman can be called a human being)! were, however, invisible, and I remained perfectly bewildered as to the non-appearance of Warburton and his companion. I entered the gaming room once more — I looked round in every corner — I examined every face—but in vain; and with a feeling of disappointment very disproportioned to my loss, I took Vincent's arm, and we withdrew.

The next morning I spent with Madame d'Anville. A Frenchwoman easily consoles herself for the loss of a lover—she converts him into a friend, and thinks herself (nor is she much deceived) benefited by the exchange. We talked of our grief in maxims, and bade each other adieu in antitheses. Ah! it is a pleasant thing to drink with Alcidonis (in Marmontel's Tale) of the rose-colored phial—to sport with the fancy, not to brood over the passion of youth. There is a time when the heart, from very tenderness, runs over, and (so much do our virtues as well as vices flow from our passions) there is, perhaps, rather hope than anxiety for the future in that excess. Then, if Pleasure errs, it errs through heedlessness, not design; and Love, wandering over flowers, "proffers honey, but bears *not* a sting." Ah! happy time! in the lines of one who can so well translate feeling into words—

> "Fate has not darkened thee—Hope has not made
> The blossoms expand it but opens to fade;
> Nothing is known of those wearing fears
> Which will shadow the light of *our* after years."
> —*The Improvisatrice.*

Pardon this disgression—not much, it must be confessed, in my ordinary strain—but let me, dear reader, very seriously advise thee not to judge of me yet. When thou hast got to the end of my book, if thou dost condemn it or its hero—why "I will let these alone" (as honest Dogberry advises) "till thou art sober: and, if thou make me not, then, the better answer, thou art not the man I took thee for."

CHAPTER XXX.

It must be confessed, that flattery comes mightily easy to one's mouth in the presence of royalty.—*Letters of* STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

'Tis he.—How came he thence—what doth he here?
—LARA.

I HAD received for that evening (my last at Paris) an invitation from the Duchesse de B——. I knew that the party was to be small, and that very few besides the royal family would compose it. I had owed the honor of this invitation to my intimacy with the ——s, the great friends of the duchesse, and I promised myself some pleasure in the engagement.

There were but eight or nine persons present when I entered the royal chamber. The most distinguished of these I recognized immediately as the ——. He came forward with much grace as I approached, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me.

"You were presented, I think, about a month ago," added the ——, with a smile of singular fascination; "I remember it well."

I bowed low to this compliment.

"Do you propose staying long at Paris?" continued the ——.

"I protracted," I replied, "my departure solely for the honor this evening affords me. In so doing, please your ——, I have followed the wise maxim of keeping the greatest pleasure to the last."

The royal chevalier bowed to my answer with a smile still sweeter than before, and began a conversation with me which lasted for several minutes, I was much struck with the ——'s air and bearing. They possess great dignity, without any affectation of its assumption. He speaks peculiarly good English, and the compliment of addressing me in that language was therefore as judicious as delicate. His observations owed little to his rank; they would have struck you as appropriate, and the air which accompanied them pleased you as graceful, even in a simple individual. Judge then, if they charmed me in the ——. The upper part of his countenance is prominent and handsome, and his eyes have much softness of expression. His figure is slight and particularly well knit; perhaps he is altogether more adapted to strike in private than with public effect. Upon the whole, he is one of those very few persons of great rank whom you would have had pride in knowing as an equal, and have pleasure in acknowledging as a superior.*

As the —— paused, and turned with great courtesy to the Duc de ——, I bowed my way to the Duchesse de B——. That personage, whose liveliness and piquancy of manner always make one wish for one's own sake that her rank was less exalted, was speaking with great volubility to a tall, stupid-looking man, one of the ministers, and smiled most graciously upon me as I drew near. She spoke to me of our national amusements. "You are not," said she, "so fond of dancing as we are."

"We have not the same exalted example to be at once our motive and our model," said I, in allusion to the Duchesse's well-known attachment to that accomplishment. The Duchesse d'A—— came up as I said this, and the conversation flowed on evenly enough till the ——'s whist party was formed. His partner was Madame de la R——, the heroine of La Vendée. She was a tall and very stout woman, singularly lively and entertaining, and appeared to possess both the moral and the physical energy to accomplish feats still more noble than those she performed.

I soon saw that it would not do for me to stay very long. I had already made a favorable impression, and, in such cases, it is my constant rule immediately to retire. Stay, if it be whole hours, until you *have* pleased, but leave the moment *after* your success. A great genius should not linger too long either in the *salon* or the world. He must quit each with *eclat*. In obedience to this rule, I no sooner found that my court had been effectually made than I rose to withdraw.

"You will return soon to Paris," said the Duchesse de B——.

"I cannot resist it," I replied. "*Mon corps reviendra pour chercher mon cœur.*"

"We shall not forget you," said the Duchesse.

* The sketch of these unfortunate members of an exiled and illustrious family may not be the less interesting from the reverses which, since the first publication of this work, placed the Orleans family on the Bourbon throne. As for the erring Charles X., he was neither a great monarch nor a wise man, but he was, in air, grace, and manner, the most thorough-bred gentleman I ever met.—*H. P.*

"Your Royal Highness has *now* given me my only inducement *not* to return," I answered, as I bowed out of the room.

It was much too early to go home; at that time I was too young and restless to sleep till long after midnight; and while I was deliberating in what manner to pass the hours, I suddenly recollected the hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, to which Vincent and I had paid so unceremonious a visit the night before. Impressed with the hope that I might be more successful in meeting Warburton than I had then been, I ordered the coachman to drive to the abode of the old Marquis——.

The *salon* was as crowded as usual. I lost a few Napoleons at *ecarte*, in order to pay my *entree*, and then commenced a desultory flirtation with one of the fair decoys. In this occupation my eye and my mind frequently wandered. I could not divest myself of the hope of once more seeing Warburton before my departure from Paris, and every reflection which confirmed my suspicions of his identity redoubled my interest in his connection with Tyrrell nnd the vulgar *debeauche* of the Rue St. Dominique. I was making some languid reply to my Cynthia of the minute, when my ear was suddenly greeted by an English voice. I looked round, and saw Thornton in close conversation with a man whose back was turned to me but whom I rightly conjectured to be Tyrrell.

"Oh! he'll be here soon," said the former, "and we'll *bleed him* regularly to-night. It is very singular that you who play so much better should not not have *floored* him yesterday evening."

Tyrrell replied in a tone so low as to be inaudible, and a minute afterwards the door opened, and Warburton entered. He came up instantly to Thornton and his companion; and after a few words of ordinary saluation, Warburton said, in one of those modulated but artificial tones so peculiar to himself, "I am sure, Tyrrell, that you must be eager for your revenge. To lose to such a mere tyro as myself, is quite enough to double the pain of defeat, and the desire of retaliation."

I did not hear Tyrrell's reply, but the trio presently moved towards the door, which till then I had not noticed, and which was probably the entrance to our hostess's *boudoir*. The *soidisante* marquise opened it herself, for which kind office Thornton gave her a leer and a wink, characteristic of his claims to gallantry. When the door was again closed upon them, I went up to the marquise, and after a few compliments, asked whether the room Messieurs les Anglais had entered was equally open to all guests?

"Why," said she, with a slight hesitation, "those gentlemen play for higher stakes than we usually do here, and one of them is apt to get irritated by the advice and expostulations of the lookers-on; and so after they had played a short time in the *salon* last night, Monsieur Thornton, a very old friend of mine, (here the lady looked down), asked me permission to occupy the inner room; and as I knew him so well, I could have no scruple in obliging him."

"Then, I suppose," said I, "that as a stranger, I have not permission to intrude upon them?"

"Shall I inquire?" answered the marquise.

"No!" said I, "it is not worth while;" and accordingly I re-seated myself, and appeared once more occupied in saying *des belles choses* to my kind-hearted neighbor. I could not, however, with all my dissimulations, sustain a conversation from which my present feelings were so estranged, for more than a few minutes; and I was never more glad than when my companion, displeased with my inattention, rose, and left me to my own reflections.

What could Warburton (if he were the person I suspected) gain by the disguise he had assumed? He was too rich to profit by any sums he could win from Tyrrell, and too much removed from Thornton's station in life, to derive any pleasure or benefit from his acquaintance with that person. His dark threats of vengeance in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and his reference to the two hundred pounds Tyrrell possessed, gave me, indeed, some clue as to his real object; but then—why this disguise! Had he known Tyrrell before, in his proper semblance, and had anything passed between them, which rendered this concealment now expedient?—this, indeed, seemed probable enough; but, was Thornton entrusted with the secret?—and, if revenge was the object, was that low man a partaker in its execution?—or was he not, more probably, playing the traitor to both? As for Tyrrell

himself, his own designs upon Warburton were sufficient to prevent pity for any fall into the pit he had digged for others.

Meanwhile, time passed on, the hour grew late, and the greater part of the guests were gone; still I could not tear myself away; I looked from time to time at the door, with an indescribable feeling of anxiety. I longed, yet dreaded, for it to open; I felt as if my own fate were in some degree implicated in what was then agitating within, and I could not resolve to depart, until I had formed some conclusions on the result.

At length the door opened; Tyrrell came forth—his countenance was perfectly hueless, his cheek was sunk and hollow, the excitement of two hours had been sufficient to render it so. I observed that his teeth were set, and his hand clenched, as they are when we idly seek, by the strained and extreme tension of the nerves, to sustain the fever and the agony of the mind. Warburton and Thornton followed him; the latter with his usual air of reckless indifference—his quick rolling eye glanced from the marquis to myself, and though his color changed slightly, his nod of recognition was made with its wonted impudence and ease; but Warburton passed on, like Tyrrell, without noticing or heeding anything around. He fixed his large bright eye upon the figure which preceded him, without once altering its direction, and the extreme beauty of his features, not all the dishevelled length of his hair and whiskers could disguise, was lighted up with a joyous but savage expression, which made me turn away, almost with a sensation of fear.

Just as Tyrrell was leaving the room, Warburton put his hand upon his shoulder—"Stay," said he, "I am going your way, and will accompany you." He turned round to Thornton (who was already talking with the marquis) as he said this, and waved his hand, as if to prevent his following; the next moment, Tyrrell and himself had left the room.

I could not now remain longer. I felt a feverish restlessness, which impelled me onwards. I quitted the *salon*, and was on the staircase before the gamesters had descended. Warburton was, indeed, but a few steps before me; the stairs were but very dimly lighted by one expiring lamp; he did not turn round to see me, and was probably too much engrossed to hear me.

"You may yet have a favorable reverse," said he to Tyrrell.

"Impossible!" replied the latter, in a tone of such deep anguish, that it thrilled me to the very heart. "I am an utter beggar—I have nothing in the world—I have no expectation but to starve!"

While he was saying this, I perceived by the faint and uncertain light, that Warburton's hand was raised to his own countenance.

Have you *no* hope—no spot wherein to look for comfort—is beggary your absolute and only possible resource from famine?" he replied, in a low and suppressed tone.

At that moment we were just descending into the court-yard. Warburton was but one step behind Tyrrell: the latter made no answer; but as he passed from the dark staircase into the clear moonlight of the court, I caught a glimpse of the big tears which rolled heavily and silently down his cheeks. Warburton laid his hand upon him.

"Turn," he cried, suddenly, "your cup is not yet full—look upon me—and *remember!*"

I pressed forward—the light shone full upon the countenance of the speaker—the dark hair was gone—my suspicions were true—I discovered at one glance the bright locks and lofty brow of Reginald Glanville. Slowly Tyrrell gazed, as if he were endeavoring to repel some terrible remembrance, which gathered, with every instant, more fearfully upon him; until, as the stern countenance of Glanville grew darker and darker in its mingled scorn and defiance, he uttered one low cry, and sank senseless upon the earth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.
—SHAKSPEARE.

What ho! for England!—*Ibid.*

I HAVE always had an insuperable horror of being placed in what the vulgar call a *predicament*. In a predicament I was most certainly placed at the present moment. A man at my feet in a fit—the cause of it having very wisely disappeared, devolving upon me the charge of

watching, recovering and conducting home the afflicted person—made a concatenation of disagreeable circumstances, as much unsuited to the temper of Henry Pelham. as his evil fortune could possibly have contrived.

After a short pause of deliberation, I knocked up the porter, procured some cold water, and bathed Tyrrell's temples for several moments before he recovered. He opened his eyes slowly, and looked carefully round with a fearful and suspicious glance: "Gone—gone—(he muttered)—ay—what did he here at such a moment?—vengeance—for what? *I* could not tell it would have killed her—let him thank his own folly. I do not fear; I defy his malice." And with these words Tyrrell sprung to his feet.

"Can I assist you to your home?" said I; "you are still unwell—pray suffer me to have that pleasure."

I spoke with some degree of warmth and sincerity; the unfortunate man stared wildly at me for a moment, before he replied. "Who," said he, at last, "who speaks to *me*—the lost—the guilty—the ruined, in the accents of interest and kindness?"

I placed his arm in mine, and drew him out of the yard into the open street. He looked at me with an eager and wistful survey, and then, by degrees, appearing to recover his full consciousness of the present, and recollection of the past, he pressed my hand warmly, and after a short silence, during which we moved on slowly towards the Tuileries, he said,—"Pardon me, sir, if I have not sufficiently thanked you for your kindness and attention. I am now quite restored; the close room in which I have been sitting for so many hours, and the feverish excitement of play, acting upon a frame much debilitated by ill health, occasioned my momentary indisposition. I am now, I repeat, quite recovered, and will no longer trespass upon your good nature."

"Really," said I, "you had better not discard my services yet. Do suffer me to accompany you home?"

"Home!" muttered Tyrrell, with a deep sigh;—"no—no!" and then, as if recollecting himself, he said, "I thank you sir, but—but—"

"I saw his embarrassment, and interrupted him.

"Well, if I cannot assist you any further, I will take your dismissal. I trust we shall meet again under auspices better calculated for improving acquaintance."

Tyrrell bowed, once more pressed my hand, and we parted. I hurried on up the long street towards my hotel.

When I had got several paces beyond Tyrrell, I turned back to look at him. He was standing in the same place in which I had left him. I saw by the moonlight that his face and hands were raised towards Heaven. It was but for a moment: his attitude changed while I was yet looking, and he slowly and calmly continued his way in the same direction as myself. When I reached my chambers, I hastened immediately to bed, but not to sleep: the extraordinary scene I had witnessed; the dark and ferocious expression of Glanville's countenance, so strongly impressed with every withering and deadly passion; the fearful and unaccountable remembrance that had seemed to gather over the livid and varying face of the gamester; the mystery of Glanville's disguise; the intensity of a revenge so terribly expressed, together with the restless and burning anxiety I felt—not from idle curiosity, but, from my early and intimate friendship for Glanville, to fathom its cause—all crowded upon my mind with a feverish confusion, that effectually banished repose.

It was with that singular sensation of pleasure which none but those who have passed frequent nights in restless and painful agitation, can recognize, that I saw the bright sun penetrate through my shutters, and heard Bedos move across my room.

"What hour will Monsieur have the post-horses?" said that praiseworthy valet.

"At eleven," answered I, springing out of bed with joy at the change of scene which the very mention of my journey brought before my mind.

I was turning listlessly, as I sate at breakfast over the pages of Galignani's Messenger, when the following paragraph caught my attention:—

"It is rumored among the circles of the Faubourg that a duel was fought on ——, between a young Englishman and Monsieur D——; the cause of it is said to be the pretensions of both to the beautiful Duchesse de P——, who, if report be true, cares for neither of the gallants, but lavishes her favors upon a certain *attache* to the English embassy."

"Such," thought I, "are the materials for all human histories. Every one who reads, will eagerly swallow this account as true: if an author were writing the momoirs of the court he would compile his facts and scandal from this very collection of records; and yet, though so near the truth, how totally false it is! Thank heaven, however, that, at least, I am not suspected of the degradation of the duchess's love:—to fight for her may make me seem a fool—to be loved by her would constitute me a villain."

"The horses, sir!" said Bedos; and "The bill, sir?" said the *garçon*. Alas! that *those* and *that* should be so coupled together; and that we can never take our departure without such awful witnesses of our sojourn. Well—to be brief—the bill for once *was* discharged—the horses snorted—the carriage-door was opened—I entered—Bedos mounted behind—crack went the whips—off went the steeds, and so terminated my adventures at dear Paris.

CHAPTER XXXII.

O, cousin, you know him—the fine gentleman they talk of so much in town.—WYCHERLY'S *Dancing Master*.

By the bright days of my youth, there is something truly delightful in the quick motion of four, ay, or even two post-horses! In France, where one's steeds are none of the swiftest, the pleasures of travelling are quite so great as in England; still, however, to a man who is tired of one scene—panting for another—in love with excitement, and yet not wearied of its pursuit—the turnpike-road is more grateful than the easiest chair ever invented, and the little prison we entitle a carriage, more cheerful than the state rooms of Devonshire House.

We reached Calais in safety, and in good time, the next day.

"Will Monsieur dine in his rooms, or at the *table d'hôte*?"

"In his rooms, of course," said Bedos, indignantly deciding the question. A French valet's dignity is always involved in his master's.

"You are too good, Bedos," said I, "I shall dine at the *table d'hôte*—whom have you there in general?"

"Really," said the *garçon*, "we have such a swift succession of guests, that we seldom see the same faces two days running. We have as many changes as an English administration."

"You are facetious, said I.

"No," returned the *garçon*, who was a philosopher as well as a wit; "no, my digestive organs are very weak, and *par consequenee*, I am naturally melancholy—*Ah, ma foi, tres triste!*" and with these words the sentimental plate-changer placed his hand—I can scarcely say, whether on his heart, or his stomach, and sighed bitterly!

"How long," said I, "does it want to dinner?" My question restored the *garçon* to himself.

"Two hours, Monsieur, two hours," and twirling his *serviette* with an air of exceeding importance, off went my melancholy acquaintance to compliment new customers, and complain of his digestion.

After I had arranged my *toilette*—yawned three times and drunk two bottles of soda-water, I strolled into the town. As I was sauntering along leisurely enough, I heard my name pronounced behind me. I turned and saw Sir Willoughby Townshend, an old baronet of an antediluvian age—a fossil witness of the wonders of England, before the deluge of French manners swept away ancient customs, and created, out of the wrecks of what had been, a new order of things, and a new race of mankind.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Pelham, how are you? and the worthy Lady Frances, your mother, and your excellent father, all well?—I'm delighted to hear it. Russelton," continued Sir Willoughby, turning to a middle-aged man, whose arm he held, "you remember Pelham—true Whig—great friend of Sheridan's?—let me introduce his son to you. Mr. Russelton, Mr. Pelham; Mr. Pelham, Mr. Russelton."

At the name of the person thus introduced to me, a thousand recollections crowded upon my mind; the contemporary and rival of Napoleon—the autocrat of the great world of fashion and cravats—the mighty genius before whom aristocracy hath been humbled and *ton* abashed—at whose nod the haughtiest *noblesse* of Europe had quailed—who had introduced,

by a single example, starch into neckcloths, and had fed the pampered appetite of his boot-tops on champagne—whose coat and whose friend were cut with an equal grace—and whose name was connected with every triumph that the world's great virtue of audacity could achieve—the illustrious, the immortal Russelton, stood before me! I recognized in him a congenial, though a superior spirit, and I bowed with a profundity of veneration, with which no other human being has ever inspired me.

Mr. Russelton seemed pleased with my evident respect, and returned my salutation with a mock dignity which enchanted me. He offered me his disengaged arm; I took it with transport, and we all three proceeded up the street.

"So," said Sir Willoughby—"so, Russelton, you like your quarters here; plenty of sport among the English, I should think: you have not forgot the art of quizzing; eh, old fellow?"

"Even if I had," said Mr. Russelton, speaking very slowly, "the sight of Sir Willoughby Townshend would be quite sufficient to refresh my memory. Yes," continued the venerable wreck, after a short pause—"yes, I like my residence pretty well; I enjoy a calm conscience, and a clean shirt: what more can man desire? I have made acquaintance with a tame parrot, and I have taught it to say, whenever an English fool with a stiff neck and a loose swagger passes him—'True Briton—true Briton.' I take care of my health, and reflect upon old age. I have read Gil Blas, and the Whole Duty of Man; and, in short, what with instructing my parrot, and improving myself, I think I pass my time as creditably and decorously as the Bishop of Winchester, or my Lord of A—— himself. So you have just come from Paris, I presume, Mr. Pelham?"

"I left it yesterday!"

"Full of those horried English, I suppose; thrusting their broad hats and narrow minds into every shop in the *Palais Royal*—winking their dull eyes at the damsels of the counter, and manufacturing their notions of French into a higgle for *sous*. Oh! the monsters!—they bring on a bilious attack whenever I think of them: the other day one of them accosted me, and talked me into a nervous fever about patriotism and roast pigs: luckily I was near my own house, and reached it before the thing became fatal; but only think, had I wandered too far when he met me! at my time of life, the shock would have been too great; I should certainly have perished in a fit. I hope, at least, they would have put the cause of my death in my epitaph—'Died, of an Englishman, John Russelton, Esq., aged,' etc. Pah! You are not engaged, Mr. Pelham; dine with me to-day; Willoughby and his umbrella are coming."

"*Volontiers*," said I, "though I was going to make observations on men and manners at the *table d'hôte* of my hotel."

"I am most truly grieved," replied Mr. Russelton, "at depriving you of so much amusement. With me you will only find some tolerable Lafitte, and an anomalous dish my *cuisiniere* calls a mutton chop. It will be curious to see what variation in the monotony of mutton she will adopt to-day. The first time I ordered 'a chop,' I thought I had amply explained every necessary particular; a certain portion of flesh, and a gridiron: at Seven o'clock up came a *côtelette panee! Faute de mieux*, I swallowed the composition, drowned as it was in a most pernicious sauce. I had one hour's sleep, and the nightmare, in consequence. The next day, I imagined no mistake *could* be made: sauce was strictly prohibited; all extra ingredients laid under a most special veto, and a natural gravy gently recommended: the cover was removed, and lo! a breast of mutton, all bone and gristle, like the dying gladiator! This time my heart was too full for wrath; I sat down and wept! To-day will be the third time I shall make the experiment, if French cooks will consent to let one starve upon nature. For my part, I have no stomach left now for art: I wore out my digestion in youth, swallowing Jack St. Leger's suppers, and Sheridan's promises to pay. Pray, Mr. Pelham, did you try Staub when you were at Paris?"

"Yes; and thought him one degree better than Stultz, whom, indeed, I have long condemned, as fit only for minors at Oxford, and majors in the infantry."

"True," said Russelton, with a very faint smile at a pun, somewhat in his own way, and levelled at a tradesman, of whom he was, perhaps, a little jealous—"True; Stultz aims at

making *gentlemen*, not *coats*; there is a degree of aristocratic pretension in his stitches, which is vulgar to an appalling degree. You can tell a Stultz coat anywhere, which is quite enough to damn it: the moment a man's known by an invariable cut, and that not original, it ought to be all over with him. Give me the man who makes the tailor, not the tailor who makes the man."

"Right, by Jove!" cried Sir Willoughby, who was as badly dressed as one of Sir E——'s dinners. "Right; just my opinion. I have always told my Schneiders to make my clothes neither in the fashion nor out of to it; to copy no other man's coat, and to cut their cloth according to my natural body, not according to an isosceles triangle. Look at this coat, for instance," and Sir Willoughby Townshend made a dead halt, that we might admire his garment the more accurately.

"Coat!" said Russelton, with an appearance of the most *naïve* surprise, and taking hold of the collar, suspiciously, by the finger and thumb; "coat, Sir Willoughby! do you call *this thing a coat!*"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

J'ai toujours cru que le bon n'étoit que le *beau* mis en action.—ROUSSEAU.

SHORTLY after Russelton's answer to Sir Willoughby's eulogistic observations on his own attire, I left those two worthies till I was to join them at dinner: it wanted three hours yet to that time, and I repaired to my quarters to bathe and write letters. I scribbled one to Madame D'Anville, full of antitheses and maxims, sure to charm her; another to my mother, to prepare her for my arrival; and a third to Lord Vincent giving him certain commissions at Paris, which I had forgotten personally to execute.

My pen is not that of a ready writer; and what with yawning, stretching, and putting pen to paper, it was time to bathe and dress before my letters were completed. I set off to Russleton's abode in high spirits, and fully resolved to make the most of a character so original.

It was a very small room in which I found him: he was stretched in an easy chair before the fire-place, gazing complacently at his feet, and apparently occupied in anything but listening to Sir Willoughby Townshend who was talking with great vehemence about politics and the corn-laws. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, there was a small fire on the hearth, which, aided by the earnestness of his efforts to convince his host, put poor Sir Willoughby into a most intense perspiration. Russelton, however, seemed enviably cool, and hung over the burning wood like a cucumber on a hotbed. Sir Willoughby came to a full stop by the widow, and (gasping for breath) attempted to throw it open.

"What are you doing? for Heaven's sake, what are you doing?" cried Russelton, starting up; "do you mean to kill me?"

"Kill you!" said Sir Willoughby quite aghast.

"Yes; kill me! is it not quite cold enough already in this d—d seafaring place, without making my only retreat, humble as it is, a theatre for thorough draughts? Have I not had the rheumatism in my left shoulder, and the ague in my little finger, these last six months? and must you now terminate my miserable existence at one blow, by opening that abominable lattice? Do you think, because your great frame, fresh from the Yorkshire wolds, and compacted of such materials, that one would think, in eating your beeves, you had digested their hide into skin—do you think, because your limbs might be cut up into planks for a seventy-eight, and warranted waterproof without pitch, because of the density of their pores—do you think, because you are as impervious as an araphorostic shoe, that I, John Russelton, am equally impenetrable, and that you are to let easterly winds play about my rooms like children, begetting rheums and asthmas and all manners of catarrhs? I do beg, Sir Willoughby Townshend, that you will suffer me to die a more natural and civilized death;" and so saying, Russelton sank down into his chair, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion.

Sir Willoughby, who remembered the humorist in all his departed glory, and still venerated him as a temple where the deity yet breathed, though the altar was overthrown, made to this extraordinary remonstrance no other reply than a long *whiff*, and a "Well, Russelton, damme but you're a queer fellow."

Russelton now turned to me, and invited me, with a tone of the most lady-like languor, to sit down near the fire. As I am naturally of a chilly disposition, and fond, too, of beating people in their own line I drew a chair close to the hearth, declared the weather was very cold, and requested permission to ring the bell for some more wood. Russelton stared for a moment, and then, with a politeness he had not deigned to exert before, approached his chair to mine, and began a conversation, which, in spite of his bad witticisms, and peculiarity of manner, I found singularly entertaining.

Dinner was announced, and we adjourned to another room:—poor Sir Willoughby, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and breathing like a pug in a phthsis—groaned bitterly, when he discovered that this apartment was smaller and hotter than the one before. Russelton immediately helped him to some scalding soup—and said, as he told the servant to hand Sir Willoughby the cayenne, "you will find this, my dear Townshend, a very sensible *potage* for this severe season."

Dinner went off tamely enough, with the exception of "our fat friend's" agony, which Russelton enjoyed most luxuriously. The threatened mutton-chops did not make their appearance, and the dinner, though rather too small, was excellently cooked, and better arranged. With the dessert, the poor baronet rose, and pleading sudden indisposition, tottered out of the door.

When he was gone, Russelton threw himself back in his chair, and laughed for several minutes with a low chuckling sound, till the tears ran down his cheek.

After a few jests at Sir Willoughby, our conversation turned upon other individuals. I soon saw that Russelton was a soured and disappointed man; his remarks on people were all sarcasms—his mind was overflowed with a suffusion of ill-nature—he bit as well as growled. No man of the world ever, I am convinced, becomes a real philosopher in retirement. People who have been employed for years upon trifles have not the greatness of mind which could alone make them indifferent to what they have coveted all their lives, as most enviable and important.

"Have you read ——'s memoirs?" said Mr. Russelton. "No! Well, I imagined every one had at least dipped into them. I have often had serious thoughts of dignifying my own retirement, by the literary employment of detailing my adventures in the world. I think I could throw a new light upon things and persons, which my contemporaries will shrink back like owls at perceiving."

"Your life," said I, "must indeed furnish matter of equal instruction and amusement."

"Ay," answered Russelton "amusement to the fools, but instruction to the knaves. I am, indeed, a lamentable example of the fall of ambition. I brought starch into all the neckcloths in England, and I end by tying my own at a three-inch looking-glass at Calais. You are a young man, Mr. Pelham, about to commence life, probably with the same views as (though greater advantages than) myself; perhaps, in indulging my egotism, I shall not weary without recompensing you.

"I came into the world with an inordinate love of glory, and a great admiration of the original; these propensities might have made me a Shakspeare — they did more, they made me a Russelton! When I was six years old, I cut my jacket into a coat, and turned my aunt's best petticoat into a waistcoat. I disdained at eight the language of the vulgar, and when my father asked me to fetch his slippers, I replied, that my soul swelled beyond the limits of a lackey's. At nine, I was self-inoculated with propriety of ideas. I rejected malt with the air of His Majesty, and formed a violent affection for maraschino; though starving at school, I never took twice of pudding, and paid sixpence a week out of my shilling to have my shoes blacked. As I grew up, my notions expanded. I gave myself, without restraint, to the ambition that burnt within me—I cut my old friends, who were rather envious than emulous of my genius, and I employed three tradesmen to make my gloves—one for the hand, a second for the fingers, and a third for the thumb! These two qualities made me courted and admired by a new race—for the great secrets of being courted are to shun others, and seem delighted with yourself. The latter is obvious enough; who the deuce *should* be pleased with you, if you are not pleased with yourself?

"Before I left college I fell in love. Other fellows, at my age, in such a predicament, would have whined—shaved only twice a week,

and written verses. I did none of the three —the last indeed I tried, but, to my infinite surprise, I found my genius was not universal. I began with

'Sweet nymph, for whom I wake my muse.'

"For this, after considerable hammering, I could only think of the ryhme '*shoes*'—so I began again,—

'Thy praise demands much softer lutes.

And the fellow of this verse terminated like myself in 'boots.'—Other efforts were equally successful—'bloom' suggested to my imagination no rhyme but 'perfume!'—'despair' only reminded me of my 'hair,'—and 'hope' was met, at the end of the second verse, by the inharmonious antithesis of '*soap*.' Finding, therefore, that my *forte* was not in the Pierian line, I redoubled my attention to my dress; I *coated* and *cravatted* with all the attention the very inspiration of my rhymes seemed to advise;—in short, I thought the best pledge I could give my Dulcinea of my passion for her person, would be to show her what affectionate veneration I could pay to my own.

"My mistress could not withhold from me her admiration, but she denied me her love. She confessed Mr. Russelton was the best dressed man at the University, and had the whitest hands; and two days after this avowal, she ran away with a great rosy-cheeked extract from Leicestershire.

"I did not blame her: I pitied her too much —but I made a vow never to be in love again. In spite of all advantages I kept my oath, and avenged myself on the species for the insult of the individual.

"Before I commenced a part which was to continue through life, I considered deeply on the humors of the spectators. I saw that the character of the more fashionable of the English was servile to rank, and yielding to pretension—they admire you for your acqaintance, and cringe to you for your conceit. The first thing, therefore, was to know great people— the second to control them. I dressed well, and had good horses—that was sufficient to make me sought by the young of my own sex. I talked scandal, and was never abashed—that was more than enough to make me admired among the matrons of the other. It is single men, and married women, to whom are given the St. Peter's keys of Society. I was soon admitted into its heaven—I was more—I was one of its saints. I became imitated as well as initiated. I was the rage—the lion. Why? —was I better—was I richer—was I handsomer—was I cleverer, than my kind? No, no;—(and here Russelton ground his teeth with a strong and wrathful expression of scorn); —and had I been all—had I been a very concentration and monopoly of all human perfections, they would not have valued me at half the price they *did* set on me. It was—I will tell you the simple secret, Mr. Pelham—it was because I *trampled on them*, that, like crushed herbs, they sent up a grateful incense in return.

"Oh! it was balm to my bitter and loathing temper, to see those who would have spurned *me* from them, if they dared, writhe beneath my lash, as I withheld or inflicted it at will. I was the magician who held the great spirits that longed to tear me to pieces, by one simple spell which a superior hardihood had won me —and, by Heaven, I did not spare to exert it.

"Well, well, this is but an idle recollection now; all human power, says the proverb of every language, is but of short duration. Alexander did not conquer kingdoms for ever; and Russelton's good fortune deserted him at last. Napoleon died in exile, and so shall I; but we have both had our day, and mine was the brightest of the two, for it had no change till the evening. I am more happy than people would think for—*Je ne suis pas souvent où mon corps est*—I live in a world of recollections. I trample again upon coronets and ermine, the glories of the small great! I give once more laws which no libertine is so hardy as not to feel exalted in adopting; I hold my court, and issue my fiats: I am like the madman, and out of the very straws of my cell, I make my subjects and my realm; and when I wake from these bright visions, and see myself an old, deserted man, forgotten, and decaying inch by inch in a foreign village, I can at least summon sufficient of my ancient regality of spirit not to sink beneath the reverse. If I am inclined to be melancholy, why, I extinguish my fire, and imagine I have demolished a duchess. I steal up to my solitary chamber, to renew again, in my sleep, the phantoms of my youth; to carouse with princes; to legislate

for nobles; and to wake in the morning (here Russelton's countenance and manner suddenly changed to an affectation of methodistical gravity), and thank Heaven that I have still a coat to my stomach, as well as to my back, and that I am safely delivered of such villanous company; 'to forswear sack and live cleanly,' during the rest of my sublunary existence."

After this long detail of Mr. Russelton's, the conversation was but dull and broken. I could not avoid indulging a reverie upon what I had heard, and my host was evidently still revolving the reccollections his narration had conjured up; we sat opposite each other for several minutes, as abstracted and distracted as if we had been a couple two months married; till at last I rose, and tendered my adieus. Russelton received them with his usual coldness, but more than his usual civility, for he followed me to the door.

Just as they were about to shut it, he called me back. "Mr. Pelham," said he, "Mr. Pelham, when you come back this way, do look in upon me, and—and as you will be going a good deal into society, *just find out what people say of my manner of life!*" *

CHAPTER XXXIV.

An old worshipful gentleman, that had a great estate,
And kept a brave old house at a hospitable rate.
—*Old Song.*

I THINK I may, without much loss to the reader, pass in silence over my voyage, the next day, to Dover. (Horrible reminiscence!) I may also spare him an exact detail of all the inns and impositions between that sea-port and London; nor will it be absolutely necessary to the plot of this history, to linger over every milestone between the metropolis and Glenmorris Castle, where my uncle and my mother were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the candidate to be.

It was a fine bright evening when my carriage entered the park. I had not seen the place for years; and I felt my heart swell with something like family pride, as I gazed on the magnificent extent of hill and plain that opened upon me, as I passed the ancient and ivy-covered lodge. Large groups of trees, scattered on either side, seemed, in their own antiquity, the witness of that of the family which had given them existence. The sun set on the waters which lay gathered in a lake at the foot of the hill, breaking the waves into unnumbered sapphires, and tinging the dark firs that overspread the margin, with a rich and golden light, that put me excessively in mind of the Duke of ——'s livery!

When I descended at the gate, the servants, who stood arranged in an order so long that it almost startled me, received me with a visible gladness and animation, which showed me, at one glance, the old fashioned tastes of their master. Who, in these days, ever inspires his servants with a single sentiment of regard or interest for himself or his whole race? That tribe one never, indeed, considers as possessing a life separate from their services to us: beyond that purpose of existence, we know not even if they exist. As Providence made the stars for the benefit of earth, so it made servants for the use of gentlemen; and, as neither stars nor servants appear except when we want them, so I suppose they are in a sort of suspense from *being*, except at those important and happy moments.

To return—for if I have any fault, it is too great a love for abstruse speculation and reflection—I was formally ushered through a great hall, hung round with huge antlers and rusty armor, through a lesser one, supported by large stone columns, and without any other adornment than the arms of the family; then through an anti-room, covered with tapestry, representing the gallantries of King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba; and lastly, into the apartment honored by the august presence of Lord Glenmorris. That personage was dividing the sofa with three spaniels and a setter; he rose hastily when I was announced, and then checking the first impulse which hurried him, perhaps, into an unseemly warmth of salutation, held out his hand with a stately air of kindly protection, and while he pressed mine, surveyed me from head to foot, to see

* It will be perceived by those readers who are kind or patient enough to reach the conclusion of this work, that Russelton is specified as one of my few dramatis personæ of which only the *first* outline is taken from real life, and from a very noted personage; all the rest —all, indeed, which forms and marks the character thus briefly delineated, is drawn solely from imagination.

how far my appearance justified his condescension.

Having, at last, satisfied himself, he proceeded to inquire after the state of my appetite. He smiled benignantly when I confessed that I was excessively well prepared to testify its capacities (the first idea of all kind-hearted, old-fashioned people, is to stuff you), and, silently motioning to the grey-headed servant who stood in attendance, till, receiving the expected sign, he withdrew, Lord Glenmorris informed me that dinner was over for every one but myself, that for me it would be prepared in an instant, that Mr. Toolington had expired four days since, that my mother was, at that moment, canvassing for me, and that my own electioneering qualities were to open their exhibition with the following day.

After this communication there was a short pause. "What a beautiful place this is!" said I, with great enthusiasm. Lord Glenmorris was pleased with the compliment, simple as it was.

"Yes," said he, "it is, and I have made it still more so than you have yet been able to perceive."

"You have been planting, probably, on the other side of the park?"

"No," said my uncle, smiling; "Nature had done every thing for this spot when I came to it, but one; and the addition of that one ornament is the only real triumph which art ever can achieve."

"What is it?" asked I; "oh, I know—water."

"You are mistaken," answered Lord Glenmorris; "It is the ornament of—*happy faces.*"

I looked up to my uncle's countenance in sudden surprise. I cannot explain how I was struck with the expression which it wore: so calmly bright and open!—it was as if the very daylight had settled there.

"You don't understand this at present, Henry," said he, after a moment's silence; "but you will find it, of all rules for the improvement of property, the easiest to learn. Enough of this now. Were you not in despair at leaving Paris?"

"I should have been, some months ago; but when I received my mother's summons, I found the temptations of the continent very light in comparison with those held out to me here."

"What, have you already arrived at that great epoch, when vanity casts off its *first* skin, and ambition succeeds to pleasure? Why—but thank Heaven that you have lost my moral your dinner is announced."

Most devoutly *did* I thank Heaven, and most earnestly did I betake myself to do honor to my uncle's hospitality.

I had just finished my repast, when my mother entered. She was, as you might well expect from her maternal affection, quite overpowered with joy, *first*, at finding my hair grown so much darker, and *secondly*, at my looking so well. We spent the whole evening in discussing the great business for which I had been summoned. Lord Glenmorris promised me money, and my mother advice; and I, in my turn, enchanted them, by promising to make the best use of both.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Cor.—Your good voice, sir—what say you!
2nd Cit.—You shall have it, worthy sir.
—*Coriolanus.*

THE borough of Buyemall had long been in undisputed possession of the Lords of Glenmorris, till a rich banker, of the name of Lufton, had bought a large estate in the immediate neighborhood of Glenmorris Castle. This event, which was the precursor of a mighty revolution in the borough of Buyemall, took place in the first year of my uncle's accession to his property. A few months afterwards, a vacancy in the borough occurring, my uncle procured the nomination of one of his own political party. To the great astonishment of Lord Glenmorris, and the great gratification of the burghers of Buyemall, Mr. Lufton offered himself in opposition to the Glenmorris candidate. In this age of enlightenment, innovation has no respect, for the most sacred institutions of antiquity. The burghers, for the only time since their creation as a body, were cast first into doubt, and secondly into rebellion. The Lufton faction, *horresco referens*, were triumphant, and the rival candidate was returned. From that hour the Borough of Buyemall was open to all the world.

My uncle, who was a good easy man, and had some strange notions of free representa-

tion, and liberty of election, professed to care very little for this event. He contented himself, henceforward, with exerting his interest for one of the members, and left the other seat entirely at the disposal of the line of Lufton, which, from the time of the first competition, continued peaceably to monopolize it.

During the last two years, my uncle's candidate, the late Mr. Toolington, had been gradually dying of a dropsy, and the Luftons had been so *particularly* attentive to the honest burghers, that it was shrewdly suspected a bold push was to be made for the other seat. During the last month these doubts were changed into certainty. Mr. Augustus Leopold Lufton, eldest son to Benjamin Lufton, Esq., had publicly declared his intention of starting at the decease of Mr. Toolington; against this personage behold myself armed and arrayed.

Such is, in brief, the history of the borough, up to the time in which I was to take a prominent share in its interests and events.

On the second day after my arrival at the castle, the following advertisement appeared at Buyemall:—

"*To the Independent Electors of the Borough of Buyemall.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"In presenting myself to your notice, I advance a claim not altogether new and unfounded. My family have for centuries been residing amongst you, and exercising that interest which reciprocal confidence, and good offices, may fairly create. Should it be my good fortune to be chosen your representative, you may rely upon my utmost endeavors to deserve that honor. One word upon the principles I espouse: they are those which have found their advocates among the wisest and the best; they are those which, hostile alike to the encroachments of the crown, and the licentiousness of the people, would support the real interests of both. Upon these grounds, gentlemen, I have the honor to solicit your votes; and it is with the sincerest respect for your ancient and honorable body, that I subscribe myself your very obedient servant,

"HENRY PELHAM."

"Glenmorris Castle," etc. etc.

Such was the first public signification of my intentions; it was drawn up by Mr. Sharpon, our lawyer, and considered by our friends as a masterpiece: for, as my mother sagely observed, it did not commit me in a single instance—espoused no principle, and yet professed principles which all parties would allow were the best.

At the first house where I called, the proprietor was a clergyman of good family, who had married a lady from Baker-street: of course the Reverend Combermere St. Quintin and his wife valued themselves upon being "*genteel.*" I arrived at an unlucky moment; on entering the hall, a dirty footboy was carrying a yellow-ware dish of potatoes into the back-room. Another Ganymede (a sort of footboy-major), who opened the door, and who was still "*settling himself into his coat*, which he had slipped on at my tintinnabulary summons, ushered me with a mouth full of bread and cheese into this said back room.

I gave up everything as lost, when I entered, and saw the lady helping her youngest child to some ineffable trash, which I have since heard is called "blackberry pudding." Another of the tribe was bawling out, with a loud, hungry tone—"A tatoe, pa!" The father himself was carving for the little group, with a napkin stuffed into the top button-hole of his waistcoat, and the mother, with a long bib, plentifully bespattered with congealing gravy, and the nectarian liquor of the "blackberry pudding," was sitting, with a sort of presiding complacency on a high stool, like Juno on Olympus, enjoying rather than stilling the confused hubbub of the little domestic deities, who ate, clattered, spattered, and squabbled around her.

Amidst all this din and confusion, the candidate for the borough of Buyemall was ushered into the house-hold privacy of the *genteel* Mr. and Mrs. St. Quintin. Up started the lady at the sound of my name. The Rev. Combermere St. Quintin seemed frozen into stone. The plate between the youngest child and the blackberry-pudding stood as stil as the sun in Ajalon. The morsel between the mouth of the elder boy and his fork had a respite from mastication. The Seven Sleepers could not have been spell-bound more suddenly and completely.

"Ah," cried I, advancing eagerly with an air of serious and yet abrupt gladness; "how lucky that I should find you all at luncheon. I was up and had finished breakfast so early this morning that I am half famished. Only think how fortunate, Hardy, (turning round to one of the members of my committee, who accompanied me); I was just saying what would I not give to find Mr. St. Quintin at luncheon. Will you allow me, Madam, to make one of your party?"

Mrs. St. Quintin colored and faltered, and muttered out something which I was fully resolved *not* to hear. I took a chair, looked round the table, not *too* attentively, and said—"Cold veal; ah! ah! nothing I like so much. May I trouble you, Mr. St. Quintin?—Hollo, my little man, let's see if you can't give me a potato. There's a brave fellow. How old are you, my young hero?—to look at your mother, I should say two, to look at *you* six."

"He is four next May,' said his mother, coloring, and this time *not* painfully.

"Indeed?" said I, surveying him earnestly; and then, in a graver tone, I turned to the Rev. Combermere with—"I think you have a branch of your family still settled in France. I met a St. Quintin (the Duc de Poictiers) abroad."

"Yes," said Mr. Combermere, "yes, the name is still in Normandy, but I was not aware of the title."

"No!" said I, with surprise; "and yet (with another look at the boy), it is astonishing how long family likenesses last. I was a great favorite with all the Duc's children. Do you know, I must trouble you for some more veal, it is so very good, and I am so very hungry."

"How long have you been abroad?" said Mrs. St. Quintin, who had slipped off her bib, and smoothed her ringlets; for which purposes I had been most adroitly looking in an opposite direction the last three minutes.

"About seven or eight months. The fact is, that the continent only does for us English people to see—not to inhabit; and yet, there are some advantages there, Mr. St. Quintin!—among others, that of the due respect ancient birth is held in. Here, you know, 'money makes the man,' as the vulgar proberb has it?"

"Yes,"said Mr. St. Quintin, with a sigh, "it is really dreadful to see those upstarts rising around us, and throwing every thing that is respectable and ancient into the back ground. Dangerous times these, Mr. Pelham—dangerous times; nothing but innovation upon the most sacred institutions. I am sure, Mr. Pelham, that your principles must be decidedly against these new-fashioned doctrines, which lead to nothing but anarchy and confusion—absolutely nothing."

"I'm delighted to find you so much of my opinion!" said I. "I cannot endure anything *that leads to anarchy and confusion.*"

Here Mr. Combermere glanced at his wife,—who rose, called to the children, and, accompanied by them, gracefully withdrew.

"Now then," said Mr. Combermere, drawing his chair nearer to me,—"now, Mr. Pelham, we can discuss these matters. Women are no politicians,"—and at this sage aphorism, the Rev. Combermere laughed a low solemn laugh, which could have come from no other lips. After I had joined in this grave merriment for a second or two, I hemmed thrice, and with a countenance suited to the subject and and the host, plunged at once *in medias res.*

"Mr. St. Quintin," said I, "you are already aware, I think, of my intention of offering myself as a candidate for the borough of Buyemall. I could not think of such a measure, without calling upon you, the very first person, to solicit the honor of your vote." Mr. Combermere looked pleased, and prepared to reply. "You are the very first person I called upon," repeated I.

Mr. Combermere smiled. "Well, Mr. Pelham," said he, "our families have long been on the most intimate footing."

"Ever since," cried I, "ever since Henry the Seventh's time have the houses of St. Quintin and Glenmorris been allied! Your ancestors, you know, were settled in the county before ours, and my mother assures me that she has read, in some old book or another, a long account of your forefather's kind reception of mine at the castle of St. Quintin. I *do* trust, sir, that we have done nothing to forfeit a support so long afforded us."

"Mr. St. Quintin bowed in speechless gratification; at length he found voice. "But your principles, Mr. Pelham?"

"Quite your's, my dear sir: *quite against anarchy and confusion.*"

"But the Catholic question, Mr. Pelham?"

"Oh! the Catholic question" repeated I, "is a question of great importance; it won't be carried—no, Mr. St. Quintin, no, it won't be carried; how *did* you think, my dear sir, that I could, in so great a question, act against my conscience?"

I said this with warmth, and Mr. St. Quintin was either too convinced or too timid to pursue so dangerous a topic any further. I blessed

my stars when he paused, and, not giving him time to think of another piece of debatable ground, continued,—"Yes, Mr. St. Quintin, I called upon you the very first person. Your rank in the county, your ancient birth, to be sure, demanded it; but *I* only considered the long, long time the St. Quintins and Pelhams had been connected."

"Well," said the Rev. Combermere, "well, Mr. Pelham, you shall have my support; and I wish, from my very heart, all success to a young gentleman of such excellent principles."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

More voices!
* * * * *
Sic.—How now, my masters, have you chosen him?
Cit.—He has our voices, sir!—*Coriolanus.*

From Mr. Combermere St. Quintin's we went to a bluff, hearty, radical wine-merchant, whom I had very little probability of gaining; but my success with the clerical Armado had inspirited me, and I did not suffer myself to fear, though I could scarcely persuade myself to hope. How exceedingly impossible it is, in governing men, to lay down positive rules, even where we know the temper of the individual to be gained! "You must be very stiff and formal with the St. Quintins," said my mother. She was right in the general admonition, and had I found them all seated in the best drawing-room, Mrs. St. Quintin in her best attire, and the children on their best behavior, I should have been as stately as Don Quixote in a brocade dressing-grown; but finding them in such dishabille, I could not affect too great a plainness and almost coarseness of bearing, as if I had never been accustomed to anything more refined than I found there; nor might I, by any appearance of pride in myself, put them in mind of the wound *their* own pride had received. The difficulty was to blend with this familiarity a certain respect, just the same as a French ambassador might have testified towards the august person of George the Third, had he found his Majesty at dinner at one o'clock, over mutton and turnips.

In overcoming this difficulty, I congratulated myself with as much zeal and fervor as if I had performed the most important victory; for, whether it be innocent or sanguinary, in war or at an election, there is no triumph so gratifying to the viciousness of human nature, as the conquest of our fellow beings.

But I must return to my wine-merchant, Mr. Briggs. His house was at the entrance of the town of Buyemall; it stood enclosed in a small garden, flaming with crocuses and sunflowers, and exhibiting an arbor to the right, where, in the summer evenings, the respectable owner might be seen, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, in order to give that just and rational liberty to the subordinate parts of the human commonwealth which the increase of their consequence, after the hour of dinner, naturally demands. Nor, in those moments of dignified ease, was the worthy burgher without the divine inspirations of complacent contemplation which the weed of Virginia bestoweth. There, as he smoked and puffed, and looked out upon the bright crocuses, and meditated over the dim recollections of the hesternal journal, did Mr. Briggs revolve in his mind the vast importance of the borough of Buyemall to the British empire, and the vast importance of John Briggs to the borough of Buyemall.

When I knocked at the door a prettyish maid-servant opened it with a smile, and a glance which the vendor of wine might probably have taught her himself after too large potations of his own spirituous manufactures. I was ushered into a small parlor—where sat, sipping brandy and water, a short, stout, *monosyllabic* sort of figure, corresponding in outward shape *to the name of Briggs*—even unto a very nicety.

"Mr. Pelham," said this gentleman, who was dressed in a brown coat, white waistcoat, buff-colored inexpressibles, with long strings, and gaiters of the same hue and substance as the breeches—"Mr. Pelham, pray be seated—excuse my rising, I'm like the bishop in the story, Mr. Pelham, too old to rise;" and Mr. Briggs grunted out a short, quick, querulous, "he—he—he," to which, of course, I replied to the best of my cachinnatory powers.

No sooner, however, did I begin to laugh, than Mr. Briggs stopped short—eyed me with a sharp, suspicious glance—shook his head, and pushed back his chair at least four feet

from the spot it had hitherto occupied. Ominous signs, thought I—I must sound this gentleman a little further, before I venture to treat him as the rest of his species.

"You have a nice situation here, Mr. Briggs," said I.

"Ah, Mr. Pelham, and a nice vote too, which is somewhat more to your purpose, I believe."

"Why," said I, "Mr. Briggs, to be frank with you, I do call upon you for the purpose of requesting your vote; give it me, or not, just as you please. You may be sure I shall not make use of the vulgar electioneering arts to coax gentlemen out of their votes. I ask you for yours as one freeman solicits another: if you think my opponent a fitter person to represent your borough, give your support to him in Heaven's name: if not, and you place confidence in me, I will, at least, endeavor not to betray it."

"Well done, Mr. Pelham," exclaimed Mr. Briggs: "I love candor—you speak just after my own heart; but you must be aware that one does not like to be bamboozled out of one's right of election, by a smooth-tongued fellow, who sends one to the devil the moment the election is over—or still worse, to be frightened out of it by some stiff-necked proud coxcomb, with his pedigree in his hand, and his acres in his face, thinking he does you a marvellous honor to ask you at all. Sad times these, for this free country, Mr. Pelham, when a parcel of conceited paupers, like Parson Quinny (as I call that reverend fool, Mr. Combermere St. Quintin), imagine they have a right to dictate to warm, honest men, who can buy their whole family out and out. I tell you what, Mr. Pelham, we shall never do anything for this country till we get rid of those landed aristocrats, with their ancestry and humbug. I hope you're of my mind, Mr. Pelham."

"Why," answered I, "there is certainly nothing so respectable in Great Britain as our commercial interest. A make who makes himself is worth a thousand men made by their forefathers."

"Very true, Mr. Pelham," said the wine-merchant, advancing his chair to me; and then, laying a short, *thickset* finger upon my arm—he looked up in my face with an investigating air, and said:—"Parliamentary Reform—what do you say to that? you're not an advocate for ancient abuses, and modern corruption, I hope, Mr. Pelham?"

"By no means," cried I, with an honest air of indignation—"I have a conscience, Mr. Briggs, I have a conscience as a public man, no less than as a private one!"

"Admirable!" cried my host.

"No," I continued, glowing as I proceeded, "no, Mr. Briggs; I disdain to talk too much about my principles before they are tried; the proper time to proclaim them is when they have effected some good by being put into action. I won't supplicate your vote, Mr. Briggs, as my opponent may do; there must be a mutual confidence between my supporters and myself. When I appear before you a second time, you will have a right to see how far I have wronged that trust reposed in me as your representative. Mr. Briggs, I dare say it may seem rude and impolitic to address you in this manner; but I am a plain, blunt man, and I disdain the vulgar arts of electioneering, Mr. Briggs."

"Give us your fist, sir," cried the wine-merchant, in a transport; "give us your fist; I promise you my support, and I am delighted to vote for a *young gentleman of such excellent principles*."

So much, dear reader, for Mr. Briggs, who became from that interview my staunchest supporter. I will not linger longer upon this part of my career: the above conversations may serve as a sufficient sample of my electioneering qualifications: and so I shall merely add, that after the due quantum of dining, drinking, spouting, lying, equivocating, bribing, rioting, head-breaking, promise-breaking, and —thank the god Mercury, who presides over elections—*chairing* of successful candidateship, I found myself fairly chosen member for the borough of Buyemall!*

* It is fortunate that Mr. Pelham's election was not for a rotten borough; so that the satire of this chapter is not yet obsolete nor unsalutary. Parliamentary Reform has not terminated the tricks of canvassing—and Mr. Pelham's descriptions are as applicable now as when first written. All personal canvassing is but for the convenience of cunning—the opportunity for manner to disguise principle. Public meetings, in which expositions of opinion must be clear, and will be cross-examined, are the only legitimate mode of canvass. The English begin to discover this truth; may these scenes serve to quicken their apprehension.—THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Political education is like the keystone to the arch—the strength of the whole depends upon it—*Encycl. Britt. Sup. Art. Education.*

I was sitting in the library of Glenmorris Castle, about a week after all the bustle of contest and the *éclât* of victory had begun to subside, and quietly *dallying* with the dry toast, which constituted then, and does to this day, my ordinary breakfast, when I was accosted by the following speech from my uncle:—

"Henry, your success has opened to you a new career: I trust you intend to pursue it?"

"Certainly," was my answer.

"But you know, my dear Henry, that though you have great talents, which, I confess, I was surprised in the course of the election to discover, yet they want that careful cultivation, which, in order to shine in the House of Commons, they must receive. *Entre nous*, Henry; a little reading would do you no harm."

"Very well," said I, "suppose I begin with Walter Scott's novels; I am told they are extremely entertaining."

"True," answered my uncle, "but they don't contain the most accurate notions of history, or the soundest principles of political philosophy in the world. What did you think of doing to-day, Henry?"

"*Nothing!*" said I very innocently.

"I should conceive that to be an usual answer of yours, Henry, to any similar question."

"I think it is," replied I, with great *naïveté*.

"Well, then, let us have the breakfast things taken away, and do *something* this morning."

"Willingly," said I, ringing the bell.

The table was cleared, and my uncle began his examination. Little, poor man, had he thought, from my usual bearing, and the character of my education, that in general literature there were few subjects on which I was not to the full as well read as himself. I enjoyed his surprise, when, little by little, he began to discover the extent of my information; but I was mortified to find it was *only* surprise, *not* delight.

"You have," said he, "a considerable store of learning: far more than I could possibly have imagined you possessed; but it is *knowledge, not learning*, in which I wish you to be skilled. I would rather, in order to gift you with the former, that you were more destitute of the latter. The object of education is to instil *principles* which are hereafter to guide and instruct us; *facts* are only desirable, so far as they illustrate those principles; principles ought therefore to precede facts! What then can we think of a system which reverses this evident order, overloads the memory with facts, and those of the most doubtful description, while it leaves us entirely in the dark with regard to the principles which could alone render this heterogeneous mass of any advantage or avail? Learning, without knowledge, is but a bundle of prejudices; a lumber of inert matter set before the threshold of the understanding to the exclusion of common sense. Pause for a moment, and recall those of your contemporaries who are generally considered well-informed; tell me if their information has made them a whit the *wiser;* if not, it is only sanctified ignorance. Tell me if names with them are not a sanction for opinion; quotations, the resresentatives of axioms? All they have learned only serves as an excuse for all they are ignorant of. In one month, I will engage that you shall have a juster and deeper insight into wisdom, than they have been all their lives acquiring; the great error of education is to fill the mind *first* with antiquated authors, and then to try the principles of the present day by the authorities and maxims of the past. We will pursue, for our plan, the exact reverse of the ordinary method. We will learn the doctrines of the day, as the first and most necessary step, and we will then glance over those which have passed away, as researches rather curious than useful.

"You see this very small pamphlet; it is a paper by Mr. Mill, upon Government. We will know this thoroughly, and when we have done so, we may rest assured that we have a far more accurate information upon the head and front of all political knowledge, than two-thirds of the young men whose cultivation of mind you have usually heard panegyrized."

So saying, my uncle opened the pamphlet. He pointed out to me its close and mathematical reasoning, in which no flaw could be detected, nor deduction controverted; and he filled up, as we proceeded, from the science of his own clear and enlarged mind, the various parts which the political logician had left for

reflection to complete. My uncle had this great virtue of an *expositor*, that he never *over-explained;* he never made a parade or his lecture, nor confused what was simple by unnecessary comment.

When we broke off our first day's employment, I was quite astonished at the new light which had gleamed upon me. I felt like Sinbad, the sailor, when, in wandering through the cavern in which he had been buried alive, he caught the first glimpse of the bright day. Naturally eager in everything I undertook, fond of application, and addicted to reflect over the various bearings of any object that once engrossed my attention, I made great advance in my new pursuit. After my uncle had brought me to be thoroughly conversant with certain and definite principles, we proceeded to illustrate them from fact. For instance, when we had finished the "Essay upon Government," we examined into the several Constitutions of England, British America, and France; the three countries which pretend the most to excellence in their government: and we were enabled to perceive and judge the defects and merits of each, because we had, *previously* to our examination, established certain rules, by which they were to be investigated and tried. Here my sceptical indifference to facts was my chief reason for readily admitting knowledge. I had no prejudices to contend with; no obscure notions gleaned from the past; no popular maxims cherished as truths. Everything was placed before me as before a wholly impartial inquirer—freed from all the decorations and delusions of sects and parties: every argument was stated with logical precision—every opinion referred to a logical test.

Hence, in a very short time, I owned the justice of my uncle's assurance, as to the comparative concentration of knowledge. We went over the whole of Mill's admirable articles in the Encyclopædia, over the more popular works of Bentham, and thence we plunged into the recesses of political economy. I know not why this study has been termed uninteresting. No sooner had I entered upon its consideration, than I could scarcely tear myself from it. Never from that moment to this have I ceased to pay it the most constant attention, not so much as a study as an amusement; but at that time my uncle's object was not to make me a profound political economist. "I wish," said he, "merely to give you an acquaintance with the principles of the science; not that you may be entitled to boast of knowledge, but that you may be enabled to avoid ignorance; not that you may discover truth, but that you my detect error. Of all sciences, political economy is contained in the fewest books, and yet is the most difficult to master; because all its higher branches require earnestness of reflection, proportioned to the scantiness of reading. Ricardo's work, together, with some conversational enlargement on the several topics he treats of, will be enough for our present purpose. I wish, *then*, to show you, how inseparably allied is the great science of public policy with that of private morality. And this, Henry is the grandest object of all. Now to our *present* study,"

Well, gentle reader, (I love, by the by, as you already perceive, that old-fashioned courtesy of addressing you)—well, to finish this part of my life, which, as it it treats rather of my attempts at reformation than any success in error, must begin to weary you exceedingly, I acquired, more from my uncle's conversation than the books we read, a sufficient acquaintance with the elements of knowledge, to satisfy myself, and to please my instructor. And I must say, in justification of my studies and my tutor, than I derived one benefit from them which has continued with me to this hour—viz., I obtained a clear knowledge of moral principle. Before that time, the little ability I possessed only led me into acts, which, I fear, most benevolent reader, thou hast already sufficiently condemned: my good feelings—for I was not naturally bad—never availed me the least when present temptation came into my way. I had no guide but passion; no rule but the impulse of the moment. What else could have been the result of my education? If I was immoral, it was because I was never taught morality. Nothing, perhaps, is less innate than virtue. I own that the lessons of my uncle did not work miracles—that, living in the world, I have not separated myself from its errors and its follies: the vortex was too strong—the atmosphere too contagious; but I have at least avoided the crimes into which my temper would most likely have driven me. I ceased to look upon the world as a game one was to play fairly, if

possible—but where a little cheating was readily allowed; I no longer divorced the interests of other men from my own: if I endeavored to blind them, it was neither by unlawful means, nor for a purely selfish end:—it—but come, Henry Pelham, thou hast praised thyself enough for the present; and, after all, thy future adventures will best tell if thou art really amended.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

—— Mihi jam not regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet.—Hor.

"My dear child," said my mother to me, affectionately, "you must be very much bored here. To say truth, I am so myself. Your uncle is a very good man, but he does not make his house pleasant; and I have, lately, been very much afraid that he should convert you into a mere bookworm; after all, my dear Henry, you are quite clever enough to trust to your own ability, Your great geniuses never read."

"True, my dear mother," said I, with a most unequivocal yawn, and depositing on the table Mr. Bentham on Popular Fallacies; "true, and I am quite of your opinion. Did you see in the Post of this morning, how full Cheltenham was?"

"Yes, Henry; and now you mention it, I don't think you could do better than to go there for a month or two. As for me, I must return to your father, whom I left at Lord H——'s: a place, *entres nous*, very little more amusing than this—but then one does get one's *ecarte* table, and that dear Lady Roseville, your old acquaintance, is staying there."

"Well," said I, musingly, "suppose we take our departure the beginning of next week?—our way will be the same as far as London, and the plea of attending you will be a good excuse to my uncle for proceeding no farther in these confounded books."

"*C'est une affaire fine*," replied my mother, "and I will speak to your uncle myself."

Accordingly, the necessary disclosure of our intentions was made. Lord Glenmorris received it with proper indifference, so far as my mother was concerned: but expressed much pain at *my* leaving him so soon. However, when he found I was not so much gratified as honored by his wishes for my longer *sejour*, he gave up the point with a delicacy that enchanted me.

The morning of our departure arrived. Carriage at the door—band-boxes in the passage—breakfast on the table—myself in my great coat—my uncle in his great chair. "My dear boy," said he, "I trust we shall meet again soon: you have abilities that may make you capable of effecting much good to your fellow-creatures; but you are fond of the world, and, though not averse to application, devoted to pleasure, and likely to pervert the gifts you possess. At all events, you have now learned, both as a public character and a private individual, the difference between good and evil. Make but this distinction: that whereas, in political science, the rules you have learned may be fixed and unerring, yet the application of them must vary with time and circumstance. We must bend, temporize, and frequently withdraw, doctrines which, invariable in their truth, the prejudices of the time will not invariably allow, and even relinquish a faint hope of obtaining a great good, for the certainty of obtaining a lesser; yet in the science of private morals, which relate for the main part to ourselves individually, we have no right to deviate one single iota from the rule of our conduct. Neither time nor circumstance must cause us to modify or to change. Integrity knows no variation; honesty no shadow of turning. We must pursue the same course—stern and uncompromising—in the full persuasion that the path of right is like the bridge from earth to heaven, in the Mahometan creed;—if we swerve but a single hair's breadth, we are irrevocably lost."

At this moment my mother joined us, with a "Well, my dear Henry, everything is ready—we have no time to lose."

My uncle rose, pressed my hand, and left in it a pocket-book, which I afterwards discovered to be most satisfactorily furnished We took an edifying and affectionate farewell of each other, passed through the two rows of servants, drawn up in martial array, along the great hall, and I entered the carriage, and *went off* with the rapidity of a novel upon "fashionable life."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Dic—si grave non est—
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca.—HOR.

I DID not remain above a day or two in town. I had never seen much of the humors of a watering-place, and my love of observing character made me exceedingly impatient for that pleasure. Accordingly, the first bright morning, I set off for Cheltenham. I was greatly struck with the entrance to that town: it is to these watering-places that a foreigner should be taken, in order to give him an adequate idea of the magnificent opulence and universal luxury of England. Our country has, in every province, what France only has in Paris—a capital, consecrated to gaiety, idleness, and enjoyment. London is both too busy in one class of society, and too pompous in another, to please a foreigner, who has not excellent recommendations to private circles. But at Brighton, Cheltenham, Hastings, Bath, he may, as at Paris, find all the gaieties of society without knowing a single individual.

My carriage stopped at the ——Hotel. A corpulent and stately waiter, with gold buckles to a pair of very tight pantaloons, showed me up stairs. I found myself in a tolerable room facing the street, and garnished with two pictures of rocks and rivers, with a comely flight of crows, hovering in the horizon of both, as natural as possible—only they were a little larger than the trees. Over the chimney-piece, where I had fondly hoped to find a looking-glass, was a grave print of General Washington, with one hand stuck out like the spout of a tea-pot. Between the two windows (unfavorable position!) was an oblong mirror, to which I immediately hastened, and had the pleasure of seeing my complexion catch the color of the curtains that overhung the glass on each side, and exhibit the pleasing *rurality* of a pale green.

I shrunk back aghast, turned, and beheld the waiter. Had I seen myself in a glass delicately shaded by rose-hued curtains, I should gently and smilingly have said, "Have the goodness to bring me the bill of fare." As it was, I growled out, "Bring me the bill."

The stiff waiter bowed solemnly, and withdrew slowly. I looked round the room once more, and discovered the additional adornments of a tea-urn, and a book. "Thank Heaven," thought I, as I took up the latter, "it can't be one of Jeremy Bentham's." No! it was the Cheltenham Guide. I turned to the head of amusements—"Dress ball at the rooms every——" some day or other—which of the seven I utterly forget; but it was the same as that which witnessed my first arrival in the small drawing-room of the——Hotel.

"Thank Heaven!" said I to myself, as Bedos entered with my things, and was ordered immediately to have all in preparation for "the dress-ball at the rooms," at the hour of half-past ten. The waiter entered with the bill. "Soups, chops, cutlets, steaks, roast joints, etc., etc.—*lion birds.*"

"Get some soup," said I, "a slice or two of lion, and half a dozen birds."

"Sir," said the solemn waiter, "you can't have less than a whole lion, and we have only two birds in the house."

"Pray," asked I, "are you in the habit of supplying your larder from Exeter 'Change, or do you breed lions here like poultry?"

"Sir," answered the grim waiter never relaxing into a smile, "we have lions brought us from the country every day."

"What do you pay for them?" said I.

"About three and sixpence a-piece, sir."

"Humph! market in Africa over-stocked," thought I.

"Pray, how do you dress an animal of that description?"

"Roast and stuff him, sir, and serve him up with currant jelly."

"What! like a hare!"

"A lion *is* a hare, sir."

"What!"

"Yes, sir, it is a hare!—but we call it a lion, because of the Game Laws."

"Bright discovery," thought I; "they have a new language in Cheltenham; nothing's like travelling to enlarge the mind." "And the birds," said I, aloud, "are neither humming-birds, nor ostriches, I suppose?"

"No, sir; they are partridges."

"Well, then, give me some soup, a cutlet, and a 'bird,' as you term it, and be quick about it."

"It shall be done with despatch," answered the pompous attendant, and withdrew.

Is there, in the whole course of this pleasant and varying life, which young gentlemen and ladies write verses to prove same and sorrow-

ful,—is there in the whole course of it, one half-hour really and genuinely disagreeable? —if so, it is the half-hour before dinner at a strange inn. Nevertheless, by the help of philosophy and the window, I managed to endure it with great patience: and, though I was famishing with hunger, I pretended the indifference of a sage, even when the dinner was at length announced I coquetted a whole minute with my napkin, before I attempted the soup, and I helped myself to the potatory food with a slow dignity that must have perfectly won the heart of the solemn waiter. The soup was a little better than hot water, and the sharp-sauced cutlet than leather and vinegar; howbeit, I attacked them with the vigor of an Irishman, and washed them down with a bottle of the worst liquor ever dignified with the *venerabile nomen* of claret. The bird was tough enough to have passed for an ostrich in miniature; and I felt its ghost hopping about the stomachic sepulchre to which I consigned it, the whole of that evening, and a great portion of the next day, when a glass of curaçoa laid it at rest.

After this splendid repast, I flung myself back on my chair with the complacency of a man who has dined well, and dozed away the time till the hour of dressing.

"Now," thought I, as I placed myself before my glass, "shall I gently please, or sublimely astonish the 'fashionables' of Cheltenham?—Ah, bah! the latter school is vulgar, Byron spoilt it. Don't put out that chain, Bedos—I wear—the black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers. Brush my hair as much *out* of curl as you can, and give an air of graceful negligence to my *tout ensemble*."

"*Oui, Monsieur, je comprends*," answered Bedos.

I was soon dressed, for it is the *design*, not the *execution*, of all great undertakings which requires deliberation and delay. *Action* cannot be too prompt. A chair was called, and Henry Pelham was conveyed to the rooms.

CHAPTER XL.

Now see, prepared to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well-dress'd youths advance;
The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd.
—*Art of Dancing.*

Page.—His name, my lord, is Tyrrell.—*Richard III.*

Upon entering, I saw several heads rising and sinking, to the tune of "Cherry Ripe." A whole row of stiff necks, in cravats of the most unexceptionable length and breadth, were just before me. A tall thin young man, with dark wiry hair brushed on one side, was drawing on a pair of white Woodstock gloves, and affecting to look round the room with the supreme indifference of *bon ton*.

"Ah, Ritson," said another young Cheltenhamian to him of the Woodstock gauntlets, "hav'nt you been pancing yet?"

"No, Smith, 'pon honor!" answered Mr. Ritson; "it is so overpoweringly hot; no fashionable man dances now;—*it isn't the thing*."

"Why," replied Mr. Smith, who was a good-natured looking person, with a blue coat and brass buttons, and a gold pin in his neck-cloth, "why, they dance at Almack's, don't they?"

"No, 'pon honor," murmured Mr. Ritson; "no, they just walk a quadrille or *spin a waltz*, as my friend, Lord Bobadob, calls it; nothing more—no, hang dancing, 'tis *so* vulgar."

A stout, red-faced man, about thirty, with wet auburn hair, a marvellously fine waistcoat, and a badly washed frill, now joined Messrs. Ritson and Smith.

'Ah, Sir Ralph," cried Smith, "how d'ye do! been hunting all day, I suppose?"

"Yes, old cock," replied Sir Ralph; "been after the brush till I am quite done up; such a glorious run! By G—, you should have seen my grey mare, Smith; by G—, she's a glorious fencer."

"You don't hunt, do you, Ritson?" interrogated Mr. Smith.

"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Ritson, affectedly playing with his Woodstock glove; "yes, but I only hunt in Leicestershire with my friend, Lord Bobadob; 'tis not the thing to hunt anywhere else."

Sir Ralph stared at the speaker with mute contempt: while Mr. Smith, like the ass between the hay, stood balancing betwixt the opposing merits of the baronet and the beau.

Meanwhile, a smiling, nodding, affected female thing, in ringlets and flowers, flirted up to the trio.

"Now, reelly, Mr. Smith, you should deence; a feeshionable young man, like you—I don't know what the young leedies will say to you." And the fair seducer laughed betwichingly.

"You are very good, Mrs. Dollimore," replied Mr. Smith, with a blush and a low bow; "but Mr. Ritson tells me it is not *the thing* to dance."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Dollimore, "but then he's seech a naughty, conceited creature—don't follow his example, Meester Smith;" and again the good lady laughed immoderately.

"Nay, Mrs. Dollimore," said Mr. Ritson, passing his hand through his abominable hair, "you are too severe; but tell me, Mrs. Dollimore, is the Countess ——— coming here?"

"Now, reely, Mr. Ritson, *you*, who are the pink of feeshion, ought to know better than I can; but I hear so."

"Do you know the countess?" said Mr. Smith, in respectful surprise, to Ritson.

"Oh, very well," replied the Coryphæus of Cheltenham, swinging his Woodstock glove to and fro: "I have often *danced* with her at Almack's."

"Is she a good deencer?" asked Mrs. Dollimore.

"O, capital," responded Mr. Ritson: "she's such a nice genteel little figure."

Sir Ralph, apparently tired of this "feeshionable" conversation, swaggered away.

"Pray," said Mrs. Dollimore, "who is that gentleman?"

"Sir Ralph Rumford," replied Smith, eagerly, "a particular friend of mine at Cambridge."

"I wonder if he is going to make a long steey?" said Mrs. Dollimore.

"Yes, I believe so," replied Mr. Smith, "if we make it agreeable to him."

"You must poositively introduce him to me," said Mrs. Dollimore.

"I will, with great pleasure," said the good-natured Mr. Smith.

"Is Sir Ralph *a man of fashion?*" inquired Mr. Ritson.

"He's a baronet!" emphatically pronounced Mr. Smith.

"Ah!" replied Ritson, "but he may be a man of rank, without being a man of fashion."

"True," lisped Mrs. Dollimore.

"I don't know," replied Smith, with an air of puzzled wonderment, "but he has 7,000*l.* a-year."

"Has he, indeed?" cried Mrs. Dollimore, surprised into her natural tone of voice; and at that moment, a young lady, ringletted and flowered like herself, joined her, and accosted her by the endearing appellation of "Mamma."

"Have you been dancing, my love?" inquired Mrs. Dollimore.

"Yes, ma; with Captain Johnson."

"Oh," said the mother, with a toss of her head; and, giving her daughter a significant push, she walked away with her to another end of the room, to talk about Sir Ralph Rumford and his seven thousand pounds a-year.

"Well!" thought I, "odd people these; let us enter a little farther into this savage country." In accordance with this reflection, I proceeded towards the middle of the room.

"Who's that?" said Mr. Smith, in a loud whisper as I passed him.

"'Pon honor," answered Ritson, "I don't know! but he's a deuced neat-loooking fellow."

"Thank you, Mr. Ritson," said my vanity; "you are not so offensive after all."

I paused to look at the dancers; a middle-aged, respectable-looking gentleman was beside me. Common people, after they have passed forty, grow social. My neighbor hemmed twice, and made preparation for speaking. "I may as well encourage him," was my reflection; accordingly I turned round, with a most good-natured expression of countenance.

"A fine room this, sir," said the man, immediately.

"Very," said I, with a smile, "and extremely well filled."

"Ah sir," answered my neighbor, "Cheltenham is not as it used to be some fifteen years ago. I have seen as many as one thousand two hundred and fifty persons within these walls" (certain people are always so d——d particularizing); "ay, sir," pursued my *laudator temporis acti*, "and half the peerage here into the bargain."

"Indeed!" quoth I, with an air of surprise suited to the information I received, "but the society is very good still, is it not?"

"Oh, very *genteel*," replied the man; "but

not so *dashing* as it used to be." (Oh! those two horrid words! low enough to suit even the author of "——)."

"Pray," asked I, glancing at Messrs. Ritson and Smith, "do you know who those gentlemen are?"

"Extremely well!" replied my neighbor; "the tall young man is Mr. Ritson; his mother has a house in Baker-street, and gives quite *elegant* parties. He's a most *genteel* young man; but such an insufferable coxcomb."

"And the other?" said I.

"Oh! he's a Mr. Smith; his father was an eminent brewer, and is lately dead, leaving each of his sons thirty thousand pounds; the young Smith is *a knowing hand*, and wants to spend his money with spirit. He has a great passion for '*high life*,' and *therefore* attaches himself much to Mr. Ritson, who is *quite that way inclined.*

"He could not have selected a better model," said I.

"True," rejoined my Cheltenham Asmodeus, with *naïve* simplicity; "but I hope he won't adopt his *conceit* as well as his *elegance*."

"I shall die," said I to myself, "if I talk with this fellow any longer," and I was just going to glide away, when a tall, stately dowager, with two lean, scraggy daughters, entered the room; I could not resist pausing to inquire who they were.

My friend looked at me with a very altered and disrespectful air at this interrogation. "*Who?*" said he, "why the Countess of Babbleton and her two daughters, the Honorable Lady Jane Babel, and the Honorable Lady Mary Babel. They are the great people of Cheltenham," pursued he, "and it's *a fine thing* to get into their set."

Meanwhile Lady Babbleton and her two daughters swept up the room, bowing and nodding to the riven ranks on each side, who made their salutations with the most profound respect. My experienced eye detected in a moment that Lady Babbleton, in spite of her title and her stateliness, was exceedingly the reverse of good *ton*, and the daughters (who did not resemble the scrag of mutton, *but its ghost*) had an appearance of sour affability, which was as different from the manners of proper society as it possibly could be.

I wondered greatly who and what they were. In the eyes of the Cheltenhamians, they were *the* countess and her daughters; and any further explanation would have been deemed quite superfluous; further explanation I was, however, determined to procure, and was walking across the room in profound meditation as to the method in which the discovery should be made, when I was startled by the voice of Sir Lionel Garrett: I turned round, and to my inexpressible joy, beheld that worthy baronet.

"Bless me, Pelham," said he, "how delighted I am to see you. Lady Harriet, here's your old favorite, Mr. Pelham."

Lady Harriet was all smiles and pleasure. "Give me your arm," said she; "I must go and speak to Lady Babbleton odious woman!"

"Do, my dear Lady Harriet," said I, "explain to me *what* Lady Babbleton was."

"Why—she was a milliner, and took in the late lord, who was an idiot.—*Voilà tout!*"

"Perfectly satisfactory," replied I.

"Or, short and sweet, as Lady Babbleton would say," replied Lady Harriet, laughing.

"In antithesis to her daughters, who are long and sour."

"Oh, you satirist!" said the affected Lady Harriet (who was only three removes better than the Cheltenham countess); "but tell me, how long have you been at Cheltenham?"

"About four hours and a half!"

"Then you don't know any of the lions here?"

"None, except (I added to myself) the lion I had for dinner."

"Well, let me despatch Lady Babbleton, and I'll then devote myself to being your nomenclator."

We walked up to Lady Babbleton, who had already disposed of her daughters, and was sitting in solitary dignity at the end of the room.

"My dear Lady Babbleton," cried Lady Harriet, taking both the hands of the dowager, "I am so glad to see you, and how well you are looking; and your charming daughters, how are they?—sweet girls!—and how long have you been here?"

"We have only just come," replied the *ci-devant* milliner, half rising, and rustling her plumes in stately agitation, like a nervous parrot; "we must conform to modern *ours*, Lady *Arriett*, though, for my part, I like the old fashioned plain of dining early, and finishing one's gaieties before midnight; but I set

the fashion of good *ours* as well as I can. I think it's a duty *we* owe to society, Lady *Arriett*, to encourage morality by our own example. What else do we have rank for?" And, so saying, the counter-countess drew herself up with a most edifying air of moral dignity.

Lady Harriet looked at me, and perceiving that my eye said "go on," as plainly as eye could possibly speak, she continued—"Which of the wells do you attend, Lady Babbleton?"

"All," replied the patronizing dowager. "I like to encourage the poor people here; I've no notion of being proud because one has a title, Lady *Arriett*."

"No," rejoined the worthy help-mate of Sir Lionel Garrett; "every body talks of your condescension, Lady Babbleton; but are you not afraid of letting yourself down by going everywhere?"

"Oh," answered *the countess*, "I admit very few into my set *at home*, but I *go out promiscuously*;" and then, looking at me, she said, in a whisper, to Lady Harriet, "who is that nice young gentleman?"

"Mr. Pelham," replied Lady Harriet; and, turning to me, formally introduced us to each other.

"Are you any relation (asked the dowager) to Lady Frances Pelham?"

"Only her son," said I.

"Dear me," replied Lady Babbleton, "how odd; what a nice *elegant* woman she is! She does not go much out, does she? I don't often meet her."

"I should not think it likely that your ladyship did meet her much. She does not visit *promiscuously*."

"Every rank has its duty," said Lady Harriet, gravely; "your mother, Mr. Pelham, may confine her circle as much as she pleases; but the high rank of Lady Babbleton requires greater condescension; just as the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester go to many places where you and I would not."

"Very true!" said the innocent dowager; "and that's a very sensible remark! Were you at Bath last winter, Mr. Pelham?" continued the countess, whose thoughts wandered from subject to subject in the most *rudderless* manner.

"No, Lady Babbleton, I was unfortunately at a less distinguished place."

"What was that?"

"Paris!"

"Oh, indeed! I've never been abroad; I don't think persons of a certain rank should leave England; they should stay at home and encourage their own manufactories."

"Ah!" cried I, taking hold of Lady Babbleton's shawl, "what a pretty Manchester pattern this is."

"Manchester pattern!" exclaimed the petrified peeress; "why it is real cachemire: you don't think I wear any thing English, Mr. Pelham?"

"I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons. I am no judge of dress; but to return—I am quite of your opinion, *that we ought to encourage our own manufactories*, and not go abroad: but one cannot stay long on the Continent, even if one is decoyed there. One soon longs for home again."

"Very sensibly remarked," rejoined Lady Babbleton: "that's what I call true patriotism and morality. I wish all the young men of the present day were like you. Oh, dear!—here's a great favorite of mine coming this way—Mr. Ritson!—do you know him; shall I introduce you?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed I—frightened out of my wits, and my manners. "Come, Lady Harriet, let us rejoin Sir Lionel;" and, 'swift at the word,' Lady Harriet retook my arm, nodded her adieu to Lady Babbleton, and withdrew with me to an obscurer part of the room.

Here we gave way to our laughter for some time—"Is it possible," exclaimed I, starting up—"Can that be Tyrrell?"

"What's the matter with the man?" cried Lady Harriet.

I quickly recovered my presence of mind, and reseated myself: "Pray forgive me, Lady Harriet," said I, "but I think, nay, I am sure, I see a person I once met under very particular circumstances. Do you observe that dark man in deep mourning, who has just entered the room, and is now speaking to Sir Ralph Rumford?"

"I do, it is Sir John Tyrrell!" replied Lady Harriet: "he only came to Cheltenham yesterday. His is a very singular history."

"What is it?" said I, eagerly.

"Why! he was the only son of a younger branch of the Tyrrells; a very old family, as

the name denotes. He was a great deal in a certain *roué* set, for some years, and was celebrated for his gallantries. His fortune was, however, perfectly unable to satisfy his expenses; he took to gambling, and lost the remains of his property. He went abroad, and used to be seen at the low gaming houses at Paris, earning a very degraded and precarious subsistence; till, about three months ago, two persons, who stood between him and the title and estates of the family, died, and most unexpectedly he succeeded to both. They say that he was found in the most utter penury and distress, in a small cellar at Paris; however that may be, he is now Sir John Tyrrell, with a very large income, and, in spite of a certain coarseness of manner, probably acquired by the low company he latterly kept, he is very much liked, and even admired, by the few good people in the society of Cheltenham."

At this instant Tyrrell passed us; he caught my eye, stopped short, and colored violently. I bowed; he seemed undecided for a moment as to the course he should adopt; it was *but* for a moment. He returned my salutation with great appearance of cordiality; shook me warmly by the hand; expressed himself delighted to meet me; inquired where I was staying, and said he should certainly call upon me. With this promise he glided on, and was soon lost among the crowd.

"Where did you meet him?" said Lady Harriet.

"At Paris."

"What! was he in decent society there?"

"I don't know," said I. "Good night, Lady Harriet;" and, with an air of extreme lassitude, I took my hat, and vanished from that motley mixture of the *fashionably* low and the vulgarly *genteel!*

CHAPTER XLI.

—— Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath unto bondage
Drawn my too diligent ears,
But you, oh! you,
So perfect and so peerless, are create
Of every creature's best.—SHAKSPEARE.

THOU wilt easily conceive, my dear reader, who hast been in my confidence throughout the whole of this history, and whom, though as yet thou hast cause to esteem me but lightly, I already love as my familiar and my friend—thou wilt easily conceive my surprise at meeting so unexpectedly with my old hero of the gambling-house. I felt indeed perfectly stunned at the shock of so singular a change in his circumstances since I had last met him. My thoughts reverted immediately to that scene, and to the mysterious connection between Tyrrell and Glanville. How would the latter receive the intelligence of his enemy's good fortune? was his vengeance yet satisfied, or through what means could it now find vent?

A thousand thoughts similar to these occupied and distracted my attention till morning, when I summoned Bedos into the room to read me to sleep. He opened a play of Monsieur Delavigne's, and at the beginning of the second scene I was in the land of dreams.

I woke about two o'clock; dressed, sipped my chocolate, and was on the point of arranging my hat to the best advantage, when I received the following note:—

"MY DEAR PELHAM,

"*Me tibi commendo.* I heard this morning, at your hotel, that you were here; my heart was a house of joy at the intelligence. I called upon you two hours ago; but, like Antony, 'you revel long o' nights.' Ah, that I could add with Shakspeare, that you were 'notwithstanding *up*.' I have just come from Paris, that *umbilicus terræ*, and my adventures since I saw you, for your private satisfaction, 'because I love you I will let you know;' but you must satisfy me with a meeting. Till you do, 'the mighty gods defend you!'

"VINCENT."

The hotel from which Vincent dated this epistle, was in the same street as my own caravanserai, and to this hotel I immediately set off. I found my friend sitting before a huge folio, which he in vain endeavored to persuade me that he seriously intended to read. We greeted each other with the greatest cordiality.

"But how," said Vincent, after the first warmth of welcome had subsided, "how shall I congratulate you upon your new honors? I was not prepared to find you grown from a *roué* into a senator.

'In gathering votes you were not slack,
Now stand as tightly by your tack,
Ne'er show your lug an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.'

So saith Burns; advice which, being inter-

preted, meaneth, that you must astonish the rats of St. Stephen's."

"Alas!" said I, "all one's claptraps in that house must be baited."

"Nay, but a rat bites at any cheese, from Gloucester to Parmesan, and you can easily scrape up a bit of some sort. Talking of the House, do you see, by the paper, that the civic senator, Alderman W——, is at Cheltenham?"

"I was not aware of it. I suppose he's cramming speeches and turtle for the next season."

"How wonderfully," said Vincent, "your city dignities unloose the tongue: directly a man has been a mayor, he thinks himself qualified for a Tully at least. Faith, the Lord Mayor asked me one day, what was the Latin for spouting? and I told him, '*hippomanes*, or a raging humor in *mayors*.'"

After I had paid, through the medium of my risible muscles, due homage to this witticism of Vincent's, he shut up his folio, called for his hat, and we sauntered down into the street.

"When do you go up to town?" asked Vincent.

"Not till my senatorial duties require me."

"Do you stay here till then?"

"As it pleases the gods. But, good heavens! Vincent, what a beautiful girl!"

Vincent turned. "*O Dea certè*," murmured he, and stopped.

The object of our exclamations was standing by a corner shop, apparently waiting for some one within. Her face, at the moment I first saw her, was turned full towards me. Never had I seen any countenance half so lovely. She was apparently about twenty; her hair was of the richest chestnut, and a golden light played through its darkness, as if a sunbeam had been caught in those luxuriant tresses, and was striving in vain to escape. Her eyes were of light hazel, large, deep, and *shaded into softness* (to use a modern expression) by long and very dark lashes. Her complexion alone would have rendered her beautiful, it was so clear—so pure; the blood blushed beneath it, like roses under a clear stream; if, in order to justify my simile, roses would have the complacency to grow in such a situation.

Her nose was of that fine and accurate mould that one so seldom sees, except in the Grecian statues, which unites the clearest and most decided outline with the most feminine delicacy and softness: and the short curved arch which descended from thence to her mouth, was so fine—so *airily* and exquisitely formed, that it seemed as if Love himself had modelled the bridge which led to his most beautiful and fragrant island. On the right side of the mouth was one dimple, wich corresponded so exactly with every smile and movement of those rosy lips, that you might have sworn the shadow of each passed there; it was like the rapid changes of an April heaven reflected upon a valley. She was somewhat, but not much, taller than the ordinary height; and her figure, which united all the first freshness and youth of the girl with the more luxuriant graces of the woman, was rounded and finished so justly, that the eye could glance over the whole, without discovering the least harshness or unevenness, or atom to be added or subtracted. But over all these was a light, a glow, a pervading spirit, of which it is impossible to convey the faintest idea. You should have seen her by the side of a shaded fountain on a summer's day. You should have watched her amidst music and flowers, and she might have seemed to you like the fairy that presided over both. So much for poetical description—it is not my *forte!*

"What think you of her, Vincent?" said I.

"I say, with Theocritus, in his epithalamium of Helen ——"

"Say no such thing," said I; "I will not have her presence profaned by any helps from your memory."

At that moment the girl turned round abruptly, and re-entered the stationer's shop, at the door of which she had been standing.

"Let us enter," said Vincent: "I want some sealing-wax."

I desired no second invitation: we marched into the shop. My Armida was leaning on the arm of an old lady. She blushed deeply when she saw us enter; and, as ill-luck would have it, the old lady concluded her purchases the moment after, and they withdrew.

> "'Who had thought this clime had held
> A deity so unparallel'd!'"

justly observed my companion.

I made no reply. All the remainder of that day I was absent and reserved; and Vin-

cent, perceiving that I no longer laughed at his jokes, nor smiled at his quotations, told me I was sadly changed for the worse, and pretended an engagement, to rid himself of an auditor so obtuse.

CHAPTER XLII.

Tout notre mal vient de ne pouvoir être seuls; de là le jeu, le luxe, la dissipation, le vin, les femmes, l'ignorance, la médisance, l'envie, l'oubli de soi-même et de Dieu.—La Bruyere.

The next day I resolved to call upon Tyrrell, seeing that he had not yet kept his promise of anticipating me, and being very desirous not to lose any opportunity of improving my acquaintance with him; accordingly, I sent my valet to make inquiries as to his abode. I found that he lodged in the same hotel as myself; and having previously ascertained that he was at home, I was ushered by the head waiter into the gamester's apartment.

He was sitting by the fire in a listless, yet thoughtful attitude. His muscular and rather handsome person was indued in a dressing-gown of rich brocade, thrown on with a slovenly *nonchalance*. His stockings were about his heels, his hair was dishevelled, and the light, streaming through the half-drawn window-curtains, rested upon the grey flakes with which its darker luxuriance was interspersed; and the cross light in which he had the imprudence of misfortune to sit, fully developed the deep wrinkles which years and dissipation had planted round his eyes and mouth. I was quite startled at the *oldness* and haggardness of his appearance.

He rose gracefully enough when I was announced; and no sooner had the waiter retired, than he came up to me, shook me warmly by the hand, and said, "Let me thank you *now* for the attention you formerly showed me when I was less able to express my ackowledgments. I shall be proud to cultivate your intimacy."

I answered him in the same strain, and, in the course of conversation, made myself so entertaining, that he agreed to spend the remainder of the day with me. We ordered our horses at three, and our dinner at seven, and I left him till the former were ready, in order to allow him time for his toilet.

During our ride we talked principally on general subjects, on the various differences of France and England, on horses, on wines, on women, on politics, on all things, except that which had created our acquaintance. His remarks were those of a strong, ill-regulated mind, which had made experience supply the place of the reasoning faculties; there was a looseness in his sentiments, and a licentiousness in his opinions, which startled even me (used as I had been to rakes of all schools); his phiolosophy was of that species which thinks that the best maxim of wisdom is—to despise. Of men he spoke with the bitterness of hatred; of women, with the levity of contempt. France had taught him its debaucheries, but not the elegance which refines them: if his sentiments were low, the language in which they were clothed was meaner still: and that which makes the morality of the upper classes, and which no criminal is supposed to be hardy enough to reject; that religion which has no scoffers, that code which has no impugners, *that honor* among gentlemen, which constitutes the moving principle of the society in which they live, he seemed to imagine, even in its most fundamental laws, was an authority to which nothing but the inexperience of the young, and the credulity of the romantic, could accede.

Upon the whole, he seemed to me a "bold, bad men," with just enough of intellect to teach him to be a villain, without that higher degree which shows him that it is the worst course for his interest; and just enough of daring to make him indifferent to the dangers of guilt, though it was not sufficient to make him conquer and control them. For the rest, he loved trotting better than cantering—piqued himself upon being manly—wore doe-skin gloves—drank port wine, *par préférence*, and considered beef-steaks and oyster-sauce as the most delicate dish in the bill of fare. I think, now, reader, you have a tolerably good view of his character.

After dinner, when we were discussing the second bottle, I thought it would not be a bad opportunity to question him upon his acquaintance with Glanville. His countenance fell directly I mentioned that name. However, he rallied himself. "Oh," said he, "you mean the *soi-disant* Warburton. I knew him some years back—he was a poor silly youth, half mad, I believe, and particularly hostile to me,

owing to some foolish disagreement when he was quite a boy."

"What was the cause?" said I.

"Nothing—nothing of any consequence," answered Tyrrell; and then added, with an air of coxcombry, "I believe I was more fortunate than he, in a certain intrigue. Poor Glanville is a little romantic, you know. But enough of this now: shall we go to the rooms?"

"With pleasure," said I; and to the rooms we went.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Veteres revocavit artes.—HOR.

Since I came hither I have heard strange news.
—*King Lear.*

Two days after my long conversation with Tyrrell, I called again upon that worthy. To my great surprise he had left Cheltenham. I then strolled to Vincent: I found him lolling on his sofa, surrounded, as usual, with books and papers.

"Come in, Pelham," said he, as I hesitated at the threshold—"come in. I have been delighting myself with Plato all the morning; I scarcely know what it is that enchants us so much with the ancients. I rather believe, with Schlegel, that it is that air of repose—the stillness of a deep soul, which rests over their writings. Whatever would appear commonplace amongst us, has with them I know not what of sublimity and pathos. Triteness seems the profoundity of truth—wildness, the daring of a luxuriant imagination. The fact is, that in spite of every fault, you see, through all, the traces of original thought; there is a contemplative grandeur in their sentiments, which seems to have nothing borrowed in its meaning or its dress. Take, for instance, this fragment of Mimnermus, on the shortness of life,—what subject can seem more tame?—what less striking than the feelings he expresses?—and yet, throughout every line, there is a melancholy depth and tenderness, which it is impossible to define. Of all English writers who partake the most of this spirit of conveying interest and strength to sentiments and subjects neither novel in themselves nor adorned in their arrangement, I know none that equal Byron: it is indeed the chief beauty of that extraordinary poet. Examine Childe Harold accurately, and you will be surprised to discover how very little of real depth or novelty there often is in the reflections which seem most deep and new. You are enchained by the vague but powerful beauty of the style; the strong impress of originality which breathes throughout. Like the oracle of Dodona, he makes the forests his tablets, and writes his inspirations upon the leaves of the trees: but the source of that inspiration you cannot tell; it is neither the truth nor the beauty of his sayings which you admire, though you fancy that it is: it is the mystery which accompanies them."

"Pray," said I, do you not imagine that one great cause of this spirit of which you speak, and which seems to be nothing more than a thoughtful method of expressing all things, even to trifles, was the great loneliness to which the ancient poets and philosophers were attached? I think (though I have not your talent for quoting) that Cicero calls 'the consideration of nature the food of the mind,' and the mind which, in solitude, is confined necessarily to a few objects, meditates more closely upon those it embraces: the habit of this meditation enters and pervades the system, and whatever afterwards emanates from it is tinctured with the thoughtful and contemplative colors it has received."

"Wonderful!" cried Vincent: "how long have you learnt to read Cicero, and talk about the mind?"

"Ah," said I, "I am perhaps less ignorant than I affect to be: it is *now* my object to be a dandy; hereafter I may aspire to be an orator—a wit, a scholar, or a Vincent. You will see then that there have been many odd quarters of an hour in my life less unprofitably wasted than you imagine."

Vincent rose in a sort of nervous excitement, and then reseating himself, fixed his dark bright eyes steadfastly upon me for some moments; his countenance all the while assuming a higher and graver expression than I had ever before seen it wear.

"Pelham," said he, at last, "it is for the sake of moments like these, when your better nature flashes out, that I have sought your society and your friendship. *I*, too, am not wholly what I appear; the world may yet see that Halifax was not the only statesman whom the pursuits of literature had only formed the

better for the labors of business. Meanwhile, let me pass for the pedant, and the bookworm: like a sturdier adventurer than myself, 'I bide my time.'—Pelham—this will be a busy session! shall you prepare for it?"

"Nay," answered I, relapsing into my usual tone of languid affectation; "I shall have too much to do in attending to Stultz, and Nugee, and Tattersall and Baxter, and a hundred other occupiers of spare time. Remember, this is my first season in London since my majority."

Vincent took up the newspaper with evident chagrin; however, he was too theoretically the man of the world, long to show his displeasure. "Parr—Parr—again," said he; "how they stuff the journals with that name. Heaven knows, I venerate learning as much as any man; but I respect it for its uses, and not for itself. However, I will not quarrel with his reputation—it is but for a day. Literary men who leave nothing but their name to posterity, have but a short twilight of posthumous renown. *Apropos*, do you know my pun upon Parr and the Major."

"Not I," said I, "*Majora* canamus!"

"Why, Parr and I, and two or three more, were dining once, at poor T. M——'s, the author of 'The Indian Antiquities.' Major ——, a great traveller, entered into a dispute with Parr about Babylon; the Doctor got into a violent passion, and poured out such a heap of quotations on his unfortunate antagonist, that the latter, stunned by the clamor, and terrified by the Greek, was obliged to succumb. Parr turned triumphantly to me: "What is your opinion, my lord," said he; "who is in the right?"

"*Adversis* MAJOR—PAR *secundis*," answered I.

"Vincent," I said, after I had expressed sufficient admiration at his pun—"Vincent, I begin to be weary of this life; I shall accordingly pack up my books and myself, and go to Malvern Wells, to live quitely till I think it time for London. After to-day you will, therefore, see me no more."

"I cannot," answered Vincent, "contravene so laudable a purpose, however I may be the loser." And, after a short and desultory conversation, I left him once more to the tranquil enjoyment of his Plato. That evening I went to Malvern, and there I remained in a monotonous state of existence, dividing my time equally between my mind and my body, and forming myself into that state of contemplative reflection, which was the object of Vincent's admiration in the writings of the ancients.

Just when I was on the point of leaving my retreat, I received an intelligence which most materially affected my future prospects. My uncle, who had arrived at the sober age of fifty, without any apparent designs of matrimony, fell suddenly in love with a lady in his immediate neighborhood, and married her, after a courtship of three weeks.

"I should not," said my poor mother, very generously, in a subsequent letter, "so much have minded his marriage, if the lady had not thought proper to become in the family way; a thing which I do and always shall consider a most unwarrantable encroachment on your rights."

I will confess that, on first hearing this news, I experienced a bitter pang: but I reasoned it away. I was already under great obligations to my uncle, and I felt it a very unjust and ungracious assumption on my part, to affect anger at conduct I had no right to question, or mortification at the loss of pretensions I had so equivocal a privilege to form. A man of fifty has, *perhaps*, a right to consult his own happiness, almost as much as a man of thirty; and if he attracts by his choice the ridicule of those whom he has never obliged, it is at least from those persons he *has* obliged, that he is to look for countenance and defence.

Fraught with these ideas, I wrote to my uncle a sincere and warm letter of congratulation. His answer was, like himself, kind, affectionate, and generous; it informed me that he had already made over to me the annual sum of one thousand pounds; and that in case of his having a lineal heir, he had, moreover, settled upon me, after his death, two thousand a-year. He ended by assuring me that his only regret at marrying a lady who, in *all* respects was, above *all* women, calculated to make him happy, was his unfeigned reluctance to deprive me of a station, which (he was pleased to say) I not only deserved, but should adorn.

Upon receiving this letter, I was sensibly affected with my uncle's kindness; and so far from repining at his choice, I most heartily wished him every blessing it could afford him,

even though an heir to the titles of Glenmorris were one of them.

I protracted my stay at Malvern some weeks longer than I had intended: the circumstance which had wrought so great a change in my fortune, wrought no less powerfully on my character. I became more thoughtfully and solidly ambitious. Instead of wasting my time in idle regrets at the station I had lost, I rather resolved to carve out for myself one still lofty and more universally acknowledged. I determined to exercise, to their utmost, the little ability and knowledge I possessed; and while the increase of income, derived from my uncle's generosity, furnished me with what was necessary for my luxury, I was resolved that it should not encourage me in the indulgences of my indolence.

In this mood, and with these intentions, I repaired to the metropolis.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.
—Hor.

And look always that they be shape
What garment that thou shalt make
Of him that can best do
With all that pertaineth thereto.
—*Rom. of the Rose.*

How well I can remember the feelings with which I entered London, and took possession of the apartments prepared for me at Mivart's! A year had made a vast alteration in my mind; I had ceased to regard pleasure for its own sake; I rather coveted its enjoyments, as the great sources of worldly distinction. I was not the less a coxcomb than heretofore, nor the less fastidious in my horses and my dress: but I viewed these matters in a light wholly different from that in which I had hitherto regarded them. Beneath all the carelessness of my exterior, my mind was close, keen, and inquiring: and under all the affectations of foppery, and the levity of manner, I veiled an ambition the most extensive in its objects, and a resolution the most daring in the accomplishment of its means.

I was still lounging over my breakfast, on the second morning of my arrival, when Mr. ——, the tailor, was announced.

"Good morning, Mr. Pelham; happy to see you returned. Do I disturb you too early? shall I wait on you again?"

"No, Mr. ——, I am ready to receive you. You may renew my measure."

"We are a very good figure," Mr. Pelham; very good figure," replied the Schneider, surveying me from head to foot, while he was preparing his measure; "we want a little assistance though; we must be padded well here, we must have our chest thrown out, and have an additional inch across the shoulders; we must live for effect in this world, Mr. Pelham; a *leetle* tighter round the waist, eh?"

"Mr. ——," said I, "you will take, first, my exact measure, and, secondly, my exact instructions. Have you done the first?"

"We are done now, Mr. Pelham," replied my *man-maker*, in a slow, solemn tone.

"You will have the goodness then to put no stuffing of any description in my coat; you will *not* pinch me an iota tighter across the waist than is natural to that part of my body; and you will please, in your infinite mercy, to leave me as much after the fashion in which God made me, as you possibly can."

"But, sir, we *must* be padded; we are much too thin: all the gentlemen in the Life Guards are padded, sir."

"Mr.——," answered I, "you will please to speak of *us* with a separate, and not a collective pronoun; and you will let me for once have my clothes such as a gentleman, who I beg of you to understand, is not a Life Guardsman, can wear without being mistaken for a Guy Fawkes on a fifth of November."

Mr. —— looked very discomfited: "We shall not be liked, sir, when we are made—we sha'n't, I assure you. I will call on Saturday at eleven o'clock. Good morning, Mr. Pelham; we shall never be done justice to, if we do not live for effect; good morning, Mr. Pelham."

And here, as I am weary of tailors, let me reflect a little upon that divine art of which they are the professors. Alas, for the instability of all human sciences! A few short months ago, in the first edition of this memorable work, I laid down rules for costume, the value of which Fashion begins already to destroy. The thoughts which I shall now embody, shall be out of the reach of that great innovator, and applicable not to one age, but to all. To the sagacious reader, who has already discovered what portions of this work

are writ in irony—what in earnest—I fearlessly commit these maxims; beseeching him to believe, with Sterne, that "everythlng is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out!"

MAXIMS.

I.

Do not require your dress so much to fit as to adorn you. Nature is not to be copied, but to be exalted by art. Apelles blamed Protogenes for being *too* natural.

II.

Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things genius; in small things folly.

III.

Always remember that you dress to fascinate others, not yourself.

IV.

Keep your mind free from all violent affections at the hour of the toilet. A philosophical serenity is perfectly necessary to success. Helvetius says justly, that our errors arise from our passions.

V.

Remember that none but those whose courage is unquestionable, can venture to be effeminate. It was only in the field that the Spartans were accustomed to use perfumes and curl their hair.

VI.

Never let the finery of chains and rings seem *your own* choice; that which naturally belongs to women should appear only worn for their sake. We dignify foppery, when we invest it with a sentiment.

VII.

To *win* the affection of your mistress, appear negligent in your costume—to *preserve* it, assiduous: the first is a sign of the *passion* of love; the second, of its *respect*.

VIII.

A man must be a profound calculator to be a consummate dresser. One must not dress the same, whether one goes to a minister or a mistress; an avaricious uncle, or an ostentatious cousin: there is no diplomacy more subtle than that of dress.

IX.

Is the great man whom you would conciliate a coxcomb?—go to him in a waistcoat like his own. "Imitation," says the author of Lacon, "is the sincerest flattery."

X.

The handsome may be showy in dress, the plain should study to be unexceptionable; just as in great men we look for something to admire—in ordinary men we ask for nothing to forgive.

XI.

There is a study of dress for the aged, as well as for the young. Inattention is no less indecorous in one than in the other; we may distinguish the taste appropriate to each, by the reflection that youth is made to be loved—age to be respected.

XII.

A fool may dress gaudily, but a fool cannot dress well—for to dress well requires judgment; and Rochefoucault says with truth, "*On est quelquefois un sot avec de l'esprit, mais on ne l'est jamais avec du jugement.*"

XIII.

There may be more pathos in the fall of a collar, or the curl of a lock, than the shallow think for. Should we be so apt as we are now to compassionate the misfortunes, and to forgive the insincerity of Charles I., if his pictures had portrayed him in a bob-wig and a pigtail? Vandyke was a greater sophist than Hume.

XIV.

The most graceful principle of dress is neatness—the most vulgar is preciseness.

XV.

Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and public. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

XVI.

Dress so that it may never be said of you "What a well-dressed man!"—but, "What a gentlemanlike man!"

XVII.

Avoid many colors; and seek, by some one prevalent and quiet tint, to sober down the others. Apelles used only four colors, and always subdued those which were more florid, by a darkening varnish.

XVIII.

Nothing is superficial to a deep observer! It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. "In what part of that letter," said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, "did you discover irresolution?"—"In its *us* and *gs!*" was the answer.

XIX.

A very benevolent man will never shock the feelings of others, by an excess either of inattention or display; you may doubt, therefore, the philanthropy both of a sloven and a fop.

XX.

There is an indifference to please in a stocking down at heel—but there may be malevolence in a diamond ring.

XXI.

Inventions in dressing should resemble Addison's definition of fine writing, and consist of "refinements which are natural, without being obvious."

XXII.

He who esteems trifles for themselves, is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put is a philosopher.

CHAPTER XLV.

Tantôt, Monseigneur le Marquis à cheval—
Tantôt, Monsieur du Mazin de bout!
—*L'Art de se Promener a Cheval.*

My cabriolet was at the door, and I was preparing to enter, when I saw a groom managing, with difficulty, a remarkably fine and spirited horse. As, at that time, I was chiefly occupied with the desire of making as perfect a stud as my fortune would allow, I sent my cab boy (*vulgò* Tiger) to inquire of the groom, whether the horse was to be sold, and to whom it belonged.

"It was not to be disposed of," was the answer, "and it belonged to Sir Reginald Glanville."

The name thrilled through me; I drove after the groom, and inquired Sir Reginald Glanville's address. His house, the groom informed me, was at No. — Pall Mall. I resolved to call that day, but, as the groom said that he was rarely at home till late in the afternoon, I drove first to Lady Roseville's to talk about Almack's and the *beau monde*, and be initiated into the newest scandal and satire of the day.

Lady Roseville was at home; I found the room half full of women: the beautiful countess was one of the few persons extant who admit people of a morning. She received me with marked kindness. Seeing that ———, who was esteemed, among his friends, the handsomest man of the day, had risen from his seat, next to Lady Roseville, in order to make room for me I negligently and quietly dropped into it, and answered his grave and angry stare at my presumption, with my very sweetest and most condescending smile. Heaven be praised, the handsomest man of the day is never the chief object in the room, when Henry Pelham and his guardian angel, termed by his enemies, his *self-esteem*, once enter it.

I rattled on through a variety of subjects till Lady Roseville at last said, laughingly, "I see, Mr. Pelham, that you have learned, at least, the art of making the *frais* of the conversation since your visit to Paris."

"I understand you," answered I, "you mean that I talk too much; it is true—I own the offence—nothing is so unpopular! Even I, the civillest, best natured, most unaffected person in all Europe, am almost disliked, positively disliked, for that sole and simple crime. Ah! the most beloved man in society is that deaf and dumb person, *comment s'appelle-t-il?*"

"Yes," said Lady Roseville, "Popularity is a goddess best worshipped by negatives; and the fewer claims one has to be admired, the more pretensions one has to be beloved."

"Perfectly true, in general," said I, "for instance, I make the rule, and you the exception. I, a perfect paragon, am hated because I am one; you, a perfect paragon, are idolized in spite of it. But tell me, what literary news is there? I am tired of the trouble of idleness, and in order to enjoy a little dignified leisure, intend to set up as a *savant*."

"Oh, Lady C—— —— is going to write a Commentry on Ude; and Madame de Genlis a Proof of the Apocrypha. The Duke of N——e is publishing a Treatise on 'Toleration;' and Lord L——— an Essay on 'Self-knowledge.' As for news more remote, I hear that the Dey of Algiers is finishing an 'Ode to Liberty,' and the College of Caffraria preparing a volume of voyages to the North Pole!"

"Now," said I, "if I retail this information with a serious air, I will lay a wager that I find plenty of believers; for fiction, uttered solemnly, is much more like probability than truth uttered doubtingly:—else how do the priests of Brama and Mahomet live?"

"Ah! now you grow too profound Mr. Pelham!"

"*C'est vrai*—but—"

"Tell me," interrupted Lady Roseville, "how it happens that you, who talk eruditely enough upon matters of erudition, should talk so lightly upon matters of levity?"

"Why," said I, rising to depart "very great minds are apt to think that all which they set *any* value upon, is of equal importance. Thus Hesiod, who, you know, was a capital poet, though rather an imitator of Shenstone, tells us that God bestowed valor on some men, and on others a genius for dancing. It was reserved for me, Lady Roseville, to unite the two perfections. Adieu!"

"Thus," said I, when I was once more alone —"thus do we 'play the fools with the time,' until Fate brings that which is better than folly; and, standing idly upon the sea-shore, till we can catch the favoring wind which is to waft

the vessel of our destiny to enterprise and fortune amuse ourselves with the weeds and the pebbles which are within our reach!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

There was a youth who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and gray before his time;
Nor any could the restless grief unravel
Which burned within him, withering up his prime,
And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.
—P. B. SHELLEY.

FROM Lady Roseville's I went to Glanville's house. He was at home. I was ushered into a beautiful apartment, hung with rich damask, and interspersed with a profusion of mirrors. Beyond, to the right of this room, was a small closet, fitted up with books. This room, evidently a favorite retreat, was adorned at close intervals with girandoles of silver and mother of pearl; the handles of the doors were of the same material.

This closet opened upon a spacious and lofty saloon, the walls of which were covered with the masterpieces of Flemish and Italian art. Through this apartment I was led, by the obsequious and bowing valet, into a fourth room, in which, negligently robed in his dressing-gown, sate Reginald Glanville:—"Good Heavens," thought I, as I approached him, "can this be the man who made his residence, by choice, in a miserable hovel, exposed to all the damps, winds, and vapors, that the prolific generosity of an English Heaven ever begot?"

Our meeting was cordial in the extreme. Glanville, though still pale and thin, appeared in much better health than I had yet seen him since our boyhood. He was, or affected to be, in the most joyous spirits: and when his blue eye lighted up, in answer to the merriment of his lips, and his noble and glorious cast of countenance shone out, as if it had never been clouded by grief or passion, I thought, as I looked at him, that I had never seen so perfect a specimen of masculine beauty, at once physical and intellectual.

"My dear Pelham," said Glanville, "let us see a great deal of each other: I live very much alone: I have an excellent cook sent me over from France by the celebrated gourmand Maréchal de ———. I dine every day exactly at eight, and never accept an invitation to dine elsewhere. My table is always laid for three, and you will, therefore, be sure of finding a dinner here every day you have no better engagement. What think you of my taste in pictures?"

"I have only to say," answered I, "that since I am so often to dine with you, I hope your taste in wines will be one half as good."

"We are all," said Glanville, with a faint smile, "we are all, in the words of the true old proverb, 'children of a larger growth.' Our first toy is love—our second, display according as our ambition prompts us to exert it. Some place it in horses—some in honors, some in feasts, and some—*voici un exemple*—in furniture or pictures. So true it is, Pelham, that our earliest longings are the purest: in love, we covet goods for the sake of the one beloved: in display, for our own: thus, our first stratum of mind produces fruit for others; our second becomes niggardly, and bears only sufficient for ourselves. But enough of my morals—will you drive me out, if I dress quicker than you ever saw man dress before?"

"No," said I; "for I make it a rule never to drive out a badly dressed friend; take time, and I will let you accompany me."

"So be it, then. Do you ever read? if so, my books are made to be opened, and you may toss them over while I am at my toilet. Look—here are two works, one of poetry—one on the Catholic Question—both dedicated to me. Seymour—my waistcoat. See what it is to furnish a house differently from other people; one becomes a *bel esprit*, and a Mecænas, immediately. Believe me, if you are rich enough to afford it, that there is no passport to fame like eccentricity. Seymour—my coat. I am at your service, Pelham. Believe hereafter that one may dress well in a short time?"

"*One* may do it, but not *two—allons!*"

I observed that Glanville was dressed in the deepest mourning, and imagined, from that circumstance, and his accession to the title I heard applied to him for the first time, that his father was only just dead. In this opinion I was soon undeceived. He had been dead for some years. Glanville spoke to me of his family:—"To my mother," said he, "I am particularly anxious to introduce you; of my sister I say nothing; I expect you to be surprised with her. I love her more than any

thing on earth *now*," and as Glanville said this, a paler shade passed over his face.

We were in the Park—Lady Roseville passed us—we both bowed to her; as she returned our greeting, I was struck with the deep and sudden blush which overspread her countenance. "That can't be for *me?*" thought I. I looked towards Glanville; his countenance had recovered its serenity, and was settled into its usual proud, but not displeasing, calmness of expression.

"Do you know Lady Roseville well?" said I.

"Very," answered Glanville, laconically, and changed the conversation. As we were leaving the Park, through Cumberland Gate, we were stopped by a blockade of carriages; a voice, loud, harsh, and vulgarly *accented*, called out to Glanville by his name. I turned, and saw Thornton.

"For Heaven's sake, Pelham, drive on," cried Glanville; "let me, for once, escape that atrocious plebeian."

Thornton was crossing the road towards us; I waved my hand to him civilly enough (for I never cut anybody), and drove rapidly through the other gate, without appearing to notice his design of speaking to us.

"Thank Heaven!" said Glanville, and sank back in a reverie, from which I could not awaken him, till he was set down at his own door.

When I returned to Mivart's, I found a card from Lord Dawton, and a letter from my mother.

"My dear Henry, (began the letter),

"Lord Dawton having kindly promised to call upon you, personally, with this note, I cannot resist the opportunity that promise affords me, of saying how desirous I am that you should cultivate his acquaintance. He is, you know, among the most prominent leaders of the Opposition: and should the Whigs, by any possible chance, ever come into power, he would have a great chance of becoming prime minister. I trust, however, that you will not adopt that side of the question. The Whigs are a horrid set of people (*politically* speaking), vote for the Roman Catholics, and never get into place; they give very good dinners, however, and till you have decided upon your politics, you may as well make the most of them. I hope, by the by, that you will see a great deal of Lord Vincent; every one speaks highly of his talents; and only two weeks ago, he said, publicly, that he thought you the most promising young man, and the most naturally clever person, he had ever met. I hope that you will be attentive to your parliamentary duties; and,——oh, Henry, be sure that you see Cartwright, the dentist, as soon as possible.

"I intend hastening to London three weeks earlier than I had intended, in order to be useful to you. I have written already to dear Lady Roseville, begging her to *introduce* you to Lady C.'s, and Lady——; the only places worth going to at present. They tell me there is a horrid, vulgar, ignorant book come out about ———. As you ought to be well versed in modern literature, I hope you will read it, and give me your opinion. Adieu, my dear Henry, ever your affectionate mother.

"Frances Pelham."

I was still at my solitary dinner, when the following note was brought me from Lady Roseville:—

"Dear Mr. Pelham,

"Lady Frances wishes Lady C—— to be made acquainted with you; this is her night, and I therefore enclose you a card. As I dine at —— House, I shall have an opportunity of making your *eloge* before your arrival. Your's sincerely.

"C. Roseville."

I wonder, thought I, as I made my toilet, whether or not Lady Roseville is enamored of her new correspondent? I went very early, and before I retired, my vanity was undeceived. Lady Roseville was playing at *écarté*, when I entered. She beckoned to me to approach. I did. Her antagonist was Mr. Bedford, a natural son of the Duke of Shrewsbury, and one of the best natured and best looking dandies about town: there was, of course, a great crowd round the table. Lady Roseville played incomparably; bets were high in her favor. Suddenly her countenance changed—her hand trembled—her presence of mind forsook her. She lost the game. I looked up and saw just opposite to her, but apparently quite careless and unmoved, Reginald Glanville. We had only time to exchange nods, for Lady Roseville rose from the table, took my arm. and walked to the other end of the room, in order to introduce me to my hostess.

I spoke to her a few words, but she was absent and inattentive; my penetration required no farther proof to convince me that she was not wholly insensible to the attractions of Glanville. Lady —— was as civil and silly as the generality of Lady Blanks are: and feeling very much bored, I soon retired to an obscurer corner of the room. Here Glanville joined me.

"It is but seldom," said he, "that I come to these places; to-night my sister persuaded me to venture forth."

"Is she here?" said I.

"She is," answered he; "she has just gone into the refreshment room with my mother; and when she returns, I will introduce you."

While Glanville was yet speaking, three middle-aged ladies, who had been talking together with great vehemence for the last ten minutes, approached us.

"Which is he?—which is he?" said two of them, in no audible accents.

"This," replied the third; and coming up to Glanville, she addressed him, to my great astonishment, in terms of the most hyperbolical panegyric.

"Your work is wonderful! wonderful!" said she.

"Oh! quite — quite!" echoed the other two.

"I can't say," recommenced the *Coryphæa*, "that I like the moral—at least not quite; no, not quite."

"Not quite," repeated her coadjutrices.

Glanville drew himself up with his most stately air, and after three profound bows, accompanied by a smile of the most unequivocal contempt, he turned on his heel, and sauntered away.

"Did your grace *ever* see such a bear?" said one of the echoes.

"Never," said the duchess, with a mortified air; "but I will have him yet. How handsome he is for an author!"

I was descending the stairs in the last state of *ennui*, when Glanville laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Shall I take you home?" said he: "my carriage has just drawn up."

I was too glad to answer in the affirmative.

How long have you been an author?" said I, when we were seated in Glanville's carriage.

"Not many days," he replied. "I have tried one resource after another—all—all in vain. Oh, God! that for me there *could* exist such a blessing as *fiction!* Must I be ever the martyr of one burning, lasting, indelible *truth!*

Glanville uttered these words with a peculiar wildness and energy of tone: he then paused abruptly for a minute, and continued, with an altered voice—

"Never, my dear Pelham, be tempted by any inducement into the pleasing errors of print; from that moment you are public property; and the last monster at Exeter 'Change has more liberty than you; but here we are at Mivart's. Adieu—I will call on you to-morrow, if my wretched state of health will allow me."

And with these words we parted.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Ambition is a Lottery, where, however uneven the chances, there are *some* prizes; but in dissipation, *every* one draws a blank.—*Letters of* STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

THE season was not far advanced before I grew heartily tired of what are *nicknamed* its gaieties; I shrank, by rapid degrees, into a very small orbit, from which I rarely moved. I had already established a certain reputation for eccentricity, fashion, and, to my great astonishment, also for talent; and my pride was satisfied with finding myself universally run after, whilst I indulged my inclinations by rendering myself universally scarce. I saw much of Vincent, whose varied acquirements and great talents became more and more perceptible, both as my own acquaintance with him increased, and as the political events with which that year was pregnant, called forth their exertion and display. I went occasionally to Lady Roseville's, and was always treated as a long-known friend, than an ordinary acquaintance; nor did I undervalue this distinction, for it was part of her pride to render her house not only as splendid, but as agreeable, as her command over society enabled her to effect.

At the House of Commons my visits would have been duly paid, but for one trifling occurrence, upon which, as it is a very sore subject, I shall dwell as briefly as possible. I had scarcely taken my seat, before I was forced to relinquish it. My unsuccessful opponent, Mr. Lufton, preferred a petition against me, for what he called undue means. Heaven knows what he meant; I am sure the House did not, for they turned me out, and declared Mr. Lufton duly elected.

Never was there such a commotion in the Glenmorris family before. My uncle was seized with the gout in his stomach, and my mother shut herself up with Tremaine, and one China monster for a whole week. As for me, though I writhed at heart, I bore the calamity philosophically enough in external appearance;

nor did I the less busy myself in political matters: with what address and success, good or bad, I endeavored to supply the loss of my parliamentary influence, the reader will see, when it suits the plot of this history to touch upon such topics.

Glanville I saw continually. When in tolerable spirits, he was an entertaining, though never a frank nor a communicative companion. His conversation then was lively, yet without wit, and sarcastic, though without bitterness. It abounded also in philosophical reflections and terse maxims, which always brought improvement, or, at the worst, allowed discussion.

He was a man of even vast powers—of deep thought—of luxuriant, though dark imagination, and of great miscellaneous, though, perhaps, ill arranged erudition. He was fond of paradoxes in reasoning, and supported them with a subtlety and strength of mind, which Vincent, who admired him greatly, told me he had never seen surpassed. He was subject, at times, to a gloom and despondency, which seeemd almost like aberration of intellect. At those hours he would remain perfectly silent, and apparently forgetful of my presence, and of every object around him.

It was only then, when the play of his countenance was vanished, and his features were still and set, that you saw in their full extent, the dark and deep traces of premature decay. His cheek was hollow and hueless, his eye dim, and of that visionary and glassy aspect which is never seen but in great mental or bodily disease, and which, according to the superstitions of some nations, implies a mysterious and unearthly communion of the soul with the beings of another world. From these trances he would sometimes start abruptly, and renew any conversation broken off before, as if wholly unconscious of the length of his reverie. At others, he would rise slowly from his seat, and retire into his own apartment, from which he never emerged during the rest of the day.

But the reader must bear in mind that there was nothing artificial or affected in his musings, of whatever complexion they might be; nothing like the dramatic brown studies, and quick starts, which young gentleman, in love with Lara and Lord Byron, are apt to practice. There never, indeed, was a character that possessed less cant of any description. His work, which was a singular, wild tale—of mingled passion and reflection—was, perhaps, of too original, certainly of too abstract a nature, to suit the ordinary novel readers of the day. It did not acquire popularity for itself, but it gained great reputation for the author. It also inspired every one who read it with a vague and indescribable interest to see and know the person who had composed so singular a work.

This interest he was the first to laugh at, and to disappoint. He shrank from all admiration and from all sympathy. At the moment when a crowd assembled round him, and every ear was bent to catch the words, which came alike from so beautiful a lip, and so strange and imaginative a mind, it was his pleasure to utter some sentiment totally different from his written opinions, and utterly destructive of the sensation he had excited. But it was very rarely that he exposed himself to these "trials of an author." He went out little to any other house but Lady Roseville's, and it was seldom more than once a week that he was seen even there. Lonely, and singular in mind and habits, he lived in the world like a person occupied by a separate object, and possessed of a separate existence from that of his fellow-beings. He was luxurious and splendid, beyond all men, in his habits, rather than his tastes. His table groaned beneath a weight of silver, too costly for the daily service even of a prince: but he had no pleasure in surveying it. His wines and viands were of the most exquisite description; but he scarcely tasted them. Yet, what may seem inconsistent, he was averse to all ostentation and show in the eyes of others. He admitted very few into his society—no one so intimately as myself. I never once saw more than three persons at his table. He seemed, in his tastes for the arts, in his love of literature, and his pursuit after fame, to be, as he himself said, eternally endeavoring to forget and eternally brought back to remembrance.

"I pity that man even more than I admire him," said Vincent to me, one night when we were walking home from Glanville's house. "His is, indeed, the disease *nulla medicabilis herba*. Whether it is the past or the present that afflicts him—whether it is the memory of past evil, or the satiety of present good, he has taken to his heart, the bitterest philosophy of life. He does not reject its blessings—he

gathers them around him, but as a stone gathers moss—cold, hard, unsoftened by the freshness and the greenness which surround it. As a circle can only touch a circle in one place, everything that life presents to him, wherever it comes from—to whatever portion of his soul it is applied—can find but one point of contact; and that is the soreness of affliction: whether it is the *oblivio* or the *otium* that he requires, he finds equally that he is for ever in want of one treasure:—'*neque gemmis neque purpura venale nec auro.*'"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Mons. Jourdain.—Etes-vous fou de l'aller quereller—lui qui entend la tierce et la quarte, et qui sait tuer un homme par raison démonstrative?

Le Maitre a Danser.—Je me moque de sa raison démonstrative, et de sa tierce et de sa quarte.—MOLIERE.

"HOLLO, my good friend; how are you?—d——d glad to see you in England," vociferated a loud, clear, good-humored voice, one cold morning, as I was shivering down Brook-street into Bond-street. I turned, and beheld, Lord Dartmore, of *Rocher de Cancale* memory. I returned his greeting with the same cordiality with which it was given; and I was forthwith saddled with Dartmore's arm, and dragged up Bond-street, into that borough of all noisy, riotous, unrefined good fellows, yclept ——'s Hotel.

Here we were soon plunged into a small, low apartment, which Dartmore informed me was his room, and which was crowded with a score of the most stalwart youths that I ever saw out of a marching regiment.

Dartmore was still gloriously redolent of Oxford: his companions were all extracts from Christchurch; and his favorite occupations were boxing and hunting—scenes at the Fives' Courts—nights in the Cider Cellar—and mornings at Bow-street. Figure to yourself a fitter companion for the hero and writer of these adventures! The table was covered with boxing gloves, single sticks, two ponderous pair of dumb bells, a large pewter pot of porter, and four foils; one snapped in the middle.

"Well," cried Dartmore, to two strapping youths, with their coats off, "which was the conqueror?"

"Oh, it is not yet decided," was the answer; and forthwith the bigger one hit the lesser a blow with his boxing glove, heavy enough to have felled Ulysses, who, if I recollect aright, was rather "*a game blood*" in such encounters.

This slight salute was forthwith the prelude to an encounter, which the whole train crowded round to witness;—I, among the rest, pretending an equal ardour, and an equal interest, and hiding, like many persons in a similar predicament, a most trembling spirit beneath a most valorous exterior.

When the match (which terminated in favor of the lesser champion) was over, "Come, Pelham," said Dartmore, "let me take up the gloves with you?" "You are too good!" said I, for the first time using my drawing-room drawl. A wink and a grin went round the room.

"Well, then, will you fence with Staunton, or play at single stick with me?" said the short, thick, bullying, impudent, vulgar Earl of Calton.

"Why," answered I, "I am a poor hand at the foils, and a still worse at the sticks; but I have no objection to exchange a cut or two at the latter with Lord Calton."

"No, no!" said the good-natured Dartmore;—"no! Calton is the best stick-player I ever knew;" and then whispering me, he added, "and the hardest hitter—and he never spares, either."

"Really, said I aloud, in my most affected tone, "it is a great pity, for I am excessively delicate; but as I said I would engage him, I don't like to retract. Pray let me look at the hilt: I hope the basket is strong: I would not have my knuckles rapped for the world—now for it. I'm in a deuced fright, Dartmore;" and so saying and inwardly chuckling at the universal pleasure depicted in the countenances of Calton and the bystanders, who were all rejoiced at the idea of the "dandy being drubbed," I took the stick, and pretended great awkwardness, and lack of grace in the position I chose.

Calton placed himself in the most scientific attitude, assuming at the same time an air of *hauteur* and *nonchalance*, which seemed to call for the admiration it met.

"Do we allow hard hitting?" said I.

"Oh! by all means," answered Calton, eagerly.

"Well," said I, settling my own *chapeau*, "had not you better put on your hat?"

"Oh, no," answered Calton, imperiously; "I can take pretty good care of my head;" and with these words we commenced.

I remained at first nearly upright, not availing myself in the least of my superiority in height, and only acting on the defensive. Calton played well enough for a gentleman; but he was no match for one who had, at the age of thirteen, beat the Life Guardsmen at Angelo's. Suddenly, when I had excited a general laugh at the clumsy success with which I warded off a most rapid attack of Calton's I changed my position, and keeping Calton at arm's length till I had driven him towards a corner, I took advantage of a haughty imprudence on his part, and, by a common enough move in the game, drew back from a stroke aimed at my limbs, and suffered the whole weight of my weapon to fall so heavily upon his head, that I felled him to the ground in an instant.

I was sorry for the severity of the stroke the moment after it was inflicted; but never was punishment more deserved. We picked up the discomfited hero, and placed him on a chair to recover his senses; meanwhile I received the congratulations of the conclave with a frank alteration of manner which delighted them; and I found it impossible to get away, till I had promised to dine with Dartmore, and spend the rest of the evening in the society of his friends.

CHAPTER XLIX.

—— Heroes mischievously gay,
Lords of the street and terrors of the way,
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine.
JOHNSON'S *London*.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te—his humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.—SHAKSPEARE.

I WENT a little after seven o'clock to keep my dinner engagement at ——'s; for very young men are seldom unpunctual at dinner. We sat down, six in number, to a repast at once incredibly bad, and ridiculously extravagant; turtle without fat—venison without flavor champagne with the taste of a gooseberry, and hock with the properties of a pomegranate.* Such is the constant habit of young men: they think anything expensive is necessarily good, and they purchase poison at a dearer rate than the most medicine-loving hypochrondriac in England?

Of course, all the knot declared the dinner was superb; called in the master to eulogize him in person, and made him, to his infinite dismay, swallow a bumper of his own hock. Poor man! they mistook his reluctance for his diffidence, and forced him to wash it away in another potation. With many a wry face of grateful humility, he left the room, and we then proceeded to pass the bottle with the *suicidal* determination of defeated Romans. You may imagine that we were not long in arriving at the devoutly wished-for consummation of comfortable inebriety; and with our eyes reeling, our cheeks burning and our brave spirits full ripe for a quarrel, we sallied out at eleven o'clock, vowing death, dread, and destruction to all the sober portion of his majesty's subjects.

We came to a dead halt in Arlington street, which, as it was the quietest spot in the neighborhood, we deemed a fitting place for the arrangement of our forces. Dartmore, Staunton (a tall, thin, well formed, silly youth) and myself, marched first, and the remaining three followed. We gave each other the most judicious admonitions as to propriety of conduct, and then, with a shout that alarmed the whole street we renewed our way. We passed on safely enough till we got to Charing-Cross, having only been thrice upbraided by the watchmen, and once threatened by two carmen of prodigious size, to whose wives or sweethearts we had, to our infinite peril, made some gentle overtures. When, however, we had just passed the Opera Colonnade, we were accosted by a bevy of buxom Cyprians, as merry and as drunk as ourselves. We halted for a few minutes in the midst of the kennel, to confabulate with our new friends, and a very amicable and intellectual conversation ensued. Dartmore was an adept in the art of slang, and he found himself fairly matched, by more than one of the fair and gentle creatures by whom we were surrounded. Just, however, as we were all in high glee, Staunton made a trifling discovery,

* Which is *not* an astringent fruit.

which turned the merriment of the whole scene into strife, war, and confusion. A bouncing lass, whose hands were as ready as her charms, had quietly helped herself to a watch which Staunton wore, *à la mode*, in his waistcoat pocket. Drunken as the youth was at that time, and dull as he was at all others, he was not without the instinctive penetration with which all human bipeds watch over their individual goods and chattels. He sprang aside from the endearments of the syren, grasped her arm, and in a voice of querulous indignation, accused her of the theft.

> "Then rose the cry of women—shrill
> As shriek of goshawk on the hill."

Never were my ears so stunned. The angry authors in the adventures of Gil Blas were nothing to the disputants in the kennel at Charing-Cross; we rowed, swore, slanged, with a Christian meekness and forbearance which would have rejoiced Mr. Wilberforce to the heart, and we were already preparing ourselves for a more striking engagment, when we were most unwelcomely interrupted by the presence, of three watchman.

"Take away this—this—d——d woman," hiccuped out Staunton, "she has sto—len—(hiccup)—my watch"—(hiccup).

"No such thing, watchman," hallooed out the accused, "the b—— counter-skipper never *had* any watch! he only filched a twopenny-halfpenny gilt-chain out of his master, Levi, the pawnbroker's window, and stuck it in his *eel-skin* to make a show: ye did, ye pitiful, lanky-chopped son of a dog-fish, ye did."

"Come, come," said the watchman, "move on, move on."

"You be d——d, for a Charley!" said one of our gang.

"Ho! ho! master jackanapes, I shall give you a cooling in the watch-house if you tips us any of your jaw. I dare say the young *oman* here, is quite right about ye, and ye never had any watch at all, at all."

"You are a liar!" cried Staunton; "and you are all in with each other, like a pack of rogues as you are."

"I'll tell you what, young gemman," said another watchman,* who was a more potent, grave, and reverend signor than his comrades, "if you do not move on instantly, and let those decent young *omen* alone, I'll take you all up before Sir Richard."

"Charley, my boy," said Dartmore, "did you ever get thrashed for impertinence?"

The last mentioned watchman took upon himself the reply to this interrogatory by a very summary proceeding: he collared Dartmore, and his companions did the same kind office to us. This action was not committed with impunity: in an instant two of the moon's minions, staffs, lanterns, and all, were measuring their length at the foot of their namesake of royal memory; the remaining Dogberry was, however, a tougher assailant; he held Staunton so firmly in his gripe, that the poor youth could scarcely breathe out a faint and feeble d—— ye of defiance, and with his disengaged hand he made such an admirable use of his rattle, that we were surrounded in a trice.

As when an ant-hill is invaded, from every quarter and crevice of the mound arise and pour out an angry host, of whose previous existence the unwary assailant had not dreamt; so from every lane, and alley, and street, and crossing, came fast and far the champions of the night.

"Gentlemen," said Dartmore, "we must fly; *sauve qui peut*." We wanted no stronger admonition, and accordingly, all of us who were able, set off with the utmost velocity with which God had gifted us. I have some faint recollection that I myself headed the flight. I remember well that I dashed *up* the Strand, and dashed *down* a singular little shed, from which emanated the steam of tea and a sharp, querulous scream of "All hot—all hot; a penny a pint." I see, now, by the dim light of retrospection, a vision of an old woman in the kennel, and a pewter pot of mysterious ingredients precipitated into a greengrocer's shop, "te *virides inter lauros*," as Vincent would have said. On we went, faster and faster, as the rattle rang in our ears, and the tramp of the enemy echoed after us in hot pursuit.

"The *devil* take the hindmost," said Dartmore, breathlessly (as he kept up with me).

"The watchman has saved his majesty the trouble," answered I, looking back and seeing one of our friends in the clutch of the pursuers.

* The reader will remember that this work was writ. before the Institution of the New Police.

"On, on!" was Dartmore's only reply.

At last, after innumerable perils, and various immersements into back passages, and courts, and alleys, which, like the chicaneries of law, preserved and befriended us, in spite of all the efforts of justice, we fairly found ourselves in safety in the midst of a great square.

Here we paused, and after ascertaining our individual safeties, we looked round to ascertain the sum total of the general loss. Alas! we were wofully shorn of our beams—we were reduced one-half: only three out of the six survived the conflict and the flight.

"Half," (said the companion of Dartmore and myself, whose name was Tringle, and who was a dabbler in science, of which he was not a little vain) "half is less worthy than the whole; but the half is more worthy than nonentity."

"An axiom," said I, "not to be disputed; but now that we are safe, and have time to think about it, are you not slightly of opinion that we behaved somewhat scurvily to our better half, in leaving it so quietly in the hands of the Philistines?"

"By no means," answered Dartmore. "In a party, whose members make no pretensions to sobriety, it would be too hard to expect that persons who are scarcely capable of taking care of themselves, should take care of other people. No; we have in all these exploits, only the one maxim of self-preservation."

"Allow me," said Tringle, seizing me by the coat, "to explain it to you on scientific principles. You will find, in hydrostatics, that the attraction of cohesion is far less powerful in fluids than in solids; viz. that persons who have been converting their 'solid flesh' into wine skins, cannot stick so close to one another as when they are sober."

"Bravo, Tringle!" cried Dartmore; "and now, Pelham, I hope your delicate scruples are, after so luminous an *éclaircissement*, set at rest for ever."

"You have convinced me," said I; "let us leave the unfortunates to their fate, and Sir Richard. What is now to be done?"

"Why, in the first place," answered Dartmore, "let us reconnoitre. Does any one know this spot?"

"Not I," said both of us. We inquired of an old fellow, who was tottering home under the same Bacchanalian auspices as ourselves, and found we were in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Which shall we do?" asked I, "stroll home; or parade the streets, visit the Cider-Cellar, and the Finish, and kiss the first lass we meet in the morning bringing her charms and carrots to Convent Garden Market?"

"The latter," cried Dartmore and Tringle, "without doubt."

"Come, then," said I, "let us investigate Holborn, and dip into St. Gile's, and then find our way into some more known corner of the globe."

"Amen!" said Dartmore, and accordingly we renewed our march. We wound along a narrow lane, tolerably well known, I imagine, to the gentlemen of the quill, and entered Holborn. There was a beautiful still moon above us, which cast its light over a drowsy stand of hackney coaches, and shed a 'silver sadness' over the thin visages and sombre vestments of two guardians of the night, who regarded us, we thought, with a very ominous aspect of suspicion.

We strolled along, leisurely enough, till we were interrupted by a miserable-looking crowd, assembled round a dull, dingy, melancholy shop, from which gleamed a solitary candle, whose long, spinister-like wick was flirting away with an east wind, at a most unconscionable rate. Upon the haggard and worn countenances of the bystanders, was depicted one general and sympathizing expression of eager, envious, wistful anxiety, which predominated so far over the various characters of each, as to communicate something of a likeness to all. It was an impress of such a seal as you might imagine, not the arch-fiend, but one of his subordinate shepherds, would have set upon each of his flock.

Amid this crowd, I recognized more than one face which I had often seen in my equestrian lounges through town, peering from the shoulders of some intrustive, raggamuffin, wageless lackey, and squealing out of its wretched, unpampered mouth, the everlasting query of "*Want your oss held, Sir?*" The rest were made up of unfortunate woman of the vilest and most ragged description, aged itinerants, with features seared with famine, bleared eyes, dropping jaws, shivering limbs, and all the mortal signs of hopeless and aidless, and, worst of all, breadless infirmity. Here and there an

Irish accent broke out in the oaths of national impatience, and was answered by the shrill, broken voice of some decrepit but indefatigable votatries of pleasure—(*Pleasure!*) but the chief character of the meeting was *silence;*—silence, eager, heavy, engrossing; and, above them all, shone out the quiet moon, so calm, so holy, so breathing of still happiness and unpolluted glory, as if it never looked upon the traces of human passion, and misery, and sin. We stood for some moments contemplating the group before us, and then, following the steps of an old, withered crone, who, with a cracked cup in her hand, was pushing her way through the throng, we found ourselves in that dreary pandæmonium, at once the origin and the refuge of humble vices—*a Gin-shop.*

"Poor devils," said Dartmore, to two or three of the nearest and eagerest among the crowd, "come in, and I will treat you."

The invitation was received with a promptness which must have been the most gratifying compliment to the inviter; and thus Want, which is the mother of Invention, does not object, now and then, to a bantling by Politeness.

We stood by the counter while our *protégés*, were served, in silent observation. In low vice, to me, there is always something too gloomy, almost too *fearful* for light mirth; the contortions of the madman are stronger than those of the fool, but one does not laugh at them; the sympathy is for the cause—not the effect.

Leaning against the counter at one corner, and fixing his eyes deliberately and unmovingly upon us, was a man about the age of fifty, dressed in a costume of singular fashion, apparently pretending to an antiquity of taste, correspondent with that of the material. This person wore a large cocked-hat, set rather jauntily on one side, and a black coat, which seemed an *omnium gatherum* of all abominations that had come in its way for the last ten years, and which appeared to advance equal claims (from the manner it was made and worn), to the several dignities of the art military and civil, the *arma* and the *toga:*—from the neck of the wearer hung a blue ribbon of amazing breadth, and of a very surprising assumption of newness and splendor, by no means in harmony with the other parts of the *tout ensemble;* this was the guardian of an eye-glass of block tin, and of dimensions correspondent with the size of the ribbon. . Stuck under the right arm, and shaped fearfully like a sword, peeped out the hilt of a very large and sturdy-looking stick, "in war a weapon, in peace a support."

The features of the man were in keeping with his garb; they betokened an equal mixture of the traces of poverty, and the assumption of the dignities reminiscent of a better day. Two small light-blue eyes were shaded by bushy and rather imperious brows, which lowered from under the hat, like Cerberus out of his den. These, at present, wore the dull, fixed stare of habitual intoxication, though we were not long in discovering that they had not yet forgotten to sparkle with all the quickness, and more than the roguery of youth. His nose was large, prominent, and aristocratic; nor would it have been ill formed, had not some unknown cause pushed it a little nearer towards the left ear, than would have been thought, by an equitable judge of beauty, fair to the pretensions of the right. The lines in the countenance were marked as if in iron, and had the face been perfectly composed, must have given to it a remarkably stern and sinister appearance; but at that moment there was an arch leer about the mouth, which softened, or at least altered, the expression the features habitually wore.

"Sir," said he, (after a few minutes of silence), "Sir," said he, approaching me, "will you do me the honor to take a pinch of snuff?" and so saying, he tapped a curious copper box, with a pictute of his late majesty upon it.

"With great pleasure," answered I, bowing low, "since the act is a prelude to the pleasure of your acquaintance."

My gentleman of the gin-shop opened his box with an air, as he replied—"It is but seldom that I meet, in places of this description, gentlemen of the exterior of yourself and your friends. I am not a person very easily deceived by the outward man. Horace, sir, could not have included *me*, when he said, *specie decipimur.* I perceive that you are surprised at hearing me quote Latin. Alas! sir, in my wandering and various manner of life I may say, with Cicero and Pliny, that the study of letters has proved my greatest consolation. '*Gaudium mihi,*' says the latter author '*et solatium in literis: nihil tam lætum quod his non lætius, nihil tam triste quod non per has sitminus triste.*'

G—d d—n ye, you scoundrel, give me my gin! ar'n't you ashamed of keeping a gentleman of my fashion so long waiting?"

This was said to the sleepy dispenser of the spirituous potations, who looked up for a moment with a dull stare, and then replied, "Your money first, Mr. Gordon—you owe us seven-pence halfpenny already."

"Blood and confusion! speakest thou to me of halfpence! Know that thou art a mercenary varlet; yes, knave, mark that, a mercenary varlet." The sleepy Ganymede replied not, and the wrath of Mr. Gorden subsided into a low, interrupted, internal muttering of strange oaths, which rolled and grumbled, and rattled in his throat, like distant thunder.

At length he cheered up a little—"Sir," said he, addressing Dartmore, "it is a sad thing to be dependant on these low persons; the wise among the ancients were never so wrong as when they panegyrized poverty: it is the wicked man's tempter, the good man's perdition, the proud man's curse, the melancholy man's *halter*."

"You are a strange old cock," said the unsophisticated Dartmore, eyeing him from head to foot; "there's half a sovereign for you."

The blunt blue eyes of Mr. Gordon sharpened up in an instant; he seized the treasure with an avidity of which, the minute after, he seemed somewhat ashamed; for he said, playing with the coin in an idle, indifferent manner —"Sir, you show a consideration, and, let me add, sir, a delicacy of feeling, unusual at your years. Sir, I shall repay you at my earliest leisure, and in the meanwhile allow me to say, that I shall be proud of the honor of your acquaintance."

"Thank-ye, old boy," said Dartmore, putting on his glove before he accepted the offered hand of his new friend, which, though it was tendered with great grace and dignity, was of a marvellously dingy and soapless aspect.

"Harkye, you d—d son of a gun!" cried Mr. Gordon, abruptly turning from Dartmore, after a hearty shake of the hand, to the man at the counter—"Harkye! give me change for this half sovereign, and be d—d to you—and then tip us a double gill of your best; you whey-faced, liver-drenched, pence-griping, belly-griping, pauper-cheating, sleepy-souled Arismanes of bad spirits. Come, gentlemen, if you have nothing better to do, I'll take you to my club; we are a rare knot of us, there—all choice spirits; some of them are a little uncouth, it is true, but we are not all born Chesterfields. Sir, allow me to ask the favor of your name?"

"Dartmore."

"Mr. Dartmore, you are a gentleman. Hollo! you *Liquorpond-street of a scoundrel*—having nothing of liquor but the name, you narrow, nasty, pitiful alley of a fellow, with a kennel for a body, and a sink for a soul; give me my change and my gin, you scoundrel! Humph, is that all right, you Procrustes of the counter, chopping our lawful appetites down to your rascally standard of seven-pence halfpenny? Why don't you take a motto, you Paynim dog? Here's one for you—'Measure for measure, and the devil to pay!' Humph, you pitiful toadstool of a trader, you have no more spirit than an empty water-bottle; and when you go to h—ll, they'll use you to cool the bellows. I say, you rascal, why are you worse off than the devil in a hip bath of brimstone?—because, you knave, the devil then would only be half d—d, and you're d—d all over!—— Come, gentlemen, I am at your service."

CHAPTER L.

The history of a philosophical vagabond, pursuing novelty, and losing content.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

We followed our strange friend through the crowd at the door, which he elbowed on either side with the most aristocratic disdain, perfectly regardless of their jokes at his dress and manner; he no sooner got through the throng, than he stopped short (though in the midst of the kennel) and offered us his arm. This was an honor of which we were by no means desirous; for, to say nothing of the shabbiness of Mr. Gordon's exterior, there was a certain odour in his garments which was possibly less displeasing to the wearer than to his acquaintance. Accordingly, we pretended not to notice this invitation, and merely said, we would follow his guidance.

He turned up a narrow street, and after passing some of the most ill favored alleys I ever had the happiness of beholding, he stopped at a low door; here he knocked twice, and was at last admitted by a slip-shop, yawn-

ing wench, with red arms, and a profusion of sandy hair. This Hebe, Mr. Gordon greeted with a loving kiss which the kissee resented in a very unequivocal strain of disgustful reproach.

"Hush! my Queen of Clubs; my Sultana Sootina!" said Mr. Gordon; "Hush! or these gentlemen will think you in earnest. I have brought three new customers to the club."

"This speech somewhat softened the incensed Houri of Mr. Gordon's Paradise, and she very civilly asked us to enter.

"Stop!" said Mr. Gordon with an air of importance, "I must just step in and ask the gentlemen to admit you;—merely a form—for a word from me will be quite sufficient." And so saying, he vanished for about five minutes.

On his return, he said, with a cheerful countenance, that we were free of the house, but that we must pay a shilling each as the customary fee. This sum was soon collected, and quietly inserted in the waistcoat pocket of our chaperon, who then conducted us up the passage into a small back room, where were sitting about seven or eight men, enveloped in smoke, and moistening the fever of the Virginian plant with various preparations of malt. On entering, I observed Mr. Gordon deposit, at a sort of bar, the sum of threepence, by which I shrewdly surmised he had gained the sum of two and ninepence by our admission. With a very arrogant air, he proceeded to the head of the table, sat himself down with a swagger, and called out, like a lusty roisterer of the true kidney, for a pint of purl and a pipe. Not to be out of fashion, we ordered the same articles of luxury.

After we had all commenced a couple of puffs at our pipes, I looked round at our fellow guests; they seemed in a very poor state of body, as might naturally be supposed; and, in order to ascertain how far the condition of the mind was suited to that of the frame, I turned round to Mr. Gordon, and asked him in a whisper to give us a few hints as to the genus and characteristics of the individual components of his club. Mr. Gordon declared himself delighted with the proposal, and we all adjourned to a separate table at the corner of the room, where Mr. Gordon, after a deep draught at the purl, thus began:—

"You observe yon thin, meagre, cadaverous animal, with rather an intelligent and melancholy expression of countenance— his name is Chitterling Crabtree: his father was an eminent coal-merchant, and left him 10,000*l.* Crabtree turned politician. When fate wishes to ruin a man of moderate abilities and moderate fortune, she makes him an orator. Mr. Chitterling Crabtree attended all the meetings at the Crown and Anchor—subscribed to the aid of the suffering friends of freedom—harangued, argued, sweated, wrote—was fined and imprisoned—regained his liberty, and married—his wife loved a community of goods no less than her spouse, and ran *off* with one citizen, while he was running on to the others. Chitterling dried his tears; and contented himself with the reflection, that 'in a proper state of things,' such an event could not have occurred.

"Mr. Crabtree's money and life were now half gone. One does not subscribe to the friends of freedom and spout at their dinners for nothing. But the worst drop was yet in the cup. An undertaking, of the most spirited and promising nature, was conceived by the chief of the friends, and the dearest familiar of Mr. Chitterling Crabtree. Our worthy embarked his fortune in a speculation so certain of success;—crash went the speculation, and off went the friend—Mr. Crabtree was ruined. He was not, however, a man to despair at trifles. What were bread, meat, and beer to the champion of equality! He went to the meeting that very night: he said he gloried in his losses—they were for the cause: the whole conclave rang with shouts of applause, and Mr. Chitterling Crabtree went to bed happier than ever. I need not pursue his history farther; *you see him here*—verbum sat. He spouts at the 'Ciceronian,' for half a crown a-night, and to this day subscribes sixpence a-week to the cause of 'liberty and enlightenment all over the world.'"

"By heaven!" cried Dartmore, "he is a fine fellow, and my father shall do something for him."

Gordon pricked up his ears, and continued, —"Now, for the second person, gentlemen, whom I am about to describe to you. You see that middle sized stout man, with a slight squint, and a restless, lowering, cunning expression?"

"What! him in the kerseymere breeches and green jacket?" said I.

"The same," answered Gordon. His real name, when he does not travel with an alias, is Job Jonson. He is one of the most remarkable rogues in Christendom; he is so noted a cheat, that there is not a pickpocket in England who would keep company with him if he had anything to lose. He was the favorite of his father, who intended to leave him all his fortune, which was tolerably large. He robbed him one day on the high road; his father discovered it, and disinherited him. He was placed at a merchant's office, and rose, step by step, to be head clerk, and intended son-in-law. Three nights before his marriage, he broke open the till, and was turned out of doors the next morning. If you were going to do him the greatest favor in the world, he could not keep his hands out of your pocket till you had done it. In short, he has rogued himself out of a dozen fortunes, and a hundred friends, and managed, with incredible dexterity and success, to cheat himself into beggary and a pot of beer."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "But I think a sketch of your own life must be more amusing than that of anyone else: am I impertinent in asking for it?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Gordon; "you shall have it in as few words as possible."

"I was born a gentleman, and educated with some pains; they told me I was a genius, and it was not very hard to persuade me of the truth of the assertion. I wrote verses to a wonder—robbed orchards according to military tactics—never played at marbles, without explaining to my competitors the theory of attraction—and was the best informed, most mischievious, little rascal in the whole school. My family were in great doubt what to do with so prodigious a wonder; one said the law, another the church, a third talked of diplomacy, and a fourth assured my mother, that if I could but be introduced at court, I should be lord chamberlain in a twelvemonth. While my friends were deliberating, I took the liberty of deciding: I enlisted, in a fit of loyal valor, in a marching regiment; my friends made the best of a bad job, and bought me an ensigncy.

"I recollect I read Plato the night before I went to battle; the next morning they told me I ran away. I am sure it was a malicious invention, for if I had, I should have recollected it; whereas, I was in such a confusion that I cannot remember a single thing that happened in the whole course of that day. About six moths afterwards, I found myself out of the army, and in jail; and no sooner had my relations released me from the latter predicament, than I set off on my travels. At Dublin, I lost my heart to a rich widow (as I thought); I married her and found her as poor as myself. Heaven knows what would have become of me, if I had not taken to drinking; my wife scorned to be outdone by me in any thing; she followed my example, and at the end of a year I followed her to the grave. Since then I have taken warning, and been scrupulously sober.—Betty, my love, another pint of purl.

"I was now once more a freeman in the prime of my life; handsome, as you see, gentlemen, and with the strength and spirit of a young Hercules. Accordingly I dried my tears, turned marker by night at a gambling house, and buck by day, in Bond-street (for I had returned to London). I remember well one morning, that his present Majesty was pleased, *en passant*, to admire my buckskins—*tempora mutantur*. Well, gentlemen, one night at a brawl in our *salon*, my nose met with a rude hint to move to the right. I went, in a great panic to the surgeon, who mended the matter, by moving it to the left. There, thank God! it has rested in quiet ever since. It is needless to tell you the nature of the quarrel in which this accident occurred; however, my friends thought it necessary to remove me from the situation I then held. I went once more to Ireland, and was introduced to "a friend of freedom.' I was poor; that circumstance is quite enough to make a patriot. They sent me to Paris on a secret mission, and when I returned, my friends were in prison. Being always of a free disposition, I did not envy them their situation: accordingly I returned to England. Halting at Liverpool, with a most debilitated purse, I went into a silversmith's shop to brace it, and about six months afterwards, I found myself on a marine excursion to Botany Bay. On my return from that country, I resolved to turn my literary talents to account. I went to Cambridge, wrote declamations, and translated Virgil at so much a sheet. My relations (thanks to my letters, neither few nor far between) soon found me out; they allowed me (they do still) half a

guinea a week; and upon this and my declamations I manage to exist. Ever since, my chief residence has been at Cambridge. I am an universal favorite with both graduates and under-graduates. I have reformed my life and my manners, and have become the quiet, orderly person you behold me. Age tames the fiercest of us—

"'Non sum qualis eram.'

"Betty, bring me my purl, and be d—d to you.

"It is now vacation time, and I have come to town with the idea of holding lectures on the state of education. Mr. Dartmore, your health. Gentlemen, yours. My story is done, —and I hope you will pay for the purl." *

CHAPTER LI.

I hate a drunken rogue.—*Twelfth Night.*

We took an affectionate leave of Mr. Gordon, and found ourselves once more in the open air; the smoke and the purl had contributed greatly to the continuance of our inebriety, and we were as much averse to bed as ever. We conveyed ourselves, laughing and rioting all the way, to a stand of hackney-coaches. We entered the head of the flock, and drove to Piccadilly. It set us down at the corner of the Haymarket.

"Past two!" cried the watchman, as we sauntered by him.

"You lie, you rascal," said I, "you have passed *three* now."

We were all merry enough to laugh at this sally; and seeing a light gleam from the entrance of the Royal Saloon, we knocked at the door, and it was opened unto us. We sat down at the only spare table in the place, and looked round at the smug and *varmint* citizens with whom the room was filled.

"Hollo, waiter!" cried Tringle, "some red wine negus—I know not why it is, but the devil himself could never cure me of thirst. Wine and I have a most chemical attraction for each other. You know that we always estimate the force of attraction between bodies by the force required to separate them!"

While we were all three as noisy and nonsensical as our best friends could have wished us, a new stranger entered, approached, looked round the room for a seat, and seeing none, walked leisurely up to our table, and accosted me with a—"Ha! Mr. Pelham, have d'ye do? Well met; by your leave I will sip my grog at your table. No offence I hope—more the merrier, eh?—Waiter, a glass of hot brandy and water—not too weak. D'ye hear?"

Need I say that this pithy and pretty address proceeded from the mouth of Mr. Tom Thornton? He was somewhat more than half drunk, and his light prying eyes twinkled dizzily in his head. Dartmore, who was, and is, the best natured fellow alive, hailed the signs of his intoxication as a sort of freemasonry, and made way for him beside himself. I could not help remarking, that Thornton seemed singularly less sleek than heretofore: his coat was out at the elbows, his linen was torn and soiled; there was not a vestige of the vulgar spruceness about him which was formerly one of his most prominent characteristics. He had also lost a great deal of the florid health formerly visible in his face; his cheeks seemed sunk and haggard, his eyes hollow, and his complexion sallow and squalid, in spite of the flush which intemperance spread over it at the moment. However, he was in high spirits, and soon made himself so entertaining that Dartmore and Tringle grew charmed with him.

As for me, the antipathy I had to the man sobered and silenced me for the rest of the night; and finding that Dartmore and his friend were eager for an introduction to some female friends of Thornton's, whom he mentioned in terms of high praise, I tore myself from them, and made the best of my way home.

* Poor Jemmy Gordon—thou art no more! The stones of Cambridge no longer prate of thy whereabout!—Death hath removed thee;—may it *not* be to that bourne where alone thy oaths can be outdone! He was indeed a singular character, that Jemmy Gordon, as many a generation of Cantabs can attest!—His long stick and his cocked hat—and his tattered Lucretius, and his mighty eye-glass, how familiarly do they intermingle with our recollections of Trinity and of Trumpington Streets! If I have rightly heard, his death was the consequence of a fractured limb. Laid by the leg in a lofty attic, his spirit was not tamed;—the noises he made were astounding to the last.—The grim foe carried him off in a whirlwind of slang! I do not say '*Peace* to his manes,' for quiet would be the worst hell that could await him:—and heaven itself would be torture to Jemmy Gordon, if he were not allowed to swear in it!—Noisiest of reprobates, fare thee well!—H. P.

CHAPTER LII.

Illi mors gravis incubat
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.—SENECA.

Nous serons par nos lois les juges des ouvrages.
—*Les Femmes Saventes.*

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost,
And, ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there, where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.
—JASPAR MAYNE.

VINCENT called on me the next day. "I have news for you," said he, "though somewhat of a lugubrious nature. *Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque!* You remember the Duchesse de Perpignan?"

"I should think so," was my answer.

"Well, then," pursued Vincent, "she is no more. Her death was worthy of her life. She was to give a brilliant entertainment to all the foreigners at Paris: the day before it took place, a dreadful eruption broke out on her complexion. She sent for the doctors in despair. 'Cure me against to-morrow,' she said, 'and name your own reward.' 'Madame, it is impossible to do so with safety to your health.' '*Au diable* with your health!' said the Duchesse; 'what is health to an eruption?' The doctors took the hint; an external application was used—the Duchesse woke in the morning as beautiful as ever—the entertainment took place—she was the Armida of the scene. Supper was announced. She took the arm of the —— ambassador, and moved through the crowd amidst the audible admiration of all. She stopped for a moment at the door; all eyes were upon her. A fearful and ghastly convulsion passed over her countenance, her lips trembled, she fell on the ground with the most terrible contortions of face and frame. They carried her to bed. She remained for some days insensible; when she recovered, she asked for a looking-glass. Her whole face was drawn on one side; not a wreck of beauty was left;—that night she poisoned herself!"

I cannot express how shocked I was at this information. Much as I had cause to be disgusted with the conduct of that unhappy woman, I could find in my mind no feeling but commiseration and horror at her death; and it was with great difficulty that Vincent persuaded me to accept an invitation to Lady Roseville's for the evening, to meet Glanville and himself.

However, I cheered up as the night came on; and though my mind was still haunted with the tale of the morning, it was neither in a musing nor a melancholy mood that I entered the drawing-room at Lady Roseville's—"So runs the world away!"

Glanville was there in his customary mourning.

"Pelham," he said, when he joined me, "do you remember at Lady——'s one night, I said I would introduce you to my sister? I had no opportunity then, for we left the house before she returned from the refreshment room. May I do so now?"

I need not say what was my answer. I followed Glanville into the next room; and to my inexpressible astonishment and delight, discovered in his sister the beautiful, the never forgotten stranger I had seen at Cheltenham.

For once in my life I was embarrassed—my bow would have shamed a major in the line, and my stuttered and irrelevant address an alderman in the presence of His Majesty. However, a few moments sufficed to recover me, and I strained every nerve to be as agreeable as possible.

After I had conversed with Miss Glanville for some time, Lady Roseville joined us. Stately and Juno-like as was that charming personage in general, she relaxed into a softness of manner to Miss Glanville, that quite won my heart. She drew her to a part of the room, where a very animated and chiefly literary conversation was going on—and I resolving to make the best of my time, followed them, and once more found myself seated beside Miss Glanville. Lady Roseville was on the other side of my beautiful companion; and I observed that, whenever she took her eyes from Miss Glanville, they always rested upon her brother, who, in the midst of the disputation and the disputants, sat silent, gloomy, and absorbed.

The conversation turned upon Scott's novels; thence on novels in general; and finally on the particular one of Anastasius.

"It is a thousand pities," said Vincent, "that the scene of that novel is so far re-

moved from us. But it is a great misfortune for Hope that—

'To *learning* he narrowed his mind,
And gave up to the *East* what was meant for mankind.'

One often loses, in admiration at the knowledge of peculiar costume, the deference one would have paid to the masterly grasp of universal character."

"It must require," said Lady Roseville, "an extraordinary combination of mental powers to produce a perfect novel."

"One so extraordinary," answered Vincent, "that, though we have one perfect epic poem, and several which pretend to perfection, we have not one perfect novel in the world.* Gil Blas approaches more to perfection than any other; but it must be confessed that there is a want of dignity, of moral recititude, and of what I may term moral beauty, throughout the whole book. If an author could combine the various excellencies of Scott and Le Sage, with a greater and more metaphysical knowledge of morals than either, we might expect from him the perfection we have not yet discovered since the days of Apuleius."

"Speaking of morals," said Lady Roseville, "do you not think every novel should have its distinct object, and inculcate, throughout, some one peculiar moral, such as many of Marmontel's and Miss Edgeworth's?"

"No!" answered Vincent, "every good novel has one great end—the same in all—*viz.* the increasing our knowledge of the heart. It is thus that a novel writer must be a philosopher. Whoever succeeds in showing us more accurately the nature of ourselves and species, has done science, and consequently, virtue, the most important benefit; *for every truth is a moral. This* great and universal end, I am led to imagine, is rather crippled than extended by the rigorous attention to the *one* isolated moral you mention.

"Thus Dryden, in his Essay on the Progress of Satire, very rightly prefers Horace to Juvenal, so far as *instruction* is concerned; because the miscellaneous satires of the former are directed against every vice—the more confined ones of the latter (for the most part) only against *one.* All mankind is the field the novelist should cultivate—all truth, the moral he should strive to bring home. It is in occasional dialogue, in desultory maxims, in deductions from events, in analysis of character, that he should benefit and instruct. It is not enough—and I wish a certain novelist who has lately arisen would remember this—it is not enough for a writer to have a good heart, amiable sympathies, and what are termed high feelings, in order to shape out a moral, either true in itself, or beneficial in its inculcation. Before he touches his tale, he should be thoroughly acquainted with the intricate science of morals, and the metaphysical, as well as the more open, operations of the mind. If his knowledge is not deep and clear, his love of the good may only lead him into error; and he may pass off the prejudices of a susceptible heart for the precincts of virtue. Would to Heaven that people would think it necessary to be instructed before they attempt to instruct! '*Dire simplement que la vertu est vertu parce qu'elle est bonne en son fonds, et le vice tout au contraire, ce n'est pas les faire connoître.*' For me, if I were to write a novel, I would first make myself an acute, active, and vigilant observer of men and manners. Secondly, I would, after having thus noted effects by action in the world, trace the causes by books, and meditation in my closet. It is then, and not till then, that I would study the lighter graces of style and decoration; nor would I give the rein to invention, till I was convinced that it would create neither monsters, of men, nor falsities, of truth. For my vehicles of instruction or amusement, I would have people as they are—neither worse nor better—and the moral they should convey, should be rather true jest or irony, than gravity and seriousness. There never was an imperfection corrected by portraying perfection; and if levity and ridicule be said so easily to allure to sin, I do not see why they should not be used in defence of virtue. Of this we may be sure, that as laughter is a distinct indication of the human race, so there never was a brute mind or a savage heart that loved to idulge in it." *

Vincent ceased.

"Thank you, my lord," said Lady Rose-

* For Don Quixote is not what Lord Vincent terms a *novel*, viz. the actual representation of real life.

* The Sage of Malmesbury expresses a very different opinion of the philosophy of laughter, and, for my part, I think his doctrine, in great measure, though not altogether—true. See *Hobbes on Human Nature*, and the answer to him in *Campbell's Rhetoric*.—AUTHOR.

ville, as she took Miss Glanville's arm and moved from the table. "For once you have condescended to give us your own sense, and not other people's; you have scarce made a single quotation."

"Accept," answered Vincent rising,

"'Accept a miracle instead of wit.'"

CHAPTER LIII.

Oh! I love!—Methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that, for gentle hearts, another name
Should speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
—B. SHELLEY.

——For me, I ask no more than honor gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
—SHAKSPEARE.

CALLOUS and worldly as I may seem, from the tone of these memoirs, I can say, safely, that one of the most delicious evenings I ever spent, was the first of my introduction to Miss Glanville. I went home intoxicated with a subtle spirit of enjoyment that gave a new zest and freshness to life. Two little hours seemed to have changed the whole course of my thoughts and feelings.

There was nothing about Miss Glanville like a heroine—I hate your heroines. She had none of that "modest ease," and "quiet dignity," of which certain writers speak with such applause. Thank Heaven, *she was alive!* She had great sense, but the playfulness of a child; extreme rectitude of mind, but with the tenderness of a gazelle: if she laughed, all her countenance, lips, eyes, forehead, cheeks, laughed too: "Paradise seemed opened in her face:" if she looked grave, it was such a lofty and *upward*, yet sweet and gentle gravity, that you might (had you been gifted with the least imagination) have supposed, from the model of her countenance, a new order of angels between the cherubim and the seraphim, the angels of Love and Wisdom. She was not, perhaps, quite so silent in society as my individual taste would desire; but when she spoke, it was with a propiety of thought and diction which made me lament when her voice had ceased. It was as if something beautiful in creation had stopped suddenly.

Enough of this now. I was lazily turning (the morning after Lady Roseville's) over some old books, when Vincent entered. I observed that his face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy. He looked carefully round the room, and then, approaching his chair towards mine, said, in a low tone—

"Pelham, I have something of importance on my mind which I wish to discuss with you; but let me entreat you to lay aside your usual levity, and pardon me if I say affectation; meet me with the candor and plainness which are the real distinctions of your character."

"My Lord Vincent," I replied, "there are, in your words, a depth and solemnity which pierce me, through one of N——'s best stuffed coats, even to the very heart. I will hear you as you desire, from the alpha to the omega of your discourse."

"My dear friend," said Vincent, "I have often seen that, in spite of all your love of pleasure, you have your mind continually turned towards higher and graver objects; and I have thought the better of your talents, and of your future success, for the little parade you make of the one, and the little care you appear to pay to the other: for

''tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder.'

I have also observed that you have, of late, been much to Lord Dawton's; I have even heard that you have been twice closeted with him. It is well known that that person entertains hopes of leading the opposition to the *grata arva* of the Treasury benches; and notwithstanding the years in which the Whigs have been out of office, there are some persons who pretend to foresee the chance of a coalition between them and Mr. Gaskell, to whose principles it is also added that they have been gradually assimilating."

Here Vincent paused a moment, and looked full at me. I met his eye with a glance as searching as his own. His look changed, and he continued.

"Now listen to me, Pelham: such a coalition never can take place. You smile: I repeat it. It is my object to form a third party; perhaps, while the two great sects 'anticipate the cabinet designs of fate,' there may suddenly come by a third, 'to whom the whole shall be referred.' Say that you think it not impossible that you may join us, and I will tell you more."

I paused for three minutes before I answered Vincent. I then said—"I thank you very sincerely for your proposal: tell me the names of two of your designed party, and I will answer you."

"Lord Lincoln and Lord Lesborough."

"What!" said I—"the Whig, who says in the Upper House, that whatever may be the distresses of the people, they shall not be gratified at the cost of one of the despotic privileges of the aristocracy. Go to!—I will have none of him. As to Lesborough, he is a fool and a boaster—who is always puffing his own vanity with the windiest pair of oratorical bellows that ever were made by air and brass, for the purpose of sound and smoke, 'signifying nothing.' Go to!—I will have none of him either."

"You are right in your judgment of my *confrères*," answered Vincent; "but we must make use of bad tools for good purposes."

"No—no!" said I; "the commonest carpenter will tell you the reverse."

Vincent eyed me suspiciously. "Look you!" said he: "I know well that no man loves, better than you, place, power, and reputation. Do you grant this?"

"I do," was my reply.

"Join with us; I will place you in the House of Commons immediately: if we succeed, you shall have the first and the best post I can give you. Now—'under which king, Bezonian, speak or die!'"

"I answer you in the words of the same worthy you quote," said I—"'A foutra for thine office.'—Do you know, Vincent, that I have, strange as it may seem to you, such a thing as a conscience? It is true I forget it now and then; but in a public capacity, the recollection of others would put me very soon in mind of it. I know your party well. I cannot imagine—forgive me—one more injurious to the country, nor one more revolting to myself; and I do positively affirm, that I would sooner feed my poodle on paunch and liver, instead of cream and fricassee, than be an instrument in the hands of men like Lincoln and Lesborough; who talk much, who perform nothing—who join ignorance of every principle of legislation to indifference for every benefit to the people:—who are full of 'wise saws,' but empty of 'modern instances'—who level upwards, and trample downwards—and would only value the ability you are pleased to impute to me, in the exact proportion that a sportsman values the ferret, that burrows for his pleasure, and destroys for his interest. Your *party* can't stand?"

Vincent turned pale—"And how long," said he, "have you learnt 'the principles of legislation,' and this mighty affection for the 'benefit of the people?'"

"Ever since," said I, coldly, "I learnt *any* thing! The first piece of *real* knowledge I ever gained was, that my interest was incorporated with that of the beings with whom I had the chance of being cast: if I injure them, I injure myself: if I can do them any good, I receive the benefit in common with the rest. Now, as I have a great love for that personage who has now the honor of addressing you, I resolved to be honest for his sake. So much for my affection for the benefit of the people. As to the little knowledge of the principles of legislation, on which you are kind enough to compliment me, look over the books on this table, or the writings in this desk, and know, that ever since I had the misfortune of parting from you at Cheltenham, there has not been a day in which I have spent less than six hours reading and writing on that sole subject. But enough of this—will you ride to-day?"

Vincent rose slowly—

> "'Gli arditi (said he) tuoi voti
> Già noti mi sono;
> Ma invano a quel trono,
> Tu aspiri con me:
> Trema per te!'"

"'*Io trema*' (I replied out of the same opera)—'*Io trema—di te!*'"

"Well," answered Vincent, and his fine high nature overcame his momentary resentment and chagrin at my rejection of his offer—"Well, I honor you for your sentiments, though they are opposed to my own. I may depend on your secrecy?"

"You may," said I.

"I forgive you, Pelham," rejoined Vincent: "we part friends."

"Wait one moment," said I, "and pardon me if I venture to speak in the language of caution to one in every way so superior to myself. No one (I say this with a safe conscience, for I never flattered my friend in my life, though I have often adulated my enemy)—no one has a greater admiration for your talents than my-

self; I desire eagerly to see you in the station most fit for their display; pause one moment before you link yourself, not only to a party, but to principles that cannot stand. You have only to exert yourself, and you may either lead the opposition, or be among the foremost in the administration. Take something certain, rather than what is doubtful: or at least stand alone:—such is my belief in your powers, if fairly tried, that if you were not united to those men, I would promise you faithfully in stand or fall by you alone, even if we had not through all England another soldier to our standard; but ——"

"I thank you, Pelham," said Vincent, interrupting me: "till we meet in public as enemies, we are friends in private—I desire no more. Farewell."

CHAPTER LIV.

Il vaut mieux employer notre esprit à supporter les infortunes qui nous arrivent, qu'à prévoir celles qui nous peuvent arriver.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

No sooner had Vincent departed than I buttoned my coat, and sallied out through a cold easterly wind to Lord Dawton's. It was truly said by the political quoter, that I had been often to that nobleman's, although I have not thought it advisable to speak of my political adventures hitherto. I have before said that I was ambitious; and the sagacious have probably already discovered, that I was somewhat less ignorant than it was my usual pride and pleasure to appear. I had established, among my uncle's friends, a reputation for talent; and no sooner had I been personally introduced to Lord Dawton, than I found myself courted by that personage in a manner equally gratifying and uncommon. When I lost my seat in Parliament, Dawton assured me that, before the session was over, I should be returned for one of his boroughs; and though my mind revolted at the idea of *becoming dependant* on any party, I made little scruple of promising *conditionally* to *ally* myself to his. So far had affairs gone, when I was honored with Vincent's proposal. I found Lord Dawton in his library, with the Marquis of Clandonald (Lord Dartmore's father, and, from his rank and property, classed among the highest, as from his vanity and restlessness, he was among the most active, members of the Opposition). Clandonald left the room when I entered. Few men in the office are wise enough to trust the young; as if the greater zeal and sincerity of youth did not more than compensate for its appetite for the gay, or its thoughtlessness of the serious.

When we were alone, Dawton said to me, "We are in great despair at the motion upon the ———, to be made in the Lower House. We have not a single person whom we can depend upon, for the sweeping and convincing answer we ought to make; and though we should at least muster our full force in voting, our whipperin, poor ———, is so ill, that I fear we shall make but a very pitiful figure."

"Give me," said I, "full permission to go forth into the high-ways and by-ways, and I will engage to bring a whole legion of dandies to the House door. I can go no farther; your other agents must do the rest."

"Thank you, my dear young friend," said Lord Dawton, eagerly; "thank you a thousand times: we must really get you in the House as soon as possible; you will serve us more than I can express."

I bowed, with a sneer I could not repress. Dawton pretended not to observe it. "Come," said I, "my lord, we have no time to lose. I shall meet you, perhaps, at Brookes's, to-morrow evening, and report to you respecting my success.

Lord Dawton pressed my hand warmly, and followed me to the door.

"He is the best premier we could have," thought I; "but he deceives himself, if he thinks Henry Pelham will play the jackal to his lion. He will soon see that I shall keep for myself what he thinks I hunt for him." I passed through Pall Mall, and thought of Glanville. I knocked at his door: he was at home. I found him leaning his cheek upon his hand, in a thoughful position; an open letter was before him.

"Read that," he said, pointing to it.

I did so. It was from the agent to the Duke of ——, and contained his nomination to an opposition borough.

"A new toy, Pelham," said he, faintly smiling; "but a little longer and they will all be broken—the *rattle* will be the last."

"My dear, dear Glanville," said I, much

affected, "do not talk thus; you have every thing before you."

"Yes," interrupted Glanville, "you are right, for every thing left for me is in the grave. Do you imagine that I can taste one of the possessions which fortune has heaped upon me; that I have one healthful faculty, one sense of enjoyment, among the hundred which other men are 'heirs to?' When did you ever see me for a moment happy? I live, as it were, on a rock, barren, and herbless, and sapless, and cut off from all human fellowship and intercourse. I had only a single object left to live for, when you saw me at Paris; I have gratified that, and the end and purpose of my existence is fulfilled. Heaven is merciful; but a little while, and this feverish and unquiet spirit shall be at rest."

I took his hand and pressed it.

"Feel," said he, "this dry, burning skin; count my pulse through the variations of a single minute, and you will cease either to pity me, or to speak to me of life. For months I have had, night and day, a wasting—wasting fever, of brain and heart, and frame; the fire works well, and the fuel is nearly consumed."

He paused, and we were both silent. In fact, I was shocked at the fever of his pulse, no less than affected at the despondency of his words. At last I spoke to him of medical advice.

"'Canst thou,'" he said, with a deep solemnity of voice and manner, "'administer to a mind diseased—pluck from the memory' * * * * Ah! away with the quotation and the reflection." And he sprang from the sofa, and, going to the window, opened it, and leaned out for a few moments in silence. When he turned again towards me, his manner had regained its usual quiet. He spoke about the important motion approaching on the ——, and promised to attend; and then, by degrees, I led him to talk of his sister.

He mentioned her with enthusiasm. "Beautiful as Ellen is," he said, "her face is the very faintest reflection of her mind. Her habits of thought are so pure that every impulse is a virtue. Never was there a person to whom goodness was so easy. Vice seems something so opposite to her nature, that I cannot imagine it possible for her to sin."

"Will you not call with me at your mother's?" said I "I am going there to-day."

Glanville replied in the affirmative, and we went at once to Lady Glanville's in Berkeley-square. We were admitted into his mother's *boudoir*. She was alone with Miss Glanville. Our conversation soon turned from commonplace topics to those of a graver nature; the deep melancholy of Glanville's mind imbued all his thoughts, when he once suffered himself to express them.

"Why," said Lady Glanville, who seemed painfully fond of her son, "why do you not go more into the world? You suffer your mind to prey upon itself, till it destroys you. My dear, dear son, how very ill you seem!"

Ellen, whose eyes swam in tears, as they gazed upon her brother, laid her beautiful hand upon his, and said, "For my mother's sake, Reginald, do take more care of yourself: you want air, and exercise, and amusement."

"No," answered Glanville, "I want nothing but occupation; and, thanks to the Duke of ——, I have now got it. I am chosen member for ——."

"I am *too* happy," said the proud mother; "you will now be all I have ever predicted for you;" and, in her joy at the moment, she forgot the hectic of his cheek, and the hollowness of his eye.

"Do you remember," said Reginald, turning to his sister, "those beautiful lines in my favorite Ford—

'Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying. On the stage
Of my mortality, my youth has acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures—sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol—are inconstant friends
When any troubled passion makes us halt
On the ungarded castle of the mind.'"

"Your verses," said I, "are beautiful, even to me, who have no soul for poetry, and never wrote a line in my life. But I love not their philosophy. In all sentiments that are impregnated with melancholy, and instil sadness as a moral, I question the wisdom, and dispute the truth. There is no situation in life which we cannot sweeten, or embitter, at will. If the past is gloomy, I do not see the necessity of dwelling upon it. If the mind can make one vigorous exertion, it can another: the same energy you put forth in acquiring

knowledge, would also enable you to baffle misfortune. Determine not to think upon what is painful; resolutely turn away from everything that recalls it; bend all your attention to some new and engrossing object; do this, and you defeat the past. You smile, as if this were impossible; yet it is not an ioto more so, than to tear one's self from a favorite pursuit, and addict one's self to an object unwelcome to one at first. This the mind does continually through life: so can it also do the other, if you will but make an equal exertion. Nor does it seem to me natural to the human heart to look *much* to the past; all its plans, its projects, its aspirations, are for the future; it is *for* the future, and *in* the future, that we live. Our very passions, when most agitated, are most anticipative. Revenge, avarice, ambition, love, the desire of good and evil, are all fixed and pointed to some distant goal; to look backwards, is like walking backwards—against our proper formation: the mind does not readily adopt the habit, and when once adopted, it will readily return to its natural bias. Oblivion is, therefore, a more easily obtained boon than we imagine. Forgetfulness of the past is purchased by increasing our anxiety for the future."

I paused for a moment, but Glanville did not answer me; and, encouraged by a look from Ellen, I continued—"You remember that, according to an old creed, if we were given memory as a curse, we were also given hope as a blessing. Counteract the one by the other. In my own life, I have committed many weak, perhaps many wicked actions; I have chased away their remembrance, though I have transplanted their warning to the future. As the body involuntarily avoids what is hurtful to it, without tracing the association to its first experience, so the mind insensibly shuns what has formerly afflicted it, even without palpably recalling the remembrance of the affliction.

"The Roman philosopher placed the secret of human happiness in the one maxim—'not to admire.' I never could exactly comprehend the sense of the moral: my maxim for the same object would be—'never to regret.'"

"Alas! my dear friend," said Glanville—"we are great philosophers to each other, but not to ourselves; the moment we began to *feel* sorrow, we cease to reflect on its wisdom. Time is the only comforter; your maxims are very true, but they confirm me in my opinion—that it is in vain for us to lay down fixed precepts for the regulation of the mind, so long as it is dependent upon the body. Happiness and its reverse are constitutional in many persons, and it is then only that they are independent of circumstances. Make the health, the frames of all men, alike—make their nerves of the same susceptibility—their memories of the same bluntness, or acuteness— and I will then allow that you can give rules adapted to all men; till then, your maxim, 'never to regret,' is as idle as Horace's 'never to admire.' It may be wise to you—it is impossible to me!"

With these last words, Glanville's voice faltered, and I felt averse to push the argument further. Ellen's eye caught mine, and gave me a look so kind, and almost grateful, that I forgot every thing else in the world. A few moments afterwards a friend of Lady Glanville's was announced, and I left the room.

CHAPTER LV.

—— Intus, et in jecore ægro,
Nascuntur domini.—PERSIUS.

THE next two or three days I spent in visiting all my male friends in the Lower House, and engaging them to dine with me, preparatorily to the great act of voting on ——'s motion. I led them myself to the House of Commons, and not feeling sufficiently interested in the debate to remain, as a stranger, where I ought, in my own opinion, to have acted as a preformer, I went to Brookes's to wait the result. Lord Gravelton, a stout, bluff, six-foot nobleman, with a voice like a Stentor, was "blowing up" the waiters in the coffee-room, Mr. ——, the author of ——, was conning the Courier in a corner; and Lord Armadilleros, the haughtiest and most honorable peer in the calendar, was monopolizing the drawing-room, with his right foot on one hob and his left on the other. I sat myself down in silence, and looked over the "crack article" in the Edinburg. By and by, the room got fuller; every one spoke of the motion before the House, and anticipated the merits of the speeches, and the numbers of the voters.

At last a principal member entered—a crowd gathered round him. "I have heard," he said, "the most extraordinary speech, for the combination of knowledge and imagination, that I ever recollect to have listened to."

"From Gaskell, I suppose?" was the universal cry.

"No," said Mr. ——, "Gaskell has not yet spoken. It was from a young man who has only just taken his seat. It was received with the most unanimous cheers, and was, indeed, a remarkable display."

"What is his name?" I asked, already half foreboding the answer.

"I only just learnt it as I left the House," replied Mr. ——; "the speaker was Sir Reginald Glanville."

Then, every one of those whom I had often before heard censure Glanville for his rudeness, or laugh at him for his eccentricity, opened their mouths in congratulations to their own wisdom, for having long admired his talents and predicted his success.

I left the "*turba Remi sequens fortunam;*" I felt agitated and feverish; those who have unexpectedly heard of the success of a man for whom great affection is blended with greater interest, can understand the restlessness of mind with which I wandered into the streets. The air was cold and nipping. I was buttoning my coat round my chest, when I heard a voice say, "You have dropped your glove, Mr. Pelham."

The speaker was Thornton. I thanked him coldly for his civility, and was going on, when he said, "If your way is up Pall Mall, I have no objection to join you for a few minutes."

I bowed with some *hauteur;* but as I seldom refuse any opportunity of knowing more perfectly individual character, I said I should be happy of his company so long as our way lay together.

"It is a cold night, Mr. Pelham," said Thornton, after a pause. "I have been dining at Hatchet's, with an old Paris acquaintance: I am sorry we did not meet more often in France, but I was so taken up with my friend Mr. Warburton."

As Thornton uttered that name, he looked hard at me, and then added, "By the by, I saw you with Sir Reginald Glanville the other day; you know him well, I presume?"

"Tolerably well," said I, with indifference.

"What a strange character he is," rejoined Thornton; "*I* also have known him for some years," and again Thornton looked pryingly into my countenance. Poor fool! it was not for a penetration like his to read the *cor inscrutabile* of a man born and bred like me, in the consummate dissimulation of *bon ton.*

"He is very rich, is he not?" said Thornton, after a brief silence.

"I believe so," said I.

"Humph!" answered Thornton. "Things have grown better with him, in proportion as they grew worse with me, who have had 'as good luck as the cow that stuck herself with her own horn.' I suppose he is not too anxious to recollect me—'poverty parts fellowship.' Well, hang pride, say I; give me an honest heart all the year round, in summer or winter, drought or plenty. Would to heaven some kind friend would lend me twenty pounds!"

To this wish I made no reply. Thornton sighed.

"Mr. Pelham," renewed he, "it is true I have known you but a short time—excuse the liberty I take—but if you *could* lend me a trifle, it would really assist me very much."

"Mr. Thornton," said I, "if I knew you better, and could serve you more, you might apply to me for a more real assistance than any *bagatelle* I could afford you would be. If twenty pounds would really be of service to you, I will lend them to you, upon this condition, that you never ask me for another farthing."

Thornton's face brightened. "A thousand, thousand—" he began.

"No," interrupted I, "no thanks only your promise."

"Upon my honor," said Thornton, "I will never ask you for another farthing."

"There *is* honor among theives," thought I, and so I took out the sum mentioned, and gave it to him. In good earnest, though I disliked the man, his threadbare garments and altered appearance moved me to compassion. While he was pocketing the money, which he did with the most unequivocal delight, a tall figure passed us rapidly. We both turned at the same instant, and recognized Glanville. He had not gone seven yards beyond us, before we observed his steps, which were very irregular, pause suddenly; a moment after-

wards he fell against the iron rails of an area; we hastened towards him; he was apparently fainting. His countenance was perfectly livid, and marked with the traces of extreme exhaustion. I sent Thornton to the nearest public-house for some water; before he returned, Glanville had recovered.

"All—all—in vain," he said, slowly and unconsciously, "death is the only Lethe."

He started when he saw me. I made him lean on my arm, and we walked on slowly.

"I have already heard of your speech," said I. Glanville smiled with the usual faint and sicklied expression, which made his smile painful even in its exceeding sweetness.

"You have also already seen its effects; the excitement was too much for me."

"It must have been a proud moment when you sat down," said I.

"It was one of the bitterest I ever felt—it was fraught with the memory of the dead. What are all honors to me now?—O God, O God! have mercy upon me!"

And Glanville stopped suddenly, and put his hand to his temples.

By this time Thornton had joined us. When Glanville's eyes rested upon him, a deep hectic rose slowly and gradually over his cheeks. Thornton's lip curled with a malicious expression. Glanville marked it, and his brow grew on the moment as black as night.

"Begone!" he said, in a loud voice, and with a flashing eye, "begone instantly; I loathe the very sight of so base a thing."

Thornton's quick, restless eye, grew like a living coal, and he bit his lip so violently that the blood gushed out. He made, however, no other answer than—

"You seem agitated to-night, Sir Reginald; I wish your speedy restoration to better health. Mr. Pelham, your servant."

Glanville walked on in silence till we came to his door; we parted there; and for want of any thing better to do, I sauntered towards the M—— Hell. There were only about ten or twelve persons in the rooms, and all were gathered round the hazard table—I looked on silently, seeing the knaves devour the fools, and younger brothers make up in wit for the deficiencies of fortune.

The Honorable Mr. Blagrave came up to me; "Do you never play?" said he.

"Sometimes," was my brief reply.

"Lend me a hundred pounds!" rejoined my kind acquaintance.

"I was just going to make you the same request," said I.

Blagrave laughed heartily. "Well," said he, "be my security to a Jew, and I'll be yours. My fellow lends me money at only forty per per cent. My governor is a d——d stingy old fellow, for I am the most moderate son in the universe. I neither hunt nor race, nor have I any one favorite expense, except gambling, and he won't satisfy me in that—now I call such conduct shameful!"

"Unheard of barbarity," said I; "and you do well to ruin your property by Jews, before you have it; you could not avenge yourself better on 'the governor.'"

"No, hang it," said Blagrave, "leave me alone for that! Well, I have got five pounds left, I shall go and slap it down."

No sooner had he left me than I was accosted by Mr. ——, a handsome adventurer, who lived the devil knew how, for the devil seemed to take excellent care of him.

"Poor Blagrave!" said he, eyeing the countenance of that igenious youth. "He is a strange fellow—he asked me the other day, if I ever read the History of England, and told me there was a great deal in it about his ancestor, a Roman General, in the time of William the Conqueror, called Caractacus. He told me at the last Newmarket that he had made up a capital book, and it turned out that he had hedged with such dexterity, that he *must* lose one thousand pounds, and he *might* lose two. Well, well," continued ——, with a sanctified expression; "I would sooner see those real fools here, than the confounded scroundrels, who pillage one under a false appearance. Never, Mr. Pelham, trust to a man at a gaming-house; the honestest look hides the worst sharper! Shall you try your luck to-night?"

"No," said I. "I shall only look on."

—— sauntered to the table, and sat down next to a rich young man, of the best temper and the worst luck in the world. After a few throws, —— said to him, "Lord ——, do put your money aside—you have so much on the table, that it interferes with mine—and that is really *so* unpleasant. Suppose you put some of it in your pocket."

Lord —— took a handful of notes, and

stuffed them carelessly in his coat pocket. Five minutes afterwards I saw —— insert his hand, *empty*, in his neighbor's pocket, and bring it out *full*—and half an hour afterwards he handed over a fifty pound note to the marker, saying, "There, sir, is my debt to you God bless me, Lord ——, how you *have* won; I wish you would not leave all your money about—do put it in your pocket with the rest."

Lord —— (who had perceived the trick, though he was to indolent to resist it) laughed. "No, no, ——," said he, "you must let me keep *some!*"

—— colored, and soon after rose. "D—n my luck!" said he, as he passed me. "I wonder I continue to play—but there are such sharpers in the room. Avoid a gaming house Mr. Pelham, if you wish to live."

"And *let* live," thought I.

I was just going away, when I heard a loud laugh on the stairs, and immediately afterwards Thornton entered, joking with one of the markers. He did not see me; but approaching the table, drew out the identical twenty pound note I had given him, and asked for change with the air of a *millionaire*. I did not wait to witness his fortune, good or ill; I cared too little about it. I descended the stairs, and the servant, on opening the door for me, admitted Sir John Tyrrell. "What," I thought, "is the habit *still* so strong?" We stopped each other, and after a few words of greeting, I went, once more, up stairs with him.

Thornton was playing as eagerly with his small quota as Lord C—— with his ten thousands. He nodded with an affected air of familiarity to Tyrrell, who returned his salutation with the most supercilious hauteur; and very soon afterwards the baronet was utterly engrossed by the chances of the game. I had, however, satisfied my curiosity, in ascertaining that there was no longer any intimacy between him and Thornton, and accordingly once more I took my departure.

CHAPTER LVI.

——— The times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end—but now they rise again.—*Macbeth.*

It was a strange thing to see a man like Glanville, with costly tastes, luxurious habits, great talents peculiarly calculated for display, courted by the highest members of the state, admired for his beauty and genius by half the women in London, yet living in the most ascetic seclusion from his kind, and indulging in the darkest and most morbid despondency. No female was ever seen to win even his momentary glance of admiration. All the senses appeared to have lost, for him, their customary allurements. He lived among his books, and seemed to make his favorite companions amidst the past. At nearly all hours of the night he was awake and occupied, and at day-break his horse was always brought to his door. He rode alone for several hours, and then, on his return, he was employed till the hour he went to the House, in the affairs and politics of the day. Ever since his *début*, he had entered with much constancy into the more leading debates, and his speeches were invariably of the same commanding order which had characterized his first.

It was singular that, in his parliamentary display, as in his ordinary conversation, there were none of the wild and speculative opinions, or the burning enthusiasm of romance, in which the natural inclination of his mind seemed so essentially to delight. His arguments were always remarkable for the soundness of the principles on which they were based, and the logical clearness with which they were expressed. The feverish fervor of his temperament was, it is true occasionally shown in a remarkable energy of delivery, or a sudden and unexpected burst of the more impetuous powers of oratory; but these were so evidently natural and spontaneous, and so happily adapted to be impressive of the subject, rather than irrelevant from its bearings, that they never displeased even the oldest and coldest cynics and calculators of the House.

It is no uncommon contradiction in human nature (and in Glanville it seemed peculiarly prominent) to find men of imagination and genius gifted with the strongest common sense, for the admonition or benefit of *others*, even

while constantly neglecting to exert for themselves. He was soon marked out as the most promising and important of all the junior members of the House; and the coldness with which he kept aloof from social intercourse with the party he adopted, only served to increase their respect, though it prevented their affection.

Lady Roseville's attachment to him was scarcely a secret; the celebrity of her name in the world of *ton* made her least look or action the constant subject of present remark and after conversation; and there were too many moments, even in the watchful publicity of society, when that charming but imprudent person forgot everything but the romance of her attachment. Glanville seemed not only perfectly untouched by it, but even wholly unconscious of its existence, and preserved invariably, whenever he was forced into the crowd, the same stern, cold, unsympathizing reserve, which made him, at once, an object of universal conversation and dislike.

Three weeks after Glanville's first speech in the House, I called upon him, with a proposal from Lord Dawton. After we had discussed it, we spoke on more familiar topics, and, at last, he mentioned Thornton. It will be observed that we had never conversed respecting that person; nor had Glanville once alluded to our former meetings, or to his disguised appearance and false appellation at Paris. Whatever might be the mystery, it was evidently of a painful nature, and it was not, therefore, for me to allude to it. This day he spoke of Thornton with a tone of indifference.

"The man," he said, "I have known for some time; he was useful to me abroad, and, nothwithstanding his character, I rewarded him well for his services. He has since applied to me several times for money, which is spent at the gambling-house as soon as it is obtained. I believe him to be leagued with a gang of sharpers of the lowest description; and I am really unwilling any farther to supply the vicious necessities of himself and his comrades. He is a mean, mercenary rascal, who would scruple at no enormity, provided he was paid for it!"

Glanville paused for a few moments, and then added while his cheek blushed, and his voice seemed somewhat hesitating and embarrassed—

"You remember Mr. Tyrrell, at Paris?"

"Yes," said I—"he is, at present, in London, and—" Glanville started as if he had been shot.

"No, no," he exclaimed, wildly—"he died at Paris, from want,—from starvation."

"You are mistaken," said I; "he is now Sir John Tyrrell, and possessed of considerable property. I saw him myself three weeks ago."

Glanville, laying his hand upon my arm, looked in my face with a long, stern, prying gaze, and his cheek grew more ghastly and livid with every moment. At last he turned, and muttered something between his teeth; and at that moment the door opened, and Thornton was announced. Glanville sprang towards him, and seized him by the throat!

"Dog!" he cried, "you have deceived me—Tyrrell lives!"

"Hands off!" cried the gamester, with a savage grin of defiance—"hands off! or, by the Lord that made me, you shall have gripe for gripe!"

"Ho, wretch!" said Glanville, shaking him violently, while his worn and slender, yet still powerful frame, trembled with the excess of his passion; "dost thou dare to threaten me!" and with these words he flung Thornton against the opposite wall with such force, that the blood gushed out of his mouth and nostrils. The gambler rose slowly, and wiping the blood from his face, fixed his malignant and fiery eye upon his aggressor, with an expressiou of collected hate and vengeance, that made my very blood creep.

"It is not my day *now*," he said, with a calm, quiet, cold voice, and then, suddenly changing his manner, he approached me with a sort of bow, and made some remark on the weather.

Meanwhile, Glanville had sunk on the sofa exhausted, less by his late effort than the convulsive passion which had produced it. He rose in a few moments, and said to Thornton, "Pardon my violence; let this pay your bruises;" and he placed a long and apparently well-filled purse in Thornton's hand. That *vertiable philosopher* took it with the same air as a dog receives the first caress from the hand which has just chastised him; and feeling the purse between his short, hard fingers, as if to ascertain the soundness of its condition, quietly

slid it into his breeches pocket, which he then buttoned with care, and pulling his waistcoat down, as if for further protection to the deposit, he turned towards Glanville, and said, in his usual quaint style of vulgarity—

"Least said, Sir Reginald, the soonest mended. Gold is a good plaister for bad bruises. Now, then, your will:—ask and I will answer, unless you think Mr. Pelham—*de trop*."

I was already at the door, with the intention of leaving the room, when Glanville cried, "Stay, Pelham, I have but one question to ask Mr. Thornton. Is John Tyrrell still living?"

"He is!" answered Thornton, with a sardonic smile.

"And beyond all want?" resumed Glanville.

"He is!" was the tautological reply. "Mr. Thornton," said Glanville, with a calm voice, "I have now done with you—you may leave the room!"

Thornton bowed with an air of ironical respect, and obeyed the command.

I turned to look at Glanville. His countenance, always better adapted to a stern, than a soft expression, was perfectly fearful: every line in it seemed dug into a furrow; the brows were bent over his large and flashing eyes with a painful intensity of anger and resolve, his teeth were clenched firmly as if by a vice, and the thin upper lip, which was drawn from them with a bitter curl of scorn, was as white as death. His right hand had closed upon the back of the chair, over which his tall nervous frame leant, and was grasping it with an iron force, which it could not support: it snapped beneath his hand like a hazel stick. This accident, slight as it was, recalled him to himself. He apologized with apparent self-possession for his disorder; and, after a few words of fervent and affectionate farewell on my part, I left him to the solitude, which I knew he desired.

CHAPTER LVII.

While I seemed only intent upon pleasure, I locked in my heart the consciousness and vanity of power; in the levity of the lip, I disguised the knowledge and the workings of the brain; and I looked, as with a gifted eye, upon the mysteries of the hidden depths, while I seemed to float an idler with the herd only upon the surface of the stream.—FALKLAND.

As I walked home, revolving the scene I had witnessed, the words of Tyrrell came into my recollection—*viz.* that the cause of Glanville's dislike to him had arisen in Tyrrell's greater success in some youthful *liaison*. In this account I could not see much probability. In the first place, the cause was not sufficient to produce such an effect; and, in the second, there was little likelihood that the young and rich Glanville, possessed of the most various accomplishments, and the most remarkable personal beauty, should be supplanted by a needy spendthrift (as Tyrrell at that time was), of coarse manners, and unpolished mind; with a person not, indeed, unprepossessing, but somewhat touched by time, and never more comparable to Glanville's than that of the Satyr to Hyperion.

While I was meditating over a mystery which excited my curiosity more powerfully than anything, not relating to himself, ought ever to occupy the attention of a wise man, I was accosted by Vincent: the difference in our politics had of late much dissevered us, and when he took my arm, and drew me up Bond-street, I was somewhat surprised at his condescension.

"Listen to me, Pelham," he said; "once more I offer you a settlement in our colony. There will be great changes soon: trust me, so radical a party as that you have adopted can never come in: ours, on the contrary, is no less moderate than liberal. This is the last time of asking; for I know you will soon have exposed your opinions in public more openly than you have yet done, and then it will be too late. At present, I hold, with Hudibras, and the ancients, that it is—

> 'More honorable far, *servare*
> *Civem* than slay an adversary.'"

"Alas, Vincent," said I, "I am marked out for slaughter, for you cannot convince me by words, and so, I suppose, you must conquer me by blows. Adieu, this is my way to Lord Dawton's: where are you going?"

"To mount my horse, and join the *parca* juventus," said Vincent, with a laugh at his own witticism, as we shook hands, and parted.

I grieve much my beloved reader, that I cannot unfold to thee all the particulars of my political intrigue. I am, by the very share which fell to my lot, bound over to the strictest secrecy, as to its nature, and the characters of the chief agents in its execution. Suffice it is to say, that the greater part of my time was, though furtively, employed in a sort of home diplomacy, gratifying alike to the activity of my tastes, and the vanity of my mind. I had filled Dawton, and his coadjutors, with an exaggerated opinion of my abilities; but I knew well how to sustain it. I rose by candle-light, and consumed, in the intensest application, the hours which every other individual of our party wasted in enervating slumbers, from the hesternal dissipation or debauch. Was there a question in political economy debated, mine was the readiest and the clearest reply. Did a period in our constitution become investigated, it was I to whom the duty of expositor was referred. From Madame d'Anville, with whom (though lost as a lover) I constantly corresponded as a friend, I obtained the earliest and most accurate detail of the prospects and manœuvres of the court in which her life was spent, and in whose more secret offices her husband was employed. I spared no means of extending my knowledge of every the minutest point which could add to the reputation I enjoyed. I made myself acquainted with the individual interests and exact circumstances of all whom it was our object to intimidate or to gain. It was I who brought to the House the younger and idler members, whom no more nominally powerful agent could allure from the ball-room or the gaming-house.

In short, while, by the dignity of my birth, and the independent hauteur of my bearing, I preserved the rank of an equal amongst the highest of the set, I did not scruple to take upon myself the labor and activity of the most subordinate. Dawton declared me his right hand; and, though I knew myself rather his head than his hand, I pretended to feel proud of the appellation.

Meanwhile, it was my pleasure to wear in society the eccentric costume of character I had first adopted, and to cultivate the arts which won from women the smile that cheered and encouraged me in my graver contest with men. It was only to Ellen Glanville, that I laid aside an affectation, which, I knew, was little likely to attract a taste so refined and unadultered as hers. I discovered in her a mind which, while it charmed me by its tenderness and freshness, elevated me by its loftiness of thought. She was, at heart, perhaps, as ambitious as myself; but while my aspirations were concealed by affectation, hers were softened by her timidity, and purified by her religion. There were moments when I opened myself to her, and caught a new spirit from her look of sympathy and enthusiasm.

"Yes," thought I, "I do long for honors, but it is that I may ask her to share and ennoble them." In fine, I loved as other men loved—and I fancied a perfection in her, and vowed an emulation in myself, which it was reserved for Time to ratify or deride.

Where did I leave myself? as the Irishman said;—on my road to Lord Dawton's. I was lucky enough to find that personage at home; he was writing at a table covered with pamphlets and books of reference.

"Hush! Pelham," said his lordship, who is a quiet, grave, meditative little man, always ruminating on a very small cud—"hush! or *do* oblige me by looking over this history to find out the date of the Council of Pisa."

"That will do, my young friend," said his lordship, after I had furnished him with the information he required—"I wish to Heaven, I could finish this pamphlet by to-morrow: it is intended as an answer to ——. But I am so perplexed with business, that——"

"Perhaps," said I, "if you will pardon my interrrupting you, I can throw your observations together—make your Sibylline leaves into a book. Your lordship will find the matter, and I will not spare the trouble."

Lord Dawton was profuse in his thanks; he explained the subject, and left the arrangement wholly to me. He could not presume to dictate. I promised him, if he lent me the necessary books, to finish the pamphlet against the following evening.

"And now," said Lord Dawton—"that we have settled this affair—what news from France?"—

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"I wish," sighed Lord Dawton, as we were calculating our forces, "that we could gain over Lord Guloseton."

"What, the facetious epicure?" said I.

"The same," answered Dawton: "we want him as a dinner-giver; and, besides, he has four votes in the Lower House."

"Well," said I, "he is indolent and independent—it is not impossible."

"Do you know him?" answered Dawton.

"No:" said I.

Dawton sighed.—"And young A——?" said the statesman, after a pause.

"Has an expensive mistress, and races. Your lordship might be sure of him, were you in power, and sure not to have him while you are out of it."

"And B.?" rejoined Dawton."

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CHAPTER LVIII.

Mangez-vous bien, Monsieur?
Oui, et bois encore mieux.
—*Mons. de Porceaugnac.*

My pamphlet took prodigiously. The authorship was attributed to one of the ablest members of the Opposition; and though there were many errors in style, and (I *now* think—*then* I did not, or I should not have written them), many sophisms in the reasoning, yet it carried the end proposed by all ambition of whatever species—and imposed upon the taste of the public.

Some time afterwards, I was going down the stairs at Almack's, when I heard an altercation, high and grave, at the door of reception. To my surprise, I found Lord Guloseton and a very young man in great wrath; the latter had never been to Almack's before, and had forgotten his ticket. Guloseton, who belonged to a very different set from that of the Almackians, insisted that his word was enough to bear his juvenile companion through. The ticket-inspector was irate and obdurate, and, having seldom or never seen Lord Guloseton himself, paid very little respect to his authority.

As I was wrapping myself in my cloak, Guloseton turned to me, for passion makes men open their hearts: too eager for an opportunity of acquiring the epicure's acquaintance, I offered to get his friend admittance in an instant; the offer was delightedly accepted, and I soon procured a small piece of pencilled paper from Lady —— which effectually silenced the Charon, and opened the Stygian via to the Elysium beyond.

Guloseton overwhelmed me with his thanks. I remounted the stairs with him—took every opportunity of ingratiating myself—received an invitation to dinner on the following day, and left Willis's transported at the goodness of my fortune.

At the hour of eight on the ensuing evening, I had just made my entrance in Lord Guloseton's drawing-room. It was a small apartment, furnished with great luxury and some taste. A Venus of Titian's was placed over the chimney-piece, in all the gorgeous voluptuousness of her unveiled beauty—the pouting lip, not *silent* though *shut*—the eloquent lid drooping over the eye, whose glances you could so easily imagine—the arms—the limbs—the attitude, so composed, yet so full of life—all seemed to indicate that sleep was not forgetfulness, and that the dreams of the goddess were not wholly inharmonious with the waking realities in which it was her gentle prerogative to indulge. On either side, was a picture of the delicate and golden hues of Claude; these were the only landscapes in the room; the remaining pictures were more suitable to the Venus of the luxurious Italian. Here was one of the beauties of Sir Peter Lely; there was an admirable copy of the Hero and Leander. On the table lay the Basia of Johannes Secundus, and a few French works on Gastronomy.

As for the *genius loci*—you must imagine a middle-sized, middle-aged man, with an air rather of delicate than florid health. But little of the effects of his good cheer were apparent in the external man. His cheeks were neither swollen nor inflated—his person, though not thin, was of no unwieldy obesity—the tip of his nasal organ was, it is true, of a more ruby tinge than the rest, and one carbuncle, of tender age and gentle dyes, diffused its mellow and moonlight influence over the physiognomical scenery—his forehead was high and bald, and the few locks which still rose above

it, were carefully and gracefully curled *à l'antique*. Beneath a pair of grey shaggy brows, (which their noble owner had a strange habit of raising and depressing, according to the nature of his remarks), rolled two very small, piercing, arch, restless orbs, of a tender green: and the mouth, which was wide and thick-lipped, was expressive of great sensuality, and curved upwards in a perpetual smile.

Such was Lord Guloseton. To my surprise no other guest but myself appeared.

"A new friend," said he, as we descended into the dining-room, "is like a new dish—one must have him all to oneself, thoroughly to enjoy and rightly to understand him."

"A noble precept," said I, with enthusiasm. "Of all vices, indiscriminate hospitality is the most pernicious. It allows neither conversation nor dinner, and, realizing the mythological fable of Tantalus, gives us starvation in the midst of plenty."

"You are right," said Guloseton, solemnly; "I never ask above six persons to dinner, and I never dine out; for a bad dinner, Mr. Pelham, a bad dinner is a most serious—I may add, *the* most serious calamity."

"Yes," I replied, "for it carries with it no consolation: a buried friend may be replaced—a lost mistress renewed—a slandered character be recovered—even a broken constitution restored; but a dinner, once lost, is irremediable; that day is for ever departed; an appetite once thrown away can never, till the cruel prolixity of the grastic agents is over, be regained. '*Il y a tant de maîtresses*,' (says the admirable Corneille), '*il n'y a qu'nm* diner.'"

"You speak like an oracle—*like the Cook's Oracle*, Mr. Pelham: may I send you some soup, it is *à la Carmelite?* But what are you about to do with that case?"

"It contains," said I, "my spoon, my knife, and my fork. Nature afflicted me with a propensity, which, through these machines, I have endeavored to remedy by art. I eat with *too great a rapidity* it is a most unhappy failing, for one often hurries over in *one* minute, what ought to have afforded the fullest delight for the period of *five*. It is, indeed, a vice which deadens enjoyment, as well as abbreviates it; it is a shameful waste of the gifts, and a melancholy perversion of the bounty, of Providence. My conscience tormented me; but the habit, fatally indulged in early childhood, was not easy to overcome. At last I resolved to construct a spoon of peculiarly shallow dimensions, a fork so small, that it could only raise a certain portion to my mouth, and a knife rendered blunt and jagged, so that it required a proper and just time to carve the goods 'the gods provide me.' My lord, 'the lovely Thais sits beside me' in the form of a bottle of Madeira. Suffer me to take wine with you?"

"With pleasure, my good friend; let us drink to the memory of the Carmelites, to whom we are indebted for this inimitable soup."

"Yes!" I cried. "Let *us* for once shake off the prejudices of sectarian faith, and do justice to one order of those incomparable men, who, retiring from the cares of an idle and sinful world, gave themselves with undivided zeal and attention to the theory and practice of the profound science of gastronomy. It is reserved for us to pay a grateful tribute of memory to those exalted recluses, who, through a long period of barbarism and darkness, preserved, in the solitude of their cloisters, whatever of Roman luxury and classic dainties have come down to this later age. We will drink to the Carmelites as a sect, but we will drink also to the monks as a body. Had we lived in those days, we had been monks ourselves!"

"It is singular," answered Lord Guloseton—"(by the by, what think of this turbot?)—to trace the history of the kitchen; it affords the greatest scope to the philosopher and the moralist. The ancients seemed to have been more mental more imaginative, than we are, in their dishes; they fed their bodies as well as their minds upon delusion: for instance, they esteemed beyond all price the tongues of nightingales, because they tasted the very music of the birds in the organs of their utterance. That is what I call the poetry of gastronomy!"

"Yes," said I with a sigh "they certainly had, in some respects, the advantage over us. Who can pore over the suppers of Apicius without the fondest regret? The venerable Ude* implies, that the study has not progressed. 'Cookery (he says, in the first part of his work) possesses but few innovators.'"

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* Ude, verbatim.

"It is with the greatest diffidence," said Guloseton, (his mouth full of truth and turbot), "that we may dare to differ from so great an authority. Indeed, so high is my veneration for that wise man, that if all the evidence of my sense and reason were on one side, and the dictum of the great Ude upon the other, I should be inclined—I think, I *should be determined*—to relinquish the former, and adopt the latter." *

"Bravo, Lord Guloseton," cried I, warmly. "'*Qu'un Cuisinier est un mortel divin!*' Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in cookery? It is the soul of festivity at all times, and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at dinner. How much good fortune has been the result or a good supper? At what moment of our existence are we happier than at table? There hatred and animosity are lulled to sleep, and pleasure alone reigns. Here the cook, by his skill and attention, anticipates our wishes in the happiest selection of the best dishes and decorations. Here our wants are satisfied, our minds and bodies invigorated, and ourselves qualified for the high delights of love, music, poetry, dancing, and other pleasures; and is he, whose talents have produced these happy effects, to rank no higher in the scale of man than a common servant? †

"'Yes,' cries the venerable professor himself, in a virtuous and prophetic paroxysm of indignant merit—'yes, my disciples, if you adopt, and attend to the rules I have laid down, the self-love of mankind will consent at last, that cookery shall rank in the class of the sciences, and its professors deserve the name of artists!" ‡

"My dear, dear Sir," exclaimed Guloseton, with a kindred glow, "I discover in you a spirit similar to my own, Let us drink long life to the venerable Ude!"

"I pledge you, with all my soul," said I, filling my glass to the brim.

"What a pity," rejoined Guloseton, "that Ude, whose *practical* science was so perfect, should ever have written, or suffered others to write, the work published under his name; true it is that the opening part, which you have so feelingly recited, is composed with a grace, a charm beyond the reach of art; but the instructions are vapid and frequently so erroneous, as to make us suspect their authenticity; but, after all, cooking is not capable of becoming a written science—it is the philosophy of practice!"

"Ah! by Lucullus," exclaimed I, interrupting my host, "what a visionary *béchamelle!* Oh, the inimitable sauce; these chickens are indeed worthy of the honor of being dressed. Never, my lord, as long as you live, eat a chicken in the country; excuse a pun, you will have *foul* fare."

'J'ai toujours redouté la volaille perfide,
Qui brave les efforts d'une dent intrépide.
Souvent, par un ami dans ses champs entrainé,
J'ai reconnu le soir le coq infortuné
Qui m'avait le matin à l'aurore naissante
Réveillé brusquement de sa voix glapissante;
Je l'avais admiré dans le sein de la cour;
Avec des yeux jaloux, j'avais vu son amour.
Hélas! le malheureux, abjurant sa tendresse,
Exerçait au souper sa fureur vengeresse.'*

Pardon the prolixity of my quotation for the sake of its value."

"I do, I do," answered Guloseton, laughing at the humor of the lines: till, suddenly checking himself, he said, "we must be grave, Mr. Pelham, it will never do to laugh. What would become of our digestions?"

"True," said I, relapsing into seriousness; "and if you will allow me one more quotation, you will see what my author adds with regard to any abrupt interruption.

'Défendez que personne, au milieu d'un banquet,
Ne vous vienne donner un avis indiscret;
Ecartez ce fâcheux qui vers vous s'achemine;
Rien ne doit déranger l'honnête homme qui dine.'" †

"Admirabe advice," said Guloseton, toying with a *filet mignon de poulet.* "Do you remember an example in the Bailly of Suffren,

* Ude, verbatim.

† Qu. The venerable Bede?—*Printer's Devil.*

‡ See the speech of Mr. Brougham in honor of Mr. Fox.

* Ever I dread (when dup'd a day to spend
At his snug villa, by some fatal friend)
Grim chanticleer, whose breast, devoid of ruth,
Braves the stout effort of the desperate tooth.
Oft have I recognized at eve, the bird
Whose morning notes my ear prophetic heard,
Whose tender courtship won my pain'd regard,
Amidst the plum'd seraglio of the yard.
Tender no more—behold him in your plate—
And know, while eating, you avenge his fate.

† At meals no access to the indiscreet;
All are intruders on the wise who eat.
In that blest hour, your bore's the veriest sinner!
Nought must disturb a man of worth—at dinner.

who, being in India, was waited upon by a deputation of natives while he was at dinner? 'Tell them,' said he, 'that the Christian religion peremptorily forbids every Christian, while at table, to occupy himself with any earthly subject, except the function of eating.' The deputation retired in the profoundest respect at the exceeding devotion of the French general."

"Well," said I, after we had chuckled gravely and quietly, with the care of our digestion before us, for a few minutes—"well, however good the invention was, the idea is not entirely new, for the Greeks esteemed eating and drinking plentifully, a sort of offering to the gods; and Aristotle explains the very word, θοῖναι, or feasts, by an etymological exposition, '*that it was thought a duty to the gods to be drunk;*' no bad idea of our classical patterns of antiquity. Polypheme, too, in the Cyclops of Euripides, no doubt a very sound theologian, says, his stomach is his only deity; and Xenophon tells us, that as the Athenians exceeded all other people in the number of their gods, so they exceeded them also in the number of their feasts. May I send your lord ship a quail?"

"Pelham, my boy," said Guloseton, whose eyes began to roll and twinkle with a brilliancy suited to the various liquids which ministered to their rejoicing orbs; "I love you for your classics. Polypheme was a wise fellow, a very wise fellow, and it was a terrible shame in Ulysses to put out his eye! No wonder that the ingenious savage made a deity of his stomach; to what known visible source, on this earth, was he indebted for a keener enjoyment—a more rapturous and a more constant delight? No wonder he honored it with his gratitude, and supplied it with his peace-offerings;—let us imitate so great an example:—let us make our digestive receptacles a temple to which we will consecrate the choicest goods we possess;—let us conceive no pecuniary sacrifice too great, which procures for our altar an acceptable gift;—let us deem it an impiety to hesitate, if a sauce seems extravagant, or an ortolan too dear; and let our last act in this sublunary existence be a solemn festival in honor of our unceasing benefactor!"

"Amen to your creed!" said I: "edibilatory Epicurism holds the key to all morality: for do we not see now how sinful it is to yield to an obscene and exaggerated intemperance?—would it not be to the last degree ungrateful to the great source of our enjoyment, to overload it with a weight which would oppress it with languor, or harass it with pain; and finally to drench away the effects of our impiety with some nauseous potation which revolts it, tortures it, convulses, irritates, enfeebles it, through every particle of its system? How wrong in us to give way to anger, jealousy, revenge, or any evil passion; for does not all that affects the mind operate also upon the stomach; and how can we be so vicious, so obdurate, as to forget, for a momentary indulgence, our debt to what you have so justly designated our perpetual benefactor?"

"Right," said Lord Guloseton, "a bumper to the Morality of the Stomach."

The dessert was now on the table. "I have dined well," said Guloseton, stretching his legs with an air of supreme satisfaction; "but—" and here my philosopher sighed deeply—"we cannot *dine again till to-morrow!* Happy, happy, happy common people, who can eat supper! Would to Heaven, that I might have one boon—perpetual appetite—a digestive Houri, which renewed its virginity every time it was touched. Alas! for the instability of human enjoyment. But now that we have no immediate hope to anticipate, let us cultivate the pleasures of memory. What thought you of the *veau à la Dauphine?*"

"Pardon me if I hesitate at giving my opinion, till I have corrected my judgment by yours."

"Why, then, I own I was somewhat displeased—disappointed as it were—with that dish; the fact is, veal ought to be killed in its very first infancy; they suffer it to grow to too great an age. It becomes a sort of *hobbydehoy*, and possesses nothing of veal, but its insipidity, or of beef, but its toughness."

"Yes," said I, "it is only in their veal, that the French surpass us; their other meats want the ruby juices and elastic freshness of ours. Monsieur L—— allowed this truth, with a candor worthy of his vast mind. *Mon Dieu!* what claret!—what a body! and, let me add, what a *soul*, beneath it! Who would *drink* wine like this? it is only made to *taste*. It is the first love—too pure for the eagerness of enjoyment; the rapture it inspires is in a touch, a kiss. It is a pity, my lord, that we do not

serve perfumes at dessert; it is their appropriate place. In confectionary (delicate invention of the Sylphs), we imitate the forms of the rose and the jasmine; why not their odors too? What is nature without its scents?—and as long as they are absent from our desserts, it is in vain that the bard exclaims—

——— 'L' observateur de la belle Nature
S' extasie en voyant des fleurs en confiture.'"

"It is an exquisite idea of yours," said Guloseton—"and the next time you dine here we will have perfumes. Dinner ought to be a reunion of all the senses—

'Gladness to the ear, nerve, heart, and sense.'"

There was a momentary pause. "My lord," said I, "what a lusty lusciousness in this pear! it is like the style of the old English poets. What think you of the seeming good understanding between Mr. Gaskell and the Whigs?"

"I trouble myself little about it," replied Guloseton, helping himself to some preserves—"politics disturb the digestion."

"Well," thought I, "I must ascertain some point in this man's character easier to handle than his epicurism: all men are vain: let us find out the peculiar vanity of mine host."

"The ultra-Tories," said I, "seem to think themselves exceedingly secure; they attach no importance to the neutral members; it was but the other day Lord ——— told me that he did not care a straw for Mr. ———, notwithstanding he possessed *four* votes. Heard you ever such arrogance?"

"No, indeed," said Guloseton, with a lazy air of indifference—"are you a favorer of the olive?"

"No," said I, "I love it not; it hath an under taste of sourness, and an upper of oil, which do not make harmony to my pale. But, as I was saying, the Whigs, on the contrary, pay the utmost deference to ther partisans; and a man of fortune, rank, and parliamentary influence, might have all the power, without the trouble, of a leader."

"Very likely," said Guloseton, drowsily.

"I must change my battery," thought I; but while I was meditating a new attack, the following note was brought me:

"For Heaven's sake, Pelham, come out to me: I am waiting in the street to see you; come directly, or it will be too late to render me the service I would ask of you.

"R. GLANVILLE."

I rose instantly. "You must excuse me, Lord Guloseton, I am called suddenly away."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the gourmand; "some tempting viand—*post prandia Callirhoë!*"

"My good lord," said I, not heeding his insinuation—"I leave you with the greatest regret."

"And I part from you with the same; it is a real pleasure to see such a person at dinner."

"Adieu! my host—'*Je vais vivre et manger en sage.*'"

CHAPTER LIX.

I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain—
Which to maintain I will allow him odds.
—SHAKSPEARE.

I FOUND Glanville walking before the door with a rapid and uneven step.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, when he saw me; "I have been twice to Mivart's to find you. The second time, I saw your servant, who told me where you were gone. I knew you well enough to be sure of your kindness."

Glanville broke off abruptly; and after a short pause, said, with a quick, low hurried tone—"The office I wish you to take upon yourself is this:—go immediately to Sir John Tyrrell, with a challenge from me. Ever since I last saw you, I have been hunting out that man, and in vain. He had then left town. He returned this evening, and quits it to-morrow: you have no time to lose."

"My dear Glanville," said I, "I have no wish to learn any secret you would conceal from me; but forgive me if I ask some further instructions than those you have afforded me. Upon what plea am I to call out Sir John Tyrrell? and what answer am I to give to any excuses he may make?"

"I have anticipated your reply," said Glanville, with ill-subdued impatience; you have only to give this paper: it will prevent all discussion. Read it; I have left it unsealed for that purpose."

I cast my eyes over the lines Glanville thrust into my hand; they ran thus:

"The time has at length come for me to demand the

atonement so long delayed. The bearer of this, who is, probably, known to you, will arrange, with any person you may appoint, the hour and place of our meeting. He is unacquainted with the grounds of my complaint against you, but he is satisfied of my honor: your second will, I presume, be the same with respect to *yours*. It is for me only to question the latter, and to declare you solemnly to be void alike of principle and courage, a villain, and a poltroon.

"REGINALD GLANVILLE."

"You are my earliest friend," said I, when I had read this soothing epistle; "and I will not flinch from the place you assign me: but I tell you fairly and frankly, that I would sooner cut off my right hand than suffer it to give this note to Sir John Tyrrell."

Glanville made no answer; we walked on, till suddenly stopping, he said, "My carriage is at the corner of the street; you must go instantly; Tyrrell lodges, at the Clarendon; you will find me at home on your return."

I pressed his hand, and hurried on my mission. It was, I own, one peculiarly unwelcome and displeasing. In the first place, I did not love to be made a party in a business of the nature of which I was so profoundly ignorant. Secondly, if the affair terminated fatally, the world would not lightly condemn me for conveying to a gentleman of birth and fortune, a letter so insulting, and for causes of which I was so ignorant. Again, too, Glanville was more dear to me than any one, judging only of my external character, would suppose; and, constitutionally indifferent as I am to danger for myself, I trembled like a woman at the peril I was instrumental in bringing upon him. But what weighed upon me far more than any of these reflections, was the recollection of Ellen. Should her brother fall in an engagement in which I was his supposed adviser, with what success could I hope for those feelings from her, which, at present, constituted the tenderest and the brightest of my hopes? In the midst of these disagreeable ideas, the carriage stopped at the door of Tyrrell's Hotel.

The waiter said Sir John was in the coffee-room; thither I immediately marched. Seated in the box nearest the fire sat Tyrrell, and two men of that old-fashioned *roué* set, whose members indulged in debauchery, as if it were an attribute of manliness, and esteemed it, as long as it were hearty and English, rather a virtue to boast of, than a vice to disown. Tyrrell nodded to me familiarly as I approached him; and I saw, by the half-emptied bottles before him, and the flush of his sallow countenance, that he had not been sparing of his libations. I whispered that I wished to speak to him on a subject of great importance; he rose with much reluctance, and, after swallowing a large tumbler-full of port wine to fortify him for the task, he led the way to a small room, where he seated himself, and asked me, with his usual mixture of bluntness and good-breeding, the nature of my business. I made him no reply: I contented myself with placing Glanville's *billet doux* in his hand. The room was dimly lighted with a single candle, and the small and capricious fire, near which the gambler was seated, threw its *upward* light, by starts and intervals, over the strong features and deep lines of his countenance. It would have been a study worthy of Rembrandt.

I drew my chair near him, and half shading my eyes with my hand, sat down in silence to mark the effect the letter would produce. Tyrrell (I imagine) was a man originally of hardy nerves, and had been thrown much into the various situations of life where the disguise of all outward emotion is easily and insensibly taught; but whether his frame had been shattered by his excesses, or that the insulting language of the note touch him to the quick, he seemed perfectly unable to govern his feelings; the lines were written hastily, and the light as I said before, was faint and imperfect, and he was forced to pause over each word as he proceeded, so that "the iron" had full time to "enter into his soul."

Passion, however, developed itself differently in him than in Glanville: in the latter, it was a rapid transition of powerful feelings, one angry wave dashing over another; it was the passion of a strong and keenly susceptible mind, to which every sting was a dagger, and which used the force of a giant to dash away the insect which attacked it. In Tyrrell, it was passion acting on a callous mind but a broken frame—his hand trembled violently—his voice faltered—he could scarcely command the muscles, which enabled him to speak; but there was no fiery start—no indignant burst—no flashing forth of the soul:—in him, it was the body overcoming and paralyzing the mind; in Glanville it was the mind governing and convulsing the body.

"Mr. Pelham," he said at last, after a few preliminary efforts to clear his voice, "this note requires some consideration. I know not at present whom to appoint as my second—will you call upon me early to-morrow?"

"I am sorry," said I, "that my sole instructions were to get an immediate answer from you. Surely either of the gentlemen I saw with you would officiate as your second?"

Tyrrell made no reply for some moments. He was endeavoring to compose himself, and in some measure he succeeded. He raised his head with a haughty air of defiance, and tearing the paper deliberately, though still with uncertain and trembling fingers, he stamped his foot upon the atoms.

"Tell your principal," said he, "that I retort upon him the foul and false words he has uttered against me; that I trample upon his assertions with the same scorn I feel towards himself; and that before this hour to-morrow I will confront him *to* death as through life. For the rest, Mr. Pelham, I cannot name my second till the morning; leave me your address, and you shall hear from me before you are stirring. Have you anything farther with me?"

"Nothing," said I, laying my card on the table, "I have fulfilled the most ungrateful charge ever intrusted to me. I wish you good night."

I re-entered the carriage, and drove to Glanville's. I broke into the room rather abruptly; Glanville was leaning on the table, and gazing intently on a small miniature. A pistol-case lay beside him: one of the pistols in order for use, and the other still unarranged; the room was, as usual, covered with books and papers, and on the costly cushions of the ottoman lay the large, black dog, which I remembered well as his companion of yore, and which he kept with him constantly, as the only thing in the world whose society he could at all times bear: the animal lay curled up, with its quick, black eye fixed watchfully upon its master, and directly I entered, it uttered, though without moving, a low, warning growl.

Glanville looked up, and in some confusion thrust the picture into a drawer of the table, and asked me my news, I told him word for word what had passed. Glanville set his teeth, and clenched his hand firmly; and then, as if his anger was at once appeased, he suddenly changed the subject and tone of our conversation. He spoke with great cheerfulness and humor on the various topics of the day; touched upon politics; laughed at Lord Guloseton, and seemed as indifferent and unconscious of the event of the morrow as my peculiar constitution would have rendered myself.

When I rose to depart, for I had too great an interest in *him* to feel much for the subjects he conversed on, he said, "I shall write one line to my mother, and another to my poor sister; you will deliver them if I fall, for I have sworn that one of us shall not quit the ground alive. I shall be all impatience to know the hour you will arrange with Tyrrell's second. God bless you, and farewell for the present.

CHAPTER LX.

Charge, Chester, charge!—*Marmion.*

Though this was one of the first *mercantile* transactions of my life, I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

THE next morning I was at breakfast, when a packet was brought to me from Tyrrell; it contained a sealed letter to Glanville, and a brief note to myself. The latter I transcribed.—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The enclosed letter to Sir Reginald Glanville will explain my reasons for not keeping my pledge: suffice it to state to you, that they are such as wholly to exonerate me, and fairly to satisfy Sir Reginald. It will be useless to call upon me; I leave town before you will receive this. Respect for myself obliges me to add that, although there are circumstances to forbid my meeting Sir Reginald Glanville, there are none to prevent my demanding satisfaction of any one, *whoever he may be*, who shall deem himself authorized to call my motives into question,

"I have the honor, etc.

"JOHN TYRRELL."

It was not till I had thrice read this letter that I could credit its contents. From all I had seen of Tyrrell's character, I had no reason to suspect him to be less courageous than the generality of worldly men. And yet, when I considered the violent language of Glanville's letter, and Tyrrell's apparent resolution the night before, I scarcely knew to what more honorable motive than the want of courage to attribute his conduct. However, I lost no time in despatching the whole packet

to Glanville, with a few lines from myself, saying I should call in an honr.

When I fulfilled this promise, Glanville's servant told me his master had gone out immediately on reading the letters I had sent, and had merely left word that he should not return home the whole day. That night he was to have brought an important motion before the House. A message from him, pleading sudden and alarming illness, devolved this duty upon another member of his party. Lord Dawton was in despair; the motion was lost by a great majority; the papers, the whole of that week, were filled with the most triumphant abuse and ridicule of the Whigs. Never was that unhappy and persecuted party reduced to so low an ebb: never did there seem a fainter probability of their coming into power. They appeared almost annihilated—a mere *nominis umbra*.

On the eighth day from Glanville's disappearance, a sudden event in the cabinet threw the whole country into confusion; the Tories trembled to the very soles of their easy slippers of sinecure and office; the eyes of the public were turned to the Whigs; and chance seemed to effect in an instant that change in their favor which all their toil, trouble, eloquence, and art, had been unable for so many years to render even a remote probability.

But there was a strong though secret party in the state that, concealed under a general name worked only for a private end, and made a progress in number and respectability, not the less sure for being but little suspected. Foremost among the leaders of this party was Lord Vincent. Dawton, who regarded them with fear and jealousy, considered the struggle rather between them and himself, than any longer between himself and the Tories; and strove, while it was yet time, to reinforce himself by a body of allies, which, should the contest really take place, might be certain of giving him the superiority. The Marquis of Chester was among the most powerful of the neutral noblemen: it was of the greatest importance to gain him to the cause. He was a sturdy, sporting, independent man, who lived chiefly in the country, and turned his ambition rather towards promoting the excellence of quadrupeds, than the bad passions of men. To this personage Lord Dawton implored me to be the bearer of a letter, and to aid, with all the dexterity in my power the purpose it was intended to effect. It was the most consequential mission yet intrusted to me, and I felt eager to turn my diplomatic energies to so good an account. Accordingly, one bright morning I wrapped myself carefully in my cloak, placed my invaluable person safely in my carriage, and set off to Chester Park, in the county of Suffolk.

CHAPTER LXI.

Hino canibus blandis rabies venit.—VIRGIL, *Georg.*

I SHOULD have mentioned, that the day after I sent to Glanville Tyrrell's communication, I received a short and hurried note from the former, saying, that he had left London in pursuit of Tyrrell, and that he would not rest till he had brought him to account. In the hurry of the public events in which I had been of late so actively engaged, my mind had not had leisure to dwell much upon Glanville; but when I was alone in my carriage, that singular being, and the mystery which attended him, forced themselves upon my reflection, in spite of all the importance of my mission.

I was leaning back in my carriage, at (I think) Ware, while they were changing horses, when a voice, strongly associated with my meditations, struck upon my ears. I looked out, and saw Thornton standing in the yard, attired with all his original smartness of boot and breeches: he was employed in smoking a cigar, sipping brandy and water, and exercising his conversational talents in a mixture of slang and jockeyism, addressed to two or three men of his own rank of life, and seemingly his companions. His brisk eye soon discovered me, and he swaggered to the carriage door with that ineffable assurance of manner which was so peculiarly his own.

"Ah, ah, Mr. Pelham," said he, "going to Newmarket, I suppose? bound there myself—like to be found among my *betters*. Ha, ha—excuse a pun: what odds on the favorite? What, you won't bet, Mr. Pelham? close and sly at present: well, *the silent sow sups up all the broth*—eh!—"

"I'm not going to Newmarket," I replied. "I never attend races."

"Indeed!" answered Thornton. "Well, if I was as rich as you, I would soon make or spend a fortune on the course. Seen Sir John Tyrrell? No! He is to be there. Nothing can cure him of gambling—what's bred in the bone, etc. Good day, Mr. Pelham—won't keep you any longer—sharp shower coming on. 'The devil will soon be basting his wife with a leg of mutton,' as the proverb says:—servant, Mr. Pelham."

And at these words my post-boy started, and released me from my *bête noire*. I spare my reader an account of my miscellaneous reflections on Thornton, Dawton, Vincent, politics, Glanville, and *Ellen*, and will land him, without further delay, at Chester Park.

I was ushered through a large oak hall of the reign of James the First, into a room strongly resembling the principal apartment of a club; two or three round tables were covered with newspapers, journals, racing calendars, etc. An enormous fire-place was crowded with men of all ages, I had almost said, of all ranks; but, however various they might appear in their mien and attire, they were wholly of the patrician order. One thing, however, in this room, belied its likeness to the apartment of a club, viz., a number of dogs, that lay in scattered groups upon the floor. Before the windows were several horses, in body-cloths, led to exercise upon a plain in the park, levelled as smooth as a bowling-green at Putney; and, stationed at an oriel window, in earnest attention to the scene without, were two men; the tallest of these was Lord Chester. There was a stiffness and inelegance in his address which prepossessed me strongly against him. "*Les manières que l'on néglige comme de petites choses, sont souvent ce qui fait que les hommes décident de vous en bien ou en mal.*" *

I had long since, when I was at the University, been introduced to Lord Chester; but I had quite forgotten his person, and he the very circumstance. I said, in a low tone, that I was the bearer of a letter of some importance from our mutual friend, Lord Dawton, and that I should request the honor of a private interview at Lord Chester's first convenience.

His lordship bowed, with an odd mixture of the civility of a jockey and the hauteur of a head groom of the stud, and led the way to a small apartment, which I afterwards discovered he called his own. (I never could make out, by the way, why, in England, the very worst room in the house is always appropriated to the master of it, and dignified by the appellation of "the gentleman's own.") I gave the Newmarket grandee the letter intended for him, and quietly seating myself awaited the result.

He read it through slowly and silently, and then, taking out a huge pocket-book, full of racing bets, horses' ages, jockey opinions, and such like memoranda, he placed it with much solemnity among this dignified company, and said, with a cold, but would-be courteous air, "My friend, Lord Dawton, says you are entirely in his confidence, Mr. Pelham. I hope you will honor me with your company at Chester Park for two or three days, during which time I shall have leisure to reply to Lord Dawton's letter. Will you take some refreshment?"

I answered the first sentence in the affirmative, and the latter in the negative; and Lord Chester, thinking it perfectly unnecessary to trouble himself with any further questions or remarks, which the whole jockey club might not hear, took me back into the room we had quitted, and left me to find, or make, whatever acquaintance I could. Pampered and spoiled as I was in the most difficult circles of London, I was beyond measure indignant at the cavalier demeanor of this rustic thane, who, despite his marquisate and his acres, was not less below me in the aristocracy of ancient birth, than in that of cultivated intellect. I looked round the room, and did not recognize a being of my acquaintance: I seemed literally thrown into a new world: the very language in which the conversation was held, sounded strange to my ear. I had always transgressed my general rule of knowing all men in all grades, in the single respect of *sporting characters:* they were a species of bipeds that I would never recognize as belonging to the human race. Alas! I now found the bitter effects of not following my usual maxims. It is a dangerous thing to encourage too great a disdain of one's inferiors: pride must have a fall.

After I had been a whole quarter of an hour in this strange place, my better genius came

* "The manners which one neglects as trifles, are often precisely that by which men decide on you favorably or the reverse."

to my aid. Since I found no society among the two-legged brutes, I turned to the quadrupeds. At one corner of the room lay a black terrier of the true English breed; at another was a short, sturdy, wiry one, of the Scotch. I soon formed a friendship with each of these *canine Pelei*, (little bodies with great souls), and then by degrees alluring them from their retreat to the centre of the room, I fairly endeavored to set them by the ears. Thanks to the national antipathy, I succeeded to my heart's content. The contest soon aroused the other individuals of the genus—up they started from their repose, like Roderic Dhu's merry men, and incontinently flocked to the scene of battle. The example became contagious. In a very few moments, the whole room was a scene of uproarious confusion; the beasts yelled, and bit, and struggled with the most delectable ferocity. To add to the effect, the various owners of the dogs crowded round—some to stimulate, others to appease, the fury of the combatants. At length, the conflict was assuaged. By dint of blows, and kicks, and remonstrances from their dignified proprietors, the dogs slowly withdrew, one with the loss of half an ear, another with a mouth increased by one-half of its natural dimensions, and, in short, every one of the combatants with some token of the severity of the conflict. I did not wait for the thunder-storm I foresaw in the inquiry as to the origin of the war: I rose with a *nonchalant* yawn of *ennui*, marched out of the apartment, called a servant, demanded my own room, repaired to it, and immersed the internal faculties of my head in Mignet's History of the Revolution, while Bedos busied himself in its outward embellishment.

CHAPTER LXII.

——— Noster ludos, spectaverat unà,
Luserat in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.—Hor.

I did not leave my room till the first dinner-bell had ceased a sufficient time to allow me the pleasing hope that I should have but a few moments to wait in the drawing-room, previously to the grand epoch and ceremony of an European day. The manner most natural to me, is one rather open and easy; but I pique myself peculiarly upon a certain (though occasional), air which keeps impertinence aloof. This day I assumed a double quantum of dignity, in entering a room which I well knew would not be filled with my admirers; there were a few women round Lady Chester, and, as I always feel reassured by a sight of the dear sex, I walked towards them.

Judge of my delight, when I discovered, amongst the group, Lady Harriet Garrett. It is true that I had no particular predilection for that lady; but the sight of a negress I had seen before, I should have hailed with rapture in so desolate and inhospitable a place. If my pleasure at seeing Lady Harriet was great, her's seemed equally so at receiving my salutation. She asked me if I knew Lady Chester—and on my negative reply, immediately introduced me to that personage, I now found myself quite at home; my spirits rose, and I exerted every nerve to be as charming as possible.—In youth, to endeavor is to succeed.

I gave a most animated account of the canine battle, interspersed with various sarcasms on the owners of the combatants, which were by no means ill-received either by the marchioness or her companions; and, in fact, when the dinner was announced, they all rose in a mirth sufficiently unrestrained to be anything but patrician: for my part, I offered my arm to Lady Harriet, and paid her as many compliments on crossing the suite that led to the dining-room, as would have turned a much wiser head than her ladyship's.

The dinner went off agreeably enough, as long as the women stayed, but the moment they quitted the room, I experienced exactly the same feeling known unto a mother's darling, left for the first time at that strange, cold, comfortless place—ycleped a school.

I was not, however, in a mood to suffer my flowers of oratory to blush unseen. Besides, it was absolutely necessary that I should make a better impression upon my host. I leant, therefore, across the table, and listened eagerly to the various conversations afloat: at last I perceived on the opposite side Sir Lionel Garrett, a personage whom I had not before even inquired after, or thought of. He was busily and noisily employed in discussing the game-laws. Thank Heaven, thought I, I shall be on firm ground there. The general interest of the subject, and the loudness with

which it was debated, soon drew all the scattered conversation into one focus.

"What!" said Sir Lionel, in a high voice, to a modest, shrinking youth, probably from Cambridge, who had supported the liberal side of the question—"what! are our interests to be *never* consulted? Are we to have our only amusement taken away from us? What do you imagine brings country gentlemen to their seats? Do you not know, sir, the vast importance our residence at our country houses is to the nation? Destroy the game-laws, and you destroy our very existence as a people!"

"Now," thought I, "it is my time." "Sir Lionel," said I, speaking almost from one end of the table to the other, "I perfectly agree with your sentiments; I am entirely of opinion, first, that it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the nation that game should be preserved; secondly, that if you take away game you take away country gentlemen: no two propositions can be clearer than these; but I do differ from you with respect to the intended alterations. Let us put wholly out of the question, the interests of the poor people, or of society at large: those are minor matters, not worthy of a moment's consideration; let us only see how far *our* interests as sportsmen will be affected. I think by a very few words I can clearly prove to you, that the proposed alterations will make us much better off than we are at present."

I then entered shortly, yet fully enough, into the nature of the laws as they now stood, and as they were intended to be changed. I first spoke of the two great disadvantages of the present system to the country gentlemen; viz. in the number of poachers, and the expense of preserving. Observing that I was generally and attentively listened to, I dwelt upon these two points with much pathetic energy; and having paused till I had got Sir Lionel and one or two of his supporters to confess that it would be highly desirable that these defects should, *if possible*, be remedied, I proceeded to show how, and in what manner it *was* possible. I argued, that to effect this possibility was the exact object of the alterations suggested; I anticipated the objections; I answered them in the form of propositions as clearly and concisely stated as possible; and as I spoke with great civility and conciliation, and put aside every appearance of care for any human being in the world who has not possessed of a qualification, I perceived at the conclusion of my harangue that I had made a very favorable impression. That evening completed my triumph: for Lady Chester and Lady Harriet made so good a story of my adventure with the dogs, that the matter passed off as a famous joke, and I was soon considered by the whole knot as a devilish amusing, good-natured, sensible fellow. So true is it that there is no situation which a little tact cannot turn to our own account; manage *yourself* well, and you may manage all the world.

As for Lord Chester, I soon won his heart by a few feats of horsemanship, and a few extempore inventions respecting the sagacity of dogs. Three days after my arrival we became inseparable; and I made such good use of my time, that in two more, he spoke to me of his friendship for Dawton, and his wish for a dukedom. These motives it was easy enough to unite, and at last he promised me that his answer to my principal should be as acquiescent as I could desire; the morning after this promise commenced *the great day* at Newmarket.

Our whole party were of course bound to the race-ground, and with great reluctance I was pressed into the service. We were not many miles distant from the course, and Lord Chester mounted me on one of his horses. Our shortest way lay through rather an intricate series of cross roads: and as I was very little interested in the conversation of my companions, I paid more attention to the scenery we passed, than is my customary wont: for I study Nature rather in men than fields, and find no landscape afford such variety to the eye, and such subject to the contemplation, as the inequalities of the human heart.

But there were to be fearful circumstances hereafter, to stamp forcibly upon my remembrance some traces of the scenery which now courted and arrested my view. The chief characteristics of the country were broad, dreary plains, diversified at times by dark plantations of fir and larch; the road was rough and stony, and here and there a melancholy rivulet, swelled by the first rains of spring, crossed our path, and lost itself in the rank weeds of some inhospitable marsh.

About six miles from Chester Park, to the

left of the road, stood an old house with a new face; the brown, time-honored bricks which composed the fabric, were strongly contrasted by large Venetian windows newly inserted in frames of the most ostentatious white. A smart, green veranda, scarcely finished, ran along the low portico, and formed the termination to two thin rows of meagre and dwarfish sycamores, which did duty for an avenue, and were bounded on the roadside by a spruce white gate, and a sprucer lodge, so moderate in its dimensions, that would scarcely have boiled a turnip!—if a rat had got into it, he might have run away with it! The ground was dug in various places, as if for the purpose of further *improvements*, and here and there a sickly little tree was carefully hurdled round, and seemed pining its puny heart out at the confinement.

In spite of all these well-judged and well-thriving graces of art, there was such a comfortless and desolate appearance about the place, that it quite froze one to look at it; to be sure, a damp marsh on one side, and the skeleton rafters and beams of an old stable on the other, backed by a few dull and sulky-looking fir-trees, might in some measure create, or at least considerably add to, the indiscribable cheerlessness of the *tout ensemble*. While I was curiously surveying the various parts of this northern "*Délices*," and marvelling at the choice of two crows who were slowly walking over the unwholesome ground, instead of making all possible use of the black wings with which Providence had gifted them, I perceived two men on horseback wind round from the back part of the building, and proceed in a brisk trot down the avenue. We had not advanced many paces before they overtook us; the foremost of them turned round as he passed me, and pulling up his horse abruptly, discovered to my dismayed view the features of Mr. Thornton. Nothing abashed by the slightness of my bow, or the grave stares of my lordly companions, who never forgot the dignity of their birth, in spite of the vulgarity of their tastes, Thornton instantly and familiarly accosted me.

"Told you so, Mr. Pelham—*silent sow, etc.*—Sure I should have the pleasure of seeing you, though you kept it so snug. Well, will you bet *now?* No!—Ah, you're a sly one. Staying here at that *nice-looking* house—belongs to Dawson, an old friend of mine—shall be happy to introduce you!"

"Sir," said I, abruptly, "you are too good. Permit me to request that you will rejoin your friend Mr. Dawson."

"Oh," said the imperturbable Thornton, "it does not signify; he won't be affronted at my lagging a little. However," (and here he caught my eye, which was assuming a sternness that perhaps little pleased him), "however, as it gets late, and my mare is none of the best, I'll wish you good morning. With these words Thornton put spurs to his horse and trotted off.

"Who the devil have you got there, Pelham?" said Lord Chester.

"A person," said I, "who picked me up at Paris, and insists on the right of 'treasure trove' to claim me in England. But will you let me ask, in my turn, whom that cheerful mansion we have just left, belongs to?"

"To a Mr. Dawson, whose father was a gentleman farmer who bred horses, a very respectable person,—*for* I made one or two excellent bargains with him. The son was always on the turf and contracted the worst of its habits. He bears but a very indifferent character, and will probably become a complete blackleg. He married, a short time since, a woman of some fortune, and I suppose it is her taste which has so altered and modernized his house. Come, gentlemen, we are on even ground, shall we trot?"

We proceeded but a few yards before we were again stopped by a precipitous ascent, and as Lord Chester was then earnestly engaged in praising his horse to one of the cavalcade, I had time to remark the spot. At the foot of the hill we were about slowly to ascend, was a broad, unenclosed patch of waste land; a heron, flapping its enormous wings as it rose, directed my attention to a pool overgrown with rushes, and half-sheltered on one side by a decayed tree, which, if one might judge from the breadth and hollowness of its trunk, had been a refuge to the wild bird, and a shelter to the wild cattle, at a time when such were the only intruders upon its hospitality; and when the country, for miles and leagues round, was honored by as little of man's care and cultivation as was at present the rank waste which still nourished the gnarled and venerable roots of that single tree. There was something re-

markably singular and grotesque in the shape and sinuosity of its naked and spectral branches; two of exceeding length stretched themselves forth, in the very semblance of arms held out in the attitude of supplication; and the bend of the trunk over the desolate pond, the form of the hoary and blasted summit, and the hollow trunk half riven asunder in the shape of limbs, seemed to favor the gigantic deception. You might have imagined it an antediluvian transformation, or a daughter of the Titan race, preserving, in her metamorphosis, her attitude of entreaty to the merciless Olympian.

This was the only tree visible; for a turn of the road, and the unevenness of the ground, completely veiled the house we had passed, and the few low firs and sycamores which made its only plantations. The sullen pool—its ghost-like guardian—the dreary heath around, the rude features of the country beyond, and the apparent absence of all human habitation, conspired to make a scene of the most dispiriting and striking desolation. I know not how to account for it, but, as I gazed around in silence, the whole place appeared to grow over my mind, as one which I had seen, though dimly and drearily, as in a dream, before, and a nameless and unaccountable presentiment of fear and evil sank like ice into my heart. We ascended the hill, and, the rest of the road being of a kind better adapted to expedition, we mended our pace and soon arrived at the goal of our journey.

The race-ground had its customary compliment of knaves and fools—the dupers and the duped. Poor Lady Chester, who had proceeded to the ground by the high road (for the way we had chosen was inaccessible to those who ride in chariots, and whose charioteers are set up in high places), was driving to and fro, the very picture of cold and discomfort; and the few solitary carriages which honored the course, looked as miserable as if they were witnessing the funeral of their owners' persons, rather than the peril of their characters and purses.

As we rode along to the betting-post, Sir John Tyrrell passed us: Lord Chester accosted him familiarly, and the baronet joined us. He had been an old votary of the turf in his younger days, and he still preserved all his ancient predilection in its favor.

It seemed that Chester had not met him for many years, and after a short and characteristic conversation of "God bless me, how long since I saw you!—good horse you're on;—you look thin;—admirable condition;—what have you been doing?—grand action;—a'nt we behind hand?—famous fore-hand;—recollect old Queensbury?—hot in the mouth;—gone to the devil;—what are the odds?" Lord Chester asked Tyrrell to go home with us. The invitation was readily accepted.

> "With impotence of will
> We wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose
> Round us, and round each other." *

Now, then, arose the noise, the clatter, the swearing, the lying, the perjury, the cheating, the crowd, the bustle, the hurry, the rush, the heat, the ardor, the impatience, the hope, the terror, the rapture, the agony of the RACE. The instant the first heat was over, one asked me one thing, one bellowed another; I fled to Lord Chester; he did not heed me. I took refuge with the marchioness; she was as sullen as an east wind could make her. Lady Harriet would talk of nothing but the horses: Sir Lionel would not talk at all. I was in the lowest pit of despondency, and the devils that kept me there were as blue as Lady Chester's nose. Silent, sad, sorrowful, and sulky, I rode away from the crowd, and moralized on its vicious propensities. One grows marvellously honest when the species of cheating before us is not suited to one's self. Fortunately, my better angel reminded me, that about the distance of three miles from the course lived an old college friend, blessed, since we had met, with a parsonage and a wife. I knew his tastes too well to imagine that any allurement of an equestrian nature could have seduced him from the ease of his library and the dignity of his books; and hoping, therefore, that I should find him at home, I turned my horse's head in an opposite direction, and, rejoiced at the idea of my escape, bade adieu to the course.

As I cantered across the far end of the heath, my horse started from an object upon the ground; it was a man wrapped from head to foot in a long horseman's cloak, and so well guarded as to the face, from the raw inclemency of the day, that I could not catch

* Shelley.

even a glimpse of the features, through the hat and neck-shawl which concealed them. The head was turned, with apparent anxiety towards the distant throng; and imagining the man belonging to the lower orders, with whom I am always familiar, I addressed to him, *en passant*, some trifling remark on the event of the race. He made no answer. There was something about him which induced me to look back several moments after I had left him behind. He had not moved an inch. There is such a certain uncomfortableness always occasioned to the mind by stillness and mystery united, that even the disguising garb, and motionless silence of the man, innocent as I thought they must have been, impressed themselves disagreeably on my meditations as I rode briskly on.

It is my maxim never to be unpleasantly employed, even in thought, if I can help it; accordingly I changed the course of my reflection, and amused myself with wondering how matrimonial and clerical dignity sat on the indolent shoulders of my old acquaintance.

CHAPTER LXIII.

> And as for me, tho' that I can but lite
> On bookès for me to read, I me delight,
> And to hem give I faith and full crèdence,
> And in mine heart have hem in reverence,
> So heartily that there is gamè none,
> That fro' my bookès maketh me to gone.
>
> —CHAUCER.

CHRISTOPHER CLUTTERBUCK was a common individual of a common order, but little known in this busy and toiling world. I cannot flatter myself that I am about to present to your notice that *rara avis*, a new character—yet there is something interesting, and even unhackneyed, in the retired and simple class to which he belongs: and before I proceed to a darker period in my memoirs, I feel a calm and tranquillizing pleasure in the rest which a brief and imperfect delineation of my college companion affords me. My friend came up to the University with the learning which one about to quit the world might, with credit, have boasted of possessing, and the simplicity which one about to enter it would have been ashamed to confess. Quiet and shy, in his habits and his manners, he was never seen out of the precincts of his apartment, except in obedience to the stated calls of dinner, lectures, and chapel.

Then his small and stooping form might be marked, crossing the quadrangle with a hurried step, and cautiously avoiding the smallest blade of the barren grass-plots, which are forbidden ground to the feet of all the lower orders of the collegiate oligarchy. Many were the smiles and the jeers, from the worse natured and better appointed students, who loitered idly along the court, at the rude garb and saturnine appearance of the humble undergraduate; and the calm countenance of the grave, but amiable man, who then bore the honor and *onus* of mathematical lecturer at our college, would soften into a glance of mingled approbation and pity, as he noted the eagerness which spoke from the wan cheek and emaciated frame of the ablest of his pupils, hurrying—after each legitimate interruption—to the enjoyment of the crabbed characters and worm-worn volumes, which contained for him all the seductions of pleasure, and all the temptations of youth.

It is a melancholy thing, which none but those educated at a college can understand, to see the debilitated frames of the aspirants for academical honors; to mark the prime—the verdure—the glory—the life—of life wasted irrevocably away in a *labor ineptiarum*, which brings no harvest either to others or themselves. For the poet, the philosopher, the man of science, we can appreciate the recompense if we commiserate the sacrifice; from the darkness of their retreat there goes a light—from the silence of their studies there issues a voice,—to illumine or convince. We can imagine them looking from their privations to the far visions of the future, and hugging to their hearts, in the strength of no unnatural vanity, the reward which their labors are certain hereafter to obtain. To those who can anticipate the vast dominions of immortality among men, what boots the sterility of the cabined and petty *present?* But the mere man of languages and learning—the machine of a memory heavily but unprofitably employed—the Columbus wasting at the galley oar the energies which should have discovered a world—for him there is no day-dream of the future, no grasp at the immortality of fame. beyond the walls of his narrow room he knows no ob-

ject; beyond the elucidation of a dead tongue he indulges no ambition; his life is one long school-day of lexicons and grammars — a Fabric of Ice, cautiously excluded from a single sunbeam—elaborately useless, ingeniously unprofitable; and leaving, at the moment it melts away, not a single trace of the space it occupied, or the labor it cost.

At the time I went to the University, my poor collegian had attained all the honors his employment could ever procure him. He *had been* a Pitt scholar; *he was* a senior wrangler, and a Fellow of his college. It often happened that I found myself next to him at dinner, and I was struck by his abstinence, and pleased with his modesty, despite the *gaucherie* of his manner, and the fashion of his garb. By degrees I insinuated myself into his acquaintance; and as I had always some love of scholastic lore, I took frequent opportunities of conversing with him upon Horace, and consulting him upon Lucian.

Many a dim twilight have we sat together, reviving each other's recollection, and occasionally relaxing into the grave amusement of *capping verses*. Then, if by any chance my ingenuity or memory enabled me to puzzle my companion, his good temper would lose itself in a quaint pettishness, or he would hurl against me some line of Aristophanes, and ask me, with a raised voice, and arched brow, to give him a fitting answer to *that*. But if, as was much more frequently the case, he fairly ran me down into a pause and confession of inability, he would rub his hands with a strange chuckle, and offer me, in the bounteousness of his heart, to read aloud a Greek Ode of his own, while he treated me "to a dish of tea." There was much in the good man's innocence, and guilelessness of soul, which made me love him, and I did not rest till I had procured him, before I left the University, the living which he now held. Since then, he had married the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, an event of which he had duly informed me; but, though this great step in the life of "a reading man" had not taken place many months since, I had completely, after a hearty wish for his domestic happiness, consigned it to a dormant place in my recollection.

The house which I now began to approach was small, but comfortable; perhaps there was something melancholy in the old-fashioned hedges, cut and trimmed with mathematical precision, which surrounded the glebe, as well as in the heavy architecture and dingy bricks of the reverend recluse's habitation. To make amends for this, there was also something peculiarly still and placid about the appearance of the house, which must have suited well the tastes and habits of the owner. A small, formal lawn was adorned with a square fish-pond, bricked round, and covered with the green weepings of four willows, which drooped over it from their station at each corner. At the opposite side of this Pierian reservoir, was a hermitage, or arbor of laurels, shaped in the stiff rusticity of the Dutch school, in the prevalence of which it was probably planted; behind this arbor, the ground, after a slight railing, terminated in an orchard.

The sound I elicited from the gate bell seemed to ring through that retired place with singular shrillness; and I observed at the opposite window, all that bustle of drawing curtains, peeping faces, and hasty retreats, which denote female anxiety and perplexity, at the unexpected approach of a stranger.

After some time the parson's single servant, a middle-aged, slovenly man, in a loose frock, and grey kerseymere nondescripts, opened the gate, and informed me that his master *was* at home. With a few earnest admonitions to my admitter—who was, like the domestics of many richer men, both groom and valet—respecting the safety of my borrowed horse. I entered the house: the servant did not think it necessary to inquire my name, but threw open the door of the study, with the brief introduction of—"A gentleman, sir."

Clutterbuck was standing, with his back towards me, upon a pair of library steps, turning over some dusky volumes; and below stood a pale, cadaverous youth, with a set and serious countenance, that bore no small likeness to Clutterbuck himself.

"*Mon Dieu*," thought I, "he cannot have made such good use of his matrimonial state as to have raised this lanky impression of himself in the space of seven months!" The good man turned round and almost fell off the steps with the nervous shock of beholding me so near him; he descended with precipitation, and shook me so warmly and tightly by the hand, that he brought tears into my eyes, as well as his own.

"Gently, my good friend," said I—"*parce, precor*, or you will force me to say, '*ibimus unà ambo, flentes* valido connexi fœdere.'"

Clutterbuck's eyes watered still more, when he heard the grateful sounds of what to him was the mother tongue. He surveyed me from head to foot with an air of benign and fatherly complacency, and dragging forth from its sullen rest a large arm-chair, on whose cushions of rusty horse-hair sat an eternal cloud of classic dust, too sacred to be disturbed, he *plumped* me down upon it, before I was aware of the cruel hospitality.

"Oh! my nether garments," thought I. "*Quantus sudor inerit Bedoso*, to restore you to your pristine purity!"

"But, whence come you?" said my host, who cherished rather a formal and antiquated method of speech.

"From the Pythian games, said I; "the campus hight Newmarket. Do I see right, or is not yon *insignis juvenis* marvellously like you? Of a surety he rivals the Titans, if he is only a seven months' child!"

"Now, truly, my worthy friend," answered Clutterbuck, "you indulge in jesting! The boy is my nephew, a goodly child, and a painstaking. I hope he will thrive at our gentle mother. He goes to Trinity next October. Benjamin Jeremiah, my lad, this is my worthy friend and benefactor, of whom I have often spoken: go, and order him of our best—he will partake of our repast!"

"No, really," I began; but Clutterbuck gently placed the hand, whose strength of affection I had already so forcibly experienced, upon my mouth. "Pardon me, my friend," said he. "No *stranger* should depart till he had broken bread with us; how much more then a friend! Go, Benjamin Jeremiah, and tell your aunt that Mr. Pelham will dine with us; and order, further more, that the barrel of oysters sent unto us as a present, by my worthy friend Dr. Swallow'em, be dressed in the fashion that seemeth best; they are a classic dainty, and we shall think of our great masters the ancients whilst we devour them. And—stop, Benjamin Jeremiah, see that we have the wine with the black seal; and—now—go, Benjamin Jeremiah!"

"Well, my old friend," said I, when the door closed upon the sallow and smileless nephew, "how do you love the connubial yoke? Do you give the same advice as Socrates? I hope, at least, it is not from the same experience."

"Hem!" answered the grave Christopher, in a tone that struck me as somewhat nervous and uneasy, "you are become quite a humorist since we parted. I suppose you have been warming your wit by the lambent fires of Horace and Aristophanes!"

"No," said I, "the living allow those whose toilsome lot it is to mix constantly with them, but little time to study the monuments of the dead. But, in sober earnest, are you as happy as I wish you?"

Clutterbuck looked down for a moment, and then, turning towards the table, laid one hand upon a manuscript, and pointed with the other to his books. "With this society," said he, "how can I be otherwise?"

I gave him no reply, but put my hand upon his manuscript. He made a modest and coy effort to detain it, but I knew that writers were like women, and, making use of no displeasing force, I possessed myself of the paper.

It was a treatise on the Greek participle. My heart sickened within me; but, as I caught the eager glance of the poor author, I brightened up my countenance into an expression of pleasure, and appeared to read and comment upon the *difficiles nugæ* with an interest commensurate to his own. Meanwhile the youth returned. He had much of that delicacy of sentiment which always accompanies mental cultivation, of whatever sort it may be. He went, with a scarlet blush over his thin face, to his uncle, and whispered something in his ear, which, from the angry embarrassment it appeared to occasion, I was at no loss to divine.

"Come," said I, "we are too long acquainted for ceremony. Your *placens uxor*, like all ladies in the same predicament, thinks your invitation a little unadvised; and, in real earnest, I have so long a ride to perform, that I would rather eat your oysters another day!"

"No, no," said Clutterbuck, with greater eagerness than his even temperament was often hurried into betraying—"no, I will go and reason with her myself. 'Wives, obey your husbands,' saith the preacher!" And the quondam senior wrangler almost upset his chair in the perturbation with which he arose from it.

I laid my hand upon him. "Let me go

myself," said I, "since you *will* have me dine with you. 'The sex is ever to a *stranger* kind,' and I shall probably be more persuasive than you, in despite of your legitimate authority."

So saying, I left the room, with a curiosity more painful than pleasing, to see the collegian's wife. I arrested the man servant, and ordered him to usher and announce me.

I was led *instanter* into the apartment where I had discovered all the signs of female inquisitiveness, which I have before detailed. There I discovered a small woman, in a robe equally slatternly and fine, with a sharp pointed nose, small, cold, gray eyes, and a complexion high towards the cheek bones, but waxing of a light green before it reached the wide and querulous mouth, which, well I ween, seldom opened to smile upon the unfortunate possessor of her charms. She, like the Rev. Christopher, was not without her companions; a tall meagre woman, of advanced age, and a girl, some years younger than herself, were introduced to me as her mother and sister.

My *entré* occasioned no little confusion, but I knew well how to remedy that. I held out my hand so cordially to the wife, that I enticed, though with evident reluctance, two bony fingers into my own, which I did not dismiss without a most mollifying and affectionate squeeze; and drawing my chair close towards her, began conversing as familiarly as if I had known the whole triad for years. I declared my joy at seeing my old friend so happily settled—commented on the improvement of his looks—ventured a sly joke at the good effects of matrimony—praised a cat couchant, worked in worsted by the venerable hand of the eldest matron—offered to procure her a *real* cat of the true Persian breed, black ears four inches long, with a tail like a squirrel's; and then slid, all at once, into the unauthorized invitation of the good man of the house.

"Clutterbuck," said I, "has asked me very warmly to stay dinner; but, before I accepted his offer, I insisted upon coming to see how far it was confirmed by you. Gentlemen, you are aware, my dear Madam, know nothing of these matters, and I never accept a married man's invitation till it has the sanction of his lady; I have an example of that at home. My mother (Lady Frances) is the best-tempered woman in the world: but my father could no more take the liberty (for I may truly call it such) to ask even his oldest friend to dinner, without consulting the mistress of the house, than he could think of flying. No one (says my mother, and she says what is very true), can tell about the household affairs, but those who have the management of them; and in pursuance of this aphorism, I dare not accept any invitation in this house, except from its mistress."

"Really," said Mrs. Clutterbuck, coloring, with mingled embarrassment and gratification, "You are very considerate and polite Mr. Pelham: I only wish Mr. Clutterbuck paid half your attention to these things; nobody can tell the trouble and inconvenience he puts me to. If I *had* known a little time before, that you were coming—but now I fear we have nothing in the house; but if you can partake of our fare, such as it is, Mr. Pelham—"

"Your kindness enchants me," I exclaimed, "and I no longer scruple to confess the pleasure I have in accepting my old friend's offer."

This affair being settled, I continued to converse for some minutes with as much vivacity as I could summon to my aid, and when I went once more to the library, it was with the comfortable impression of having left those as friends, whom I had visited as foes.

The dinner hour was four, and, till it came, Clutterbuck and I amused ourselves "in commune wise and sage." There was something high in the sentiments and generous in the feelings of this man, which made me the more regret the bias of mind which rendered them so unavailing. At college he had never (*illis dissimilis in nostro tempore natis!*) cringed to the possessors of clerical power. In the duties of his station as dean of the college, he was equally strict to the back cap and the lordly hat. Nay, when one of his private pupils, whose father was possessed of more church preferment than any nobleman in the peerage, disobeyed his repeated summons, and constantly neglected to attend his instructions, he sent for him, resigned his tuition, and refused any longer to accept a salary which the negligence of his pupil would not allow him to requite. In his clerical tenets he was high: in his judgment of others he was mild. His

knowledge of the liberty of Greece was not drawn from the ignorant historian of her Republics; * nor did he find in the contemplative mildness and gentle philosophy of ancients, nothing but a sanction for modern bigotry and existing abuses.

It was a remarkable trait in his conversation, that though he indulged in many references to the old authors, and allusions to classic customs, he never deviated into the innumerable quotations with which his memory was stored. No words, in spite of all the quaintness antiquity of his dialect, purely Latin or Greek, ever escaped his lips, except in our engagements at capping verses, or when he was allured into accepting a challenge of learning from some of its pretenders; then, indeed, he could pour forth such a torrent of authorities as effectually silenced his opponent; but these contests were rarely entered into, and these triumphs moderately indulged. Yet he loved the use of quotations in others, and I knew the greatest pleasure I could give him was in the frequent use of them. Perhaps he thought it would seem like an empty parade of learning in one who so confessedly possessed it, to deal in the strange words of another tongue, and consequently rejected them, while, with an innocent inconsistency, characteristic of the man, it never occurred to him that there was any thing, either in the quaintness of his dialect or the occupations of his leisure, which might subject him to the same imputation of pedantry.

And yet, at times, when he warmed in his subject, there was a tone in his language as well as sentiment, which might not be improperly termed eloquent; and the real modesty and quiet enthusiasm of his nature, took away, from the impression he made, the feeling of pomposity and affectation with which otherwise he might have inspired you.

"You have a calm and quiet habitation here," said I; "the very rooks seem to have something lulling in that venerable caw which it always does me such good to hear."

"Yes," answered Clutterbuck, "I own that there is much that is grateful to the temper of my mind in this retired spot. I fancy that I can the better give myself up to the contemplation which makes, as it were, my intellectual element and food. And yet I dare say that in this (as in all other things) I do strangely err; for I remember that during my only sojourn in London, I was wont to feel the sound of wheels and of the throng of steps shake the windows of my lodging in the Strand, as if it were but a warning to recall my mind more closely to its studies:—of a verity that noisy evidence of man's labor reminded me how little the great interests of this rolling world were to me, and the feeling of solitude amongst the crowds without, made me cling more fondly to the company I found within. For it seems that the mind is ever addicted to contraries, and that when it be transplanted into a soil where all its neighbors do produce a certain fruit, it doth, from a strange perversity, bring forth one of a different sort. You would little believe, my honored friend, that in this lonely seclusion, I cannot at all times prohibit my thoughts from wandering to that gay world of London, which, during my tarry therein, occupied them in so partial a degree. You smile, my friend, nevertheless it is true; and when you reflect that I dwelt in the western department of the metropolis, near unto the noble mansion of Somerset House, and consequently in the very centre of what the idle call Fashion, you will not be so surprised at the occasional migration of my thoughts."

Here the worthy Clutterbuck paused and sighed slightly. "Do you farm, or cultivate your garden," said I; "they are no ignoble nor unclassical employments?"

"Unhappily," answered Clutterbuck, "I am inclined to neither; my chest pains me with a sharp and piercing pang when I attempt to stoop, and my respiration is short and asthmatic; and in truth, I seldom love to stir from my books and papers. I go with Pliny to his garden, and with Virgil to his farm; those mental excursions are the sole ones I indulge in; and when I think of my appetite for application, and my love of idleness, I am tempted to wax proud of the propensities which reverse the censure of Tacitus on our German ancestors, and incline so fondly to quiet, while they turn so restlessly from sloth."

* It is really a disgrace to our University, that any of its colleges should accept as a reference, or even tolerate as an author, the presumptuous bigot who has bequeathed to us, in his History of Greece, the masterpiece of a declaimer without energy, and of a pedant without learning.

Here the speaker was interrupted by a long, low, dry cough, which penetrated me to the heart. "Alas!" thought I, as I heard it, and looked upon my poor friend's hectic and hollow cheek, "it is not only his mind that will be the victim to the fatality of his studies."

It was some moments before I renewed the conversation, and I had scarcely done so before I was interrupted by the entrance of Benjamin Jeremiah, with a message from his aunt that dinner would be ready in a few minutes. Another long whisper to Christopher succeeded. The *cidevant* fellow of Trinity looked down at his garments with a perplexed air. I saw at once that he had received a hint on the propriety of a change of raiment. To give him due leisure for this, I asked the youth to show me a room in which I might perform the usual ablutions previous to dinner, and followed him up stairs to a comfortless sort of dressing-room, without a fire-place, where I found a yellow-ware jug and basin, and a towel, of so coarse a huckaback, that I did not dare adventure its rough texture next my complexion—my skin is not made for such rude fellowship. While I was tenderly and daintily anointing my hands with some hard water, of no Blandusian spring, and that vile composition entitled Windsor soap, I heard the difficult breathing of poor Clutterbuck on the stairs, and soon after he entered the adjacent room. Two minutes more, and his servant joined him, for I heard the rough voice of the domestic say, "There is no more of the wine with the black seal left, sir!"

"No more, good Dixon? you mistake grievously. I had two dozen not a week since."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir!" answered Dixon, with a careless and half impertinent accent; "but there are great things, *like alligators*, in the cellar, which break all the bottles!"

"Alligators in my cellar!" said the astonished Clutterbuck.

"Yes, sir—at least a venomous sort of reptile like them, which the people about here call *efts!*"

"What!" said Clutterbuck, innocently, and evidently not seeing the irony of his own question; "What! have the efts broken two dozen bottles in a week? Of an exceeding surety, it is strange that a little creature of the lizard species should be so destructive—perchance they have an antipathy to the vinous smell; I will confer with my learned friend, Dr. Dissectall, touching their strength and habits. Bring up some of the port, then, good Dixon."

"Yes, sir: All the corn is out; I had none for the gentleman's horse."

"Why, Dixon, my memory fails me strangely, or I paid you the sum of four pounds odd shillings for corn on Friday last."

"Yes, sir; but your cow and the chickens eat so much; and then blind Dobbin has four feeds a-day, and. Farmer Johnson always puts his horse in our stable, and Mrs. Clutterbuck and the ladies fed the jackass the other day in the hired donkey-chaise; besides, the rats and mice are always at it."

"It is a marvel unto me," answered Clutterbuck, "how detrimental the vermin race are; they seem to have noted my poor possessions as their especial prey; remind me that I write to Dr. Dissectall to-morrow, good Dixon."

"Yes, sir; and now I think of it—" But here Mr. Dixon was cut short in his items, by the entrance of a third person, who proved to be Mrs. Clutterbuck.

"What, not dressed yet, Mr. Clutterbuck; what a dawdler you are!—and do look—was ever woman so used? You have wiped your razor upon my nightcap—you dirty, slovenly ——."

"I crave you many pardons: I own my error!" said Clutterbuck, in a nervous tone of interruption.

"Error, indeed!" cried Mrs. Clutterbuck, in a sharp, overstretched, querulous falsetto, suited to the occasion: "but this is always the case—I am sure, my poor temper is tried to the utmost—and Lord help thee, idiot! you have thrust those spindle legs of yours into your coat-sleeves instead of your breeches!"

"Of a truth, good wife, your eyes are more discerning than mine; and my legs, which are, as you say, somewhat thin, have indued themselves in what appertaineth not unto them; but for all that, Dorothea, I am not deserving of the epithet of idiot, with which you have been pleased to favor me; although my humble faculties are, indeed, of no eminent or surpassing order—"

"Pooh! pooh! Mr. Clutterbuck, I am sure, I don't know what else you are, muddling your head all day with those good-for-nothing

books. And now do tell me, how you could think of asking Mr. Pelham to dinner, when you knew we had nothing in the world but hashed mutton and an apple-pudding? Is that the way, sir, you disgrace your wife, after her condescension in marrying you?"

"Really," answered the patient Clutterbuck, "I was forgetful of those matters; but my friend cares as little as myself about the grosser tastes of the table; and the feast of intellectual converse is all that he desires in his brief sojourn beneath our roof."

"Feast of fiddlesticks, Mr. Clutterbuck! did ever man talk such nonsense?"

"Besides," rejoined the *master* of the house, unheeding this interruption, "we have a luxury even of the palate, than which there are none more delicate, and unto which he, as well as myself, is, I know, somewhat unphilosophically given; I speak of the oysters, sent here by our good friend, Dr. Swallow'em."

"What do you mean, Mr. Clutterbuck? My poor mother and I had those oysters last night for our supper. I am sure she, and my sister, are almost starved; but you are always wanting to be pampered up above us all."

"Nay, nay," answered Clutterbuck, "you know you accuse me wrongfully, Dorothea; but now I think of it, would it not be better to modulate the tone of our conversation, seeing that our guest (a circumstance which until now quite escaped my recollection) was shown into the next room, for the purpose of washing his hands, the which, from their notable cleanliness, seemed to me wholly unnecessary. I would not have him overhear you, Dorothea, lest his kind heart should imagine me less happy—than—it wishes me!"

"Good God, Mr. Clutterbuck!" were the only words I heard farther: and with tears in my eyes, and a suffocating feeling in my throat, for the matrimonial situation of my unfortunate friend, I descended into the drawing-room. The only one yet there was the pale nephew; he was bending painfully over a book; I took it from him; it was "Bentley upon Phalaris." I could scarcely refrain from throwing it in the fire—"another victim!" thought I.—Oh, the curse of an English education!

By and by, down came the mother and the sister, then Clutterbuck, and lastly, bedizened out with gew-gaws and trumpery,—the wife. Born and nurtured as I was in the art of the *volto sciolto, pensieri stretti*,* I had seldom found a more arduous task of dissimulation than that which I experienced now. However, the hope to benefit my friend's situation assisted me: the best way, I thought, of obtaining him more respect from his wife, will be by showing her the respect he meets with from others: accordingly, I sat down by her, and having first conciliated her attention by some of that coin, termed compliments, in which there is no counterfeit that does not have the universal effect of real, I spoke with the most profound veneration of the talents and learning of Clutterbuck—I dilated upon the high reputation he enjoyed—upon the general esteem in which he was held—upon the kindness of his heart—the sincerity of his modesty—the integrity of his honor—in short, whatever I thought likely to affect her; most of all, I insisted upon the high panegyrics bestowed upon him, by Lord this, and the Earl that, and wound up, with adding that I was certain he would die a bishop. My eloquence had its effect; all dinner time, Mrs. Clutterbuck treated her husband with even striking consideration: my words seemed to have gifted her with a new light, and to have wrought a thorough transformation in her view of her lord and master's character. Who knows not the truth, that we have dim and short-sighted eyes to estimate the nature of our own kin, and that we borrow the spectacles which alone enable us to discern their merits or their failings from the opinion of strangers! It may be readily supposed that the dinner did not pass without its share of the ludicrous—that the waiter and the dishes, the family and the host, would have afforded ample materials no less for the student of nature in Hogarth, than of caricature in Bunbury; but I was too seriously occupied in pursuing my object, and marking its success, to have time even for a smile. Ah! if ever you would allure your son to diplomacy, show him how subservient he may make it to benevolence.

When the women had retired, we drew our chairs near to each other, and, laying down my watch on the table, as I looked out upon the declining day, I said, "Let us make the best of our time; I can only linger here one half hour longer."

* The open countenance and closed thoughts.

"And how, my friend," said Clutterbuck," "shall we learn the method of making the best use of time? *there*, whether it be in the larger segments, or the petty subdivisions of our life, rests the great enigma of our being. Who is there that has ever exclaimed—(pardon my pedantry, I am for once *driven* into Greek)—*Eureka!* to this most difficult of the sciences?"

"Come," said I, "it is not for you, the favored scholar—the honored academician—whose hours are never idly employed, to ask this question!"

"Your friendship makes too flattering the acumen of your judgment," answered the modest Clutterbuck. "It has indeed been my lot to cultivate the fields of truth, as transmitted unto our hands by the wise men of old; and I have much to be thankful for, that I have, in the employ, been neither curtailed in my leisure, nor abased in my independence—the two great goods of a calm and meditative mind; yet are there moments in which I am led to doubt of the wisdom of my pursuits: and when, with a feverish and shaking hand, I put aside the books which have detained me from my rest till the mourning hour, and repair unto a couch often baffled of slumber by the pains and discomforts of this worn and feeble frame, I almost wish I could purchase the rude health of the peasant by the exchange of an idle and imperfect learning for the ignorance, content with the narrow world it possesses, because unconscious of the limitless creation beyond. Yet, my dear and esteemed friend, there is a dignified and tranquillizing philosophy in the writing of the ancients which ought to teach me a better condition of mind; and when I have risen from the lofty, albeit, somewhat melancholy strain, which swells through the essays of the graceful and tender Cicero, I have indeed felt a momentary satisfaction at my studies, and an elation even at the petty success with which I have cherished them. But these are brief and fleeting moments, and deserve chastisement for their pride. There is one thing, my Pelham, which has grieved me bitterly of late, and that is, that in the earnest attention which it is the—perhaps fastidious—custom of our University, to pay to the minutiæ of classic lore, I do now oftentimes lose the spirit and beauty of the general bearing, nay, I derive a far greater pleasure from the ingenious amendment of a perverted text, than from all the turn and thought of the sense itself: while I am straightening a crooked nail in the wine-cask, I suffer the wine to evaporate; but to this I am somewhat reconciled, when I reflect that it was also the misfortune of the great Porson, and the elaborate Parr, men with whom I blush to find myself included in the same sentence."

"My friend," said I, "I wish neither to wound your modesty, nor to impugn your pursuits; but think you not that it would be better, both for men and for yourself, if, while you are yet in the vigor of your age and reason, you occupy your ingenuity and application in some more useful and lofty work, than that which you suffered me to glance at in your library; and, moreover, as the great object of him who would perfect his mind, is first to strengthen the faculties of his body, would it not be prudent in you to lesson for a time your devotion to books; to exercise yourself in the fresh air—to relax the bow, by loosing the string; to mix more with the living, and impart to men in conversation, as well as in writing, whatever the incessant labor of many years may have hoarded? Come, if not to town, at least to its vicinity; the profits of your living, if even tolerably managed, will enable you to do so without inconvenience. Leave your books to their shelves, and your flock to their curate, and—you shake your head—do I displease you?"

"No, no, my kind and generous adviser;—but as the twig was set, the tree must grow. I have not been without that ambition which, however vain and sinful, is the first passion to enter the wayward and tossing vessel of our soul, and the last to leave its stranded and shattered wreck; but mine found and attained its object at an age when in others it is, as yet, a vague and unsettled feeling; and it feeds now rather upon the recollections of what has been, than ventures forward on a sea of untried and strange expectation. As for my studies! how can you, who have, and in no moderate draught, drunk of the old steam of Castaly,—how can *you* ask me *now* to change them? Are not the ancients my food, my aliment, my solace in sorrow—my sympathizers, my very benefactors, in joy? Take them away from me, and you take away the very winds

which purify and give motion to the obscure and silent current of my life. Besides, my Pelham, it cannot have escaped your observation, that there is little in my present state which promises a long increase of days: the few that remain to me must glide away like their predecessors; and whatever be the infirmities of my body, and the little harassments which, I am led to suspect, do occassionally molest the most fortunate, who link themselves unto the unstable and fluctuating part of creation, which we term women, more especially in an hymeneal capacity—whatever these may be, I have my refuge and my comforter in the golden-souled and dreaming Plato, and the sententious wisdom of the less imaginative Seneca. Nor, when I am reminded of my approaching dissolution by the symptoms which do mostly at the midnight hour press themselves upon me, is there a small and inglorious pleasure in the hope that I may meet, hereafter, in those Islands of the Blest which they dimly dreamt of, but which are opened unto *my* vision, without a cloud, or mist, or shadow of uncertainty and doubt, with those bright spirits which we do now converse with so imperfectly; that I may catch from the very lips of Homer, the unclouded gorgeousness of fiction, and from the accents of Archimedes, the unadulterated calculations of truth!"

Clutterbuck ceased; and the glow of his enthusiasm diffused itself over his sunken eye and consumptive cheek. The boy, who had sat apart, and silent, during our discourse, laid his head upon the table, and sobbed audibly; and I rose, deeply affected, to offer to one for whom they were indeed, unavailing, the wishes and blessing of an eager, but not hardened disciple of the world. We parted: on this earth we can never meet again. The light has wasted itself away beneath the bushel. It will be six weeks to-morrow since the meek and noble-minded academican breathed his last.

CHAPTER LXIV.

'Tis but a single murder.—LILLO'S *Fatal Curiosity.*

IT was in a melancholy and thoughtful mood that I rode away from the parsonage. Numerous and hearty were the maledictions I bestowed upon a system of education which, while it was so ineffective with the many, was so pernicious to the few. Miserable delusion (thought I), that encourages the ruin of health and the perversion of intellect, by studies that are as unprofitable to the world as they are destructive to the possessor—that incapacitate him for public, and unfit him for private, life;—and that, while they expose him to the ridicule of strangers, render him the victim of his wife, and the prey of his domestic!

Busied in such reflections, I rode quickly on, till I found myself, once more, on the heath. I looked anxiously round for the conspicuous equipage of Lady Chester, but in vain: the ground was thin—nearly all the higher orders had retired: the common people, grouped together, and clamoring noisily, were withdrawing: and the shrill voices of the itinerant hawkers of cards and bills had, at length, subsided into silence. I rode over the ground, in the hope of finding some solitary straggler of our party. Alas! there was not one; and, with much reluctance at, and distaste to, my lonely retreat, I turned in a homeward direction from the course.

The evening had already set in, but there was a moon in the cold gray sky, that I could almost have thanked, in a sonnet, for a light which I felt was never more welcomely dispensed, when I thought of the cross roads and dreary country I had to pass before I reached the longed-for haven of Chester Park. After I had left the direct road, the wind, which had before been piercingly keen, fell, and I perceived a dark cloud behind, which began slowly to overtake my steps. I care little, in general, for the discomfort of a shower; yet, as when we are in one misfortune we always exaggerate the consequence of a new one, I looked upon my dark pursuer with a very impatient and petulant frown, and set my horse on a trot, much more suitable to my inclination than his own. Indeed, he seemed fully alive to the cornless state of the parson's stable, and evinced his sense of the circumstance by a very languid mode of progression, and a constant attempt, whenever his pace abated, and I suffered the rein to slumber upon his neck, to crop the rank grass that sprang up on either side of our road. I had proceeded about three miles on my way, when I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me. My

even pace soon suffered me to be overtaken; and, as the stranger checked his horse, when he was nearly by my side, I turned towards him, and beheld Sir John Tyrrell.

"Well," said he, "this is really fortunate; for I began to fear I should have my ride, this cold evening, entirely to myself."

"I imagined that you had long reached Chester Park by this time," said I. "Did not you leave the course with our party?"

"No," answered Tyrrell; "I had business, at Newmarket, with a rascally fellow of the name of Dawson. He lost to me rather a considerable wager, and asked me to come to town with him after the race, in order to pay me. As he said he lived on the direct road to Chester Park, and would direct, and even accompany me through all the difficult part of the ride, I the less regretted not joining Chester and his party; and you know, Pelham, that when pleasure pulls one way, and money another, it is all over with the first. Well,—to return to my rascal—would you believe, that when we got to Newmarket, he left me at the inn, in order, he said, to fetch the money; and after having kept me in a cold room, with a smoky chimney, for more than an hour, without mak- his appearance, I sallied out into the town, and found Mr. Dawson quietly seated in a hell with that scoundrel Thornton, whom I did not conceive, till then, he was acquainted with. It seems that he was to win, at hazard, sufficient to pay his wager! You may fancy my anger, and the consequent increase to it, when he rose from the table, approached me, expressed his sorrow, d—d his ill luck, and informed me that he could not pay me for three months. You know that I could not ride home with such a fellow—he might have me by the way —so I returned to my inn—dined—ordered my horse—set off—inquired my way of every passenger I passed, and after innumerable misdirections—here I am!"

"I cannot sympathize with you," said I, "since I am benefited by your misfortunes. But do you think it very necessary to trot so fast? I fear my horse can scarcely keep up with yours."

Tyrrell cast an impatient glance at my panting steed. "It is cursed unlucky you should be so badly mounted, and we shall have a pelting shower presently."

In complaisance to Tyrrell, I endeavored to accelerate my steed. The roads were rough and stony; and I had scarcely got the tired animal into a sharp trot, before—whether or no by some wrench among the deep ruts and flinty causeway—he fell suddenly lame. The impetuosity of Tyrrell broke out in oaths, and we both dismounted to examine the cause of my horse's hurt, in the hope that it might only be the intrusion of some pebble between the shoe and the hoof. While we were yet investigating the cause of our misfortune, two men on horseback overtook us. Tyrrell looked up. "By Heaven," said he, in a low tone, "it's that dog Dawson, and his worthy coadjutor, Tom Thornton."

"What's the matter, gentlemen?" cried the bluff voice of the latter. "Can I be of any assistance?" and without waiting our reply, he dismounted, and came up to us. He had no sooner felt the horse's leg, than he assured us it was a most severe strain, and that the utmost I could effect would be to walk the brute gently home.

As Tyrrell broke out into impatient violence at this speech, the sharper looked up at him with an expression of countenance I by no means liked, but in a very civil, and even respectful tone, said, "if you wish, Sir John, to reach Chester Park sooner than Mr. Pelham can possibly do, suppose you ride on with us; I will put you in the direct road before I quit you." (Good breeding, thought I, to propose leaving me to find my own way through this labyrinth of ruts and stones!) However, Tyrrell, who was in a vile humor, refused the offer, in no very courteous manner; and added, that he should continue with me as long as he could, and did not doubt that when he left me he should be able to find his own way. Thornton pressed the invitation still closer, and even offered, *sotto voce*, to send Dawson on before, should the baronet object to his company.

"Pray, sir," said Tyrrell, "leave me alone, and busy yourself about your own affairs." After so tart a reply, Thornton thought it useless to say more; he remounted, and with a silent and swaggering nod of familiarity, soon rode away with his companion.

"I am sorry," said I, as we were slowly proceeding, "that you rejected Thornton's offer."

"Why, to say truth," answered Tyrrell, "I have so very bad an opinion of him, that I was almost afraid to trust myself in his company

on so dreary a road. I have nearly (and he knows it), to the amount of two thousand pounds about me; for I was very fortunate in my betting-book to-day."

"I know nothing about racing regulations," said I; "but I thought one never paid sums of that amount upon the ground?"

"Ah!" answered Tyrrell, "but I won this sum, which is eighteen hundred pounds, of a country squire from Norfolk, who said he did not know when he should see me again, and insisted on paying me on the spot: 'faith I was not nice in the matter. Thornton was standing by at the time, and I did not half like the turn of his eye when he saw me put it up. Do you know, too," continued Tyrrell, after a pause, "that I had a d—d fellow dodging me all day, and yesterday too; wherever I go, I am sure to see him. He seems constantly, though distantly, to follow me; and what is worse, he wraps himself up so well, and keeps at so cautious a distance, that I can never catch a glimpse of his face."

I know not why, but at that moment the recollection of the muffled figure I had seen upon the course, flashed upon me.

"Does he wear a long horseman's cloak?" said I.

"He does," answered Tyrrell, in surprise; "have you observed him?"

"I saw such a person on the race-ground," replied I; "but only for an instant!"

Farther conversation was suspended by a few heavy drops which fell upon us; the cloud had passed over the moon, and was hastening rapidly and lowering over our heads. Tyrrell was neither of an age, a frame, nor a temper, to be so indifferent to a hearty wetting as myself.

"Come, come," he cried, "you *must* put on that beast of your's—I can't get wet, for all the horses in the world."

I was not much pleased with the dictatorial tone of this remark. "It is impossible," said I, "especially as the horse is not my own, and seems considerably lamer than at first; but let me not detain you."

"Well!" cried Tyrrell, in a raised and angry voice, which pleased me still less than his former remark; "but how am I to find my way, if I leave you?"

"Keep straight on," said I, "for a mile farther, then a sign-post will direct you to the left; after a short time, you will have a steep hill to descend, at the bottom of which is a large pool, and a singularly shaped tree; then again, keep straight on, till you pass a house belonging to Mr. Dawson——"

"Hang it, Pelham, make haste!" exclaimed Tyrrell, impatiently, as the rain began now to descend fast and heavy.

"When you have passed that house," I resumed coolly, rather enjoying his petulence, "you must bear to the right for six miles, and you will be at Chester Park in less than an hour."

Tyrrell made no reply, but put spurs to his horse. The pattering rain and the angry heavens soon drowned the last echoes of the reeeding hoof-clang.

For myself, I looked in vain for a tree; not even a shrub was to be found: the fields lay bare on either side, with no other partition, but a dead hedge, and a deep dyke. "*Melius fit patientiâ*," etc., thought I, as Horace said, and Vincent *would* say; and in order to divert my thoughts from my situation, I turned them towards my diplomatic success with Lord Chester. Presently, for I think scarcely five minutes had elapsed since Tyrrell's departure, a horseman passed me at a sharp pace; the moon was hid by the dense cloud, and the night, though not wholly dark, was dim and obscured, so that I could only catch the outline of the flitting figure. A thrill of fear crept over me, when I saw that it was enveloped in a horseman's cloak. I soon rallied:—"There are more cloaks in the world than one," said I to myself; "besides, even if it be Tyrrell's dodger, as he calls him, the baronet is better mounted than any highwaymen since the days of Du Val; and is, moreover, strong enough and cunning enough to take admirable care of himself."

With this reflection I dismissed the occurrence from my thoughts, and once more returned to self-congratulations upon my own incomparable genius. "I shall now," I thought, "have well earned my seat in parliament: Dawton will indisputably be, if not the prime, the principal minister in rank and influence. He cannot fail to promote me for his own sake, as well as mine; and when I have once fairly got my legs in St. Stephen's, I shall soon have my hands in office: 'power,' says some one, 'is a snake that when it once finds a hole into

which it can introduce its head, soon manages to wriggle in the rest of its body.' "

With such meditations I endeavored to beguile the time, and cheat myself into forgetfulness of the lameness of my horse, and the dripping wetness of his rider. At last the storm began sullenly to subside: one impetuous torrent, ten-fold more violent than those that had preceded it, was followed by a momentary stillness, which was again broken by a short relapse of a less formidable severity, and, the moment it ceased, the beautiful moon broke out, the cloud rolled heavily away, and the sky shone forth, as fair and smiling as Lady——at a ball, after she has been beating her husband at home.

But at that instant, or perhaps a second before the storm ceased, I thought I heard the sound of a human cry. I paused, and my heart stood still—I could have heard a gnat hum: the sound was not repeated; my ear caught nothing but the plashing of the raindrops from the dead hedges, and the murmur of the swollen dykes, as the waters pent within them rolled hurriedly on. By and by, an owl came suddenly from behind me, and screamed as it flapped across my path; that, too, went rapidly away: and with a smile, at what I deemed my own fancy, I renewed my journey. I soon came to the precipitous descent I have before mentioned; I dismounted, for safety, from my drooping and jaded horse, and led him down the hill. At a distance beyond I saw something dark moving on the grass which bordered the road; as I advanced, it started forth from the shadow, and fled rapidly before me, in the moonshine—it was a riderless horse. A chilling foreboding seized me: I looked round for some weapon, such as the hedge might afford; and finding a strong stick of tolerable weight and thickness, I proceeded more cautiously, but more fearlessly than before.

As I wound down the hill, the moonlight fell full upon the remarkable and lonely tree I had observed in the morning. Bare, wan, and giantlike, as it rose amidst the surrounding waste, it borrowed even a more startling and ghostly appearance from the cold and lifeless moonbeams which fell around and upon it like a shroud. The retreating steed I had driven before me, paused by this tree. I hastened my steps, as if by an involuntary impulse, as well as the enfeebled animal I was leading would allow me, and discovered a horseman galloping across the waste at full speed. The ground over which he passed was steeped in the moonshine, and I saw the long and disguising cloak, in which he was enveloped, as clearly as by the light of day. I paused: and as I was following him with my looks, my eye fell upon some obscure object by the left side of the pool. I threw my horse's rein over the hedge, and firmly grasping my stick, hastened to the spot. As I approached the object, I perceived that it was a human figure; it was lying still and motionless: the limbs were half immersed in the water—the face was turned upwards—the side and throat were wet with a deep red stain—it was of blood: the thin, dark hairs of the head were clotted together over a frightful and disfiguring contusion. I bent over the face in a shuddering and freezing silence. It was the countenance of Sir John Tyrrell!

CHAPTER LXV.

——— Marry, he was dead—
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late:
Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled!—*Macbeth.*

It is a fearful thing, even to the hardiest nerves, to find ourselves suddenly alone with the dead. How much more so, if we have, but a breathing interval before, moved and conversed with the warm and living likeness of the motionless clay before us!

And this was the man from whom I had parted in coldness—almost in anger—at a word—a breath! I took up the heavy hand—it fell from my grasp; and as it did so, I thought a change passed over the livid countenance. I was deceived; it was but a light cloud flitting over the moon;—it rolled away, and the placid and guiltless light shone over that scene of dread and blood, making more wild and chilling the eternal contrast of earth and heaven—man and his Maker—passion and immutability—death and eternal life.

But that was not a moment for reflection—a thousand thoughts hurried upon me, and departed as swift and confusedly as they came. My mind seemed a jarring and benighted chaos of the faculties which were its elements over

the corpse before, by a vigorous effort, I shook off the stupor that possessed me, and began to think of the course that it now behoved me to pursue.

The house I had noted in the morning was, I knew, within a few minutes walk of the spot; but it belonged to Dawson, upon whom the first weight of my suspicions rested. I called to mind the disreputable character of that man, and the still more daring and hardened one of his companion Thornton. I remembered the reluctance of the deceased to accompany them, and the well-grounded reason he assigned; and, my suspicions amounting to certainty, I resolved rather to proceed to Chester Park, and there give the alarm, than to run the unnecessary risk of interrupting the murderers in the very lair of their retreat. And yet, thought I, as I turned slowly away, how if *they* were the villains, is the appearance and flight of the disguised horseman to be accounted for?

Then flashed upon my recollection all that Tyrrell had said of the dogged pursuit of that mysterious person, and the circumstance of his having passed me upon the road so immediately after Tyrrell had quitted me. These reflections (associated with a name that I did not dare breathe even to myself, although I could not suppress a suspicion which accounted at once for the pursuit, and even for the deed), made me waver in, and almost renounce, my former condemnation of Thornton and his friend: and by the time I reached the white gate and dwarfish avenue which led to Dawson's house, I resolved, at all events, to halt at the solitary mansion, and mark the effect my information would cause.

A momentary fear for my own safety came across me, but was as instantly dismissed;—for even supposing the friends were guilty, still it would be no object to them to extend their remorseless villany to me; and I knew that I could sufficiently command my own thoughts to prevent any suspicion I might form, from mounting to my countenance, or discovering itself in my manner.

There was a light in the upper story; it burned still and motionless. How holy seemed the tranquillity of life, contrasted with the forced and fearful silence of the death scene I had just witnessed! I rang twice at the door —no one came to answer my summons, but the light in the upper window moved hurriedly to and fro.

"They are coming," said I to myself. No such thing—the casement above was opened—I looked up, and discovered, to my infinite comfort and delight, a blunderbuss protruded eight inches out of the window in a direct line with my head; I receded close to the wall with no common precipitation.

"Get away, you rascal," said a gruff, but trembling voice, "or I'll blow your brains out."

"My good sir," I replied, still keeping my situation, "I come on urgent business, either to Mr. Thornton or Mr. Dawson; and you had better, therefore, if the delay is not very inconvenient, defer the honor you offer me, till I have delivered my message.

"Master and 'Squire Thornton are not returned from Newmarket, and we cannot let any one in till they come home," replied the voice, in a tone somewhat mollified by my rational remonstrance; and while I was deliberating what rejoinder to make, a rough, red head, like Liston's in a farce, poked itself cautiously out under cover of the blunderbuss, and seemed to reconnoitre my horse and myself. Presently another head, but attired in the more civilized gear of a cap and flowers, peeped over the first person's left shoulder; the view appeared to reassure them both.

"Sir," said the female, "my husband and Mr. Thornton are not returned; and we have been so much alarmed of late, by an attack on the house, that I cannot admit any one till their return."

"Madam," I replied, reverently doffing my hat, "I do not like to alarm you by mentioning the information I should have given to Mr. Dawson; only oblige me by telling them, on their return, to look beside the pool on the common; they will then do as best pleases them."

Upon this speech, which certainly was of no agreeable tendency, the blunderbuss palpitated so violently, that I thought it highly imprudent to tarry any longer in so perilous a vicinity; accordingly, I made the best of my way out of the avenue, and once more resumed my road to Chester Park.

I arrived there at length; the gentlemen were still in the dining-room. I sent out for Lord Chester, and communicated the scene I had witnessed, and the cause of my delay.

"What! Brown Bob lamed?" said he, "and Tyrrell—poor—poor fellow, how shocking! We must send instantly. Here, John! Tom! Wilson!" and his lordship shouted and rang the bell in an indescribable agitation.

The under butler appeared, and Lord Chester began—"My head groom—Sir John Tyrrell is murdered—violent sprain in off leg—send lights with Mr. Pelham—poor gentleman—an express instantly to Dr. Physicon—Mr. Pelham will you all—Brown Bob—his throat cut from ear to ear—what shall be done?" and with this coherent and explanatory harangue, the marquis sank down in his chair in a sort of hysteric.

The under butler looked at him in suspicious bewilderment. "Come," said I, "I will explain what his lordship means;" and, taking the man out of the room, I gave him, in brief, the necessary particulars. I ordered a fresh horse for myself, and four horsemen to accompany me. While these were preparing the news was rapidly spreading, and I was soon surrounded by the whole house. Many of the gentlemen wished to accompany me; and Lord Chester, who had at last recovered from his stupor, insisted upon heading the search. We set off, to the number of fourteen, and soon arrived at Dawson's house: the light in the upper room was still burning. We rang, and after a brief pause, Thornton himself opened the door to us. He looked pale and agitated.

"How shocking!" he said directly—"we are only just returned from the spot."

"Accompany us, Mr Thornton," said I, sternly, and fixing my eye upon him.

"Certainly," was his immediate answer, without testifying any confusion—"I will fetch my hat." He went into the house for a moment.

"Do you suspect these people?" whispered Lord Chester.

"Not suspect," said I, "but *doubt*."

We proceeded down the avenue: "Where is Mr. Dawson?" said I to Thornton.

"Oh, within!" answered Thornton. "Shall I fetch him?".

"Do," was my brief reply.

Thornton was absent some minutes; when he reappeared, Dawson was following him. "Poor fellow," said he to me in a low tone—"he was so shocked by the sight, that he is still all in a panic; besides, as you will see, he is half drunk still."

I made no answer, but looked narrowly at Dawson; he was evidently, as Thornton said, greatly intoxicated; his eyes swam, and his feet staggered as he approached us; yet, through all the natural effects of drunkenness, he seemed nervous and frightened. This, however, might be the natural (and consequently innocent) effect of the mere sight of an object so full of horror; and, accordingly, I laid little stress upon it.

We reached the fatal spot: the body seemed perfectly unmoved. "Why," said I, apart to Thornton, while all the rest were crowding fearfully round the corpse—"why did you not take the body within?"

"I was going to return here with our servant for that purpose," answered the gambler; "for poor Dawson was both too drunk and too nervous to give me any assistance."

"And how came it," I rejoined, eyeing him searchingly, "that you and your friend had not returned home when I called there, although you had both long since passed me on the road, and I had never over-taken you?"

Thornton, without any hesitation, replied—"Because, during the violence of the shower, we cut across the fields to an old shed, which we recollected, and we remained there till the rain had ceased."

"They are probably innocent," thought I—and I turned to look once more at the body, which our companions had now raised. There was upon the head a strong contusion, as if inflicted by some blunt and heavy instrument. The fingers of the right hand were deeply gashed, and one of them almost dissevered: the unfortunate man had, in all probability, grasped the sharp weapon from which his other wounds proceeded; these were one wide cut along the throat, and another in the side; either of them would have occasioned his death.

In loosening the clothes, another wound was discovered, but apparently of a less fatal nature; and in lifting the body, the broken blade of a long sharp instrument, like a case-knife, was discovered. It was the opinion of the surgeon, who afterwards examined the body, that the blade had been broken by coming in contact with one of the rib bones; and it was by this that he accounted for the slightness of the last mentioned wound. I looked

carefully among the fern and long grass, to see if I could discover any other token of the murderer: Thornton assisted me. At the distance of some feet from the body, I thought I perceived something glitter. I hastend to the place, and picked up a miniature. I was just going to cry out, when Thornton whispered—"Hush! I know the picture; it is as I suspected!"

An icy thrill ran through my very heart. With a desperate but trembling hand, I cleansed from the picture the blood, in which, notwithstanding its distance from the corpse, the greater part of it was bathed. I looked upon the features; they were those of a young and singularly beautiful female. I recognized them not: I turned to the other side of the miniature; upon it were braided two locks of hair—one was the long, dark ringlet of a woman, the other was of a light auburn. Beneath were four letters. I looked eagerly at them. "My eyes are dim," said I, in a low tone to Thornton, "I cannot trace the initials."

"But *I* can," replied he, in the same whispered key, but with a savage exultation, which made my heart stand still: "they are G. D., R. G.; they are the initials of Gertrude Douglas and *Reginald Glanville*."

I looked up at the speaker—our eyes met—I graspsd his hand vehemently. He understood me. "Put it up," said he; "we will keep the secret." All this, so long in the recital, passed in the rapidity of a moment.

"Have you found anything there, Pelham?" shouted one of our companions.

"No!" cried I, thrusting the miniature in my bosom, and turning unconcernedly away.

We carried the corpse to Dawson's house. The poor wife was in fits. We heard her scream as we laid the body upon a table in the parlor.

"What more can be done?" said Lord Chester.

"Nothing," was the general answer. No excitement makes people insensible to the chance of catching cold!

"Let us go home, then, and send to the nearest magistrate," exclalmed our host: and this proposal required no repetition.

On our way, Chester said to me. "That fellow Dawson looked devilish uneasy—don't you still suspect him and his friend?"

"*I do not!*" answered I, emphatically.

CHAPTER LXVI.

And now I'm in the world alone,
* * * * * *
But why for others should I groan,
When none will sigh for me?—BYRON.

THE whole country was in confusion at the news of the murder. All the myrmidons of justice were employed in the most active research for the murderers. Some few persons were taken up on suspicion, but were as instantly discharged. Thornton and Dawson underwent a long and rigorous examination; but no single tittle of evidence against them appeared: they were consequently dismissed. The only suspicious circumstance against them, was their delay on the road: but the cause given, the same as Thornton had at first assigned to me, was probable and natural. The shed was indicated, and, as if to confirm Thornton's account, a glove belonging to that person was found there. To crown all, my own evidence, in which I was constrained to mention the circumstance of the muffled horseman having passed me on the road, and being found by me on the spot itself, threw the whole weight of suspicion upon that man, whoever he might be.

All attempts, however, to discover him were in vain. It was ascertained that a man, muffled in a cloak, was *seen* at Newmarket, but not remarkably observed; it was also discovered, that a person so habited had put up a grey horse to bait in one of the inns at Newmarket; but in the throng of strangers neither the horse nor its owner had drawn down any particular remark.

On further inquiry, testimony differed; *four* or *five* men, in cloaks had left their horses at the stables; one ostler changed the color of the steed of brown, a second to black, a third deposed that the gentleman was remarkably tall, and the waiter swore solemnly he had given a glass of brandy and water to an *unked* looking gentleman, in a cloak, who was remarkably short. In fine, no material point could be proved, and though the officers were still employed in active search, they could trace nothing that promised a speedy discovery.

As for myself, as soon as I decently could, I left Chester Park, with a most satisfactory despatch in my pocket, from its possessor to

enjoyment. Honor me with your company at dinner to-day."

"What saloon will you dine in, my Lord Lucullus?" said I, in allusion to the custom of the epicure, by whose name I addressed him.

"The saloon of Diana," replied Guloseton —"for she must certainly have shot the fine buck of which Lord H. sent me the haunch that we shall have to-day. It is the true old Meynell breed. I ask you not to meet Mr. Mr. So-and-so, and Lord What-d'ye-call-him: I ask you to meet a *saute de foie gras*, and a haunch of venison."

"I will most certainly pay them my respects. Never did I know before how far *things* were better company than persons. Your lordship has taught me that great truth."

"God bless me!" cried Guloseton, with an air of vexation, "here comes the Duke of Stilton, a horrid person, who told me the other day, at my *petit dîner*, when I apologized to him for some strange error of my *artiste's*, by which common vinegar had been substituted for Chili—who told me—what think you he told me? You cannot guess,—he told me, forsooth, that he did not care what he ate; and, for his part, he could make a very good dinner off a beef-stake! Why the deuce, then, did he come and dine with *me?* Could he have said anything more cutting? Imagine my indignation, when I looked round my table and saw so many good things thrown away upon such an idiot."

Scarcely was the last word out of the gourmand's mouth before the noble personage so designated joined us. It amused me to see Guloseton's contempt (which he scarcely took the pains to suppress) of a person whom all Europe honored, and his evident weariness of a companion, whose society every one else would have coveted as the *summum bonum* of worldly distinction. As for me, feeling anything but social, I soon left the ill-matched pair, and rode into the other park.

Just as I entered it, I perceived, on a dull, yet cross-looking pony, Mr. Wormwood of bitter memory. Although we had not met since our mutual sojourn at Sir Lional Garrett's, and were then upon very cool terms of acquaintance, he seemed resolved to recognize and claim me.

"My dear sir," said he, with a ghastly smile, "I am rejoiced once more to see you; bless me, how pale you look. I heard you had been very ill. Pray, have you been yet to that man who professes to cure consumption in the worst stages?"

"Yes," said I, "he read me two or three letters of reference from the patients he had cured. His last, he said, was a gentleman very far gone—a Mr. Wormwood."

"Oh, you are pleased to be facetious," said the cynic, coldly—"but pray do tell me about that horrid affair at Chester Park. How disagreeable it must have been to you to be taken up on *suspicion of the murder!*"

"Sir," said I, haughtily, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, you were not—wer'n't you? Well, I always thought it unlikely; but every one says so——"

"My dear sir," I rejoined, "how long is it since you have minded what everybody says? If I were so foolish, I should not be riding with you now; but *I* have always said, in contradiction to everybody, and even in spite of being universally laughed at for my singular opinion, that you, my dear Mr. Wormwood, were by no means silly, nor ignorant, nor insolent, nor intrusive; that you were, on the contrary, a very decent author, and a very good sort of man; and that you were so benevolent, that you daily granted, to some one or other, the greatest happiness in your power: it is a happiness I am now about to enjoy, and it consists in wishing you '*good bye!*'" And without waiting for Mr. Wormwood's answer, I gave the rein to my horse, and was soon lost among the crowd, which had now begun to assemble.

Hyde Park is a stupid place. The English of the fashionable world make business an enjoyment, and enjoyment a business: they are born without a smile; they rove about public places like so many easterly winds—cold, sharp, and cutting; or like a group of fogs on a frosty day, sent out of his hall by Boreas, for the express purpose of *looking black at one another*. When they ask you, "how you do," you would think they were measuring the length of your coffin. They are ever, it is true, *laboring* to be agreeable; but they are like Sisyphus, the stone they roll up the hill with so much toil, runs down again, and hits you a thump on the legs. They are sometimes *polite*,

but invariably *uncivil;* their warmth is always artificial—their cold never; they are stiff without dignity, and cringing without manners. They offer you an affront, and call it "plain truth;" they wound your feelings, and tell you it is manly "to speak their minds;" at the same time, while they have neglected all the graces and charities of artifice, they have adopted all its falsehood and deceit. While they profess to abhor servility, they adulate the peerage; while they tell you they care not a rush for the minister, they move heaven and earth for an invitation from the minister's wife. Then their amusements!—the heat—the dust—the sameness—the slowness, of that odious park in the morning; and the same exquisite scene repeated in the evening, on the condensed stage of a rout-room, where one has more heat, with less air, and a narrower dungeon, with diminished possibility of escape!—we wander about like the damned in the story of Vathek, and we pass our lives, like the royal philosopher of Prussia, in conjugating the verb, *Je m'ennuis.*

CHAPTER LXVII.

—— In solo vivendi causa palato est.—JUVENAL.

—— They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

THE reflections which closed the last chapter will serve to show that I was in no very amiable or convivial temper, when I drove to Lord Guloseton's dinner. However, in the world, it matters little what may be our real mood, the mask hides the bent brow and the writhing lip.

Guloseton was stretched on his sofa, gazing with upward eye at the beautiful Venus which hung above his hearth. "You are welcome, Pelham; I am worshipping my household divinity!"

I prostrated myself on the opposite sofa, and made some answer to the classical epicure, which made us both laugh heartily. We then talked of pictures, painters, poets, the ancients, and Dr. Henderson on Wines; we gave ourselves up, without restraint, to the enchanting fascination of the last-named subject; and, our mutual enthusiasm confirming our cordiality, we went down stairs to our dinner, as charmed with each other as boon companions always should be.

"This is as it should be," said I, looking round at the well-filled table, and the sparkling spirits immersed in the ice-pails; "a genuine *friendly* dinner. It is very rarely that I dare entrust myself to such extempore hospitality —*miserum est aliená vivere quadrâ;*—a friendly dinner, a family meal, are things from which I fly with undisguised aversion. It is very hard, that in England, one cannot have a friend, on pain of being shot or poisoned; if you refuse his familiar invitations, he thinks you mean to affront him, and says something rude, for which you are forced to challenge him; if you accept them, you perish beneath the weight of boiled mutton and turnips, or——"

"My dear friend," interrupted Guloseton, with his mouth full, "it is very true; but this is no time for talking; *let us eat.*"

I acknowledged the justice of the rebuke, and we did not interchange another word beyond the exclamations of surprise, pleasure, admiration, or dissatisfaction, called up by the objects which engrossed our attention, till we found ourselves alone with our dessert.

When I thought my host had imbibed a sufficient quantity of wine, I once more renewed my attack. I had tried him before upon that point of vanity which is centred in power, and political consideration, but in vain; I now bethought me of another.

"How few persons there are," said I, "capable of giving even a tolerable dinner—how many capable of admiring one worthy of estimation! I could imagine no greater triumph for the ambitious epicure, than to see at his board the first and most honored persons of the state, all lost in wonder at the depth, the variety, the purity, the munificence of his taste; all forgetting, in the extorted respect which a gratified palate never fails to produce, the more visionary schemes and projects which usually occupy their thoughts;—to find those whom all England are soliciting for posts and power, become, in their turn, eager and craving aspirants for places at his table;—to know that all the grand movements of the ministerial body are planned and agitated over the inspirations of his viands and the excitement of his wine. From a haunch of venison, like the one of which we have partaken

enjoyment. Honor me with your company at dinner to-day."

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"Oh, you are pleased to be facetious," said the cynic, coldly—"but pray do tell me about that horrid affair at Chester Park. How disagreeable it must have been to you to be taken up on *suspicion of the murder!*"

"Sir," said I, haughtily, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, you were not—wer'n't you? Well, I always thought it unlikely; but every one says so——"

"My dear sir," I rejoined, "how long is it since you have minded what everybody says? If I were so foolish, I should not be riding with you now; but *I* have always said, in contradiction to everybody, and even in spite of being universally laughed at for my singular opinion, that you, my dear Mr. Wormwood, were by no means silly, nor ignorant, nor insolent, nor intrusive; that you were, on the contrary, a very decent author, and a very good sort of man; and that you were so benevolent, that you daily granted, to some one or other, the greatest happiness in your power: it is a happiness I am now about to enjoy, and it consists in wishing you '*good bye!*'" And without waiting for Mr. Wormwood's answer, I gave the rein to my horse, and was soon lost among the crowd, which had now begun to assemble.

Hyde Park is a stupid place. The English of the fashionable world make business an enjoyment, and enjoyment a business: they are born without a smile; they rove about public places like so many easterly winds—cold, sharp, and cutting; or like a group of fogs on a frosty day, sent out of his hall by Boreas, for the express purpose of *looking black at one another*. When they ask you, "how you do," you would think they were measuring the length of your coffin. They are ever, it is true, *laboring* to be agreeable; but they are like Sisyphus, the stone they roll up the hill with so much toil, runs down again, and hits you a thump on the legs. They are sometimes *polite*,

but invariably *uncivil;* their warmth is always artificial—their cold never; they are stiff without dignity, and cringing without manners. They offer you an affront, and call it "plain truth;" they wound your feelings, and tell you it is manly "to speak their minds;" at the same time, while they have neglected all the graces and charities of artifice, they have adopted all its falsehood and deceit. While they profess to abhor servility, they adulate the peerage; while they tell you they care not a rush for the minister, they move heaven and earth for an invitation from the minister's wife. Then their amusements!—the heat—the dust—the sameness—the slowness, of that odious park in the morning; and the same exquisite scene repeated in the evening, on the condensed stage of a rout-room, where one has more heat, with less air, and a narrower dungeon, with diminished possibility of escape!—we wander about like the damned in the story of Vathek, and we pass our lives, like the royal philosopher of Prussia, in conjugating the verb, *Je m'ennuis.*

CHAPTER LXVII.

—— In solo vivendi causa palato est.—JUVENAL.

—— They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

THE reflections which closed the last chapter will serve to show that I was in no very amiable or convivial temper, when I drove to Lord Guloseton's dinner. However, in the world, it matters little what may be our real mood, the mask hides the bent brow and the writhing lip.

Guloseton was stretched on his sofa, gazing with upward eye at the beautiful Venus which hung above his hearth. "You are welcome, Pelham; I am worshipping my household divinity!"

I prostrated myself on the opposite sofa, and made some answer to the classical epicure, which made us both laugh heartily. We then talked of pictures, painters, poets, the ancients, and Dr. Henderson on Wines; we gave ourselves up, without restraint, to the enchanting fascination of the last-named subject; and, our mutual enthusiasm confirming our cordiality, we went down stairs to our dinner, as charmed with each other as boon companions always should be.

"This is as it should be," said I, looking round at the well-filled table, and the sparkling spirits immersed in the ice-pails; "a genuine *friendly* dinner. It is very rarely that I dare entrust myself to such extempore hospitality—*miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ;*—a friendly dinner, a family meal, are things from which I fly with undisguised aversion. It is very hard, that in England, one cannot have a friend, on pain of being shot or poisoned; if you refuse his familiar invitations, he thinks you mean to affront him, and says something rude, for which you are forced to challenge him; if you accept them, you perish beneath the weight of boiled mutton and turnips, or——"

"My dear friend," interrupted Guloseton, with his mouth full, "it is very true; but this is no time for talking; *let us eat.*"

I acknowledged the justice of the rebuke, and we did not interchange another word beyond the exclamations of surprise, pleasure, admiration, or dissatisfaction, called up by the objects which engrossed our attention, till we found ourselves alone with our dessert.

When I thought my host had imbibed a sufficient quantity of wine, I once more renewed my attack. I had tried him before upon that point of vanity which is centred in power, and political consideration, but in vain; I now bethought me of another.

"How few persons there are," said I, "capable of giving even a tolerable dinner—how many capable of admiring one worthy of estimation! I could imagine no greater triumph for the ambitious epicure, than to see at his board the first and most honored persons of the state, all lost in wonder at the depth, the variety, the purity, the munificence of his taste; all forgetting, in the extorted respect which a gratified palate never fails to produce, the more visionary schemes and projects which usually occupy their thoughts;—to find those whom all England are soliciting for posts and power, become, in their turn, eager and craving aspirants for places at his table;—to know that all the grand movements of the ministerial body are planned and agitated over the inspirations of his viands and the excitement of his wine. From a haunch of venison, like the one of which we have partaken

to-day, what noble and substantial measures might arise! From a *sauté de foie*, what delicate subtleties of finesse might have their origin! From a ragout *à la financière*, what godlike improvements in taxation! Oh, could such a lot be mine, I would envy neither Napoleon for the goodness of his fortune, nor S—— for the grandeur of his genius."

Guloseton laughed. "The ardor of your enthusiasm blinds your philosophy, my dear Pelham; like Montesquieu, the liveliness of your fancy often makes you advance paradoxes which the consideration of your judgment would afterwards condemn. For instance, you must allow, that if one had all those fine persons at one's table, one would be forced to talk more, and consequently to eat less: moreover, you would either be excited by your triumph, or you would not,—that is indisputable; if you are *not* excited, you have the bore for nothing; if you *are* excited, you spoil your digestion: nothing is so detrimental to the stomach as the feverish inquietude of the passions. All philosophies recommend calm as the *to kalon* of their code; and you must perceive, that if, in the course you advise, one has occasional opportunities of pride, one also has those of mortification. Mortification! terrible word; how many apoplexies have arisen from its source! No, Pelham, away with ambition; fill your glass, and learn, at least, the secret of real philosophy."

"Confound the man!" was my *mental* anathema.—"Long life to the Solomon of *sautés*," was my *audible* exclamation.

"There is something," resumed Guloseton, "in your countenance and manner, at once so frank, lively, and ingenuous, that one is not only prepossessed in your favor, but desirous of your friendship. I tell you, therefore, in confidence, that nothing more amuses me than to see the courtship I receive from each party. I laugh at all the unwise and passionate contests in which others are engaged, and I would as soon think of entering into the chivalry of Don Quixote, or attacking the visionary enemies of the Bedlamite, as of taking part in the fury of politicians. At present, looking afar off at their delirium, I can ridicule it; were I to engage in it, I should be hurt by it. I have no wish to become the weeping, instead of the laughing, philosopher. I sleep well now—I have no desire to sleep ill. I eat well—why should I lose my appetite? I am undisturbed and unattacked in the enjoyments best suited to my taste—for what purpose should I be hurried into the abuse of the journalists and the witticisms of pamphleteers? I can ask those whom I like to my house—why should I be forced into asking those whom I do not like? In fine, my good Pelham, why should I sour my temper and shorten my life, put my green old age into flannel and physic, and become, from the happiest of sages, the most miserable of fools? Ambition reminds me of what Bacon says of anger—'It is like rain, it breaks itself upon that which it falls on.' Pelham, my boy, taste the *Chateau Margôt*."

However hurt my vanity might be in having so ill succeeded in my object, I could not help smiling with satisfaction at my entertainer's principles of wisdom. My diplomatic honor, however, was concerned, and I resolved yet to gain him. If, hereafter, I succeeded, it was by a very different method than I had yet taken; meanwhile, I departed from the house of this modern Apicius with a new insight into the great book of mankind, and a new conclusion from its pages; viz. that no virtue can make so perfect a philosopher as the senses. There is no content like that of the epicure—no active code of morals so difficult to conquer as the inertness of his indolence; he is the only being in the world for whom the present has a supremer gratification than the future.

My carbriolet soon whirled me to Lady Roseville's door; the first person I saw in the drawing room, was Ellen. She lifted up her eyes with that familiar sweetness with which they had long since learnt to welcome me. "She is the sister of a murderer!" was the thought that curdled my blood, and I bowed distantly and passed on.

I met Vincent. He seemed dispirited and dejected. He already saw how ill his party had succeeded; above all, he was enraged at the idea of the person assigned by rumor to fill the place he had intended for himself. This person was a sort of rival to his lordship, a man of quaintness and quotation, with as much learning as Vincent, equal wit, and—but that personage is still in office, and I will say no more, lest he should think I flatter.

To our subject. It has probably been observed that Lord Vincent had indulged less of late in that peculiar strain of learned humor

formerly his wont. The fact is, that he had been playing another part; he wished to remove from his character that appearance of literary coxcombry with which he was accused. He knew well how necessary, in the game of politics, it is to appear no less a man of the world than of books; and though he was not averse to display his clerkship and scholastic information, yet he endeavored to make them seem rather valuable for their weight, than curious for their fashion. How few there are in the world who retain, after a certain age, the character originally natural to them! We all get, as it were, a second skin; the little foibles, propensities, eccentricities, we first indulged through affectation, conglomerate and encrust till the artificiality grows into nature.

"Pelham," said Vincent, with a cold smile, "the day will be yours; the battle is not to the strong—the Whigs will triumph. '*Fugêre Pudor, verumque, fidesque; in quorum 'subiêre locum fraudesque dolique insidiæque, et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi.*'"*

"A pretty modest quotation," said I. "You must allow, at least, that the *amor sceleratus habendi* was also, in some moderate degree, shared by the *Pudor* and *Fides* which characterize your party; otherwise I am at a loss how to account for the tough struggle against us we have lately had the honor of resisting."

"Never mind," replied Vincent, "I will not refute you:—It is not for us, the defeated, to argue with you, the victors. But pray, (continued Vincent, with a sneer which pleased me not), pray, among this windfall of the Hesperian fruit, what nice little apple will fall to your share?"

"My good Vincent, don't let us anticipate; if any such apple should come into my lap, let it not be that of discord between us."

"Who talks of discord?" asked Lady Roseville, joining us.

"Lord Vincent," said I, "fancies himself the celebrated fruit, on which was written, *detur pulchriori*, to be given to the fairest. Suffer me, therefore, to make him a present to your ladyship."

Vincent muttered something which, as I really liked and esteemed him, I was resolved not to hear; accordingly I turned to another part of the room: there I found Lady Dawton—she was a tall, handsome woman, as proud as a liberal's wife ought to be. She received me with unusual graciousness, and I sat myself beside her. Three dowagers, and an old beau of the old school, were already sharing the conversation with the haughty countess. I found that the topic was society.

"No," said the old beau, who was entitled Mr. Clarendon, "society is very different from what it was in my younger days. You remember, Lady Paulet, those delightful parties at D—— House? Where shall we ever find anything like them? Such ease, such company—even the mixture was so piquant; if one chanced to sit next a *bourgeois*, he was sure to be distinguished for his wit or talent. People were not tolerated, as now, merely for their riches."

"True," cried Lady Dawton, "it is the introduction of low persons, without any single pretension, which spoils the society of the present day!" And the three dowagers sighed amen, to this remark.

"And yet," said I, "since I may safely say so *here* without being suspected of a personality in the shape of a compliment, don't you think, that without any such mixture we should be very indifferent company? Do we not find those dinners and *soirées* the pleasantest where we see a minister next to a punster, a poet to a prince, and a coxcomb like me next to a beauty like Lady Dawton? The more variety there is in the conversation, the more agreeable it becomes!"

"Very just," answered Mr. Clarendon; "but it is precisely because I wish for that variety that I dislike a miscellaneous society. If one does not know the person beside whom one has the happiness of sitting, what possible subject can one broach with any prudence. I put politics aside, because thanks to party spirit, we rarely meet those we are strongly opposed to; but if we sneer at the methodists, our neighbor may be a saint—if we abuse a new book, he may have written it—if we observe that the tone of the piano-forte is bad, his father may have made it—if we complain of the uncertainty of the commercial interest, his uncle may have been gazetted last week. I name no exaggerated instances; on the contrary, I refer these general remarks to particular individuals, whom all of us have probably met. Thus, you see, that a variety of topics

* "Shame, Truth, and Faith have flown; in their stead creep in frauds, craft, snares, force, and the rascally love of gain."

is proscribed in a mixed company, because some one or other of them will be certain to offend."

Perceiving that we listened to him with attention, Mr. Clarendon continued—"Nor is this more than a minor objection to the great mixture prevalent amongst us: a more important one may be found in the universal imitation it produces. The influx of common persons being once permitted, certain seats recede, as it were, from the contamination, and contract into very diminished coteries. Living familiarly solely amongst themselves, however they may be forced into visiting promiscuously, they imbibe certain manners, certain peculiarities in mode and words—even in an accent or a pronunciation, which are confined to themselves: and whatever differs from these little eccentricities, they are apt to condemn as vulgar and suburban. Now, the fastidiousness of these sets making them difficult of intimate access, even to many of their superiors in actual rank, those very superiors, by a natural feeling in human nature, of prizing what is rare, even if it is worthless, are the first to solicit their acquaintance; and, as a sign that they enjoy it, to *imitate* those peculiarities which are the especial hieroglyphics of this sacred few. The lower grades catch the contagion, and *imitate* those they imagine most likely to know the essentials of the mode; and thus manners, unnatural to all, are transmitted second-hand, third-hand, fourth-hand, till they are ultimately filtered into something worse than no manners at all. Hence, you perceive all people timid, stiff, unnatural, and ill at ease, they are dressed up in a garb which does not fit them, to which they have never been accustomed, and are as little at home as the wild Indian in the boots and garments of the more civilized European."

"And hence," said I, "springs that universal vulgarity of idea, as well as manner, which pervades all society—for nothing is so plebeian as imitation.

"A very evident truism!" said Clarendon. "What I lament most, is the injudicious method certain persons took to change this order of things, and diminish the *désagrémens* of the mixture we speak of. I remember well, when Almack's was first set up, the intention was to keep away the rich *rôturiers* from a place, the tone of which was also intended to be contrary to their own. For this purpose the patronesses were instituted, the price of admission made extremely low, and all ostentatious refreshments discarded: it was an admirable institution for the interests of the little oligarchy who ruled it—but it has only increased the general imitation and vulgarity. Perhaps the records of that institution contain things more disgraceful to the aristocracy of England, than the whole history of Europe can furnish. And how could the *Messieurs et Mesdames Jourdains* help following the servile and debasing example of *Monseigneur le Duc et Pair?*"

"How strange it is," said one of the dowagers, "that of all the novels on society with which we are annually inundated, there is scarcely one which gives even a tolerable description of it!"

"*Not* strange," said Clarendon, with a formal smile, "if your ladyship will condescend to reflect. Most of the writers upon our little great world, have seen nothing of it: at most, they have been occasionally admitted into the routs of the B.'s and C.'s of the second, or rather the third set. A very few are, it is true, gentlemen; but gentlemen, who are not writers, are as bad as writers who are not gentlemen. In one work, which, since it is popular, I will not name, there is a stiffness and stiltedness in the dialogue and descriptions perfectly ridiculous. The author makes his countesses always talking of their family, and his earls always quoting the peerage. There is as much fuss about state, and dignity, and pride, as if the greatest amongst us were not far too busy with the petty affairs of the world to have time for such lofty vanities. There is only one rule necessary for a clever writer who wishes to delineate the *beau monde*. It is this: let him consider that 'dukes, and lords, and noble princes,' eat, drink, talk, move, exactly the same as any other class of civilized people—nay, the very subjects in conversation are, for the most part, the same in all sets—only, perhaps, they are somewhat more familiarly and easily treated with us than among the lower orders, who fancy rank in distinguished by pomposity, and that state affairs are discussed with the solemnity of a tragedy—that we are always my lording and my ladying each other—that we ridicule commoners, and curl our hair with Debrett's Peerage."

We all laughed at this speech, the truth of which we readily acknowledged.

"Nothing," said Lady Dawton, "amuses me more than to see the great distinction which novel-writers make between the titled and the untitled; they seem to be perfectly unaware that a commoner, of ancient family and large fortune, is very often of far more real rank and estimation, and even *weight*, in what they are pleased to term *fashion*, than many of the members of the Upper House. And what amuses me as much, is the *no* distinction they make between all people who have titles:—Lord A——, the little baron, is exactly the same as Lord Z——, the great marquess, equally haughty and equally important."

"*Mais mon Dieu*," said a little French count, who had just joined us; "how is it that you can expect to find a description of society entertaining, when the society itself is so dull?—the closer the copy, the more tiresome it must be. Your manner, *pour vous amuser*, consists in standing on a crowded staircase, and complaining that you are terribly bored. *L'on s'accoutume difficilement à une vie qui se passe sur l'escalier.*"

"It is very true," said Clarendon, "we cannot defend ourselves. We are a very sensible, thinking, brave, sagacious, generous, industrious, noble-minded people; but it must be confessed, that we are terrible bores to ourselves and all the rest of the world. Lady Paulet, if you *are* going so soon, honor me by accepting my arm."

"You should say your *hand*," said the Frenchman.

"Pardon me," answered the gallant old beau; "I say, with your brave countryman when he lost his legs in battle, and was asked by a lady, like the one who now leans on me, whether he would not sooner, have lost his arms? 'No, madam,' said he, (and this, *Monsieur le Comte*, is the answer I give to your rebuke), 'I want my hands to guard my heart.'"

Finding our little knot was now broken up, I went into another part of the room, and joined Vincent, Lady Roseville, Ellen, and one or two other persons who were assembled round a table covered with books and prints. Ellen was sitting on one side of Lady Roseville; there was a vacant chair next her, but I avoided it, and seated myself on the other side of Lady Roseville.

"Pray, Miss Glanville," said Lord Vincent, taking up a thin volume, "do you greatly admire the poems of this lady?"

"What, Mrs. Hemans?" answered Ellen. "I am more enchanted with her poetry than I can express: if that is 'The Forest Sanctuary' which you have taken up, I am sure you will bear me out in my admiration."

Vincent turned over the leaves with the quiet cynicism of manner habitual to him; but his countenance grew animated after he had read two pages. "This is, indeed, beautiful," said he, "really and genuinely beautiful. How singular that such a work should not be more known! I never met with it before. But whose pencil marks are these?"

"Mine, I believe," said Ellen, modestly.

And Lady Roseville turned the conversation upon Lord Byron.

"I must confess, for my part," said Lord Edward Neville (an author of some celebrity and more merit), "that I am exceedingly weary of those doleful ditties with which we have been favored for so many years. No sooner had Lord Byron declared himself unhappy, than every young gentleman with a pale face and dark hair, thought himself justified in frowning in the glass and writing Odes to Despair. All persons who could scribble two lines were sure to make them into rhymes of 'blight' and 'night.' Never was there so grand a *penchant* for the *triste*."

"It would be interesting enough," observed Vincent, "to trace the origin of this melancholy mania. People are wrong to attribute it to poor Lord Byron—it certainly came from Germany; perhaps Werter was the first hero of that school."

"There seems," said I, "an unaccountable prepossession among all persons, to imagine that whatever seems gloomy must be profound, and whatever is cheerful must be shallow. They have put poor Philosophy into deep mourning, and given her a coffin for a writing-desk, and a skull for an inkstand."

"Oh" cried Vincent, "I remember some lines so applicable to your remark, that I must forthwith interrupt you, in order to introduce them. Madame de Staël said, in one of her works, that melancholy was a source of perfection. Listen now to my author—

'Une femme nous dit, et nous prouve en effet,
Qu'avant quelques mille ans l'homme sera parfait,
Qu'il devra cet état à la *mélancolie.*
On *sait que la tristesse annonce le genie;*
Nous avons déjà fait des progrès étonnans;
Que de tristes écrits—que de tristes romans!
Des plus noires horreurs nous sommes idolâtres,
Et la mélancolie a gagné nos théâtres.'" *

"What!" cried I, "are you so well acquainted with my favorite book?"

"Yours!" exclaimed Vincent. "Gods, what a sympathy †; it has long been my most familiar acquaintance; but—

"'Tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad?'"

My eye followed Vincent's to ascertain the meaning of this question, and rested upon Glanville, who had that moment entered the room. I might have known that he was expected, by Lady Roseville's abstraction, the restlessness with which she started at times from her seat, and as instantly resumed it; and the fond expecting look towards the door, every time it shut or opened, which denote so strongly the absent and dreaming heart of the woman who loves.

Glanville seemed paler than usual, and perhaps even sadder; but he was less *distrait* and abstracted; no sooner did he see, than he approached me, and extended his hand with great cordiality. *His* hand! thought I, and I could not bring myself to accept it; I merely addressed him in the common-place salutation. He looked hard and inquisitively at me, and then turned abruptly away. Lady Roseville had risen from her chair—her eyes followed him. He had thrown himself on a settee near the window. She went up to him and sat herself by his side. I turned—my face burned—my heart beat—I was now next to Ellen Glanville; she was looking down, apparently employed with some engravings, but I thought her hand trembled.

There was a pause. Vincent was talking with the other occupiers of the table: a woman, at such times, is always the first to speak. "We have not seen you, Mr. Pelham," said Ellen, "since your return to town."

"I have been very ill," I answered, and I felt my voice falter. Ellen looked up anxiously at my face; I could not brook those large, deep, tender eyes, and it now became my turn to occupy myself with the prints.

"You *do* look pale," she said, in a low voice. I did not trust myself with a further remark—dissimulator as I was to others, I was like a guilty child before the woman I loved. There was another pause—at last Ellen said, "How do you think my brother looks?"

I started; yes, he *was* her brother, and I was once more myself at that thought. I answered so coldly, and almost haughtily, that Ellen colored, and said with some dignity that she should join Lady Roseville. I bowed slightly, and she withdrew to the countess. I seized my hat and departed—but not utterly alone—I had managed to secrete the book which Ellen's hand had marked: through many a bitter day and sleepless night, that book has been my only companion: I have it before me now; and it is open at a page which is yet blistered with the traces of former tears!

CHAPTER LXVIII.

—— Our mistress is a little given to philosophy: what disputations shall we have here by and by?—GIL BLAS.

IT was now but seldom that I met Ellen, for I went little into general society, and grew every day more engrossed in political affairs. Sometimes, however, when, wearied of myself, and my graver occupations, I yielded to my mother's solicitations, and went to one of the nightly haunts of the goddess *we* term *Pleasure*, and the Greeks *Moria*, the game of dissipation (to use a Spanish proverb) shuffled us together. It was then that I had the most difficult task of my life to learn and to perform; to check the lip—the eye—the soul—to heap curb on curb, upon the gushings of the heart, which daily and hourly yearned to overflow; and to feel, that while the mighty and restless tides of passion were thus fettered and restrained, all within was a parched and arid wilderness, that wasted itself, for want of very

* "A woman tells us, and in fact she proves,
That Man, though slowly, to perfection moves;
But to be perfect, first we must be sad;
Genius, we know, is melancholy mad.
Already Time our startling progress hails;
What cheerless essays!—what disastrous ales!
Horror has grown the amusement of the age,
And Mirth despairing yawns, and flies the stage."

† La Gastronomie, Poëme, par J. Berchoux.

moisture, away. Yet there was something grateful in the sadness with which I watched her form in the dance, or listened to her voice in the song; and I felt soothed, and even happy, when my fancy flattered itself, that her step never now seemed so light, as it was wont to be when in harmony with mine, nor the songs that pleased her most, so gay as those that were formerly her choice.

Distant and unobserved, I loved to feed my eyes upon her pale and downcast cheek; to note the abstraction that came over her at moments, even when her glance seemed brightest, and her lip most fluent; and to know, that while a fearful mystery might for ever forbid the union of our hands, there was an invisible, but electric chain, which connected the sympathies of our hearts.

Ah! why is it, that the noblest of our passions should be also the most selfish?—that while we would make all earthly sacrifice for the one we love, we are perpetually demanding a sacrifice in return; that if we cannot have the rapture of blessing, we find a consolation in the power to afflict; and that we acknowledge, while we reprobate, the maxim of the sage: "*L'on veut faire tout le bonheur, ou, si cela ne se peut ainsi, tout le malheur de ce qu'on aime.*" *

The beauty of Ellen was not of that nature which rests solely upon the freshness of youth, nor even the magic of expression; it was as faultless as it was dazzling; no one could deny its excess or its perfection; her praises came constantly to my ear into whatever society I went. Say what we will of the power of love, it borrows greatly from opinion: pride, above all things, sanctions and strengthens affection. When all voices were united to panegyrize her beauty,—when I knew, that the powers of her wit—the charms of her conversation—the accurate judgment, united to the sparkling imagination, were even more remarkable characteristics of her *mind*, than loveliness of her *person*, I could not but feel my ambition, as well as my tenderness, excited: I dwelt with a double intensity on my choice, and with a tenfold bitterness on the obstacle which forbade me to indulge it.

Yet there was one circumstance, to which, in spite of all the evidence against Reginald, my mind still fondly and eagerly clung. In searching the pockets of the unfortunate Tyrrell, the money he had mentioned to me as being in his possession, could not be discovered. Had Glanville been the murderer, at all events he could not have been the robber. It was true that in the death scuffle, which in all probabily took place, the money might have fallen from the person of the deceased, either among the long grass which grew rankly and luxuriantly around, or in the sullen and slimy pool, close to which the murder was perpetrated; it was also possible, that Thornton, knowing that the deceased had so large a sum about him, and not being aware that the circumstance had been communicated to me or any one else, might not have been able (when he and Dawson first went to the spot) to resist so great a temptation. However, there was a slight crevice in this fact, for a sunbeam of hope to enter, and I was too sanguine, by habitual temperament and present passion, not to turn towards it from the general darkness of my thoughts.

With Glanville I was often brought into immediate contact. Both united in the same party, and engaged in concerting the same measures, we frequently met in public, and sometimes even alone. However, I was invariably cold and distant, and Glanville confirmed rather than diminished my suspicions, by making no commentary on my behavior, and imitating it in the indifference of his own. Yet, it was with a painful and aching heart, that I marked in his emaciated form and sunken cheek, the gradual, but certain progress of disease and death; and while all England rang with the renown of the young, but almost unrivalled orator and both parties united in anticipating the certainty and brilliancy of his success, I felt how improbable it was, that, even if his crime escaped the unceasing vigilance of justice, this living world would long possess any traces of his genius but the remembrance of his name. There was something in his love of letters, his habits of luxury and expense, the energy of his mind—the solitude, the darkness, the hauteur, the reserve of his manners and life, which reminded me of the German Wallenstein; nor was he altogether without the superstition of that evil, but extraordinary man. It is true that he was not addicted to the romantic fables of astrology,

* "One wishes to make all the happiness, or, if that is forbidden, all the unhappiness of the being we love."

but he was an earnest, though secret, advocate of the world of spirits. He did not utterly disbelieve the various stories of their return to earth and their visits to the living; and it would have been astonishing to me, had I been a less diligent observer of human inconsistencies, to mark a mind, otherwise so reasoning and strong, in this respect so credulous and weak; and to witness its reception of a belief, not only so adverse to ordinary reflection, but so absolutely contradictory to the philosophy it passionately cultivated, and the principles it obstinately espoused.

One evening, I, Vincent, and Clarendon, were alone at Lady Roseville's, when Reginald and his sister entered. I rose to depart; the beautiful Countess would not suffer it; and when I looked at Ellen, and saw her blush at my glance, the weakness of my heart conquered, and I remained.

Our conversation turned partly upon books, and principally on the science *du cœur et du monde*, for Lady Roseville was *un peu philosophe*, as well as more than *un peu littéraire;* and her house, like those of the Du Deffands and D'Epinays of the old French régime, was one where serious subjects were cultivated, as well as the lighter ones; where it was the mode to treat no less upon *things* than to scandalize *persons;* and where maxims on men and reflections on manners were as much in their places, as strictures on the Opera and invitations to balls.

All who were now assembled were more or less suited to one another; all were people of the world, and yet occasional students of the closet; but all had a different method of expressing their learning on their observations. Clarendon was dry, formal, shrewd, and possessed of the suspicious philosophy common to men hackneyed in the world. Vincent relieved his learning by the quotation or metaphor, or originality of some sort, with which it was expressed. Lady Roseville seldom spoke much, but when she did, it was rather with grace than solidity. She was naturally melancholy and pensive, and her observations partook of the colorings of her mind; but she was also a *dame de la cour*, accustomed to conceal, and her language was gay and trifling, while the sentiments it clothed were pensive and sad.

Ellen Glanville was an attentive listener, but a diffident speaker. Though her knowledge was even masculine for its variety and extent, she was averse from displaying it; the childish, the lively, the tender, were the outward traits of her character—the flowers were above, but the mine was beneath; one noted the beauty of the first—one seldom dreamt of the value of the last.

Glanville's favorite method of expressing himself was terse and sententious. He did not love the labor of detail: he conveyed the knowledge of years in an axiom. Sometimes he was fanciful, sometimes false; but, generally, dark, melancholy, and bitter.

As for me, I entered more into conversation at Lady Roseville's than I usually do elsewhere; being, according to my favorite philosophy, gay on the serious, and serious on the gay; and, perhaps, this is a juster method of treating the two than would be readily imagined: for things which are usually treated with importance, are, for the most part deserving of ridicule; and those which we receive as trifles, swell themselves into a consequence we little dreamt of, before they depart.

Vincent took up a volume: it was Shelley's Posthumous Poems. "How fine," said he, "some of these are; but they are fine fragments of an architecture in bad taste: they are imperfect in themselves, and faulty in the school they belonged to; yet, such as they are, the master hand is evident upon them. They are like the pictures of Paul Veronese—often offending the eye, often irritating the judgment, but breathing of something vast and lofty—their very faults are majestic;—this age, perhaps no other, will ever do them justice—but the disciples of future schools will make glorious pillage of their remains. The writings of Shelley would furnish matter for a hundred volumes; they are an admirable museum of ill-arranged curiosities—they are diamonds awkwardly set; but one of them, in the hands of a skilful jeweller, would be inestimable; and the poet of the future will serve him as Mercury did the tortoise in his own translation from Homer—make him 'sing sweetly when he's dead!' Their lyres will be made out of his *shell*."

"If I judge rightly," said Clarendon, "his literary faults were these; he was too learned in his poetry, and too poetical in his learning. Learning is the bane of a poet. Imagine how

beautiful Petrarch would be without his platonic conceits; fancy the luxuriant imagination of Cowley, left to run wild among the lofty objects of nature, not the minute peculiarities of art. Even Milton, who made a more graceful and gorgeous use of learning, than, perhaps, any other poet, would have been far more popular if he had been more familiar. Poetry is for the multitude—erudition for the few. In proportion as you mix them, erudition will gain in readers, and poetry lose."

"True," said Glanville; "and thus the poetical, among philosophers, are the most popular of their time; and the philosophical among poets, the least popular of theirs."

"Take care," said Vincent, smiling, "that we are not misled by the *point* of your deduction; the remark is true, but with a certain reservation, viz., that the philosophy which renders a poet less popular, must be the philosophy of *learning*, not of *wisdom*. Whereever it consists in the knowledge of the *plainer* springs of the heart, and not in *abstruse* inquiry into its metaphysical and hidden subtleties, it necessarily increases the popularity of the poem; because, instead of being limited to the few, it comes home to every one. Thus, it is the philosophy of Shakspeare, which puts him into every one's hands and hearts—while that of Lucretius, wonderful poet as he is, makes us often throw down the book because it fatigues us with the scholar. Philosophy, therefore, only sins in poetry, when, in the severe garb of learning, it becomes 'harsh and crabbed,' and *not* 'musical as is Apollo's lute.'"

"Alas!" said I, "how much more difficult than of yore education is become: formerly, it had only one object—to acquire learning; and now, we have not only to acquire it, but to know what to do with it when we have—nay, there are not a few cases where the very perfection of learning will be to *appear* ignorant."

"Perhaps," said Glanville, "the very perfection of *wisdom* may consist in *retaining* actual ignorance. Where was there ever the individual who, after consuming years, life, health, in the pursuit of science, rested satisfied with its success, or rewarded by its triumph? Common sense tells us that the best method of employing life is to *enjoy* it. Common sense tells us, also, the ordinary means of this enjoyment; health, competence, and the indulgence, but the *moderate* indulgence, of our passions. What have these to do with science?"

"I might tell you," replied Vincent, "that I myself have been no idle nor inactive seeker after the hidden treasures of mind; and that, from my own experience, I could speak of pleasure, pride, complacency, in the pursuit, that were no inconsiderable augmenters of my stock of enjoyment; but I have the candor to confess, also, that I have known disappointment, mortification, despondency of mind, and infirmity of body, that did more than balance the account. The fact is, in my opinion, that the individual is a sufferer for his toils, but then the mass is benefited by his success. It is we who reap, in idle gratification, what the husbandman has sown in the bitterness of labor. Genius did not save Milton from poverty and blindness—nor Tasso from the madhouse—nor Galileo from the inquisition; *they* were the sufferers, but posterity the gainers. The literary empire reverses the political; it is not the many made for one—it is the one made for many. Wisdom and Genius must have their martyrs as well as Religion, and with the same results, viz., *semen ecclesiæ est sanguis martyrorum*. And this reflection must console us for their misfortunes, for, perhaps, it was sufficient to console *them*. In the midst of the most affecting passage in the most wonderful work, perhaps, ever produced, for the mixture of universal thought with individual interest—I mean the last two cantos of Childe Harold—the poet warms from himself at his hopes of being remembered

> ——————In his line
> 'With his land's language.'——

And who can read the noble and heart-speaking apology of Algernon Sydney, without entering into his consolation no less than his misfortunes? Speaking of the law being turned into a snare instead of a protection, and instancing its uncertainty and danger in the times of Richard the Second, he says, 'God only knows what will be the issue of the like practices in these our days; perhaps He will in his mercy speedily visit his afflicted people; *I die in the faith that he will do it, though I know not the time or ways.*'"

"I love," said Clarendon, "the enthusiasm

which places comfort in so noble a sauce; but, is vanity, think you, a less powerful agent than philanthropy? Is it not the desire of shining before men that prompts us to whatever may effect it? and if it can *create*, can it not also *support?* I mean, that if you allow that to shine, to dazzle, to enjoy praise, is no ordinary incentive to the commencement of great works, the conviction of future success for this desire becomes no inconsiderable reward. Grant, for instance, that this desire produced the 'Paradise Lost,' and you will not deny that it might also support the poet through his misfortunes. Do you think that he thought rather of the pleasure *his* work should afford to posterity, than of the praises *posterity* should extend to his work? Had not Cicero left us such frank confessions of himself, how patriotic, how philanthropic we should have esteemed him! *Now* we know both his motive and meed was vanity, may we not extend the knowledge of human nature which we have gained in this instance by applying it to others? For my part, I should be loath to inquire how large a quantum of vanity mingled with the haughty patriotism of Sydney, or the unconquered soul of Cato."

Glanville bowed his head in approval.

"But," observed I, ironically, "why be so uncharitable to this poor and persecuted principle, since none of you deny the good and great actions it effects; why stigmatize vanity as a vice, when it creates, or, at least, participates in, so many virtues? I wonder the ancients did not erect the choicest of their temples to its worship? As for me, I shall henceforth only speak of it as the *primum mobile* of whatever we venerate and admire, and shall think it the highest compliment I can pay to a man, to tell him *he is eminently vain!*"

"I incline to your opinion," cried Vincent, laughing. "The reason we dislike vanity in others, is because it is perpetually hurting our own. Of all passions (if for the moment I may call it such) it is the most indiscreet; it is for ever blabbing out its own secrets. If it would but keep its counsel, it would be as graciously received in society, as any other well-dressed and well-bred intruder of quality. Its garrulity makes it despised. But in truth it must be clear, that vanity in itself is neither a vice nor a virtue, any more than this knife, in itself, is dangerous or useful; the person who employs gives it its qualities: thus for instance, a great, mind desires to shine, *or is vain*, in great actions; a frivolous one, in frivolities; and so on through the varieties of the human intellect. But I cannot agree with Mr. Clarendon that my admiration of Algernon Sydney (Cato I never *did* admire) would be at all lessened by the the discovery, that his resistance to tyranny in a great measure originated in vanity, or that the same vanity consoled him, when he fell a victim to that resistance; for what does it prove but this, that, among the various feelings of his soul, indignation at oppression (so common to all men)—enthusiasm for liberty, (so predominant in him)—the love of benefiting others—the noble pride of being, in death, consistent with himself; among all these feelings, among a crowd of others equally honorable and pure—there was also one, and perhaps no inconsiderable feeling, of desire that his life and death should be hereafter appreciated justly? Contempt of fame is the contempt of virtue. Never consider that vanity an offence which limits itself to wishing for the praise of good men for good actions: 'next to our own esteem,' says the best of the Roman philosophers, 'it is a virtue to desire the esteem of others.'"

"By your emphasis on the word *esteem*," said Lady Roseville, "I suppose you attach some peculiar importance to the word?"

"I do," answered Vincent. "I use it in contra-distinction to *admiration*. We may covet general admiration for a *bad* action—(for many bad actions have the *clinquant*, which passes for real gold)—but one can expect general *esteem* only for a *good* one."

"From this distinction," said Ellen, modestly, "may we not draw an inference, which will greatly help us in our consideration of vanity; may we not deem that vanity which desires only the *esteem* of others, to be invariably a virtue, and that which only longs for *admiration* to be frequently a vice?"

"We *may* admit your inference," said Vincent; "and before I leave this question, I cannot help remarking upon the folly of the superficial, who imagine, by studying human motives, that philosophers wish to depreciate human actions. To direct our admiration to a proper point, is surely not to destroy it: yet how angry inconsiderate enthusiasts are, when

we assign real, in the place of exaggerated feelings. Thus the advocates for the doctrine of utility—the most benevolent, because the most indulgent, of all philosophies — are branded with the epithets of selfish and interested; decriers of moral excellence, and disbelievers in generous actions. Vice has no friend like the prejudices which call themselves virtue. *Le pretexte ordinaire de ceux qui font le malheur des autres est qu'ils veulent leur bien.*" *

My eyes were accidently fixed on Glanville as Vincent ceased; he looked up, and colored faintly as he met my look; but he did not withdraw his own—keenly and steadily we gazed upon each other, till Ellen, turning round suddenly, remarked the unwonted meaning of our looks, and placed her hand in her brother's, with a sort of fear.

It was late; he rose to withdraw, and passing me, said in a low tone, "A little while, and you shall know all." I made no answer—he left the room with Ellen.

"Lady Roseville has had but a dull evening, I fear, with our stupid saws and *ancient* instances," said Vincent. The eyes of the person he addressed were fixed upon the door; I was standing close by her, and, as the words struck her ear, she turned abruptly;—a tear fell upon my hand—she perceived it, and though I *would not* look upon her *face*, I saw that her very *neck* blushed; but she, like me, if she gave way to feeling, had learned too deep a lesson from the world, not readily to resume her self-command; she answered Vincent railingly, upon his bad compliment to us, and received our adieus with all her customary grace, and more than her customary gaiety.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Ah! Sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day; but, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

WHAT with the anxiety and uncertainty of my political prospects, the continued whirlpool in which I lived, and, above all, the unpropitious state of my *belle passion*, my health gave way; my appetite forsook me—my sleep failed me—I lost my good looks, and my mother declared, that I should have no chance with an heiress; all these circumstances together were not without their weight. So I set out one morning to Hampton Court, for the benefit of the country air.

It is by no means an unpleasant thing to turn one's back upon the great city in the height of its festivities. Misanthropy is a charming feeling for a short time, and one inhales the country, and animadverts on the town, with the most melancholy satisfaction in the world. I sat myself down at a pretty little cottage, a mile out of the town. From the window of my drawing-room I revelled in the luxurious contemplation of three pigs, one cow, and a straw yard; and I could get to the Thames in a walk of five minutes, by a short cut through a lime-kiln. Such pleasing opportunities of enjoying the beauties of nature, are not often to be met with: you may be sure, therefore, that I made the most of them. I rose early, walked before breakfast, for my health, and came back with a most satisfactory headache, for my pains. I read for just three hours, walked for two more, thought over Abernethy, dyspepsia, and blue pills, till dinner; and absolutely forgot Lord Dawton, ambition, Guloseton, epicurism—ay, all but—of course, reader, you know whom I am about to except, the ladye of my love.

One bright, laughing day, I threw down my book an hour sooner than usual, and sallied out with a lightness of foot and exhilaration of spirit, to which I had long been a stranger. I had just sprung over a stile that led into one of those green shady lanes, which make us feel that the old poets who loved, and lived for nature, were right in calling our island "the merry England"—when I was startled by a short, quick bark, on one side of he hedge. I turned sharply round; and, seated upon the sward, was a man, apparently of the pedlar profession; a large deal box was lying open before him; a few articles of linen, and female dress, were scattered round, and the man himself appeared earnestly occupied in examining the deeper recesses of his itinerant warehouse. A small black terrier flew towards me with no friendly growl. "Down," said I: "all strangers

* "The ordinary pretext of those who make the misery of others is, that they wish their good."

are not foes—though the English generally think so."

The man hastily looked up; perhaps he was struck with the quaintness of my remonstrance to his canine companion; for, touching his hat, civilly, he said—"The dog, Sir, is very quiet; he only means to give *me* the alarm by giving it to *you;* for dogs seem to have no despicable insight into human nature, and know well that the best of us may be taken by surprise."

"You are a moralist," said I, not a little astonished in my turn by such an address from such a person. "I could not have expected to stumble upon a philosopher so easily. Have you any wares in your box likely to suit me? if so, I should like to purchase of so moralizing a vendor!"

"No, Sir," said the seeming pedlar, smiling, and yet at the same time hurrying his goods into his box, and carefully turning the key—"no, Sir, I am only a bearer of other men's goods; my morals are all that I can call my own, and those I will sell you at your own price."

"You are candid, my friend," said I, "and your frankness, alone, would be inestimable in this age of deceit, and country of hypocrisy."

"Ah, Sir!" said my new acquaintance, "I see already that you are one of those persons who look to the dark side of things; for my part, I think the present age the best that ever existed, and our own country the most virtuous in Europe."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Optimist, on your opinions," quoth I; "but your observation leads me to suppose, that you are both an historian and a traveller: am I right?"

"Why," answered the box-bearer, "*I have* dabbled a little in books, and wandered *not* a little among men. I am just returned from Germany, and I am now going to my friends in London. I am charged with this box of goods: Heaven send me the luck to deliver it safe!"

"Amen," said I; "and with that prayer and and this trifle, I wish you a good morning."

"Thank you a thousand times, Sir, for both," replied the man—"but do add to your favors by informing me of the right road to town of * * * *."

"I am going in that direction myself: if you choose to accompany me part of the way, I can ensure your not missing the rest."

"Your honor is too good!" returned he of the box, rising, and slinging his fardel across him—"it is but seldom that a gentleman of your rank will condescend to walk three paces with *one* of mine. You smile, Sir; perhaps you think I should not class myself among gentlemen; and yet I have as good a right to the name as most of the set. I belong to no trade—I follow no calling: I rove where I list, and rest where I please: in short, I know no occupation but my indolence, and no law but my will. Now, Sir, may I not call myself a gentleman?"

"Of a surety!" quoth I. "You seem to me to hold a middle rank between a half-pay captain and the king of the gipsies."

"You have hit it, sir," rejoined my companion, with a slight laugh. He was now by my side, and as we walked on, I had leisure more minutely to examine him. He was a middle-sized, and rather atheletic man, apparently about the age of thirty-eight. He was attired in a dark-blue frock coat, which was neither shabby nor new, but ill made, and much too large and long for its present possessor; beneath this was a faded velvet waistcoat, that had formerly, like the Persian ambassador's tunic, "blushed with crimson, and blazed with gold;" but which might now have been advantageously exchanged in Monmouth-street for the lawful sum of two shillings and ninepence; under this was an inner vest of the cashmere shawl pattern, which seemed much too new for the rest of the dress. Though his shirt was of a very unwashed hue, I remarked with some suspicion, that it was of a very respectable fineness; and a pin, which might be paste, or could be diamond, peeped below a tattered and dingy back kid stock, like a gipsy's eye beneath her hair.

His trowsers were of a light gray, and the justice of Providence, or of the tailor, avenged itself upon them, for the prodigal length bestowed upon their ill-assorted companion, the coat; for they were much too tight for the muscular limbs they concealed, and, rising far above the ankle, exhibited the whole of a thick Wellington boot, which was the very picture of Italy upon the map.

The face of the man was common-place and ordinary; one sees a hundred such, every day, in Fleet-street or on the 'Change; the features were small, irregular, and somewhat flat: yet

when you looked twice upon the countenance, there was something marked and singular in the expression, which fully atoned for the commonness of the features. The right eye turned away from the left, in that watchful squint which seems constructed on the same considerate plan as those Irish guns, made for shooting round a corner; his eyebrows were large and shaggy, and greatly resembled bramble bushes, in which his fox-like eyes had taken refuge. Round these vulpine retreats was a labyrinthean maze of those wrinkles, vulgarly called crow's-feet; deep, intricate, and intersected, they seemed for all the world like the web of a Chancery suit. Singular enough, the rest of the countenance was perfectly smooth and unindented; even the lines from the nostril to the corners of the mouth, usually so deeply traced in men of his age, were scarcely more apparent than in a boy of eighteen.

His smile was frank—his voice clear and hearty—his address open, and much superior to his apparant rank of life, claiming somewhat of equality, yet conceding a great deal of respect; but, notwithstanding all these certainly favorable points, there was a sly and cunning expression in his perverse and vigilant eye and all the wrinkled demesnes in its vicinity, that made me mistrust even while I liked my companion; perhaps, indeed, he was too frank, too familiar, too *dégagé*, to be quite natural. Your honest men may soon buy reserve by experience. Rogues are communicative and open, because confidence and openness costs them nothing. To finish the description of my new acquaintance, I should observe that there was something in his countenance, which struck me as not wholly unfamiliar; it was one of those which we have not, in all human probability, seen before, and yet, which (perhaps, from their very commonness) we imagine we have encountered a hundred times.

We walked on briskly, notwithstanding the warmth of the day; in fact, the air was so pure, the grass so green, the laughing noonday so full of the hum, the motion, and the life of creation, that the feeling produced was rather of that freshness and vigoration, than of languor and heat.

"We have a beautiful country, Sir," said my hero of the box. "It is like walking through a garden after the more sterile and sullen features of the Continent. A pure mind, Sir, loves the country; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out in thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and like the valleys in the psalm, I am ready to laugh and sing."

"An enthusiast," said I, "as well as a philosopher! perhaps (and I believed it likely), I have the honor of addressing a poet also."

"Why, Sir," replied the man, "I have made verses in my life; in short, there is little I have not done, for I was always a lover of variety; but, perhaps, your honor will let me return the suspicion. Are *you* a favorite of the muse?"

"I cannot say that I am," said I. "I value myself only on my common sense—the very antipodes to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief."

"Common sense!" repeated my companion, with a singular and meaning smile, and a twinkle with his left eye. "Common sense! Ah, that is not my *forte*, Sir. You, I dare say, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in, either passively or actively, by appearence, or in act? For my part, I have been a dupe all my life—a child might cheat me! I am the most unsuspicious person in the world."

"Too candid by half," thought I. "The man is certainly a rascal: but what is that to me? I shall never see him again:" and true, to my love of never losing sight of an opportunity of ascertaining individual character, I observed that I thought such an acquaintance very valuable, especially if he were in trade; it was a pity, therefore, for my sake, that my companion had informed me that he followed no calling.

"Why, Sir," said he, "I *am*, occasionally in employment; my nominal profession is that of a broker. I buy shawls and handkerchiefs of poor countesses, and retail them to rich plebeians. I fit up new-married couples with linen, at a more moderate rate than the shops, and procure the bridegroom his present of jewels, at forty per cent. less than the jewellers; nay, I am as friendly to an intrigue as a marriage; and when I cannot sell my jewels, I will my good offices. A gentleman so handsome as your honor, may have an affair upon your hands: if so you may rely upon my secresy and zeal. In short, I am an innocent, good-natured fellow, who does harm to no one

for nothing, and good to every one for something."

"I admire your code," quoth I, "and whenever I want a mediator between Venus and myself, will employ you. Have you always followed your present idle profession, or were you brought up to any other?"

"I was intended for a silversmith," answered my friend, "but Providence willed it otherwise; they taught me from childhood to repeat the Lord's prayer; Heaven heard me, and delivered me from temptation—there is, indeed, something terribly seducing in the face of a silver spoon!"

"Well," said I, "you are the honestest knave I ever met, and one would trust you with one's purse for the ingenuousness with which you own would steal it. Pray, think you it is probable that I have ever had the happiness to meet you before? I cannot help fancying so—yet as I have never been in the watch-house, or the Old Bailey, my reason tells me that I must be mistaken."

"Not at all, Sir," returned my worthy: "I remember you well, for I never saw a face like yours that I did *not* remember. I had the honor of sipping some British liquors, in the same room with yourself one evening; you were then in company with my friend Mr. Gordon."

"Ha!" said I, "I thank you for the hint. I now remember well, by the same token, he told me that you were the most ingenious gentleman in England; and that you had a happy propensity of mistaking other people's possessions for your own. I congratulate myself upon so desirable an acquaintance."—

My friend, who was indeed no other than Mr. Job Jonson, smiled with his usual blandness, and made me a low bow of acknowledgment before he resumed:—

"No doubt, Sir, Mr. Cordon informed you right. I flatter myself few gentlemen understand better than myself, the art of *appropriation;* though I say it who should not say it, I deserve the reputation I have acquired. Sir, I have always had ill fortune to struggle against, and have always remedied it by two virtues—perseverance and ingenuity. To give you an idea of my ill fortune, know that I have been taken up twenty-three times, on suspicion; of my perseverance, know that twenty-three times I have been taken up *justly;* and of my ingenuity, know that I have been twenty-three times let off, because there was not a tittle of legal evidence against me!"

"I venerate your talents, Mr. Jonson," replied I, "if by the name of Jonson it pleaseth you to be called, although, like the heathen deties, I presume that you have many titles, whereof some are more grateful to your ears than others."

"Nay," answered the man of two virtues—"I am never ashamed of my name; indeed, I have never done any thing to disgrace me. I have never indulged in low company, nor profligate debauchery; whatever I have executed by way of profession, has been done in a superior and artist-like manner; not in the rude bungling fashion of other adventurers. Moreover, I have always had a taste for polite literature, and went once as an apprentice to a publishing bookseller, for the sole purpose of reading the new works before they came out. In fine, I have never neglected any opportunity of improving my mind; and the worst that can be said against me is, that I have remembered my catechism, and taken all possible pains, 'to learn and labor truly, to get my living, and do my duty in that state of life, to which it has pleased Providence to call me.'"

"I have often heard," answered I, "that there is *honor* among thieves; I am happy to learn from you, that there is also religion: your baptismal sponsors must be proud of so diligent a godson."

"They ought to be, Sir," replied Mr. Jonson, "for I gave *them* the first specimens of my address: the story is long, but if you ever give me an opportunity, I will relate it."

"Thank you," said I; "meanwhile I must wish you a good morning; your road now lies to the right. I return you my best thanks for your condescension in accompanying so undistinguished an individual as myself."

"Oh, never mention it, your honor," rejoined Mr. Jonson. "I am always too happy to walk with a gentleman of your 'common sense.' Farewell, Sir; may we meet again."

So saying, Mr. Jonson struck into his new road, and we parted.*

I went home, musing on my adventure, and delighted with my adventurer. When I was

* If any one should think this sketch from nature exaggerated, I refer him to the "Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux."

about three paces from the door of my home, I was accosted, in a most pitiful tone, by a poor old beggar, apparently in the last extreme of misery and disease. Notwithstanding my political economy, I was moved into alms-giving by a spectacle so wretched. I put my hand into my pocket, my purse was gone; and, on searching the other, lo—my handkerchief, my pocket-book, and a gold locket, which had belonged to Madame d'Anville, had vanished too.

One does not keep company with men of two virtues, and receive compliments upon one's common sense, for nothing!

The beggar still continued to importune me. "Give him some food and half a crown," said I, to my landlady. Two hours afterwards, she came up to me—"Oh, Sir, my silver teapot—*that villain the beggar!*"

A light flashed upon me—"Ah, Mr. Job Jonson! Mr. Job Jonson!" cried I, in an indescribable rage; "out of my sight, woman! out of my sight!" I stopped short; my speech failed me. Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him.

CHAPTER LXX.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that peace disdains to seek.
—BYRON.

IN the quiet of my retreat I remained for eight days—during which time I never looked once at a newspaper—imagine how great was my philosophy! On the ninth, I began to think it high time for me to hear from Dawton; and finding I had eaten two rolls for breakfast, and that certain untimely wrinkles began to assume a more mitigated appearance, I bethought me once more of the "Beauties of Babylon."

While I was in this kindly mood towards the great city and its inhabitants, my landlady put two letters in my hand—one was from my mother, the other from Guloseton. I opened the latter first; it ran thus—

"DEAR PELHAM,

"I was very sorry to hear you had left town—and so unexpectedly too. I obtained your address at Mivart's, and hasten to avail myself of it. Pray come to town immediately. I have received some *chevreuil* as a present, and long for your opinion; it is too nice to keep: for all things nice were made but to grow bad when nicest: as Moore, I believe, says of flowers, substituting sweet and fleetest, for bad and nicest: so, you see, you must come without loss of time.

"But *you*, my friend—how *can* you possibly have been spending your time? I was kept awake all last night, by thinking what you *could* have for dinner. Fish is out of the question in the country; chickens die of the pip everywhere but in London; game is out of season; it is impossible to send to Giblett's for meat; it is equally impossible to get it anywhere else; and as for the only two natural productions of the country, vegetables and eggs, I need no extraordinary penetration to be certain that your cook cannot *transmute* the latter into an *omelette aux huitres*, nor the former into *légumes a la creme*.

"Thus you see, by a series of undeniable demonstrations, you *must* absolutely be in a state of starvation. At this thought the tears rush into my eyes: for Heaven's sake, for my sake, for your own sake, but *above all*, for the sake of the *chevreuil*, hasten to London. I figure you to myself in the last stage of atrophy—airy as a trifle, thin as the ghost of a grayhound.

"I need say no more on the subject. I may rely on your own discretion to procure me the immediate pleasure of your company. Indeed, were I to dwell longer on your melancholy situation, my feelings would overcome me.—*Mais revenons a nos moutons*: (a most pertinent phrase, by the by—oh! the French excel us in everything, from the paramount science of cookery, to the little art of conversation).

"You must tell me your candid, your unbiassed, your deliberate opinion of *chevreuil*. For my part, I should not wonder at the mythology of the northern heathen nations, which places hunting among the chief enjoyments of their heaven, were *chevreuil* the object of their chase; but *nihil est omni parte beatum*;—it wants *fat*, my dear Pelham, it wants fat: nor do I see how to remedy this defect; for were we by art to supply the *fat*, we should deprive ourselves of the *flavor* bestowed by nature; and this, my dear Pelham, was always my great argument for liberty. Cooped, chained, and confined in cities, and slavery, all things lose the fresh and *generous tastes*, which it is the peculiar blessing of freedom and the country to afford.

"Tell me, my friend, what has been the late subject of your reflections? *My* thoughts have dwelt, much and seriously, on the 'terra incognita,' the undiscovered tracts in the *pays culinaire*, which the profoundest investigators have left untouched and unexplored in—*veal*. But more of this hereafter;—the lightness of a letter is ill suited to the depths of philosophical research.

"Lord Dawton sounded me upon my votes yesterday. 'A thousand pities too,' said he, 'that *you* never speak in the House of Lords.'—'*Orator* fit,' said I—'*orators are subject to apoplexy*.'

"Adieu, my dear friend, for friend you are, if the philosopher was right in defining true friendship to consist in liking and disliking the same things. You hate parsnips *au naturel*—so do I; you love *pates de foie gras, et moi aussi*:—*nous voila donc les meilleurs amis du monde!*

"GULOSETON."

So much for my friend, thought I—and now

for my mother—opening the maternal epistle, which I herewith transcribe:—

"My dear Henry,

"Lose no time in coming to town. Every day the ministers are filling up the minor places, and it requires a great stretch of recollection in a politician to remember the absent. Mr. V—— said yesterday, at a dinner party where I was present, that Lord Dawton had promised him the Borough of ——. Now you know, my dear Henry, that was the very borough he promised to you: you must see further into this. Lord Dawton is a good sort of man enough, but refused once to fight a duel; therefore, if he has disregarded his honor in one instance, he may do so in another: at all events, you have no time to lose.

"The young Duke of —— gives a ball to-morrow evening: Mrs. —— pays all the expenses, and I know for a certainty that she will marry him in a week; this as yet is a secret. There will be a great mixture, but the ball will be worth going to. I have a card for you.

"Lady Huffemall and I think that we shall not patronize the future duchess; but have not yet made up our minds. Lady Roseville, however, speaks of the intended match with great respect, and says that since we admit *convenance*, as the chief rule in matrimony, she never remembers an instance in which it has been more consulted.

"There are to be several promotions in the peerage. Lord ——'s friends wish to give out that he will have a dukedom; *mais j'en doute*. However, he has well deserved it; for he not only gives the best dinners in town, but the best account of them in the Morning Post afterwards; which I think is very properly upholding the dignity of our order.

"I hope most earnestly that you do not (in your country retreat) neglect your health; nor, I may add, your mind; and that you take an opportunity every other day of practising waltzing, which you can very well do with the help of an arm-chair. I would send you down (did I not expect you here so soon) Lord Mount E——'s 'Musical Reminiscences;' not only because it is a very entertaining book, but because I wish you to pay much greater attention to music than you seem inclined to do. * * * * who is never very refined in his *bons mots*, says that Lord M. seems to have considered the world a concert, in which the best performer plays first fiddle. It is, indeed, quite delightful to see the veneration our musical friend has for the orchestra and its occupants. I wish to heaven, my dear Henry, he could instil into you a little of his ardor. I am quite mortified at times by your ignorance of tunes and operas: nothing tells better in conversation than a knowledge of music, as you will one day or other discover.

"God bless you, my dearest Henry. Fully expecting you, I have sent to engage your former rooms at Mivart's; do not let me be disappointed.

"Yours, etc.

"F. P."

I read the above letter twice over, and felt my cheek glow and my heart swell as I passed the passage relative to Lord Dawton and the borough. The new minister had certainly for some weeks since, been playing a double part with me: it would long ago have been easy to procure me a subordinate situation—still easier to place me in parliament; yet he had contented himself with doubtful promises and idle civilities. What, however, seemed to me most unaccountable was, his motive in breaking or paltering with his engagement: he knew that I had served him and his party better than half his corps; he professed, not only to me, but to society, the highest opinion of my abilities, knowledge, and application: he saw, consequently, how serviceable I could be as a friend; and, from the same qualities, joined to the rank of my birth and connections, and the high and resentful temper of my mind, he might readily augur that I could be equally influential as a foe.

With this reflection, I stilled the beating of my heart, and the fever of my pulse. I crushed the obnoxious letter in my hand, walked thrice up and down the room, paused at the bell—rang it violently—ordered post horses instantly, and in less than an hour was on the road to London.

How different is the human mind, according to the difference of place! In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependents of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionize the whole tides and torrents of our hearts. The man who is meek, generous, benevolent, and kind, in the country enters the scene of contest, and becomes forthwith fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for the city. I have ill expressed the above reflection; *n'importe*—so much the better shall I explain my feelings at the time I speak of—for I was then too eager and engrossed to attend to the niceties of words. On my arrival at Mivart's I sacrcely allowed myself time to change my dress before I set out to Lord Dawton. He shall afford me an explanation, I thought, or a recompense, *or a revenge*. I knocked at the door—the minister was out. "Give him this card," said I to the porter, "and say I shall call to-morrow at three."

I walked to Brooke's—there I met Mr. V——. My acquaintance with him was small; but he was a man of talent, and, what was more to my purpose, of open manners. I went up to him, and we entered into conversation. "Is it true," said I, "that I am to congratulate

you upon the certainty of your return for Lord Dawton's borough of —— !"

"I believe so," replied V——, "Lord Dawton engaged it to me last week, and Mr. H——, the present member, has accepted the Chilton Hundreds. You know all our family support Lord Dawton warmly in the present crisis, and my return for this borough was materially insisted upon. Such things are, you see, Mr. Pelham, even in these virtuous days of parliamentary purity."

"True," said I, dissembling my chagrin, "yourself and Dawton have made an admirable exchange. Think you the ministry can be said to be fairly seated?"

"By no means; every thing depends upon the motion of ——, brought on next week. Dawton looks to that as to the decisive battle for this session."

Lord Gavelton now joined us, and I sauntered away with the utmost (seeming) indifference. At the top of St. James's-street, Lady Roseville's well-known carriage passed me—she stopped for a moment. "We shall meet at the Duke of ——'s to-night," said she, "shall we not?"

"If *you* go—certainly," I replied.

I went home to my solitary apartment; and if I suffered somewhat of the torments of baffled hope and foiled ambition, the pang is not for the spectator. My lighter moments are for the world—my deeper for myself; and, like the Spartan boy, I would keep, even in the pangs of death, a mantle over the teeth and fangs which were fastening upon my breast.

CHAPTER LXXI.

—— Nocet empta dolore voluptas.—OVID.

THE *first* person I saw at the Duke of——'s was Mr. Mivart—he officiated as gentleman usher: the *second* was my mother—she was, as usual, surrounded by men, "the shades of heroes that have been," remnants of a former day, when the feet of the young and fair Lady Frances were as light as her head, and she might have rivalled, in the science *de la danse*, even the graceful Duchess of B——d. Over the dandies of her own time she still preserved her ancient empire; and it was amusing enough to hear the address of the *ci-devant jeunes hommes*, who continued, through habit, the compliments begun thirty years since through admiration.

My mother was, indeed, what the world calls a very charming, agreeable woman. Few persons were more popular in society: her manners were perfection—her smile enchantment: she lived, moved, breathed, only for the world, and the world was not ungrateful for the constancy of her devotion. Yet, if her letters have given my readers any idea of her character, they will perceive that the very desire of supremacy in *ton*, gave (Heaven forgive my filial impiety!) a sort of demi-vulgarism to her ideas; for they who live wholly for the opinion of others, always want that self-dignity which alone confers a high cast upon the sentiments; and the most really unexceptionable in mode, are frequently the least genuinely patrician in mind.

I joined the maternal party, and Lady Frances soon took an opportunity of whispering, "You are looking very well, and very handsome. I declare you are *not* unlike me, especially about the eyes. I have just heard that Miss Glanville will be a great heiress, for poor Sir Reginald cannot live much longer. She is here to-night; pray do not lose the opportunity."

My cheek burned like fire at this speech, and my mother, quietly observing that I had a beautiful color, and ought therefore *immediately* to find out Miss Glanville, lest it should vanish by the least delay, turned from me to speak of a public breakfast about shortly to be given. I passed into the dancing-room; there I found Vincent; he was in unusually good spirits.

"Well," said he, with a sneer, "you have not taken your seat yet. I suppose Lord Dawton's representative, whose place you are to supply, is like Theseus; *sedet in æternumque sedebit*. A thousand pities you can't come in before next week; we shall then have fiery *motions* in the *Lower House*, as the astrologers say."

I smiled. "*Ah mon cher!*" said I, "Sparta had many a worthier son than me! Meanwhile, how get on the noble Lords Lesborough and Lincoln? 'sure such a pair were never seen, so justly formed to meet by nature!'"

"Pooh!" said Vincent, coarsely, "they shall get *on* well enough, before you get *in*.

Look to yourself, and remember that 'Cæsar plays the ingrate.'"

Vincent turned away; my eyes were rivetted on the ground; the beautiful Lady —— passed by me: "What, *you* in a reverie?" said she, laughing; "our very host will turn thoughtful next!"

"Nay," said I, "in your absence would you have me glad? However, if Moore's mythology be true—Beauty loves Folly the better for borrowing something from Reason; but, come this is a place not for the grave, but the *giddy*. Let us join the waltzers."

"I am engaged."

"I know it! Do you think I would dance with any woman who was *not* engaged?—there would be no triumph to one's vanity in that case. *Allons*, you *must* prefer me to an engagement;" and so saying, I led off my prize.

Her intended partner was Mr. V——; just as we had joined the dancers, he spied us out, and approached with his long, serious, respectful face: the music struck *up*, aud the next moment poor V— was very nearly struck *down*. Fraught with the most political spite, I whirled up against him; apologized with my blandest smile, and left him wiping his mouth, and rubbing his shoulder, the most forlorn picture of Hope in adversity, that can possibly be conceived.

I soon grew weary of my partner, and, leaving her to fate, rambled into another room. There, seated alone, was Lady Roseville. I placed myself beside her; there was a sort of freemasonry between her and myself; each knew something more of the other than the world did, and read his or her heart, by other signs than words. I soon saw that she was in no mirthful mood: so much the better—she was the fitter companion for a baffled aspirant like me.

The room we were in was almost deserted, and finding ourselves uninterrupted, the stream of our conversation flowed into sentiment.

"How little," said Lady Roseville, "can the crowd know of the individuals who compose it! As the most opposite colors may be blended into one, and so lose their individual hues, and be classed under a single name, so every one here will go home, and speak of the '*gay scene*,' without thinking for a moment, how many breaking hearts may have composed it."

"I have often thought," said I, "how harsh we are in our judgments of others—how often we accuse those persons of being worldly, who merely seem so to the world, who, for instance, that saw you in your brightest moments, would ever suppose that you could make the confession you have just made?"

"I would *not* make such a confession to many beside yourself," answered Lady Roseville. "Nay, you need not thank me. I am some years older than you; I have lived longer in the world; I have seen much of its various characters; and my experience has taught me to penetrate and prize a character like yours. While you seem frivolous to the superficial, I know you to have a mind not only capable of the most solid and important affairs, but habituated by reflection to consider them. You appear effeminate, I know that none are more daring—indolent, none are more actively ambitious—utterly selfish, and I know that no earthly interest could bribe you into meanness or injustice—no, nor even into a venial dereliction of principle. It is from this estimate of your character. that I am frank and open to you. Besides, I recognize something in the careful pride with which you conceal your higher and deeper feelings, resembling the strongest actuating principle in my own mind. All this interests me warmly in your fate; may it be as bright as my presentiments forbode!"

I looked into the beautiful face of the speaker as she concluded; perhaps, at that solitary moment, my heart was unfaithful to Ellen; but the infidelity passed away like the breath from the mirror. Coxcomb as I was, I knew well how passionless was the interest expressed for me. Rover as I had been, I knew also, how pure may be the friendship of a woman,—*provided she loves another!*

I thanked Lady Roseville, warmly, for her opinion. "Perhaps," I added, "dared I solicit your advice, you would not find me wholly undeserving of your esteem."

"My advice," answered Lady Roseville, "would be, indeed, worse than useless, were it not regulated by a certain knowledge which, perhaps, you do not possess. You seem surprised. *Eh bien;* listen to me—are you not in no small degree *lié* with Lord Dawton?—do you not expect something from him worthy of your rank and merit?"

"You do, indeed, surprise me," said I.

"However close my connection with Lord Dawton may be, I thought it much more secret than it appears to be. However, I own that I have *a right* to expect from Lord Dawton, not, perhaps, a recompense of service, but, at least, a fulfilment of promises. In this expectation I begin to believe I shall be deceived."

"You will!" answered Lady Roseville. "Bend your head lower—the walls have ears. You have a friend, an unwearied and earnest friend, with those now in power; directly he heard that Mr. V—— was promised the borough, which he knew had been long engaged to you, he went straight to Lord Dawton. He found him with Lord Clandonald; however, he opened the matter immediately. He spoke with great warmth of your claims—he did more—he incorporated them with his own, which are of no mean order, and asked no other recompense for himself than the fulfilment of a long-made promise to you. Dawton was greatly confused, and Lord Clandonald replied, for him, that certainly there was no denying your talents—that they were very great—that you had, unquestionably, been of much service to their party, and that, consequently, it must be politic to attach you to their interests; but that there was a certain *fierté*, and assumption, and he might say (mark the climax) *independence* about you, which could not but be highly displeasing in one so young; moreover, that it was impossible to trust to you—that you pledged yourself to no party—that you spoke only of conditions and terms—that you treated the proposal of placing you in Parliament rather as a matter of favor on your part than on Lord Dawton's—and, in a word, that there was no relying upon you. Lord Dawton then took courage, and chimed in, with a long panegryic on V——, and a long account of what was due to him, and to the zeal of his family: adding, that, in a crisis like this, it was absolutely necessary to engage a certain rather than a doubtful and undecided support; that, for his part, if he placed you in Parliament, he thonght you quite as likely to prove a foe as a friend; that, owing to the marriage of your uncle, your expectations were by no means commensurate with your presumption, and that the same talents which made your claims to favor as an ally, created also no small danger in placing you in any situation where you could become hurtful as an enemy. All this, and much more to the same purpose, was strenuously insisted upon by the worthy pair; and your friend was obliged to take his leave, perfectly convinced that, unless you assumed a more complaisant bearing, or gave a more decided pledge, to the new minister, it was hopeless for you to expect anything from him, at least, for the present. The fact is, he stands too much in awe of you, and would rather keep you out of the House than contribute an iota towards obtaining you a seat. Upon all this you may rely as certain."

"I thank you from my heart, said I warmly, seizing and pressing Lady Rosevill's hand. "You tell me what I have long suspected; I am now upon my guard, and they shall find that I can *of*fend as well as *de*fend. But it is no time for me to boast; oblige me by informing me of the name of my unknown friend; I little thought there was a being in the world who would stir three steps for Henry Pelham."

"That friend," replied Lady Roseville, with a faltering voice and a glowing cheek, "was Sir Reginald Glanville."

"What!" said I, "repeat the name to me again, or—" I paused, and recovered myself. "Sir Reginald Glanville," I resumed haughtily, "is too gracious to enter into my affairs. I must be strangely altered if I need the officious zeal of *any* intermeddler to redress my wrongs."

"Nay, Mr. Pelham," said the countess, hastily, "you do Glanville—you do yourself injustice. For him, there never passes a day in which he does not mention you with the highest encomiums and the most affectionate regard. He says of late, that you have altered towards him, but that he is not surprised at the change—he never mentions the cause; if I am not intruding, suffer me to inquire into it; perhaps (oh! how happy it would make me) I may be able to reconcile you; if you knew—if you could but guess half of the noble and lofty character of Reginald Glanville, you would suffer no petty difference to divide you."

"It is no *petty* difference," said I, rising, "nor am I permitted to mention the cause. Meanwhile, may God bless you, dearest Lady Roseville, and preserve that kind and generous heart from *worse* pangs than those of disappointed ambition, or betrayed trust."

Lady Roseville looked down—her bosom

heaved violently; she felt the meaning of my words. I left her and returned home.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Good Mr. Knave, give me my due,
I like a tart as well as you;
But I would starve on good roast beef,
Ere I would look so like a thief.
—*The Queen of Hearts.*

——Nunc vino pellite curas:
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.—Hor.

The next morning I received a note from Gusoleton, asking me to dine with him at eight, to *meet* his *chevreuil*. I sent back an answer in the affirmative, and then gave myself wholly up to considering what was the best line of conduct to pursue with regard to Lord Dawton. "It would be pleasant enough," said Anger, "to go to him to ask him boldly for the borough so often pledged to you, and, in case of his refusal, to confront, to taunt, and to break with him." "True," replied that more homely and less stage-effect arguer, which we term Knowledge of the World; "but this would be neither useful nor dignified — common sense never quarrels with any one. Call upon Lord Dawton, if you will—ask him for his promise, with your second-best smile, and receive his excuses with your very best. Then do as you please—break with him or not—you can do either with grace and quiet; never make a scene about anything—reproach and anger always *do* make a scene. "Very true," said I, in answer to the latter suggestion—and having made up my mind, I repaired a quarter before three to Lord Dawton's house.

"Ah, Pelham," said the little minister, "delighted to see you look so much the better from the country air; you will stay in town now, I hope, till the end of the season?"

"Certainly, Lord Dawton, or, at all events, till the prorogation of Parliament; how, indeed, could I do otherwise, with your lordship's kind promise before my eyes? Mr. ——, the member for you borough of ——, has, I believe, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds? I feel truly obliged to you for so promptly fulfilling your promise to me."

"Hem! my dear Pelham, hem!" murmured Lord Dawton. I bent forward as if in the attitude of listening respect, but really the more clearly to perceive, and closely to enjoy his confusion. He looked up and caught my eye, and not being too much gratified with its involuntary expression, he grew more and more embarrassed; at last he summoned courage.

"Why, my dear Sir," he said, "I did, it is true, promise you that borough; but individual friendship must frequently be sacrificed to the public good. All our party insisted upon returning Mr. V—— in place of the late member: what could I do? I mentioned your claims; they all, to a man, enlarged upon your rival's: to be sure he *is* an older person, and his family is very powerful in the Lower House: in short, you perceive, my dear Pelham—that is, you are aware—you can feel for the delicacy of my situation—one could not appear too eager for one's own friends at first, and I was *forced* to concede."

Lord Dawton was now fairly delivered of his speech; it was, therefore, only left me to congratulate him on his offspring.

"My dear lord," I began, "you could not have pleased me better: Mr. V—— is a most estimable man, and I would not, for the world, have had you suspected of placing such a trifle as your own honor—that is to say—your promise to me, before the commands—that is to say the interests—of your party; but no more of this now. Was your lordship at the Duke of ——'s last night?"

Dawton seized joyfully the opportunity of changing the conversation, and we talked and laughed on indifferent matters till I thought it time to withdraw; this I did with the most cordial appearance of regard and esteem; nor was it till I had fairly set my foot out of his door, that I suffered myself to indulge the "black bile" at my breast. I turned towards the Green Park, and was walking slowly along the principal mall with my hands behind me, and my eyes on the ground, when I heard my name uttered. On looking back, I perceived Lord Vincent on horseback; he stopped and conversed with me. In the humor I was in with Lord Dawton, I received him with greater warmth than I had done of late; and he also, being in a social mood, seemed so well satisfied with our *rencontre*, and my behavior, that he dismounted to walk with me.

"This park is a very different scene now," said Vincent, "from what it was in the times

of 'The Merry Monarch;' yet it is still a spot much more to my taste than its more gaudy and less classical brother of Hyde. There is something pleasingly melancholy, in walking over places haunted by history; for all of us live more in the past than the present."

"And how exactly alike in all ages," said I, "men have been. On the very spot we are on now, how many have been actuated by the same feelings that now actuate us—how many have made perhaps exactly the same remark just made by you! It is this universal identity, which forms our most powerful link with those that have been—there is a satisfaction in seeing how closely we resemble the Agamemnons of gone times, and we take care to lose none of it, by thinking how closely we also resemble the Thersites."

"True," replied Vincent: "if wise and great men did but know how little difference there is between them and the foolish or the mean, they would not take such pains to be wise and great; to use the Chinese proverb, 'they sacrifice a picture, to get possession of its ashes.' It is almost a pity that the desire to advance should be so necessary to our being; ambition is often a fine, but never a felicitous feeling. Cyprian, in a beautiful passage on envy, calls it 'the moth of the soul:' but perhaps, even that passion is less gnawing, less a '*tabes pectoris*,' than ambition. You are surprised at my heat—the fact is, I am enraged at thinking how much we forfeit, when we look *up* only, and trample unconsciously, in the blindness of our aspiration, on the affections which strew our path. Now, you and I have been utterly estranged from each other of late. Why?—for any dispute—any disagreement in private—any discovery of meanness—treachery, unworthiness in the other? No! merely because I dine with Lord Lincoln, and you with Lord Dawton, *voilà tout*. Well say the Jesuits, that they who live for the public must renounce all private ties; the very day we become citizens we are to cease to be men. Our privicy is like *Leo Decimus;* directly it dies, all peace, comfort, joy, and sociality are to die with it: and an iron age, '*barbara vis et dira malorum omnium incommoda*' to succeed."

"It is a pity that we struck into different paths," said I: "no pleasure would have been to me greater than making our political interests the same; but—"

"Perhaps there is *no* but," interrupted Vincent; "perhaps, like the two knights in the hackneyed story, we are only giving different names to the same shield, because we view it on different sides; let us also imitate them in their reconciliation, as well as their quarrel, and since we have already run our lances against each other, be convinced of our error, and make up our difference."

I was silent; indeed, I did not like to trust myself to speak. Vincent continued:—

"I know," said he, "and it is in vain for you to conceal it, that you have been ill-used by Dawton. Mr. V—— is my first cousin; he came to me the day after the borough was given to him, and told me all that Clandonald and Dawton had said to him at the time. Believe me, they did not spare *you;*—the former you have grievously offended; you know that he has quarrelled irremediably with his son Dartmore, and he insists that you are the friend and abettor of that ingenuous youth, in all his debaucheries and extravagance—*tu illum corrumpi sinis.* I tell you this without hesitation, for I know you are less vain than ambitious, and I do not care about hurting you in the one point, if I advance you in the other. As for me, I own to you candidly and frankly, that there are no pains I would spare to secure you to our party. Join us, and you shall, as I have often said, be on the parliamentary benches of our corps, without a moment of unnecessary delay. More I *cannot* promise you, because I cannot promise more to myself; but from that instant your fortune, if I augur aught aright from your ability, will be in your hands You shake your head—surely you must see that our differences are not vehement—it is a difference not of measures, but men. There is but a *verbal* disagreement between us; and we must own the wisdom of the sentence recorded in Aulus Gellius, that '*he* is but a madman, who splits the weight of things upon the hair-breadths of words.' You laugh at the quaintness of the quotation; quaint proverbs are often the truest."

If my reader should think lightly of me, when I own that I felt wavering and irresolute at the end of this speech, let him for a moment place himself in my situation—let him feel indignant at the treachery, the injustice, the ingratitude of one man; and, at the very height

of his resentment, let him be soothed, flattered, courted, by the offered friendship and favor of another. Let him personally despise the former, and esteem the latter; and let him, above all, be *convinced*, as well as *persuaded*, of the truth of Vincent's hint, viz., that no sacrifice of principle, nor of measures, was required—nothing but an alliance against *men*, not measures. And who were those men? bound to me by a single tie—meriting from my gratitude a single consideration? No! the men, above all others, who had offered me the greatest affront, and deserved from me the smallest esteem.

But, however human feelings might induce me to waver, I felt that it was not by them only I was to decide. I am not a man whose vices or virtues are regulated by the impulse and passion of the moment: if I am quick to act, I am habitually slow to deliberate, I turned to Vincent, and pressed his hand: "I dare not trust myself to answer you now," said I: "give me till to-morrow; I shall then have both considered and determined."

I did not wait for his reply. I sprang from him, turned down the passage which leads to Pall Mall, and hastened home once more to commune with my own heart, and—*not* to be still.

In these confessions I have made no scruple of owning my errors and my foibles; all that could occasion mirth or benefit to the reader were his own. I have kept a veil over the darker and stormier emotions of my soul; all that could neither amuse nor instruct him *are mine!*

Hours passed on—it became time to dress—I rang for Bedos—dressed as usual—great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life—and drove to Guloseton's.

He was unusually entertaining; the dinner too was unusually good; but, thinking that I was sufficiently intimate with my host not to be obliged to belie my feelings, I remained *distrait*, absent, and dull.

"What is the matter with you, my friend?" said the good-natured epicure; "you have neither applauded my jokes, nor tasted my *escallopes;* and your behavior has trifled alike with my *chevreuil* and my feelings?"—The proverb is right, in saying "Grief is communicative." I confess that I was eager to unbosom myself to one upon whose confidence I could depend. Guloseton heard me with great attention and interest—"Little," said he kindly, "little as I care for these matters myself, I can feel for those who do: I wish I could serve you better than by advice. However, you cannot, I imagine, hesitate to accept Vincent's offer. What matters it whether you sit on one bench or on another, so that you do not sit in a thorough draught—or dine at Lord Lincoln's, or Lord Dawton's, so long as the cooks are equally good? As for Dawton, I always thought him a shuffling, mean fellow, who buys his wines at the second price, and sells his offices at the first. Come, my dear fellow, let us drink to his confusion."

So saying, Guloseton filled my glass to the brim. He had symathized with me—I thought it, therefore, my duty to sympathize with him; nor did we part till the eyes of the *bon vivant* saw more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the sober.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

—— Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.—TULLY.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love as I was wont to have.
—*Julius Cæsar.*

I ROSE at my usual early hour; sleep had tended to calm, and, I hope, also, to better, my feelings. I had now leisure to reflect, that I had not embraced my party from any private or interested motive; it was not, therefore, from a private or interested motive that I was justified in deserting it. Our passions are terrible sophists! When Vincent had told me, the day before, that it was from men, not measures, that I was to change, and that such a change could scarcely deserve the name, my heart adopted the assertion, and fancied it into truth.

I now began to perceive the delusion; were government as mechanically perfect as it has never yet been (but as I trust it may yet be), it would signify little who were the mere machines that regulated its springs: but in a constitution like ours, the chief character of which—pardon me, ye De Lolmeites—is its un-

certainty; where men invariably make the measures square to the dimensions of their own talent or desire: and where, reversing the maxim of the tailor, the measures so rarely make the men; it required no penetration to see how dangerous it was to entrust to the aristocratic prejudice of Lincoln, or the vehement imbecility of Lesborough, the execution of the very same measures which might safely be committed to the plain sense of Dawton, and, above all, to the great and various talents of his coadjutors. But what made the vital difference between the two parties was less in the leaders than the body. In the Dawton faction, the best, the purest, the wisest of the day were enrolled; they took upon themselves the origin of all the active measures, and Lord Dawton was the mere channel through which those measures flowed; the plain, the unpretending, and somewhat feeble character of Lord Dawton's mind, readily conceded to the abler components of his party the authority it was so desirable that they should exert. In Vincent's party, with the exception of himself, there was scarcely an individual with the honesty requisite for loving the projects they affected to purpose, or the talents that were necessary for carrying them into effect, even were their wishes sincere; nor was either the haughty Lincoln, or his noisy and overbearing companion, Lesborough, at all of a temper to suffer that quiet, yet powerful interference of others, to which Dawton unhesitatingly submitted.

I was the more resolved to do all possible justice to Dawton's party, from the inclination I naturally had to lean towards the other; and in all matters, where private pique or self-interest can possibly penetrate, it has ever been the object of my *maturer* consideration to direct my particular attention to that side of the question with such undue partisans are the least likely to espouse. While I was gradually, but clearly, feeling my way to a decision, I received the following note from Guloseton:—

"I said nothing to you last night of what is now to be the subject of my letter, lest you should suppose it arose rather from the heat of an extempore conviviality, than its real source, viz., a sincere esteem for your mind, a sincere affection for your heart, and a sincere sympathy in your resentment and your interest.

"They tell me that Lord Dawton's triumph or discomfiture rests entirely upon the success of the motion upon —— ——, brought before the House of Commons, on the —— ——. I care, you know, very little, for my *own* part, which way this question is decided; do not think, therefore, that I make any sacrifice when I request you to suffer me to follow your advice in the disposal of my four votes. I imagine, of course, that you would wish them to adopt the contrary side to Lord Dawton; and upon receiving a line from you to that effect, they shall be empowered to do so.

"Pray, oblige me also by taking the merit of this measure upon yourself, and saying (wherever it may be useful to you), how entirely both the voters and their influence are at your disposal. I trust we shall yet play the Bel to this Dragon, and fell him from his high places.

"Pity me, my dear friend; I dine out to-day, and feel already, by an intuitive shudder, that the soup will be cold and the sherry hot. Adieu.

"Ever your's,

"Guloseton."

Now, then, my triumph, my vanity, and my revenge might be fully gratified. I had before me a golden opportunity of displaying my own power, and of humbling that of the minister. My heart swelled high at the thought. Let it be forgiven me, if, for a single moment, my previous calculations and morality vanished from my mind, and I saw only the offer of Vincent, and the generosity of Guloseton. But I checked the risings of my heart, and compelled my proud spirit to obedience.

I placed Guloseton's letter before me, and, as I read it once more, in order to reply to it, the disinterested kindness and delicacy of one, whom I had long, in the injustice of my thoughts, censured as selfish, came over me so forcibly, and contrasted so deeply with the hollowness of friends more sounding, alike in their profession and their creeds, that the tears rushed to my eyes.

A thousand misfortunes are less affecting than a single kindness.

I wrote, in answer, a warm and earnest letter of thanks for an offer, the kindness of which penetrated me to the soul. I detailed at some length the reasons which induced me to the decision I had taken; I sketched also the nature of the very important motion about to be brought before the House, and deduced from that sketch the impossibility of conscientiously opposing Lord Dawton's party in the debate. I concluded with repeating the expressions my gratitude suggested; and, after declining all interference with Lord Guloseton's votes, ventured to add, that *had* I interfered, it would have been in support of Dawton; not as a man, but a minister—not as an individual friend, but a public servant.

I had just despatched this letter when Vincent entered; I acquainted him, though in the most respectful and friendly terms, with my determination. He seemed greatly disappointed, and endeavored to shake my resolution; finding this was in vain, he appeared at last satisfied, and even affected with my reasons. When we parted, it was with a promise, confirmed by both, that no public variance should ever again alter our private opinion of each other.

When I was once more alone, and saw myself brought back to the very foot of the ladder I had so far and so fortunately climbed; when I saw that, in rejecting all the overtures of my friends, I was left utterly solitary and unaided among my foes—when I looked beyond, and saw no faint loop-hole of hope, no single stepping stone on which to recommence my broken but unwearied career—perhaps one pang of regret and repentance at my determination came across me: but there is something marvellously restorative in a good conscience, and one soon learns to look with hope to the future, when one can feel justified in turning with pride to the past.

My horse came to the door at my usual hour for riding: with what gladness I sprang upon his back, felt the free wind freshening over my fevered cheek, and turned my rein towards the green lanes that border the great city on its western side. I know few counsellors more exhilarating than a spirited horse. I do not wonder that the Roman emperor made a consul of his steed. On horseback I always best feel my powers, and survey my resources: on horseback I always originate my subtlest schemes, and plan their ablest execution. Give me but a light rein, and a free bound, and I am Cicero—Cato—Cæsar; dismount me, and I become a mere clod of the earth which you condemn me to touch: fire, energy, *ethereality*, have departed; I am the soil without the sun—the cask without the wine—the garments without the man.

I returned homewards with increased spirits and collected thoughts; I urged my mind from my own situation, and suffered it to rest upon what Lady Roseville had told me of Reginald Glanville's interference in my behalf. That extraordinary man still continued powerfully to excite my interest; nor could I dwell, without some yearning of the kindlier affections, upon his unsolicited, and, but for Lady Roseville's communication, unknown exertions in my cause. Although the officers of justice were still actively employed in the pursuit of Tyrrell's murderer, and although the newspapers were still full of speculations on their indifferent success, public curiosity had begun to flag upon the inquiry. I had, once or twice, been in Glanville's company when the murder was brought upon the tapis, and narrowly examined his behavior upon a subject which touched him so fearfully. I could not, however, note any extraordinary confusion or change in his countenance; perhaps the pale cheek grew somewhat paler, the dreaming eye more abstracted, and the absent spirit more wandering than before; but many other causes than guilt could account for signs so doubtful and minute.

"You shall soon know all," the last words which he had addressed to me, yet rang in my ears; and most intensely did I anticipate the fulfilment of this promise. My hopes too—those flatterers, so often the pleasing antitheses of reason—whispered that this was not the pledge of a guilty man; and yet he had said to Lady Roseville, that he did not wonder at my estrangement from him: such words seemed to require a less favorable construction than those he had addressed to me; and, in making this mental remark, another, of no flattering nature to Glanville's disinterestedness, suggested itself; might not his interference for me with Lord Dawton, arise rather from policy than friendship; might it not occur to him, if, as I surmised, he was acquainted with my suspicions, and acknowledged their dreadful justice, that it would be advisable to propitiate my silence? Such were among the thousand thoughts which flashed across me, and left my speculations in debate and doubt.

Nor did my reflections pass unnoticed the nature of Lady Roseville's affection for Glanville. From the seeming coldness and austerity of Sir Reginald's temperament, it was likely that this was innocent, at least in act; and there was also something guileless in the manner in which she appeared rather to exult in, than to conceal, her attachment. True that she was bound by no ties; she had neither husband nor children, for whose sake love became a crime: free and unfettered, if she gave her heart to Glanville, it was also al-

lowable to render the gift lawful and perpetual by the blessing of the church.

Alas! how little can woman, shut up in her narrow and limited circle of duties, know of the wandering life and various actions of her lover! Little, indeed, could Lady Roseville, when, in the heat of her enthusiasm, she spoke of the lofty and generous character of Glanville, dream of the foul and dastardly crime of which he was more than suspected; nor, while it was, perhaps, her fondest wish to ally herself to his destiny, could her wildest fancies anticipate the felon's fate, which, if death came not in a hastier and kinder shape, must sooner or later await him.

Of Thornton I had neither seen nor heard aught since my departure from Lord Chester's; that reprieve was, however, shortly to expire. I had scarcely got into Oxford Street, in my way homeward, when I perceived him crossing the street with another man. I turned round to scrutinize the features of his companion, and, in spite of a great change of dress, a huge pair of false whiskers, and an artificial appearance of increased age, my habit of observing countenances enabled me to recognize, on the instant, my intellectual and virtuous friend, Mr. Job Jonson. They disappeared in a shop, nor did I think it worth while further to observe them, though I still bore a reminiscitory spite against Mr. Job Jonson, which I was fully resolved to wreak at the first favorable opportunity.

I passed by Lady Roseville's door. Though the hour was late, and I had, therefore, but a slight chance of finding her at home, yet I thought the chance worth the trouble of inquiry. To my agreeable surprise, I was admitted: no one was in the drawing-room. The servant said, Lady Roseville was at that moment engaged, but would very shortly see me, and begged I would wait.

Agitated as I was by various reflections, I walked (in the restlessness of my mood) to and fro the spacious rooms which formed Lady Roseville's apartments of reception. At the far end was a small *boudoir*, where none but the goddess's favored few were admitted. As I approached towards it, I heard voices, and the next moment recognized the deep tones of Glanville. I turned hastily away, lest I should overhear the discourse; but I had scarcely got three steps, when the convulsed sound of a woman's sob came upon my ear. Shortly afterwards, steps descended the stairs, and the street-door opened.

The minutes rolled on, and I became impatient. The servant re-entered—Lady Roseville was so suddenly and seriously indisposed, that she was unable to see me. I left the house, and, full of bewildered conjectures, returned to my apartments.

The next day was one of the most important in my life. I was standing wistfully by my fire-place, listening with the most mournful attention to a broken-winded hurdy-gurdy, stationed opposite to my window, when Bedos announced Sir Reginald Glanville. It so happened, that I had that morning taken the miniature I had found in the fatal field, from the secret place I usually kept it, in order closely to examine it, lest any proof of its owner, more convincing than the initials and Thornton's interpretation, might be discovered by a minuter investigation.

The picture was lying on the table when Glanville entered: my first impulse was to seize and secrete it; my second to suffer it to remain, and to watch the effect the sight of it might produce. In following the latter, I thought it, however, as well to choose my own time for discovering the miniature; and, as I moved to the table, I threw my handkerchief carelessly over it. Glanville came up to me at once, and his countenance, usually close and reserved in its expression, assumed a franker and bolder aspect.

"You have lately changed towards me," he said—"mindful of our former friendship, I have come to demand the reason."

"Can Sir Reginald Glanville's memory," answered I, "supply him with no probable cause?"

"It can, replied Glanville, "but I would not trust *only* to that. Sit down, Pelham, and listen to me. I can read your thoughts, and I might affect to despise their import—perhaps two years since I should—at present I can pity and excuse them. I have come to you now, in the love and confidence of our early days, to claim as then your good opinion and esteem. If you require any explanation at my hands, it shall be given. My days are approaching their end. I have made up my accounts with others—I would do so with you. I confess that I would fain leave behind me

in your breast, the same affectionate remembrance I might heretofore have claimed, and which, whatever be your suspicions, I have done nothing to forfeit. I have, moreover, a dearer interest than my own to consult in this wish—you color, Pelham—you know to whom I allude; for my sister's sake, if not for my own, you will hear me."

Glanville paused for a moment. I raised the handkerchief from the miniature—I pushed the latter towards him—"Do you remember this?" said I, in a low tone.

With a wild cry, which thrilled through my heart, Glanville sprang forward and seized it. He gazed eagerly and intensely upon it, and his cheek flushed — his eyes sparkled — his breast heaved. The next moment he fell back in his chair, in one of the half swoons, to which, upon a sudden and violent emotion, the debilitating effects of his disease subjected him.

Before I could come to his assistance, he had recovered. He looked wildly and fiercely upon me. "Speak," he cried, "speak—where got you this—where?—answer, for mercy's sake?"

"Recollect yourself," said I sternly. "I found that token of your presence upon the spot where Tyrrell was murdered."

"True, true," said Glanville, slowly, and in an absent and abstracted tone. He ceased abruptly, and covered his face with his hands; from this attitude he started with some sudden impulse.

"And tell me," he said, in a low, inward, exulting tone, "was it—was it red with the blood of the murdered man?"

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, do you glory in your guilt?"

Hold!" said Glanville, rising, with an altered and haughty air; "it is not to your accusations that I am now to listen: if you are yet desirous of weighing their justice before you decide upon them, you will have the opportunity; I shall be at home at ten this night; come to me, and *you shall know all.* At present, the sight of this picture has unnerved me. Shall I see you?"

I made no other rejoinder than the brief expression of my assent, and Glanville instantly left the room.

During the whole of that day, my mind was wrought up into a state of feverish and preternatural excitement. I could not remain in the same spot for an instant: my pulse beat with the irregularity of delirium. For the last hour I placed my watch before me, and kept my eyes constantly fixed upon it. It was not *only* Glanville's confession that I was to hear; my own fate, my future connection with Ellen, rested upon the story of that night. For myself, when I called to mind Glanville's acknowledgment of the picture, and his slow and involuntary remembrance of the spot where it was found, I scarcely allowed my temper, sanguine as it was, to hope.

Some minutes before the hour of ten I repaired to Glanville's house. He was alone—the picture was before him.

I drew my chair towards him in silence, and, accidently lifting up my eyes, encountered the opposite mirror. I started at my own face; the intensity and fearfulness of my interest had rendered it even more hueless than that of my companion.

There was a pause for some moments at the end of which Glanville thus began.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

I do but hide
Under these words, like embers, every spark
Of that which has consumed me. Quick and dark
The grave is yawning;—as its roof shall cover
My limbs with dust and worms, under and over,
So let oblivion hide this grief.—*Julian and Maddalo.*

* * * * * *

With thee the very future fled,
I stand amid the past alone,
A tomb which still shall guard the dead,
Though every earthlier trace be flown;
A tomb o'er which the weeds that love
Decay—their wild luxuriance wreathe!
The cold and calious stone above—
And only thou and Death beneath.
—*From Unpublished Poems by* ——

THE HISTORY OF SIR REGINALD GLANVILLE.

"You remember my character at school—the difficulty with which you drew me from the visionary and abstracted loneliness which, even at that time, was more consonant to my taste, than all the sports and society resorted to by other boys—and the deep, and, to you, inexplicable delight with which I returned to my reveries and solitude again. That character

has continued through life the same; circumstances have strengthened, not altered it. So has it been with *you;* the temper, the habits, the tastes, so strongly contrasted with mine in boyhood, have lost nothing of that contrast. Your ardor for the various ambition of life is still the antipodes to my indifference: your daring, restless, thoughtful resolution in the pursuit, still shames my indolence and abstraction. You are still the votary of the world, but will become its conqueror—I its fugitive —and shall die its victim.

"After we parted at school, I went for a short time to a tutor's in ——shire. Of this place I soon grew weary; and, my father's death rendering me in a great measure my own master, I lost no time in leaving it. I was seized with that mania for travel common enough to all persons of my youth and disposition. My mother allowed me an almost unlimited command over the fortune eventually to be my own; and, yielding to my wishes, rather than her fears, she suffered me at the age of eighteen, to set out for the Continent alone. Perhaps the quiet and reserve of my character made her think me less exposed to the dangers of youth, than if I had been of a more active and versatile temper. This is no uncommon mistake; a serious and contemplative disposition is, however, often the worst formed to acquire readily the knowledge of the world, and always the most calculated to suffer deeply from the experience.

"I took up my residence for some time at Spa. It is, you know, perhaps, a place dull enough to make gambling the only amusement; every one played—and I did not escape the contagion; nor did I wish it: for, like the minister Godolphin, my habitual silence made me love gaming for its own sake, because it was a substitute for conversation. This pursuit brought me acquainted with Mr. Tyrrell, who was then staying at Spa; he had not, at that time, quite dissipated his fortune, but was daily advancing towards so desirable a consummation. A gambler's acquaintance is readily made, and easily kept,—provided you gamble too.

"We became as intimate as the reserve of my habits ever suffered me to become with any one but you. He was many years older than I—had seen a great deal of the world—had mixed much in its best societies, and at that time, whatever was the vulgarity of his mind, had little of the coarseness of *manner* which very soon afterwards distinguished him; evil communication works rapidly in its results. Our acquaintance was, therefore, natural enough, especially when it is considered that my purse was entirely at his disposal—for borrowing is 'twice blessed,' in him that takes and him that gives—the receiver becomes complaisant and conceding, and the lender thinks favorably of one he has obliged.

"We parted at Spa, under a mutual promise to write. I forget if this promise was kept—probably not; we were not, however, the worse friends for being bad correspondents. I continued my travels for about another year: I then returned to England, the same melancholy and dreaming enthusiast as before. It is true that we are the creatures of circumstances; but circumstances are also, in a great measure, the creatures of *us.* I mean, they receive their influences from the previous bent of our own minds; what raises one would depress another, and what vitiates my neighbor might correct me. Thus the experience of the world makes some persons more worldly — others more abstracted; and the indulgence of the senses becomes a violence to one mind, and a second nature to another. As for me, I had tasted all the pleasures youth and opulance can purchase, and was more averse to them than ever. I had mixed with many varieties of men—I was still more rivetted to the *monotony* of *self.*

"I cannot hope, while I mention these peculiarities, that I am a very uncommon character: I believe the present age has produced many such. Some time hence, it will be a curious inquiry to ascertain the causes of that acute and sensitive morbidity of mind, which has been, and still is, so epidemic a disease. You know me well enough to believe, that I am not fond of the cant of assuming an artificial character, or of creating a fictitious interest; and I am far from wishing to impose upon you a malady of constitution for a dignity of mind. You must pardon my prolixity. I own that it is very painful to me to come to the main part of my confessions, and I am endeavoring to prepare myself by lingering over the prelude."

Glanville paused here for a few moments. In spite of the sententious coolness with which

he pretended to speak, I saw that he was powerfully and painfully affected.

"Well," he continued, "to resume the thread of my narrative; after I had stayed some weeks with my mother and sister, I took advantage of their departure for the continent, and resolved to make a tour through England. Rich people, and I have always been very rich, grow exceedingly tired of the embarrassment of their riches. I seized with delight at the idea of travelling without carriages and servants; I took merely a favorite horse, and the black dog, poor Terror, which you see now at my feet.

"The day I commenced this plan was to me the epoch of a new and terrible existence. However, you must pardon me if I am not here sufficiently diffuse. Suffice it, that I became acquainted with a being whom, for the first and only time in my life, I loved! This miniature attempts to express her likeness; the initial at the back, interwoven with my own, are hers."

"Yes," said I, incautiously, "they are the initials of Gertrude Douglas."

"What!" cried Glanville, in a loud tone, which he instantly checked, and continued in an indrawn, muttered whisper: "How long is it since I heard that name! and now—now—" he broke off abruptly, and then said, with a calmer voice, "I know not how you have learnt *her* name; perhaps you will explain?"

"From Thornton," said I.

"And has he told you more?" cried Glanville, as if gasping for breath—"the history—the dreadful——"

"Not a word," said I, hastily; "he was with with me when I found the picture, and he explained the initials?"

"It is well!" answered Glanville, recovering himself, "you will see presently if I have reason to love that those foul and sordid lips should profane the story I am about to relate. Gertrude was an only daughter; though of gentle blood, she was no match for me, either in rank or fortune. Did I say just now that the world had not altered me? See my folly; one year before I saw her, and I should not have thought *her*, but *myself*, honored by a marriage;—twelve little months had sufficed to—God forgive me! I took advantage of her love—her youth—her innocence—she fled with me—*but not to the altar!*"

Again Glanville paused, and again, by a violent effort, conquered his emotion, and proceeded:—

"Never let vice be done by halves—never let a man invest all his purer affections in the woman he ruins—never let him cherish the kindness, if he gratifies the selfishness, of his heart. A profligate who really loves his victim, is one of the most wretched of beings. In spite of my successful and triumphant passion—in spite of the first intoxication of possession, and the better and deeper delight of a reciprocity of thought—feeling, sympathy, for the first time, found;—in the midst of all the luxuries my wealth could produce, and of the voluptuous and spring-like hues with which youth, health, and first love, clothe the earth which the loved one treads, and the air which she inhales: in spite of these, in spite of all, I was anything but happy. If Gertrude's cheek seemed a shade more pale, or her eyes less bright, I remembered the sacrifice she had made me, and believed that *she* felt it too. It was in vain, that, with the tender and generous devotion—never found but in woman—she assured me that my love was a recompense for all; the more touching was her tenderness, the more poignant was my remorse. I never loved but her; I have never, therefore, entered into the common-place of passion, and I cannot, even to this day, look upon her sex as ours do in general. I thought, I think so still, that ingratitude to a woman is often a more odious offence—I am sure it contains a more painful penalty—than ingratitude to a man. But enough of this; if you know me, you can penetrate the nature of my feelings—if not, it is in vain to expect your sympathy.

"I never loved living long in one place. We travelled over the greater part of England and France. What must be the enchantment of love when accompanied with innocence and joy, since, even in sin, in remorse, in grief, it brings us a rapture to which all other things are tame! Oh! those were moments steeped in the very elixir of life; overflowing with the hoarded fondness and sympathies of hearts too full for words, and yet too agitated for silence, when we journeyed alone, and at night, and, as the shadows and stillness of the waning hours gathered round us, drew closer to each other, and concentrated this breathing world in the deep and embracing sentiment of our

mutual love! It was then that I laid my burning temples on her bosom, and felt, while my hand clasped hers, that my visions were realized, and my wandering spirit had sunk unto its rest.

"I remember well that, one night, we were travelling through one of the most beautiful parts of England; it was in the very height and flush of summer, and the moon (what scene of love—whether in reality or romance—has any thing of tenderness, or passion, or divinity, where her light is not!) filled the intense skies of June with her presence, and cast a sadder and paler beauty over Gertrude's cheek. She was always of a melancholy and despondent temper; perhaps, for that reason, she was more congenial to my own; and when I gazed upon her that night, I was not surprised to see her eyes filled with tears. 'You will laugh at me,' she said, as I kissed them off and inquired into the cause; 'but I feel a presentiment that I cannot shake off; it tells me that you will travel this road again before many months are past, and that I shall not be with you, perhaps not upon the earth.' She was right in all her forebodings, but the suggestion of her death; —*that* came later.

"We took up our residence for some time at a beautiful situation, a short distance from a small watering-place. At this watering-place, to my great surprise, I met with Tyrrell. He had come there partly to see a relation from whom he had some expectations, and partly to recruit his health, which was much broken by his irregularities and excess. I could not refuse to renew my old acquaintance with him; and indeed, I thought him too much of a man of the world, and of society, to feel with him that particular delicacy, in regard to Gertrude, which made me in general shun all intercourse with my former friends. He was in great pecuniary embarrassment—much more deeply so than I then imagined; for I believed the embarrassment to be only temporary. However, my purse was then, as before, at his disposal, and he did not scruple to avail himself very largely of my offers. He came frequently to our house; and poor Gertrude, who thought I had, for her sake, made a real sacrifice in renouncing my acquaintance, endeavored to conquer her usual diffidence, and that more painful feeling than diffidence, natural to her station, and even to affect a pleasure in the society of *my* friend, which she was very far from feeling.

"I was detained at —— for several weeks by Gertrude's confinement. The child—happy being!—died a week after its birth. Gertrude was still in bed, and unable to leave it, when I received a letter from Ellen, to say that my mother was then staying at Toulouse, and dangerously ill, if I wished once more to see her, Ellen besought me to lose no time in setting off for the continent. You may imagine my situation, or rather you cannot, for you cannot conceive the smallest particle of that intense love I bore to Gertrude. To you—to any other man, it might seem no extraordinary hardship to leave her even for an uncertain period—to me it was like tearing away the very life from my heart.

"I procured her a sort of half companion, and half nurse; I provided for her everything that the most anxious and fearful love could suggest; and, with a mind full of forebodings too darkly to be realized hereafter, I hastened to the nearest seaport, and set sail for France.

"When I arrived at Toulouse my mother was much better, but still in a very uncertain and dangerous state of health. I stayed with her for more than a month, during which time every post brought me a line from Gertrude, and bore back a message from 'my heart to hers' in return. This was no mean consolation, more especially when each letter spoke of increasing health and strength. At the month's end, I was preparing to return—my mother was slowly recovering, and I no longer had any fears on her account; but, there are links in our destiny fearfully interwoven with each other, and ending only in the anguish of our ultimate doom. The day before that fixed for my departure, I had been into a house where an epidemic disease raged; that night I complained of oppressive and deadly illness—before morning I was in a high fever.

"During the time I was sensible of my state, I wrote constantly to Gertrude, and carefully concealed my illness; but for several days I was delirious. When I recovered, I called eagerly for my letters—*there were none:—none!* I could not believe I was yet awake; but days still passed on, and not a line from England—from Gertrude. The instant I was able, I insisted upon putting horses to my carriage; I could bear no longer the torture of

my suspense. By the most rapid journeys my debility would allow me to bear, I arrived in England. I travelled down to —— by the same road that I had gone over with her! the words of her foreboding, at that time, sank like ice into my heart, 'You will travel this road again before many months are past, and I shall not be with you; perhaps, I shall not be upon the earth!' At that thought I could have called unto the grave to open for me. Her unaccountable and lengthened silence, in spite of all the urgency and entreaties of my letters for a reply, filled me with presentiments the most fearful. Oh, God—oh, God, they were nothing to the truth!

"At last I arrived at ——: my carriage stopped at the very house—my whole frame was perfectly frozen with dread—I trembled from limb to limb—the ice of a thousand winters seemed curdling through my blood. The bell rang—once, twice—no answer—I would have leaped out of the carriage—I would have forced an entrance, but I was unable to move. A man fettered and spell-bound by an incubus, is less helpless than I was. At last, an old female I had never seen before, appeared.

"'Where is she? How!—' I could utter no more—my eyes were fixed upon the inquisitive and frightened countenance opposite to my own. Those eyes, I thought, might have said all that my lips could not; I was deceived—the old woman understood me no more than I did her: another person appeared—I recognized the face—it was that of a girl, who had been one of our attendants. Will you believe, that at that sight, the sight of one I had seen before, and could associate with the remembrance of the breathing, the living, the present Gertrude, a thrill of joy flashed across me—my fears seemed to vanish—my spell to cease?

"I sprang from the carriage; I caught the girl by the robe. 'Your mistress,' said I, 'your mistress—she is well—she is alive—speak, speak?' The girl shrieked out; my eagerness, and, perhaps, my emaciated and altered appearance, terrified her; but she had the strong nerves of youth, and was soon reassured. She requested me to step in, and she would tell me all. My wife (Gertrude always went by that name) *was* alive, and, she believed, well, but she had left that place some weeks since. Trembling, and still fearful, but in heaven, comparatively to my former agony, I followed the girl and the old woman into the house.

"The former got me some water. 'Now,' said I, when I had drunk a long and hearty draught, 'I am ready to hear *all*—my wife has left this house, you say—for what place?' The girl hesitated and looked down; the old woman, who was somewhat deaf, and did not rightly understand my questions, or the nature of the personal interest I had in the reply, answered,—'What does the gentleman want? the poor young lady who was last here? Lord help her!'

"'What of her?' I called out in a new alarm. 'What of her? Where has she gone? Who took her away?'

"'Who took her!' mumbled the old woman, fretful at my impatient tone; 'who took her? *why, the mad doctor to be sure!*'

"I heard no more; my frame could support no longer the agonies my mind had undergone; I fell lifeless on the ground.

"When I recovered, it was at the dead of the night. I was in bed, the old woman and the girl were at my side. I rose slowly and calmly. You know, all men who have ever suffered much, know the strange anomalies of despair—the quiet of our veriest anguish. Deceived by my bearing, I learned by degrees from my attendants, that Gertrude had some weeks since betrayed certain symptoms of insanity; that these, in a very few hours, arose to an alarming pitch. From some reason the woman could not explain, she had, a short time before, discarded the companion I had left with her; she was, therefore, alone among servants. They sent for the ignorant practitioners of the place; they tried their nostrums without success; her madness increased; her attendants, with that superstitious horror of insanity common to the lower classes, became more and more violently alarmed; the landlady insisted on her removal; and—and—I told you, Pelham—I told you—they sent her away—sent her to a mad-house! All this I listened to!—all!—ay, and patiently. I noted down the address of her present abode; it was about the distance of twenty miles from ——. I ordered fresh horses and set off immediately.

"I arrived there at day-break. It was a large, old house, which, like a French hotel, seemed to have no visible door: dark and

gloomy, the pile appeared worthy of the purpose to which it was devoted. It was a long time before we aroused any one to answer our call; at length I was ushered into a small parlor—how minutely I remember every article in the room!—what varieties there are in the extreme passions! sometimes the same feeling will deaden all the senses—sometimes render them a hundredfold more acute!

"At last, a man of a smiling and rosy aspect appeared. He pointed to a chair—rubbed his hands—and begged me to unfold my business; few words sufficed to do that. I requested to see his patient; I demanded by what authority she had been put under his care. The man's face altered. He was but little pleased with the nature of my visit. 'The lady,' he said, coolly, 'had been entrusted to his care, with an adequate remuneration, by Mr. Tyrrell; without that gentleman's permission, he could not think even of suffering me to see her.' I controlled my passion; I knew something, if not of the nature of private madhouses, at least, of that of mankind. I claimed his patient as my wife: I expressed myself obliged by his care, and begged his acceptance of a further remuneration, which I tendered, and which was eagerly accepted. The way was now cleared—there is no hell to which a golden branch will not win your admittance.

"The man detained me no longer; he hastened to lead the way. We passed through various long passages; sometimes the low moan of pain and weakness came upon my ear—sometimes the confused murmur of the idiot's drivelling soliloquy. From one passage, at right angles with the one through which we proceeded, broke a fierce and thrilling shriek; it sank at once into silence—*perhaps beneath the lash!*

"We were now in a different department of the building—all was silence—hushed—deep—breathless: this seemed to me more awful than the terrible sounds I had just heard. My guide went slowly on, sometimes breaking the stillness of the dim gallery by the jingle of his keys—sometimes by a muttered panegyric on himself and his humanity. I neither heeded nor answered him.

"We read in the annals of the Inquisition, of every limb, nerve, sinew of the victim, being so nicely and accurately strained to their utmost, that the frame would not bear the additional screwing of a single hair-breath. Such seemed *my* state. We came to a small door, at the right hand; it was the last but one in the passage. We paused before it. 'Stop,' said I, 'for one moment;' and I was so faint and sick at heart, that I leaned against the wall to recover myself, before I let him open the door: when he did, it was a greater relief than I can express, to see that all was utterly dark. 'Wait, Sir,' said the guide, as he entered; and a sullen noise told me that he was unbarring the heavy shutter.

"Slowly the grey cold light of the morning broke in: a dark figure was stretched upon a wretched bed, at the far end of the room. She raised herself at the sound. She turned her face towards me; I did not fall, nor faint, nor shriek; I stood motionless, as if fixed into stone: and yet it was Gertrude upon whom I gazed. Oh, Heaven! who but myself could have recognized her? Her cheek was as the cheek of the dead—the hueless skin clung to the bone—the eye was dull and glassy for one moment; the next it became terribly and preternaturally bright—but not with the ray of intellect, or consciousness, or recognition. She looked long and hard at me; a voice, hollow and broken, but which still penetrated my heart, came forth through the wan lips, that scarcely moved with the exertion. 'I am very cold,' it said—'but if I complain, you will beat me.' She fell down again upon the bed, and hid her face.

"My guide, who was leaning carelessly by the window, turned to me with a sort of smirk—'This is her way, sir,' he said; 'her madness is of a very singular description: we have not, as yet, been able to discover how far it extends; sometimes she seems conscious of the past, sometimes utterly oblivious of everything: for days she is perfectly silent, or, at least, says nothing more than you have just heard; but, at times, she raves so violently, that—that—*but I never use force where it can be helped.*'

"I looked at the man, but I could not answer, unless I had torn him to pieces on the spot. I turned away hastily from the room: but I did not quit the house without Gertrude—I placed her in the carriage, by my side—notwithstanding all the protestations and fears of the keeper; these were readily silenced by the sum I gave him; it was large enough to

have liberated half his household. In fact, I gathered from his conversation that Tyrrell had spoken of Gertrude as an unhappy female whom he himself had seduced, and would now be rid of. I thank you, Pelham, for that frown, but keep your indignation till a fitter season for it.

"I took *my* victim, for I then regarded her as such, to a secluded and lonely spot: I procured for her whatever advice England could afford; all was in vain. Night and day I was by her side, but she never, for a moment, seemed to recollect me: yet were there times of fierce and over-powering delirium, when my name was uttered in the transport of the most passionate enthusiasm—when my features as absent, though not present, were recalled and dwelt upon with all the minuteness of the most faithful detail; and I knelt by her in all those moments, when no other human being was near, and clapsed her wan hand, and wiped the dew from her forehead, and gazed upon her convulsed and changing face, and called upon her in a voice which could once have allayed her wildest emotions; and had the agony of seeing her eye dwell upon me with the most estranged indifference, or the most vehement and fearful aversion. But, ever and anon, she uttered words which chilled the very marrow of my bones; words which I would not, dared not believe, had any meaning or method in their madness—but which entered into my own brain, and preyed there like the devouring of a fire. There *was* a truth in those ravings—a reason in that incoherence—and my cup was not yet full.

"At last, one physician, who appeared to me to have more knowledge than the rest, of the mysterious workings of her dreadful disease, advised me to take her to the scenes of her first childhood: 'Those scenes,' said he, justly, 'are in all stages of life the most fondly remembered; and I have noted, that in many cases of insanity, places are easier recalled than persons; perhaps, if we can once awaken one link in the chain, it will communicate to the rest.'

"I took this advice, and set off to Norfolk. Her early home was not many miles distant from the churchyard where you once met me, and in that churchyard her mother was buried. *She* had died before Gertrude's flight; the father's death had followed it: perhaps my sufferings were a just retribution! The house had gone into other hands, and I had no difficulty in engaging it. Thank Heaven, I was spared the pain of seeing any of Gertrude's relations.

"It was night when we moved to the house. I had placed within the room where she used to sleep, all the furniture and books, with which it appeared, from my inquiries, to have been formerly filled. We laid her in the bed that had held that faded and altered form, in its freshest and purest years. I shrouded myself in one corner of the room, and counted the dull minutes till the day-light dawned. I pass over the detail of my recital—the experiment partially succeeded—would to God that it had not! would that she had gone down to her grave with her dreadful secret unrevealed! would—but—"

Here Glanville's voice failed him, and there was a brief silence before he recommenced.

"Gertrude now had many lucid intervals; but these my presence were always sufficient to change into a delirious raving, even more incoherent than her insanity had ever yet been. She would fly from me with the most fearful cries, bury her face in her hands, and seem like one oppressed and haunted by a supernatural visitation, as long as I remained in the room; the moment I left her, she began, though slowly, to recover.

"This was to me the bitterest affliction of all—to be forbidden to nurse, to cherish, to tend her, was like taking from me my last hope! But little can the thoughtless or the worldly dream of the depths of a real love; I used to wait all day by her door, and it was luxury enough to me to catch her accents, or hear her move, or sigh, or even weep; and all night, when she could not know of my presence, I used to lie down by her bedside; and when I sank into a short and convulsed sleep, I saw her once more, in my brief and fleeting dreams, in all the devoted love, and glowing-beauty, which had once constituted the whole of my happiness, and *my world.*

"One day I had been called from my post by her door. They came to me hastily—she was in strong convulsions. I flew up stairs, and supported her in my arms till the fits had ceased: we then placed her in bed; she never rose from it again: but on that bed of death, the words, as well as the cause of her former in-

sanity, were explained—the mystery was unravelled.

"It was a still and breathless night. The moon, which was at its decrease, came through the half-closed shutters, and, beneath its solemn and eternal light, she yielded to my entreaties, and revealed all. The man—my friend—Tyrrell—had polluted her ear with his addresses, and when forbidden the house, had bribed the woman I had left with her, to convey his letters;—she was discharged—but Tyrrell was no ordinary villian; he entered the house one evening, when no one but Gertrude was there.—Come near me, Pelham—nearer—bend down your ear—he used force, violence! That night Gertrude's senses deserted her—you know the rest.

"The moment that I gathered, from Gertrude's broken sentences, their meaning, that moment the demon entered into my soul. All human feelings seemed to fly from my heart; it shrank into one burning, and thirsty, and fiery want—and that want was for revenge! I would have sprung from the bedside, but Gertrude's hand clung to me, and detained me; the damp, chill grasp, grew colder and colder—it ceased—the hand fell—I turned—one slight, but awful shudder, went over that face, made yet more wan by the light of the waning and ghastly moon—one convulsion shook the limbs—one murmur passed the falling and hueless lips. I cannot tell you the rest—you know—you can guess it.

"That day week we buried her in the lonely churchyard—where she had, in her lucid moments, wished to lie—by the side of her mother."

CHAPTER LXXV.

—— I breathed,
But not the breath of human life;
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my very thought to strife.
—*The Giaour.*

"Thank Heaven, the most painful part of my story is at an end. You will now be able to account for our meeting in the churchyard at ——. I secured myself a lodging at a cottage not far from the spot which held Gertrude's remains. Night after night I wandered to that lonely place, and longed for a couch beside the sleeper, whom I mourned in the selfishness of my soul. I prostrated myself on the mound: I humbled myself to tears. In the overflowing anguish of my heart I forgot all that had aroused its stormier passions into life. Revenge, hatred,—all vanished. I lifted up my face to the tender heavens: I called aloud to the silent and placid air; and when I turned again to that unconscious mound, I thought of nothing but the sweetness of our early love, and the bitterness of her early death. It was in such moments that your footstep broke upon my grief: the instant others had seen me—other eyes penetrated the sanctity of my regret—from that instant, whatever was more soft and holy in the passions and darkness of my mind seemed to vanish away like a scroll. I again returned to the intense and withering remembrance which was henceforward to make the very key and pivot of my existence. I again recalled the last night of Gertrude's life; I again shuddered at the low, murmured sounds, whose dreadful sense broke slowly upon my soul. I again felt the cold—cold, slimy grasp of those wan and dying fingers; and I again nerved my heart to an iron strength, and vowed deep, deep-rooted, endless, implacable revenge.

"The morning after the night you saw me, I left my abode. I went to London, and attempted to methodize my plans of vengeance. The first thing to discover, was Tyrrell's present residence. By accident, I heard he was at Paris, and, within two hours of receiving the intelligence, I set off for that city. On arriving there, the habits of the gambler soon discovered him to my search. I saw him one night at a hell. He was evidently in distressed circumstances, and the fortune of the table was against him. Unperceived by him, I feasted my eyes on his changing countenance, as those deadly and wearing transitions of feeling, only to be produced by the gaming-table, passed over it. While I gazed upon him, a thought of more exquisite and refined revenge, than had yet occurred to me, flashed upon my mind. Occupied with the ideas it gave rise to, I went into the adjoining room, which was quite empty. There I seated myself, and endeavored to develop, more fully, the rude and imperfect outline of my scheme.

"The arch tempter favored me with a trusty coadjutor in my designs. I was lost in a

reverie, when I heard myself accosted by name. I looked up, and beheld a man whom I had often seen with Tyrrell, both at Spa, and —— (the watering-place where, with Gertrude, I had met Tyrrell). He was a person of low birth and character; but esteemed, from his love of coarse humor, and vulgar enterprise, a man of infinite parts—a sort of Yorick—by the set most congenial to Tyrrell's tastes. By this undue reputation, and the *levelling* habit of gaming, to which he was addicted, he was raised, in certain societies, much above his proper rank: need I say that this man was Thornton? I was but slightly acquainted with him; however, he accosted me cordially, aud endeavored to draw me into conversation.

"'Have you seen Tyrrell?' said he; 'he is at it again; what's bred in the bone, you know, etc.' I turned pale with the mention of Tyrrell's name, and replied very laconically, to what purpose, I forget.—'Ah! ah!' rejoined Thornton, eyeing me with an air of impertinent familiarity—'I see you have not forgiven him; he played you but a shabby trick at ——; seduced your mistress, or something of that sort; he told me all about it: pray, how is the poor girl now?'

"I made no reply; I sank down and gasped for breath. All I had suffered seemed nothing to the indignity I then endured. *She—she*—who had *once* been my pride—my honor—life—to be thus spoken of—and——. I could not pursue the idea. I rose hastily, looked at Thornton with a glance, which might have abashed a man less shameless and callous than himself, and left the room.

"That night, as I tossed restless and feverish on my bed of thorns, I saw how useful Thornton might be to me in the prosecution of the scheme I entered into; and the next morning I sought him out, and purchased (no very difficult matter) both his secrecy and his assistance. My plan of vengeance, to one who had seen and observed less of the varieties of human nature than you have done, might seem far-fetched and unnatural; for while the superficial are ready to allow eccentricity as natural in the coolness of ordinary life, they never suppose it can exist in the heat of the passions—as if, in such moments, any thing was ever considered absurd in the means which was favorable to the end. Were the secrets of one passionate and irregulated heart laid bare, there would be more romance in them, than in all the fables which we turn from with incredulity and disdain, as exaggerated and overdrawn.

"Among the thousand schemes for retribution which had chased each other across my mind, the death of my victim was only the ulterior object. Death, indeed—the pang of one moment—appeared to me but very feeble justice for the life of lingering and restless anguish to which his treachery had condemned *me;* but *my* penance, *my* doom, I could have forgiven: it was the fate of a more innocent and injured being which irritated the sting and fed the venom of my revenge. That revenge no ordinary punishment could appease. If fanaticism can only be satisfied by the rack and the flames, you may readily conceive a like unappeasable fury, in a hatred so deadly, so concentrated, and so just as mine—and if fanaticism persuades itself into a virtue, so also did my hatred.

"The scheme which I resolved upon was, to attach Tyrrell more and more to the gaming-table, to be present at his infatuation, to feast my eyes upon the feverish intensity of his suspense—to reduce him, step by step, to the lowest abyss of poverty—to glut my soul with the abjectness and humiliation of his penury—to strip him of all aid, consolation, sympathy, and friendship—to follow him, unseen, to his wretched and squalid home—to mark the struggles of the craving nature with the loathing pride—and, finally, to watch the frame wear, the eye sink, the lip grow lived, and all the terrible and torturing progress of gnawing want, to utter starvation. Then, in that last state, but not before, I might reveal myself—stand my the hopeless and succorless bed of death—shriek out in the dizzy ear a name, which could treble the horrors of remembrance—snatch from the struggling and agonizing conscience the last plank, the last straw, to which, in its madness, it could cling, and blacken the shadows of departing life, by opening to the shuddering sense the threshold of an impatient and yawning hell.

"Hurried away by the unhallowed fever of these projects, I thought of nothing but their accomplishment. I employed Thornton, who still maintained his intimacy with Tyrrell, to decoy him more and more to the gambling-

house; and, as the unequal chances of the public table were not rapid enough in their termination to consummate the ruin even of an impetuous and vehement gamester, like Tyrrell, so soon as my impatience desired, Thornton took every opportunity of engaging him in private play, and accelerating my object by the unlawful arts of which he was master. My enemy was every day approaching the farthest verge of ruin; near relations he had none, all his distant ones he had disobliged; all his friends, and even his acquaintance, he had fatigued by his importunity, or disgusted by his conduct. In the whole world there seemed not a being who would stretch forth a helping hand to save him from the total and pennyless beggary to which he was hopelessly advancing. Out of the wrecks of his former property, and the generosity of former friends, whatever he had already wrung, had been immediately staked at the gaming-house and as immediately lost.

"Perhaps this would not so soon have been the case, if Thornton had not artfully fed and sustained his expectations. He had been long employed by Tyrrell in a professional capacity, and he knew well all the gamester's domestic affairs; and when he promised, should things come to the worst, to find some expedient to restore them, Tyrrell easily adopted so flattering a belief.

"Meanwhile, I had taken the name and disguise under favor of which you met me at Paris, and Thornton had introduced me to Tyrrell as a young Englishman of great wealth, and still greater inexperience. The gambler grasped eagerly at an acquaintance, which Thornton readily persuaded him he could turn to such account; and I had thus every facility of marking, day by day, how my plot thickened, and my vengeance hastened to its triumph.

"This was not all. I said, there was not in the wide world a being who would have saved Tyrrell from the fate he deserved and was approaching. I forgot there *was* one who still clung to him with affection, and for whom he still seemed to harbor the better and purer feelings of less degraded and guilty times. This person (you will guess readily it was a woman) I made it my especial business and care to wean away from my prey; I would not suffer him a consolation he had denied to me. I used all the arts of seduction to obtain the transfer of her affections. Whatever promises and vows—whether of love or wealth—could effect, were tried; nor, at last, without success—*I* triumphed. The woman became my slave. It was she who, whenever Tyrrell faltered in his course to destruction, combated his scruples, and urged on his reluctance; it was she who informed me minutely of his pitiful finances, and assisted, to her utmost, in expediting their decay. The still more bitter treachery of deserting him in his veriest want I reserved till the fittest occasion, and contemplated with a savage delight.

"I was embarrassed in my scheme by two circumstances: first, Thornton's acquaintance with you; and, secondly, Tyrrell's receipt (some time afterwards) of a very unexpected sum of two hundred pounds, in return for renouncing all further and *possible* claim on the purchasers of his estate. To the former, so far as it might interfere with my plans, or lead to my detection, you must pardon me for having put a speedy termination; the latter threw me into great consternation—for Tyrrell's first idea was to renounce the gaming table, and endeavor to live upon the trifling pittance he had acquired, as long as the utmost economy would permit.

"This idea, Margaret, the woman I spoke of, according to my instructions, so artfully and successfully combated, that Tyrrell yielded to his natural inclination, and returned once more to the infatuation of his favorite pursuit. However, I had become restlessly impatient for the conclusion to this prefatory part of my revenge, and, accordingly, Thornton and myself arranged that Tyrrell should be persuaded by the former to risk all, even to his very last farthing, in a private game with me. Tyrrell, who believed he should readily recruit himself by my unskilfulness in the game, fell easily into the snare; and on the second night of our engagement, he not only had lost the whole of his remaining pittance, but had signed bonds owing to a debt of far greater amount than he, at that time, could ever even have dreamt of possessing.

"Flushed, heated, almost maddened with my triumph, I yielded to the exultation of the moment. I did not know you were so near—I discovered myself—you remember the scene. I went joyfully home: and for the first time

since Gertrude's death, I was happy; but there I imagined my vengeance only would begin; I revelled in the burning hope of marking the hunger and extremity that must ensue. The next day, when Tyrrell turned round, in his despair, for one momentary word of comfort from the lips to which he believed, in the fond credulity of his heart, falsehood and treachery never came, his last earthly friend taunted and deserted him. Mark me, Pelham —I was by, and heard her!

"But here my power of retribution was to close: from the thirst still unslaked and unappeased, the cup was abruptly snatched. Tyrrell disappeared—no one knew whither. I set Thornton's inquiries at work. A week afterwards he brought me word that Tyrrell had died in extreme want, and from very despair. Will you credit, that at hearing this news, my first sensations were only rage and disappointment? True, he had died, died in all the misery my heart could wish, but *I had not seen* him die; and the death-bed seemed to me robbed of its bitterest pang.

"I know not to this day, though I have often questioned him, what interest Thornton had in deceiving me by this tale; for my own part, I believe that he himself was deceived; * certain it is (for I inquired), that a person, very much answering to Tyrrell's description, had perished in the state Thornton mentioned; and this might, therefore, in all probability, have misled him.

"I left Paris, and returned, through Normandy, to England (where I remained some weeks); there we again met: but I think we did *not* meet till I had been persecuted by the insolence, and importunity of Thornton. The tools of our passions cut both ways; like the monarch who employed strange beasts in his army, we find our treacherous allies less destructive to others than ourselves. But I was not of a temper to brook the tauntings, or the encroachment of my own creature; it had been with but an ill grace that I had endured his familiarity, when I absolutely required his services, much less could I suffer his intrusion when those services—services not of love, but hire—were no longer necessary. Thornton, like all persons of his stamp, has a low pride, which I was constantly offending. He had mixed with men, more than my equals in rank, on a familiar footing, and he could ill brook the hauteur with which my disgust at his character absolutely constrained me to treat him. It is true, that the profuseness of my liberality was such, that the mean wretch stomached affronts for which he was so largely paid; but, with the cunning and malicious spite natural to him, he knew well how to repay them in kind. While he assisted, he affected to ridicule, my revenge; and though he soon saw that he durst not, for his very life, breathe a syllable openly against Gertrude, or her memory, yet he contrived, by general remarks, and covert insinuations, to gall me to the very quick, and in the vary tenderest point. Thus a deep and cordial antipathy to each other arose, and grew, and strengthened, till, I believe, like the fiends in hell, our mutual hatred became our common punishment.

"No sooner had I returned to England, than I found him here, awaiting my arrival. He favored me with frequent visits and requests for money. Although not possessed of any secret really important affecting my character, he knew well, that he was possessed of one important to my quiet; and he availed himself to the utmost of my strong and deep aversion even to the most delicate recurrence to my love to Gertrude, and its unhallowed and disastrous termination At length, however, he wearied me. I found that he was sinking into the very dregs and refuse of society, and I could not longer brook the idea of enduring his familiarity and feeding his vices.

"I pass over any detail of my own feelings, as well as my *outward* and *worldly* history. Over my mind, a great change had passed; I was no longer torn by violent and contending passions; upon the tumultuous sea a dead and heavy torpor had fallen; the very winds, necessary for health, had ceased;

'I slept on the abyss without a surge.'

One violent and engrossing passion is among the worst of all *immoralities*, for it leaves the mind too stagnant and exhausted for those activities and energies which constitute our real duties. However, now that the tyrant feeling of my mind was removed, I endeavored to shake off the apathy it had produced, and return to the various occupations and business of life. Whatever could divert me from my

* It seems from subsequent investigation that this was really the case.

own dark memories, or give a momentary motion to the stagnation of my mind, I grasped at with the fondness and eagerness of a child. Thus, you found me surrounding myself with luxuries which palled upon my taste the instant that their novelty had passed: *now* striving for the vanity of literary fame; *now*, for the emptier baubles which riches could procure. At one time I shrouded myself in my closet, and brooded over the dogmas of the learned, and the errors of the wise; at another, I plunged into the more engrossing and active pursuits of the living crowd which rolled around me,—and flattered my heart—that amidst the applause of senators, and the whirlpool of affairs, I could lull to rest the voices of the past, and the spectre of the dead.

"Whether these hopes were effectual, and the struggle not in vain, this haggard and wasting form, drooping day by day into the grave, can declare; but I said I would not dwell long upon this part of my history, nor is it necessary. Of one thing only, not connected with the main part of my confessions, it is right, for the sake of one tender and guiltless being, that I should speak.

"In the cold and friendless world with which I mixed, there was a heart which had years ago given itself wholly up to me. At that time I was ignorant of the gift I so little deserved, or (for it was before I knew Gertrude) I might have returned it, and been saved years of crime and anguish. Since then, the person I allude to had married, and, by the death of her husband, was once more free. Intimate with my family, and more especially with my sister, she now met me constantly; her compassion for the change she perceived in me, both in mind and person, was stronger than even her reserve, and this is the only reason why I speak of an attachment which ought otherwise to be concealed: I believe that you already understand to whom I allude, and since you have discovered her weakness, it is right that you should know also her virtue; it is right that you should learn, that it was not in her the fantasy, or passion of a moment, but a long and secreted love; that you should learn, that it was her pity, and no unfeminine disregard to opinion, which betrayed her into imprudence, and that she is, at this moment, innocent of everything, but the folly of loving *me*.

"I pass on to the time when I discovered that I had been, either intentionally or unconsciously, deceived, and that my enemy yet lived! *lived* in honor, prosperity and the world's blessings. This information was like removing a barrier from a stream hitherto pent into quiet and restraint. All the stormy thoughts, feelings, and passions, so long at rest, rushed again into a terrible and tumultuous action. The newly formed stratum of my mind was swept away; everything seemed a wreck, a chaos, a convulsion of jarring elements; but this is a trite and tame description of my feelings; words would be but commonplace to express the revulsion which I experienced: yet, amidst all, there was one paramount and presiding thought to which the rest were as atoms in the heap—the awakened thought of vengeance !—but how was it to be gratified ?

"Placed as Tyrrell now was in the scale of society, every method of retribution but the one formerly rejected, seemed at an end. To that one, therefore, weak and merciful as it appeared to me, I resorted—you took my challenge to Tyrrell—you remember his behavior—Conscience doth indeed make cowards of us all ! The letter inclosed to me in his to you, contained only the common-place argument urged so often by those who have injured us: viz., the reluctance at attempting our life after having ruined our happiness. When I found that he had left London my rage knew no bounds; I was absolutely frantic with indignation; the earth reeled before my eyes; I was almost suffocated by the violence—the *whirlpool*—of my emotions. I gave myself no time to think,—I left town in pursuit of my foe.

"I found that—still addicted, though, I believe, not so madly as before, to his old amusements—he was in the neighborhood of Newmarket, awaiting the races, shortly to ensue. No sooner did I find his address, than I wrote him another challenge, still more forcibly and insultingly worded than the one you took. In this I said that his refusal was of no avail; that I had sworn that my vengeance should overtake him; and that sooner or later, in the face of heaven and despite of hell, my oath should be fulfilled. Remember these words, Pelham, I shall refer to them hereafter.

"Tyrrell's reply was short and contemptuous; he affected to treat me as a madman.

Perhaps (and I confess that the incoherence of my letter authorized such suspicion) he believed I really was one. He concluded by saying, that if he received more of my letters, he should shelter himself from my aggressions by the protection of the law.

"On receiving this reply, a stern, sullen, iron spirit entered into my bosom. I betrayed no external mark of passion; I sat down in silence—I placed the letter and Gertrude's picture before me. There, still and motionless, I remained for hours. I remember well, I was awakened from my gloomy reverie by the clock, as it struck the first hour of the morning. At that lone and ominous sound, the associations of romance and dread which the fables of our childhood connect with it, rushed coldly and fearfully into my mind; the damp dews broke out upon my forehead, and the blood curdled in my limbs. In that moment I knelt down and vowed a frantic and deadly oath—the words of which I would not now dare to repeat—that before three days expired, hell should no longer be cheated of its prey I rose—I flung myself on my bed, *and slept.*

"The next day I left my abode. I purchased a strong and swift horse, and, disguising myself from head to foot in a long horseman's cloak, I set off alone, locking in my heart the calm and cold conviction, that my oath should be kept, I placed, concealed in my dress, two pistols; my intention was to follow Tyrrell wherever he went, till we could find ourselves alone, and without the chance of intrusion. It was then my determination to *force* him into a contest, and that no trembling of the hand, no error of the swimming sight, might betray my purpose, to place us foot to foot, and the mouth of each pistol almost to the very temple of each antagonist. Nor was I deterred for a moment from this resolution by the knowledge that my own death must be as certain as my victim's On the contrary, I looked forward to dying thus, and so baffling the more lingering, but not less sure, disease, which was daily wasting me away, with the same fierce, yet not unquiet delight with which men have rushed into battle, and sought out a death less bitter to them than life.

"For two days, though I each day saw Tyrrell, fate threw into my way no opportunity of executing my design. The morning of the third came — Tyrrell was on the race ground: sure that he would remain there for some hours, I put up my wearied horse in the town, and, seating myself in an obscure corner of the course, was contented with watching, as the serpent does his victim, the distant motions of my enemy. Perhaps you can recollect passing a man seated on the ground, and robed in a horseman's cloak. I need not tell you that it was I whom you passed and accosted. I saw you ride by me; but the moment you were gone I forgot the occurrence. I looked upon the rolling and distant crowd, at a child views the figures of the phantasmagoria, scarcely knowing if my eyes deceived me, feeling impressed with some stupifying and ghastly sensation of dread, and cherishing the conviction that my life was not as the life of the creatures that passed before me.

"The day waned — I went back for my horse—I returned to the course, and, keeping at a distance as little suspicious as possible followed the motions of Tyrrell. He went back to the town—rested there—repaired to a gaming table—stayed in it a short time—returned to his inn, and ordered his horse.

"In all these motions I followed the object of my pursuit; and my heart bounded with joy when I, at last, saw him set out alone, and in the advancing twilight. I followed him till he left the main road. Now, I thought, was my time. I redonbled my pace, and had nearly reached him, when some horsemen appearing, constrained me again to slacken my pace. Various other similar interruptions occurred to delay my plot. At length all was undisturbed. I spurred my horse, and was nearly on the heels of my enemy, when I perceived him join another man — this was *you* — I clenched my teeth, and drew my breath, as I once more retreated to a distance. In a short time two men passed me, and I found, that, owing to some accident on the road, they stopped to assist you. It appears by your evidence on a subsequent event, that these men were Thornton and his friend Dawson: at the time, they passed too rapidly, and I was too much occupied in my own dark thoughts, to observe them: still I kept up to you and Tyrrell, sometimes catching the outline of your figures through the moon-light, at others, (with the acute sense of anxiety), only just distinguishing the clang of your horses' hoofs on the stony ground. At last, a heavy shower

came on; imagine my joy, when Tyrrell left you and rode off alone!

"I passed you, and followed my enemy as fast as my horse would permit; but it was not equal to Tyrrell's, which was almost at its full speed. However, I came at last, to a very steep, and almost precipitous, descent. I was forced to ride slowly and cautiously; this, however, I the less regarded, from my conviction that Tyrrell must be obliged to use the same precaution. My hand was on my pistol with the grasp of premeditated revenge, when a shrill, sharp solitary cry broke on my ear.

"No sound followed—all was silence. I was just approaching towards the close of the descent, when a horse without its rider passed me. The shower had ceased, and the moon broken from the cloud some minutes before; by its light, I recognized the horse rode by Tyrrell; perhaps, I thought, it has thrown its master, and my victim will now be utterly in my power. I pushed hastily forward in spite of the hill, not yet wholly passed. I came to a spot of singular desolation—it was a broad patch of waste land, a pool of water was on the right, and a remarkable and withered tree hung over it. I looked round, but saw nothing of life stirring. A dark and imperfectly developed object lay by the side of the pond—I pressed forward—merciful God! my enemy had escaped my hand, and lay in the stillness of death before me!"

"What!" I exclaimed, interrupting Glanville, for I could contain myself no longer, "it was not by *you* then that Tyrrel fell?" With these words I grasped his hand; and, excited as I had been by my painful and wrought-up interest in his recital, I burst into tears of gratitude and joy. Reginald Glanville was innocent—Ellen was not the sister of an assassin!

After a short pause, Glanville continued—

"I gazed upon the upward and distorted face, in a deep and sickening silence; an awe, dark and undefined, crept over my heart; I stood beneath the solemn and sacred heavens, and felt that the hand of God was upon me—that a mysterious and fearful edict had gone forth—that my headlong and unholy wrath had, in the very midst of its fury, been checked, as if but the idle anger of a child—that the plan I had laid in the foolish wisdom of my heart, had been traced, step by step, by an all-seeing eye, and baffled in the moment of its fancied success, by an inscrutable and awful doom. I had wished the death of my enemy—lo! my wish was accomplished—*how*, I neither knew nor guessed—there, a still and senseless clod of earth, without power of offence or injury, he lay beneath my feet—it seemed as if, in the moment of my uplifted arm, the Divine Avenger had asserted His prerogative—as if the angel which had smitten the Assyrian, had again swept forth, though against a meaner victim—and, while he punished the guilt of a human criminal, had set an eternal barrier to the vengeance of a human foe!

"I dismounted from my horse, and bent over the murdered man. I drew from my bosom the miniature, which never forsook me, and bathed the lifeless resemblance of Gertrude in the blood of her betrayer. Scarcely had I done so, before my ear caught the sounds of steps; hastily I thrust, as I thought, the miniature in my bosom, remounted, and rode hurriedly away. At that hour, and for many which succeeded to it, I believe that all sense was suspended. I was like a man haunted by a dream, and wandering under its influence; or, as one whom a spectre pursues, and for whose eye, the breathing and busy world is but as a land of unreal forms and flitting shadows, teeming with the monsters of darkness, and the terrors of the tomb.

"It was not till the next day that I missed the picture. I returned to the spot—searched it carefully, but in vain—the miniature could not be found; I returned to town, and shortly afterwards the newspapers informed me of what had subsequently occurred. I saw, with dismay, that all appearance pointed to me as the criminal, and that the officers of justice were at that moment tracing the clue which my cloak, and the color of my horse, afforded them. My mysterious pursuit of Tyrrell: the disguise I had assumed; the circumstance of my passing you on the road, and of my flight when you approached, all spoke volumes against me. A stronger evidence yet remained, and it was reserved for Thornton to indicate it—at this moment my life is in his hands. Shortly after my return to town, he forced his way into my room, shut the door—bolted it—and, the moment we were alone, said, with a savage and fiendish grin of exultation and defiance,—'Sir

Reginald Glanville, you have many a time and oft insulted me with your pride, and more with your gifts: now it is my time to insult and triumph over you—know that one word of mine could sentence you to the gibbet.'

"He then minutely summoned up the evidence against me, and drew from his pocket the threatening letter I had last written to Tyrrell. You remember that therein I said my vengeance was sworn against him, and that, sooner or later, it should overtake him. 'Couple,' said Thornton, coldly, as he replaced the letter in his pocket—'couple these words with the evidence already against you and I would not buy your life at a farthing's value.'

"How Thornton came by this paper so important to my safety, I know not: but when he read it, I was startled by the danger it brought upon me: one glance sufficed to show me that I was utterly at the mercy of the villain who stood before me: he saw and enjoyed my struggles.

"'Now,' said he, 'we know each other;—at present I want a thousand pounds; you will not refuse it me, I am sure; when it is gone I shall call again; till then you can do without me.' I flung him a cheque for the money, and he departed.

"You may conceive the mortification I endured in this sacrifice of pride to prudence: but those were no ordinary motives which induced me to submit to it. Fast approaching to the grave, it mattered to me but little whether a violent death should shorten a life to which a limit was already set, and which I was far from being anxious to retain: but I could not endure the thought of bringing upon my mother and my sister, the wretchedness and shame which the mere suspicion of a crime so enormous would occasion them; and when my eye caught all the circumstances arrayed against me, my pride seemed to suffer a less mortification even in the course I adopted than in the thought of the felon's jail, and the criminal's trial; the hoots and execrations of the mob, and the death and ignominious remembrance of the murderer.

"Stronger than either of these motives, was my shrinking and loathing aversion to whatever seemed likely to unrip the secret history of the past. I sickened at the thought of Gertrude's name and fate being bared to the vulgar eye, and exposed to the comment, the strictures, the ridicule of the gaping and curious public. It seemed to me, therefore, but a very poor exertion of philosophy to conquer my feelings of humiliation at Thornton's insolence and triumph, and to console myself with the reflection, that a few months must rid me alike of his exactions and my life.

"But, of late, Thornton's persecutions and demands have risen to such a height, that I have been scarcely able to restrain my indignation and control myself into compliance. The struggle is too powerful for my frame; it is rapidly bringing on the fiercest and the last contest I shall suffer, before 'the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.' Some days since, I came to a resolution, which I am now about to execute; it is to leave this country and take refuge on the continent. There I shall screen myself from Thornton's pursuit, and the danger which it entails upon me; and there, unknown and undisturbed, I shall await the termination of my disease.

"But two duties remained to me to fulfil before I departed; I have now discharged them both. One was due to the warm hearted and noble being who honored me with her interest and affection—the other to you. I went yesterday to the former; I sketched the outline of that history which I have detailed to you. I showed her the waste of my barren heart, and spoke to her of the disease which was wearing me away. How beautiful is the love of woman! She would have followed me over the world—received my last sigh, and seen me to the rest I shall find, at length; and this without a hope, or thought of recompense, even from the worthlessness of my love.

"But, enough!—of her my farewell has been taken. Your suspicions I have seen and forgiven—for they were natural; it was due to me to remove them: the pressure of your hand tells me, that I have done so: but I had another reason for my confessions. I have worn away the romance of my heart, and I have now no indulgence for the little delicacies and petty scruples which often stand in the way of our real happiness. I have marked your former addresses to Ellen, and, I confess, with great joy; for I know, amidst all your worldly ambition, and the encrusted artificiality of your

exterior, how warm and generous is your real heart—how noble and intellectual is your real mind: and were my sister tenfold more perfect than I believe her, I do not desire to find on earth one more deserving of her than yourself. I have remarked your late estrangement from Ellen; and, while I *guessed*, I felt that, however painful to me, I ought to *remove*, the cause: she loves you—though, perhaps, you know it not—much and truly; and since my earlier life has been passed in a selfish inactivity, I would fain let it close with the reflection of having served two beings whom I prize so dearly, and the hope that their happiness will commence with my death.

"And now, Pelham, I have done; I am weak and exhausted, and cannot bear more—even of your society, now. Think over what I have last said, and let me see you again to-morrow; on the day after, I leave England for ever."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

* * * * *

But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the Heavens reject not.
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

—P. B. Shelley.

It was not with a light heart—for I loved Glanville too well, not to be powerfully affected by his awful history—but with a chastized and sober joy, that I now beheld my friend innocent of the guilt of which my suspicions had accused him, while the only obstacle to my marriage with his sister was removed. True it was that the sword yet hung over his head, and that while he lived, there could be no rational assurance of his safety from the disgrace and death of the felon. In the world's eye, therefore, the barrier to my union with Ellen would have been far from being wholly removed; but, at that moment, my disappointments had disgusted me with the world, and I turned with a double yearning of heart to her whose pure and holy love could be at once my recompense and retreat.

Nor was this selfish consideration my only motive in the conduct I was resolved to adopt; on the contrary, it was scarcely more prominent in my mind, than those derived from giving to a friend who was now dearer to me than ever, his only consolation on this earth, and to Ellen the safest protection, in case of any danger to her brother. With these, it is true, were mingled feelings which, in happier circumstances, might have been those of transport at a bright and successful termination to a deep and devoted love; but these I had, while Glanville's very life was so doubtful, little right to indulge, and I checked them as soon as they arose.

After a sleepless night I repaired to Lady Glanville's house. It was long since I had been there, and the servant who admitted me seemed somewhat surprised at the earliness of my visit. I desired to see the mother, and waited in the parlor till she came. I made but a scanty exordium to my speech. In very few words I expressed my love to Ellen, and besought her mediation in my behalf; nor did I think it would be a slight consideration in my favor, with the fond mother, to mention Glanville's approbation of my suit.

"Ellen is up stairs in the drawing-room," said Lady Glanville. "I will go and prepare her to receive you—if you have her consent, you have mine."

"Will you suffer me then," said I, "to forestall you? Forgive my impatience, and let me see her before you do."

Lady Glanville was a woman of the good old school, and stood somewhat upon forms and ceremonies. I did not, therefore, await the answer, which I foresaw might not be favorable to my success, but with my customary assurance, left the room, and hastened up stairs. I entered the drawing-room, and shut the door. Ellen was at the far end; and as I entered with a light step, she did not perceive me till I was close by.

She started when she saw me; and her cheek, before very pale, deepened into crimson. "Good Heavens! is it you!" she said falteringly. "I—I thought—but—but excuse me for an instant, I will call my mother."

"Stay for one instant, I beseech you—it is from your mother that I come—she has referred me to you." And with a trembling and hurried voice, for all my usual boldness forsook me, I poured forth, in rapid and burning words, the history of my secret and hoarded love—its doubts, fears, and hopes.

Ellen sank back on her chair, overpowered and silent by her feelings, and the vehemence of my own. I knelt, and took her hand; I covered it with my kisses—it was not withdrawn from them. I raised my eyes, and beheld in hers all that my heart had hoped, but did not dare to portray.

"You—you," said she—when at last she found words—"I imagined that you only thought of ambition and the world—I could not have dreamt of this." She ceased, blushing and embarrassed.

"It is true," said I, "that you had a right to think so, for, till this moment, I have never opened to you even a glimpse of my veiled heart, and its secret and wild desires; but do you think that my love was the less a treasure, because it was hidden? or the less deep because it was cherished at the bottom of my soul? No—no; believe me, *that* love was not to be mingled with the ordinary objects of life—it was too pure to be profaned by the levities and follies which are all of my nature that I have permitted myself to develop to the world. Do not imagine, that, because I have seemed an idler with the idle—selfish with the interested—and cold, and vain, and frivolous, with those to whom such qualities were both a passport and a virtue; do not imagine that I have concealed within me nothing more worthy of you and of myself; my very love for you shows that I am wiser and better than I have seemed. Speak to me, Ellen—may I call you by that name—one word—one syllable! speak to me, and tell me that you have read my heart, and that you will not reject it!"

There came no answer from those dear lips; but their soft and tender smile told me that I might hope. That hour I still recall and bless! that hour was the happiest of my life.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
—*2nd Part of Henry VI.*

From Ellen, I hastened to the house of Sir Reginald. The hall was in all the confusion of approaching departure. I sprang over the paraphernalia of books and boxes which obstructed my way, and bounded up the stairs. Glanville was as usual, alone: his countenance was less pale than it had been lately, and when I saw it brighten as I approached, I hoped, in the new happiness of my heart, that he might baffle both his enemy and his disease.

I told him all that had just occurred between Ellen and myself. "And now," said I, as I clasped his hand, "I have a proposal to make, to which you must accede: let me accompany you abroad; I will go with you to whatever corner of the world you may select. We will plan together every possible method of concealing our retreat. Upon the past I will never speak to you. In your hours of solitude I will never disturb you by an unwelcome and ill-timed sympathy. I will tend upon you, watch over you, bear with you, with more than the love and tenderness of a brother. You shall see me only when you wish it. Your loneliness shall never be invaded. When you get better, as I presage you will, I will leave you to come back to England, and provide for the worst, by ensuring your sister a protector. I will then return to you alone, that your seclusion may not be endangered by the knowledge, even of Ellen, and you shall have me by your side till—till—"

"The last!" interrupted Glanville. "Too—too generous Pelham, I feel—these tears (the first I have shed for a long, long time) tell you, that I feel to the heart—your friendship and disinterested attachment; but in the moment your love for Ellen has become successful, I will not tear you from its enjoyment. Believe me, all that I could derive from your society, could not afford me half the happiness I should have in knowing that you and Ellen were blest in each other. No—no, my solitude will, at that reflection, be deprived of its sting. You shall hear from me once again; my letter shall contain a request, and your executing that last favor must console and satisfy the kindness of your heart. For myself, I shall die as I have lived—*alone*. All fellowship with my griefs would seem to me strange and unwelcome."

I would not suffer Glanville to proceed. I interrupted him with fresh arguments and entreaties, to which he seemed at last to submit, and I was in the firm hope of having conquered his determination, when we were startled by a sudden and violent noise in the hall.

"It is Thornton," said Glanville, calmly.

"I told them not to admit him, and he is forcing his way."

Scarcely had Sir Reginald said this, before Thornton burst abruptly into the room.

Although it was scarcely noon, he was more than half intoxicated, and his eyes swam in his head with a maudlin expression of triumph and insolence as he rolled towards us.

"Oh, oh! Sir Reginald," he said "thought of giving me the slip, eh? Your d—d servants said your were out; but I soon silenced them. 'Egad I made them as nimble as cows in a cage—I have not learnt the use of my fists for nothing. So, you're going abroad to-morrow; without my leave, too,—pretty good joke that, indeed. Come, come, my brave fellow, you need not scowl at me in that way. Why, you look as surly as a butcher's dog with a broken head.

Glanville, who was livid with ill-suppressed rage, rose haughtily.

"Mr. Thornton," he said, in a calm voice, although he was trembling in his extreme passion, from head to foot, "I am not now prepared to sumbit to your insolence and intrusion. You will leave this room instantly. If you have any further demands upon me, I will hear them to-night, at any hour you please to appoint."

"No, no, my fine fellow," said Thornton, with a coarse chuckle; "you have as much wit as three folks,—two fools, and a madman! but you won't *do me*, for all that. The instant my back is turned, yours will be turned too; and by the time I call again, your honor will be half way to Calais. But—bless my stars, Mr. Pelham, is that you? I really did not see you before: I suppose you are not in the secret?"

"I have *no* secrets from Mr. Pelham," said Glanville; "nor do I care if you discuss the whole of your nefarious transactions with me in his presence. Since you doubt my word, it is beneath my dignity to vindicate it, and your business can as well be despatched now, as hereafter. You have heard rightly, that I intend leaving England to-morrow: and now, sir, what is your will?"

"By G—, Sir Reginald Glanville!" exclaimed Thornton, who seemed stung to the quick by Glanville's contemptuous coldness, "you shall *not* leave England without my leave. Ay, you may frown, but I say you shall not; nay, you shall not budge a foot from this very room unless I cry, 'Be it so!'"

Glanville could no longer restrain himself. He would have sprung towards Thornton, but I seized and arrested him. I read, in the malignant and incensed countenance of his persecutor, all the danger to which a single imprudence would have exposed him, and I trembled for his safety.

I whispered, as I forced him again to his seat, "Leave me alone to settle with this man, and I will endeavor to free you from him." I did not tarry for his answer, but, turning to Thornton, said to him coolly but civilly; "Sir Reginald Glanville has acquainted me with the nature of your very extraordinary demands upon him. Did he adopt my advice, he would immediately place the affair in the hands of his legal advisers. His ill health, however, his anxiety to leave England, and his wish to sacrifice almost everything to quiet, induce him, rather than take this alternative, to silence your importunities, by acceding to claims, however illegal and unjust. If, therefore, you now favor Sir Reginald with your visit, for the purpose of making a demand previous to his quitting England, and which, consequently, will be the last to which he will concede, you will have the goodness to name the amount of your claim, and should it be reasonable, I think Sir Reginald will authorize me to say that it shall be granted."

"Well, now!" cried Thornton, "that's what I call talking like a sensible man: and though I am not fond of speaking to a third person, when the principal is present, yet as you have always been very civil to me, I have no objection to treating with you. Please to give Sir Reginald this paper: if he will but take the trouble to sign it, he may go to the Falls of Niagara for me! I won't interrupt him—so he had better put pen to paper, and get rid of me at once, for I know I am as welcome as snow in harvest."

I took the paper, which was folded up, and gave it to Glanville, who leant back on his chair, half exhausted by rage. He glanced his eye over it, and then tore it into a thousand pieces, and trampled it beneath his feet: "Go!" exclaimed he, "go, rascal, and do your worst! I will not make myself a beggar to enrich you. My whole fortune would but answer this demand."

"Do as you please, Sir Reginald," answered Thornton, grinning, "do as you please. It's not a long walk from hence to Bow Street, nor a long swing from Newgate to the gallows; do as you please, Sir Reginald, do as you please!" and the villain flung himself at full length on the ottoman, and eyed Glanville's countenance with an easy and malicious effrontery, which seemed to say, "I know you will struggle, but you cannot help yourself."

I took Glanville aside: "My dear friend," said I, "believe me, that I share your indignation to the utmost; but we must do anything rather than incense this wretch: what is his demand?"

"I speak literally," replied Glanville, "when I say, that it covers nearly the whole of my fortune, except such lands as are entailed upon the male heir; for my habits of extravagance have very much curtailed my means: it is the exact sum I had set apart for a marriage gift to my sister, in addition to her own fortune."

"Then," said I, "you shall give it him; your sister has no longer any necessity for a portion: her marriage with me prevents *that*—and with regard to yourself, your wants are not many—such as it is, you can share *my* fortune."

"No—no—no!" cried Glanville; and his generous nature lashing him into fresh rage, he broke from my grasp, and moved menacingly to Thornton. That person still lay on the ottoman, regarding us with an air half contemptuous, half exulting.

"Leave the room instantly," said Glanville, "or you will repent it!"

"What! another murder, Sir Reginald!" said Thornton. "No, I am not a sparrow, to have my neck wrenched by a woman's hand like yours. Give me my demand—sign the paper, and I will leave you for ever and a day."

"I will commit no such folly, answered Glanville. "If you will accept five thousand pounds, you shall have that sum; but were the rope on my neck, you should not wring from me a farthing more!"

"Five thousand!" repeated Thornton; "a mere drop—a child's toy—why, you are playing with me, Sir Reginald—nay, I am a reasonable man, and will abate a trifle or so of my just claims, but you must not take advantage of my good nature. Make me snug and easy for life—let me keep a brace of hunters—a cosey box—a bit of land to it, and a girl after my own heart, and I'll say quits with you. Now, Mr. Pelham, who is a long headed gentleman, and does not *spit on his own blanket*, knows well enough that one can't do all this for five thousand pounds; make it a thousand a year—that is, give me a cool twenty thousand—and I won't exact another sou. Egad, this drinking makes one deuced thirsty—Mr. Pelham, just reach me that glass of water—*I hear bees in my head!*"

Seeing that I did not stir, Thornton rose, with an oath against pride; and swaggering towards the table, took up a tumbler of water, which happened accidentally to be there: close by it was the picture of the ill-fated Gertrude. The gambler, who was evidently so intoxicated as to be scarcely conscious of his motions or words, (otherwise, in all probability, he would, to borrow from himself a proverb illustrative of his profession, have played his cards better), took up the portrait.

Glanville saw the action, and was by his side in an instant. "Touch it not with your accursed hands!" he cried, in an ungovernable fury. "Leave your hold this instant, or I will dash you to pieces."

Thornton kept a firm gripe of the picture. "Here's a to-do!" said he, tauntingly: "was there ever such work about a poor——(using a word too coarse for repetition) before?"

The word had scarcely passed his lips, when he was stretched at his full length upon the ground. Nor did Glanville stop there. With all the strength of his nervous frame, fully requited for the debility of disease by the fury of the moment, he seized the gamester as if he had been an infant, and dragged him to the door: the next moment, I heard his heavy frame rolling down the stairs with no decorous slowness of descent.

Glanville reappeared. "Good Heavens?" I cried, "what have you done?" But he was too lost in his still unappeased rage to heed me. He leaned, panting and breathless, against the wall, with clenched teeth, and a flashing eye, rendered more terribly bright by the feverish lustre natural to his disease.

Presently I heard Thornton reascend the stairs; he opened the door, and entered but one pace. Never did human face wear a more fiendish expression of malevolence and wrath. "Sir Reginald Glanville," he said, "I thank

you heartily. He must have iron nails who scratches a bear. You have sent me a challenge, and the hangman shall bring you my answer. Good day, Sir Reginald—good day, Mr. Pelham;" and so saying, he shut the door, and, rapidly descending the stairs was out of the house in an instant.

"There is no time to be lost," said I; "order post horses to your carriage, and be gone instantly."

"You are wrong," replied Glanville, slowly recovering himself. "I must not fly; it would be worse than useless; it would seem the strongest argument against me. Remember that if Thornton has really gone to inform against me, the officers of justice would arrest me long before I reached Calais; or even if I did elude their pursuit so far, I should be as much in their power in France as in England: but, to tell you the truth, I do not think Thornton *will* inform. Money, to a temper like his, is a stronger temptation than revenge; and, before he has been three minutes in the air, he will perceive the folly of losing the golden harvest he may yet make of me, for the sake of a momentary passion. No: my best plan will be to wait here till to-morrow, as I originally intended. In the meanwhile he will, in all probability, pay me another visit, and I will make a compromise with his demands."

Despite my fears, I could not but see the justice of these observations, the more especially as a still stronger argument than any urgued by Glanville, forced itself on my mind; this was my internal conviction, that Thornton himself was guilty of the murder of Tyrrell, and that, therefore, he would, for his own sake, avoid the new and particularizing scrutiny into that dreadful event, which his accusation of Glanville would necessarily occasion.

Both of us were wrong. Villians have passions as well as honest men; and they will, therefore, forfeit their own interest in obedience to those passions, while the calculations of prudence invariably suppose, that that interest is their *only* rule.

Glanville was so enfeebled by his late excitement, that he besought me once more to leave him to himself. I did so, under a promise that he would admit me again in the evening; for notwithstanding my persuasion that Thornton would not put his threats into execution, I could not conquer a latent foreboding of dread and evil.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Away with him to prison—where is the provost?
—*Measure for Measure.*

I RETURNED home, perplexed by a thousand contradictory thoughts upon the scene I had just witnessed; the more I reflected, the more I regretted the fatality of the circumstances that had tempted Glanville to accede to Thornton's demand. True it was, that Thornton's self-regard might be deemed a sufficient guarantee for his concealment of such extortionate transactions: moreover, it was difficult to say, when the formidable array of appearances against Glanville was considered, whether any other line of conduct than that which he had adopted, could, with safety, have been pursued.

His feelings, too, with regard to the unfortunate Gertrude, I could fully enter into, and sympathize with; but, in spite of all these considerations, it was with an inexpressible aversion that I contemplated the idea of that tacit confession of guilt, which his compliance with Thornton's exactions so unhappily implied; it was, therefore, a thought of some satisfaction, that my rash and hasty advice, of a still further concession to those extortions, had not been acceded to. My present intention, in the event of Glanville's persevering to reject my offer of accompanying him, was to remain in England, for the purpose of sifting the murder; nor did I despair of accomplishing this most desirable end, through the means of Dawson; for there was but little doubt in my own mind, that Thornton and himself were the murderers, and I hoped that address or intimidation might win a confession from Dawson although it might probably be unavailing with his hardened and crafty associate.

Occupied with these thoughts, I endeavored to while away the hours till the evening summoned me once more to the principal object of my reflections. The instant Glanville's door was opened, I saw, by one glance, that I had come too late; the whole house was in confusion; several of the servants were in the hall, conferring with each other, with that mingled

mystery and agitation which always accompany the fears and conjectures of the lower classes. I took aside the valet, who had lived with Glanville for some years, and who was remarkably attached to his master, and learned, that, somewhat more than an hour before, Mr. Thornton had returned to the house, accompanied by three men of very suspicious appearance. "In short, sir," said the man, lowering his voice to a whisper, "I knew one of them by sight; he was Mr. S., the Bow-street officer; with these men, Sir Reginald left the house, merely saying, in his usual quiet manner, that he did not know when he should return."

I concealed my perturbation, and endeavored, as far as I was able, to quiet the evident apprehensions of the servant. "At all events, Seymour," said I, "I know that I may trust you sufficiently to warn you against mentioning the circumstance any farther; above all, let me beg of you to stop the mouths of those idle loiterers in the hall—and be sure that you do not give any unnecessary alarm to Lady and Miss Glanville."

The poor man promised, with tears in his eyes, that he would obey my injunctions; and, with a calm face but a sickening heart, I turned away from the house. I knew not whither to direct my wanderings; fortunately I reccollected that I should, in all probability, be among the first witnesses summoned on Glanville's examination, and that, perhaps, by the time I reached home, I might already receive an intimation to that effect; accordingly, I retraced my steps, and, on re-entering the hotel, was told by the waiter, with a mysterious air, that a gentleman was waiting to see me. Seated by the window in my room, and wiping his forehead with a red silk pocket handkerchief, was a short thickset man, with a fiery and rugose complexion, not altogether unlike the aspect of a mulberry: from underneath a pair of shaggy brows peeped two singularly small eyes, which made ample amends, by their fire, for their deficiency in size—they were black, brisk, and somewhat fierce in their expression. A nose of that shape vulgarly termed bottled, formed the "arch sublime," the bridge, the twilight, as it were, between the purple sun-set of one cheek, and the glowing sun-rise of the other.

His mouth was small, and drawn up at each corner, like a purse—there was something sour and crabbed about it; if it *was* like a purse, it was the purse of a miser: a fair round chin had not been condemned to single blessedness—on the contrary, it was like a farmer's pillion, and carried double; on either side of a very low forehead, hedged round by closely mowed bristles of a dingy black, was an enormous ear, of the same intensely rubicund color as that inflamed pendant of flesh which adorns the throat of an enraged turkey-cock;—ears so large, and so red, I never beheld before—they were something preposterous!

This enchanting figure, which was attired in a sober suit of leaden black, relieved by a long gold watch-chain, and a plentiful decoration of seals, rose at my entrance with a solemn grunt, and a still more solemn bow. I shut the door carefully, and asked him his business. As I had foreseen, it was a request from the magistrate at ——, to attend a private examination on the ensuing day.

"Sad thing, sir, sad thing," said Mr. ——; "it would be quite shocking to hang a gentleman of Sir Reginald Glanville's quality—so distinguished an orator, too; sad thing, sir,—very sad thing."

"Oh!" said I, quietly, "there is not a doubt as to Sir Reginald's innocence of the crime laid to him; and, probably, Mr. ——, I may call in your assistance to-morrow, to ascertain the real murderers—I think I am possessed of some clue."

Mr. —— pricked up his ears—those enormous ears! "Sir," he said, "I shall be happy to accompany you—very happy; give me the clue you speak of, and I will soon find the villains. Horrid thing, sir, murder—very horrid. It's too hard that a gentleman cannot take his ride home from a race, or a merry-making, but he must have his throat cut from ear to ear—ear to ear, sir;" and with these words, the speaker's own auricular protuberances seemed, as in conscious horror, to glow with a double carnation.

"Very true, Mr. ——!" said I; "say I will certainly attend the examination—till then, good by!" At this hint, my fiery-faced friend made a low bow, and blazed out of the room like the ghost of a kitchen fire.

Left to myself, I revolved, earnestly and anxiously, every circumstance that could tend

to diminish the appearances against Glanville, and direct suspicion to that quarter where I was confident the guilt rested. In this endeavor I passed the time till morning, when I fell into an uneasy slumber, which lasted some hours; on waking, it was almost time to attend the magistrate's appointment. I dressed hastily, and soon found myself in the room of inquisition.

It is impossible to conceive a more courteous, and yet more equitable man, than the magistrate whom I had the honor of attending. He spoke with great feeling on the subject for which I was summoned—owned to me, that Thornton's statement was very clear and forcible—trusted that my evidence would contradict an account which he was very loth to believe; and then proceeded to the question. I saw, with an agony which I can scarcely express, that all my answers made powerfully against the cause I endeavored to support. I was obliged to own that a man on horseback passed me soon after Tyrrell had quitted me; that, on coming to the spot where the deceased was found, I saw this same horseman on the very place: that I believed, nay, that I was sure, (how could I evade this?) that this man was Reginald Glanville.

Farther evidence, Thornton had already offered to adduce. He could prove, that the said horseman had been mounted on a grey horse, sold to a person answering exactly to the description of Sir Reginald Glanville; moreover, that that horse was yet in the stables of the prisoner. He produced a letter, which, he said, he had found upon the person of the deceased, signed by Sir Reginald Glanville, and containing the most deadly threats against Sir John Tyrrell's life; and, to crown all, he called upon me to witness, that we had both discovered upon the spot where the murder was committed, a picture belonging to the prisoner, since restored to him, and now in his possession.

At the close of this examination, the worthy magistrate shook his head, in evident distress! "I have known Sir Reginald Glanville personally," said he: "in private as in public life, I have always thought him the most upright and honorable of men. I feel the greatest pain in saying, that it will be my duty fully to commit him for trial."

I interrupted the magistrate; I demanded that Dawson should be produced. "I have already," said he, "inquired of Thornton respecting that person, whose testimony is of evident importance; he tells me that Dawson has left the country, and can give me no clue to his address."

"He lies!" cried I, in the abrupt anguish of my heart; "his associate *shall* be produced. Hear me, I have been, next to Thornton, the chief witness against the prisoner, and when I swear to you, that, in spite of all appearances, I most solemnly believe in his innocence, you may rely on my assurance, that there are circumstances in his favor which have not yet been considered, but which I will pledge myself hereafter to adduce." I then related to the private ear of the magistrate my firm conviction of the guilt of the accuser himself. I dwelt forcibly upon the circumstance of Tyrrell's having mentioned to me, that Thornton was aware of the large sum he had on his person, and of the strange disappearance of that sum, when his body was examined in the fatal field. After noting how impossible it was that Glanville could have stolen the money, I insisted strongly on the distressed circumstances—the dissolute habits, and the hardened character, of Thornton—I recalled to the mind of the magistrate the singularity of Thornton's absence from home when I called there, and the doubtful nature of his excuse: much more I said, but all equally in vain. The only point where I was successful, was in pressing for a delay, which was granted to the passionate manner in which I expressed my persuasion that I could confirm my suspicions by much stronger data before the reprieve expired.

"It is very true," said the righteous magistrate, "that there are appearances somewhat against the witness; but certainly not tantamount to anything above a slight suspicion. If, however, you positively think you can ascertain any facts, to elucidate this mysterious crime, and point the inquiries of justice to another quarter, I will so far strain the question, as to remand the prisoner to another day—let us say the day after to-morrow. If nothing important can before then be found in his favor, he *must* be committed for trial."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Nihil est furacius illo:
Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.—MARTIAL.
Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?—HORAY.

WHEN I left the magistrate, I knew not whither my next step should tend. There was, however, no time to indulge the idle stupor, which Glanville's situation at first occasioned; with a violent effort, I shook it off, and bent all my mind to discover the best method to avail myself, to the utmost, of the short reprieve I had succeeded in obtaining. At length, one of those sudden thoughts which, from their suddenness, appear more brilliant than they really are, flashed upon my mind. I remembered the accomplished character of Mr. Job Jonson, and the circumstance of my having seen him in company with Thornton. Now, although it was not very likely that Thornton should have made Mr. Jonson his confidant, in any of those affairs which it was so essentially his advantage to confine exclusively to himself; yet the acuteness and penetration visible in the character of the worthy Job, might not have lain so fallow during his companionship with Thornton, but that it might have made some discoveries which would considerably assist me in my researches; besides, as it is literally true in the systematized roguery of London, that "birds of a feather flock together," it was by no means unlikely that the honest Job might be honored with the friendship of Mr. Dawson, as well as the company of Mr. Thornton; in which case I looked forward with greater confidence to the detection of the notable pair.

I could not, however, conceal from myself, that this was but a very unstable and ill-linked chain of reasoning, and there were moments, when the appearances against Glanville wore so close a semblance of truth, that all my friendship could scarcely drive from my mind an intrusive suspicion that he might have deceived me, and that the accusation might not be groundless.

This unwelcome idea did not, however, at all lessen the rapidity with which I hastened towards the memorable gin-shop, where I had whilom met Mr. Gordon: there I hoped to find either the address of that gentleman, or of the "Club," to which he had taken me, in company with Tringle and Dartmore: either at this said club, or of that said gentleman, I thought it not unlikely that I might hear some tidings of the person of Mr. Job Jonson—if not, I was resolved to return to the office, and employ Mr. ——, my mulberry-cheeked acquaintance of the last night, in search after the holy Job.

Fate saved me a world of trouble: as I was hastily walking onwards, I happened to turn my eyes on the opposite side of the way, and discovered a man dressed in what the newspapers term the very height of fashion, viz.: in the most ostentatious attire that ever flaunted at Margate, or blazed in the *Palais Royal*. The nether garments of this *petit-maître* consisted of a pair of blue tight pantaloons, profusely braided, and terminating in Hessian boots, adorned with brass spurs of the most burnished resplendency; a black velvet waistcoat, studded with gold stars, was *backed* by a green frock coat, covered, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, with fur, and frogged and *cordonné* with the most lordly indifference, both as to taste and expense: a small French hat, which might not have been much too large for my lord of ——, was set jauntily in the centre of a system of long black curls, which my eye, long accustomed to penetrate the arcana of habilatory art, discovered at once to be a wig. A fierce black mustachio, very much curled, wandered lovingly from the upper lip towards the eyes, which had an unfortunate prepossession for eccentricity in their direction. To complete the picture, we must suppose some coloring—and this consisted in a very nice and delicate touch of the *rouge* pot, which could not be called by so harsh a term as paint;—say rather that it was a *tinge!*

No sooner had I set my eyes upon this figure, than I crossed over to the side of the way which it was adorning and followed its motions at a respectful but observant distance.

At length my *freluquet* marched into a jeweller's shop in Oxford-street; with a careless air, I affected, two minutes afterwards, to saunter into the same shop; the shopman was showing his *bijouterie* to him of the Hessians with the greatest respect; and, beguiled by the splendor of the wig and waistcoat, turned me over to his apprentice. Another time, I might have been indignant at perceiving that the *air*

noble, on which I so much piqued myself, was by no means so universally acknowledged as I had vainly imagined:—at that moment I was too occupied to think of my insulted dignity. While I was pretending to appear wholly engrossed with some seals, I kept a vigilant eye on my superb fellow-customer: at last, I saw him secrete a diamond ring, and thrust it, by a singular movement of the fore finger, up the fur cuff of his capacious sleeve; presently, some other article of minute size disappeared in the like manner.

The *gentleman* then rose, expressed himself *very well satisfied* by the great taste of the jeweller, said he should look in again on Saturday, when he hoped the set he had ordered would be completed, and gravely took his departure amidst the prodigal bows of the shopman and his helpmates. Meanwhile, I bought a seal of small value, and followed my old acquaintance, for the reader has doubtless discovered, long before this, that *the gentleman* was no other than Mr. Job Jonson.

Slowly and struttingly did the man of two virtues perform the whole pilgrimage of Oxford street. He stopped at Cumberland-gate, and, looking round, with an air of gentleman-like indecision, seemed to consider whether or not he should join the loungers in the park: fortunately for the well-bred set, his doubts terminated in their favor, and Mr. Job Jonson entered the park. Every one happened to be thronging to Kensington Gardens, and the man of two virtues accordingly cut across the park as the shortest, but the least frequented way thither, in order to confer upon the seekers of pleasure the dangerous honor of his company.

As soon as I perceived that there were but few persons in the immediate locality to observe me, and that those consisted of a tall guardsman and his wife, a family of young children with their nursery-maid, and a debilitated East India Captain, walking for the sake of his liver, I overtook the incomparable Job, made him a low bow, and thus reverently accosted him—

"Mr. Jonson, I am delighted once more to meet you—suffer me to remind you of the very pleasant morning I passed with you in the neighborhood of Hampton Court. I perceive, by your mustachios and military dress, that you have entered the army, since that day; I congratulate the British troops on so admirable an acquisition."

Mr. Jonson's assurance forsook him for a moment, but he lost no time in regaining a quality which was so natural to his character. He assumed a fierce look, and, *relevant sa moustache, sourit amèrement*, like Voltaire's govern.*—"D—me, sir," he cried, "do you mean to insult me? I know none of your Mr. Jonsons, and I never set my eyes upon you before."

"Lookye, my dear Mr. Job Jonson," replied I, "as I can prove not only all I say, but much more than I shall not say—such as your little mistakes just now, at the jeweller's shop in Oxford-street, etc. etc., perhaps it would be better for you not to oblige me to create a mob, and give you in charge—pardon my abruptness of speech—*to a constable!*—Surely there will be no need of such a disagreeable occurrence, when I assure you, in the first place, that I perfectly forgive you for ridding me of the unnecessary comforts of a pocket-book and handkerchief, the unphilosophical appendage of a purse, and the effeminate love token of a gold locket; nor is this all—it is perfectly indifferent to me, whether you levy contributions on jewellers or gentlemen, and I am very far from wishing to intrude upon your harmless occupations, or to interfere with your innocent amusements. I see, Mr. Jonson, that you are beginning to understand me; let me facilitate so desirable an end by an additional information, that, since it is preceded with a promise to open my purse, may tend somewhat to open your heart; I am at this moment, in great want of your assistance—favor me with it, and I will pay you to your soul's content. Are we friends now, Mr. Job Jonson?"

My old friend burst out into a loud laugh. "Well, sir, I must say that your frankness enchants me. I can no longer dissemble with you; indeed, I perceive it would be useless; besides, I always adored candor—it is my favorite virtue. Tell me how I can help you, and you may command my services."

"One word," said I: "will you be open and ingenuous with me? I shall ask you certain questions, not in the least affecting your own safety, but to which, if you would serve me, you must give me (and, since candor is your

* Don Fernand d'Ibarra, in the '*Candide*."

favorite virtue, this will be no difficult task) your most candid replies. To strengthen you in so righteous a course, know also that the said replies will come verbatim before a court of law, and that, therefore, it will be a matter of prudence to shape them as closely to the truth as your inclinations will allow. To counterbalance this information, which, I own, is not very inviting, I repeat that the questions asked you will be wholly foreign to your own affairs, and that, should you prove of that assistance to me which I anticipate, I will so testify my gratitude as to place you beyond the necessity of pillaging rural young gentlemen and credulous shopkeepers for the future; —all your present pursuits need thenceforth only be carried on for your private amusement."

"I repeat that you may command me," returned Mr. Jonson, gracefully putting his hand to his heart.

"Pray, then," said I, "to come at once to the point, how long have you been acquainted with Mr. Thomas Thornton?"

"For some months only," returned Job, without the least embarrassment,

"And Mr. Dawson?" said I.

A slight change came over Jonson's countenance; he hesitated. "Excuse me, sir," said he; "but I am, really, perfectly unacquainted with you, and I may be falling into some trap of the law, of which Heaven knows, I am as ignorant as a babe unborn."

I saw the knavish justice of this remark: and in my predominating zeal to serve Glanville, I looked upon the *inconvenience* of discovering myself to a pickpocket and sharper, as a consideration not worth attending to. In order, therefore, to remove his doubts, and, at the same time, to have a more secret and undisturbed place for our conference, I proposed to him to accompany me home. At first, Mr. Jonson demurred, but I soon half-persuaded and half-intimidated him into compliance.

Not particularly liking to be publicly seen with a person of his splendid description and celebrated character, I made him walk before me to Mivart's and I followed him closely, never turning my eye, either to the right or the left, lest he should endeavor to escape me. There was no fear of this, for Mr. Jonson was both a bold and a crafty man, and it required, perhaps, but little of his penetration to discover that I was no officer nor informer, and that my communication had been of a nature likely enough to terminate in his advantage; there was, therefore, but little need of his courage in accompanying me to my hotel.

There were a good many foreigners of rank at Mivart's, and the waiters took my companion for an ambassador at least:—he received their homage with the mingled dignity and condescension natural to so great a man.

As the day was now far advanced, I deemed it but hospitable to offer Mr. Job Jonson some edible refreshment. With the frankness on which he so justly valued himself, he accepted my proposal. I ordered some cold meat, and two bottles of wine; and, mindful of old maxims, deferred my business till his repast was over. I conversed with him merely upon ordinary topics, and, at another time, should have been much amused by the singular mixture of impudence and shrewdness which formed the stratum of his character.

At length his appetite was satisfied, and one of the bottles emptied; with the other before him, his body easily reclining on my library chair, his eyes apparently cast downwards, but ever and anon glancing up at my countenance with a searching and curious look, Mr. Job Jonson prepared himself for our conference; accordingly I began:—

"You say that you *are* acquainted with Mr. Dawson; where is he at present?"

"I don't know," answered Jonson laconically.

"Come," said I, "no trifling—if you do not know, you can learn."

"Possibly I can, in the course of time," rejoined honest Job.

"If you cannot tell me his residence at once," said I, "our conference is at an end; that is a leading feature in my inquiries."

Jonson paused before he replied—"You have spoken to me frankly, let us do nothing by halves—tell me, at once, the nature of the service I can do you, and the amount of my reward, and then you shall have my answer. With respect to Dawson, I will confess to you that I did once know him well, and that we have done many a mad prank together, which I should not like the bugaboos and bulkies to know; you will, therefore, see that I am naturally reluctant to tell you any thing about him, unless your honor will inform me of the why and the wherefore."

I was somewhat startled by this speech, and by the shrewd, cunning eye which dwelt upon me, as it was uttered; but, however, I was by no means sure, that acceding to his proposal would not be my readiest and wisest way to the object I had in view. Nevertheless, there were some preliminary questions to be got over first: perhaps Dawson might be too dear a friend to the candid Job, for the latter to endanger his safety: or perhaps, (and this was more probable), Jonson might be perfectly ignorant of anything likely to aid me; in this case my communication would be useless; accordingly I said, after a short consideration—

"Patience, my dear Mr. Jonson—patience; you shall know all in good time; meanwhile I must—even for Dawson's sake—question you blindfold. What, now, if your poor friend Dawson were in iminent danger, and you had, if it so pleased you, the power to save him; would you not do all you could?"

The small, coarse features of Mr. Job grew blank with a curious sort of dissappointment: "Is that all?" said he. "No! unless I were well paid for my pains in his behalf, he might go to Botany Bay, for all I care."

"What!" I cried, in a tone of reproach, "is this your friendship? I thought, just now, that you said Dawson had been an old and firm associate of yours."

"An old one, your honor; but not a firm one. A short time ago, I was in great distress, and he and Thornton had, deuce knows how! about two thousand between them; but I could not worm a stiver out of Dawson—that gripe-all, Thornton, got it all from him."

"Two thousand pounds!" said I, in a calm voice, though my heart beat violently; "that's a great sum for a poor fellow like Dawson. How long ago is it since he had it?"

"About two or three months," answered Jonson.

"Pray," I asked, "have you seen much of Dawson lately?"

"I have," replied Jonson.

"Indeed!" said I. "I thought you told me, just now, that you were unacquainted with his residence?"

"So I am," replied Jonson, coldly, "it is not at his own house that I ever see him."

I was silent, for I was now rapidly and minutely weighing the benefits and disadvantages of trusting Jonson as he had desired me to do. To reduce the question to the simplest form of logic, he had either the power of assisting my investigation, or he had not; if not, neither could he much impede it, and therefore, it mattered little whether he was in my confidence or not; if he *had* the power, the doubt was, whether it would be better for me to benefit by it openly, or by stratagem; that is—whether it were wiser to state the whole case to him, or continue to gain whatever I was able by dint of a blind examination. Now, the disadvantage of candor was, that if it were his wish to screen Dawson and his friend, he would be prepared to do so, and even to put them on their guard against my suspicions; but the indifference he had testified with regard to Dawson seemed to render this probability very small. The benefits of candor were more prominent: Job would then be fully aware that his own safety was not at stake; and should I make it more his interest to serve the innocent that the guilty, I should have the entire advantage, not only of any actual information he might possess, but of his skill and shrewdness in providing additional proof, or at least suggesting advantageous hints. Moreover, in spite of my vanity and opinion of my own penetration, I could not but confess, that it was unlikely that my cross-examination would be very successful with so old and experienced a sinner as Mr. Jonson. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is among the wisest of wise sayings, and accordingly I resolved in favor of a disclosure.

Drawing my chair close to Jonson's and fixing my eye upon his countenance, I briefly proceeded to sketch Glanville's situation (only concealing his name), and Thornton's charges. I mentioned my own suspicions of the accuser, and my desire of discovering Dawson, whom Thornton appeared to me artfully to secrete. Lastly, I concluded with a solemn promise, that if my listener could, by any zeal, exertion, knowledge, or contrivance of his own, procure the detection of the men who, I was convinced, were the murderers, a pension of three hundred pounds a year should be immediately settled upon him.

During my communication, the patient Job sat mute and still, fixing his eyes on the ground, and only betraying, by an occasional elevation of the brows, that he took the slightest interest

in the tale: when, however, I touched upon the peroration, which so tenderly concluded with the mention of three hundred pounds a year, a visible change came over the countenance of Mr. Jonson. He rubbed his hands with an air of great content, and one sudden smile broke over his features, and almost buried his eyes amid the intricate host of wrinkles it called forth: the smile vanished as rapidly as it came, and Mr. Job turned round to me with a solemn and sedate aspect.

"Well, your honor," said he, "I'm glad you've told me all: we must see what can be done. As for Thornton, I'm afraid we sha'n't make much out of him, for he's an old offender, whose conscience is as hard as a brick-bat; but, of Dawson, I hope better things. However, you must let me go now, for this is a matter that requires a vast deal of private consideration. I shall call upon you to-morrow, sir, before ten o'clock, since you say matters are so pressing; and, I trust, you will then see that you have no reason to repent of the confidence you have placed in a man of *honor*."

So saying, Mr. Job Jonson emptied the remainder of the bottle into his tumbler, held it up to the light with the *gusto* of a connoisseur, and concluded his potations with a hearty smack of the lips, followed by a long sigh.

"Ah, your honor!" said he, "good wine is a marvellous whetter of the intellect; but your true philosopher is always moderate: for my part, I never exceed my two bottles."

And with these words, this true philosopher took his departure.

No sooner was I freed from his presence, than my thoughts flew to Ellen; I had neither been able to call nor write the whole of the day; and I was painfully fearful, lest my precaution with Sir Reginald's valet had been frustrated, and the alarm of his imprisonment had reached her and Lady Glanville. Harassed by this fear, I disregarded the lateness of the hour, and immediately repaired to Berkeley-square.

Lady and Miss Glanville were alone and at dinner; the servant spoke with his usual unconcern. "They are quite well?" said I, relieved, but still anxious: and the servant replying in the affirmative, I again returned home, and wrote a long, and, I hope, consoling letter to Sir Reginald.

CHAPTER LXXX.

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.
—*2nd Part of Henry IV.*

PUNCTUAL to his apointment, the next morning came Mr. Job Jonson. I had been on the rack of expectation for the last three hours previous to his arrival, and the warmth of my welcome must have removed any little diffidence with which so shamefaced a gentleman might possibly have been troubled.

At my request, he sat himself down, and seeing that my breakfast things were on the table, remarked what a famous appetite the fresh air always gave him. I took the hint, and pushed the rolls towards him. He immediately fell to work, and, for the next quarter of an hour, his mouth was far too well occupied for the intrustive impertinence of words. At last the things were removed, and Mr. Jonson began.

"I have thought well over the matter, your honor, and I believe we can manage to trounce the rascals—for I agree with you, that there is not a doubt that Thornton and Dawson are the real criminals; but the affair, sir, is one of the greatest difficulty and importance—nay, of the greatest personal danger. My life may be the forfeit of my desire to serve you—you will not, therefore, be surprised at my accepting your liberal offer of three hundred a year, should I be successful; although I do assure, you, sir, that it was my original intention to reject all recompense, for I am naturally benevolent, and love doing a good action. Indeed, sir, if I were alone in the world, I should scorn any remuneration, for virtue is its own reward; but a real moralist, your honor, must not forget his duties on any consideration, and I have a little family to whom my loss would be an irreparable injury; this, upon my honor, is my only inducement for taking advantage of your generosity;" and, as the moralist ceased, he took out of his waistcoat pocket a paper, which he handed to me with his usual bow of deference.

I glanced over it—it was a bond, apparently drawn up in all the legal formalities, pledging myself, in case Job Jonson, before the expiration of three days, gave that information which should lead to the detection and punishment of

the true murderers of Sir John Tyrrell, deceased, to ensure to the said Job Jonson the yearly annuity of three hundred pounds.

"It is with much pleasure that I shall sign this paper," said I; "but allow me, *par parenthèse*, to observe, that since you only accept the annuity for the sake of benefitting your little family, in case of your death, this annuity, ceasing with your life, will leave your children as pennyless as at present."

"Pardon me, your honor," rejoined Job, not a whit daunted at the truth of my remark, "*I can insure!*"

"I forgot that," said I signing, and restoring the paper; "and now to business."

Jonson gravely and carefully looked over the interesting document I returned to him, and carefully lapping it in three envelopes, inserted it in a huge red pocket-book which he thrust into an innermost pocket in his waistcoat.

"Right, sir," said he, slowly; "to business. Before I begin, you must, however, promise me, upon your honor as a gentleman, the strictest secresy, as to my communications."

I readily agreed to this, so far as that secrecy did not impede my present object; and Job, being content with this condition, resumed.

"You must forgive me, if, in order to arrive at the point in question, I set out from one which may seem to you a little distant."

I nodded my assent, and Job continued.

"I have known Dawson for some years; my acquaintance with him commenced at Newmarket, for I have always had a slight tendency to the turf. He was a wild, foolish fellow, easily led into any mischief, but ever the first to sneak out of it; in short, when he became one of *us*, which his extravagance soon compelled him to do, we considered him as a very serviceable tool, but one who, while he was quite wicked enough to begin a bad action, was much too weak to go through with it; accordingly he was often employed, but never trusted. By the word *us*, which I see has excited your curiosity, I merely mean a body corporate, established furtively and restricted *solely* to exploits on the turf. I think it right to mention this (continued Mr. Jonson aristocratically), because I have the honor to belong to many other societies to which Dawson could never have been admitted. Well, sir, our club was at last broken up, and Dawson was left to shift for himself. His father was still alive, and the young hopeful, having quarrelled with him, was in the greatest distress. He came to me with a pitiful story, and a more pitiful face; so I took compassion upon the poor devil, and procured him, by dint of great interest, admission into a knot of good fellows, whom I visited, by the way, last night. Here I took him under my especial care; and, as far as I could, with such a dull-headed dromedary, taught him some of the most elegant arts of my profession. However, the ungrateful dog soon stole back to his old courses, and robbed me of half my share of a booty to which I had helped him myself. I hate treachery and ingratitude, your honor; they are so terribly ungentlemanlike!

"I then lost sight of him, till between two and three months ago, when he returned to town and attended our meetings in company with Tom Thornton, who had been chosen a member of the club some months before. Since we had met, Dawson's father had died, and I thought his flash appearance in town arose from his new inheritance. I was mistaken: old Dawson had tied up the property so tightly, that the young one could not scrape enough to pay his debts; accordingly, before he came to town he gave up his life interest in the property to his creditors. However that be, Master Dawson seemed at the top of Fortune's wheel. He kept his horses, and sported the set to champagne and venison: in short, there would have been no end to his evtravagance, had not Thornton sucked him like a leech.

"It was about that time that I asked Dawson for a trifle to keep me from jail: for I was ill in bed, and could not help myself. Will you believe, sir, that the rascal told me to go and be d—d, and Thornton said, amen! I did not forget the ingratitude of my *protégé*, though, when I recovered I appeared entirely to do so. No sooner could I walk about, than I relieved all my necessities. He is but a fool who starves, with all London before him! In proportion as my finances improved, Dawson's visibly decayed. With them, decreased also his spirits. He became pensive and downcast; never joined any of our parties, and gradually grew quite a useless member of the corporation. To add to his melancholy, he was one morning present at the execution of an unfort-

unate associate of ours; this made a deep impression upon him; from that moment, he became thoroughly moody and despondent. He was frequently heard talking to himself, could not endure to be left alone in the dark, and began rapidly to pine away.

"One night when he and I were seated together, he asked me if I never repented of my sins, and then added, with a groan, that I had never committed the heinous crime he had. I pressed him to confess, but he would not. However, I coupled that half avowal with his sudden riches, and the mysterious circumstances of Sir John Tyrrell's death; and dark suspicions came into my mind. At that time, and indeed ever since Dawson re-appeared, we were often in the habit of discussing the notorious murder which then engrossed public attention; and as Dawson and Thornton had been witnesses on the inquest, we frequently referred to them respecting it. Dawson always turned pale, and avoided the subject; Thornton on the contrary, brazened it out with his usual impudence. Dawson's aversion to the mention of the murder now came into my remembrance with double weight, to strengthen my suspicions; and, on conversing with one or two of our comrades, I found that my doubts were more than shared, and that Dawson had frequently, when unusually oppressed with his hypochondria, hinted at his committal of some dreadful crime, and at his unceasing remorse for it.

"By degrees, Dawson grew worse and worse—his health decayed, he started at a shadow—drank deeply, and spoke, in his intoxication, words that made the hairs of our *green men* stand on end.

"'We must not suffer this,' said Thornton, whose hardy effrontery enabled him to lord it over the jolly boys, as if he were their chief: 'his ravings and humdurgeon will unman all our youngsters.' And so, under this pretence, Thornton had the unhappy man conveyed away to a secret asylum, known only to the chiefs of the gang, and appropriated to the reception of persons who, from the same weakness as Dawson, were likely to endanger others or themselves. There many a poor wretch has been secretly immured, and never suffered to revisit the light of Heaven. The moon's minions, as well as the monarch's, must have their state prisoners, and their state victims.

"Well, sir, I shall not detain you much longer. Last night, after your obliging confidence, I repaired to the meeting; Thornton was there, and very much out of humor. When our messmates dropped off, and we were alone at one corner of the room, I began talking to him carelessly about his accusation of your friend, who, I have since learnt, is Sir Reginald Glanville—an old friend of mine too; ay, you may look, sir,—but I can stake my life to having picked his pocket one night at the Opera! Thornton was greatly surprised at my early intelligence of a fact hitherto kept so profound a secret; however, I explained it away by a boast of my skill in acquiring information; and he then incautiously let out, that he was exceedingly vexed with himself for the charge he had made against the prisoner, and very uneasy at the urgent inquiries set on foot for Dawson. More and more convinced of his guilt, I quitted the meeting, and went to Dawson's retreat.

"For fear of his escape, Thornton had had him closely confined in one of the most secret rooms in the house. His solitude and the darkness of the place, combined with his remorse, had worked upon a mind, never too strong, almost to insanity. He was writhing with the most acute and morbid pangs of conscience that my experience, which has been pretty ample, ever witnessed. The old hag, who is the Hecate (you see, sir, I have had a classical education) of the place, was very loth to admit me to him, for Thornton had bullied her into a great fear of the consequences of disobeying his instructions; but she did not dare to resist my orders. Accordingly I had a long interview with the unfortunate man; he firmly believes that Thornton intends to murder him; and says, that if he could escape from his dungeon, he would surrender himself to the first magistrate he could find.

"I told him that an innocent man had been apprehended for the crime of which I *knew* he and Thornton were guilty; and then taking upon myself the office of a preacher, I exhorted him to atone, as far as possible, for his past crime, by a full and faithful confession, that would deliver the innocent and punish the guilty. I held out to him the hope that this confession might perhaps serve the purpose of king's evidence, and obtain him a pardon for his crime; and I promised to use my utmost

zeal and diligence to promote his escape from his present den.

"He said, in answer, that he did not wish to live; that he suffered the greatest tortures of mind; and that the only comfort earth held out to him would be to ease his remorse by a full acknowledgment of his crime, and to hope for future mercy by expiating his offence on the scaffold; all this, and much more, to the same purpose, the hen-hearted fellow told me with sighs and groans. I would fain have taken his confession on the spot, and carried it away with me but he refused to give it to me, or to any one but a parson, whose services he implored me to procure him. I told him, at first, that the thing was impossible; but, moved by his distress and remorse, I promised, at last, to bring one to-night, who should both administer spiritual comfort to him and receive his deposition. My idea at the moment was to disguise *myself* in the dress of the *pater cove*,* and perform the double job:—since then I have thought of a better scheme.

"As my character, you see, your honor, is not so highly prized by the magistrates as it ought to be, any confession made to me might not be of the same value as if it were made to any one else—to a gentleman like you, for instance; and, moreover, it will not do for me to appear in evidence against any of the fraternity; and for two reasons: first, because I have sworn a solemn oath never to do so; and, secondly, because I have a very fair chance of joining Sir John Tyrrell in kingdom come if I do. My present plan, therefore, if it meets your concurrence, would be to introduce your honor as the parson, and for you to receive the confession, which, indeed, you might take down in writing. This plan, I candidly confess, is not without great difficulty, and some danger; for I have not only to impose you upon Dawson as a priest, but also upon Brimstone Bess as one of our jolly boys; since I need not tell you that any real parson might knock a long time at her door before it would be opened to him. You must, therefore, be as mum as a mole unless she *cants* to you, and your answers must then be such as I shall dictate; otherwise she may detect you, and, should any of the true men be in the house, we should both come off worse than we went in."

"My dear Mr. Job," replied I, "there appears to me to be a much easier plan than all this; and that is, simply to tell the Bow-street officers where Dawson may be found, and I think they would be able to carry him away from the arms of Mrs. Brimstone Bess, without any great difficulty or danger."

Jonson smiled.

"I should not long enjoy my annuity, your honor, if I were to set the runners upon our best hive. I should be stung to death before the week were out. Even you, should you accompany me to-night, will never know where the spot is situated, nor would you discover it again if you searched all London, with the whole police at your back. Besides, Dawson is not the only person in the house for whom the law is hunting—there are a score others whom I have no desire to give up to the gallows—hid among the odds and ends of the house, as snug as plums in a pudding. Honor forbid that I should betray them—*and for nothing, too!* No, sir, the only plan I can think of is the one I proposed; if you do not approve of it, (and it certainly *is* open to exception), I must devise some other: but that may require delay."

"No, my good Job," replied I, "I am ready to attend you: but could we not manage to release Dawson, as well as take his deposition?—his personal evidence is worth all the written ones in the world.'

"Very true," answered Job, "and if it be possible to give Bess the slip we will. However, let us not lose what we may get by grasping at what we may not; let us have the confession first, and we'll try for the release afterwards. I have another reason for this, sir, which, if you knew as much of penitent prigs as I do, you would easily understand. However, it may be explained by the old proverb of 'the devil was sick,' etc. As long as Dawson is stowed away in a dark hole and fancies devils in every corner, he may be very anxious to make confessions, which, in broad day-light, may not seem to him so desirable. Darkness and solitude are strange stimulants to the conscience, and we may as well not lose any advantage they give us."

"You are an admirable reasoner," cried I, "and I am impatient to accompany you—at what hour shall it be?"

* Gypsy slang—a parson, or minister—but generally applied to a priest of the lowest order.

"Not much before midnight," answered Jonson; "but your honor must go back to school and learn lessons before then. Suppose Bess were to address you thus: 'Well, you parish bull prig, are you for lushing jackey, or pattering in the hum box!'* I'll be bound you would not know how to answer."

"I am afraid you are right, Mr. Jonson," said I, in a tone of self-humiliation.

"Never mind," replied the compassionate Job, "we are all born ignorant—knowledge is not learnt in a day. A few of the most common and necessary words in our St. Giles's Greek, I shall be able to teach you before night; and I will, beforehand, prepare the old Lady for seeing a young hand in the profession. As I must disguise you before we go, and that cannot well be done here, suppose you dine with me at my lodgings."

"I shall be too happy," said I, not a little surprised at the offer.

"I am in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, No.—. You must ask for me by the name of Captain De Courcy," said Job, with dignity: "and we'll dine at five, in order to have time for your preliminary initiation."

"With all my heart," said I; and Mr. Job Jonson then rose, and, reminding me of my promise of secrecy, took his departure.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Pectus præceptis format amicis.—Hor.
Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.—*Ibid.*

With all my love of enterprise and adventure, I cannot say that I should have particularly chosen the project before me for my evening's amusement, had I been left solely to my own will; but Glanville's situation forbade me to think of self: and, so far from shrinking at the danger to which I was about to be exposed, I looked forward with the utmost impatience to the hour of rejoining Jonson.

There was yet a long time upon my hands before five o'clock; and the thought of Ellen left me no doubt how it should be passed. I went to Berkeley-square; Lady Glanville rose eagerly when I entered the drawing-room.

"Have you seen Reginald?" said she "or do you know where he has gone?"

I answered, carelessly, that he had left town for a few days, and, I believed merely upon a vague excursion, for the benefit of the country air.

"You reassure us," said Lady Glanville; "we have been quite alarmed by Seymour's manner. He appeared so confused when he told us Reginald had left town, that I really thought some accident had happened to him."

I sate myself by Ellen, who appeared wholly occupied in the formation of a purse. While I was whispering into her ear words which brought a thousand blushes to her cheek, Lady Glanville interrupted me, by an exclamation of "have you seen the papers to-day, Mr. Pelham?" and on my reply in the negative, she pointed to an article in the Morning Herald, which she said had occupied their conjectures all the morning—it ran thus:—

"The evening before last, a person of rank and celebrity was privately carried before the Magistrate at———. Since then, he has undergone an examination, the nature of which, as well as the name of the individual, is as yet kept a profound secret."

I believe that I have so firm a command over my countenance, that I should not change tint nor muscle, to hear of the greatest calamity that could happen to me. I did not therefore betray a single one of the emotions this paragraph excited within me; but appeared, on the contrary, as much at a loss as Lady Glanville, and wondered and guessed with her, till she remembered my present situation in the family, and left me alone with Ellen.

Why should the *tête-à-tête* of lovers be so uninteresting to the world, when there is scarcely a being in it who has not loved? The expressions of every other feeling come home to us all—the expressions of love weary and fatigue us. But the interview of that morning was far from resembling those delicious meetings which the history of love at that early period of its existence so often delineates. I could not give myself up to happiness which a moment might destroy: and though I veiled my anxiety and coldness from Ellen, I felt it as a crime to indulge even the appearance of transport, while Glanville lay alone and in prison, with the charge of murder yet uncon-

* "Well, you parson thief, are you for drinking gin, or talking in the pulpit?"

troverted, and the chances of its doom undiminished.

The clock had struck four before I left Ellen, and without returning to my hotel, I threw myself into a hackney-coach, and drove to Charlotte-street. The worthy Job received me with his wonted dignity and ease; his lodgings consisted of a first floor, furnished according to all the notions of Bloomsbury elegance—viz., new, glaring Brussels carpeting; convex mirrors, with massy gilt frames, and eagles at the summit; rosewood chairs, with chintz cushions; bright grates, with a flower-pot, cut out of yellow paper, in each: in short, all that especial neatness of upholstering paraphernalia, which Vincent used, not inaptly, to designate by the title of "the tea-chest taste." Jonson seemed not a little proud of his apartments — accordingly, I complimented him upon their elegance.

"Under the rose be it spoken," said he, "the landlady, who is a widow, believes me to be an officer on half-pay, and thinks I wish to marry her; poor woman! my black locks and green coat have a witchery that surprises even me: who would be a slovenly thief, when there are such advantages in being a smart one?"

"Right, Mr. Jonson?" said I; "but shall I own to you that I am surprised that a gentleman of your talents should stoop to the lower arts of the profession. I always imagined that pocket-picking was a part of your business left only to the plebeian purloiner; now I know, to my cost, that you do not disdain that manual accomplishment."

"Your honor speaks like a judge," answered Job; "the fact is, that I *should* despise what you rightly designate 'the lower arts of the profession,' if I did not value myself upon giving them a charm, and investing them with a dignity, never bestowed upon them before. To give you an idea of the superior dexterity with which I manage my sleight of hand, know, that four times I have been in that shop where you saw me *borrow* the diamond ring, which you now remark upon my little finger; and four times have I brought back some token of my visitations; nay, the shopman is so far from suspecting me, that he has twice favored me with the piteous tale of the very losses I myself brought upon him: and I make no doubt that I shall hear, in a few days, the whole history of the departed diamond, now in my keeping, coupled with that of *your honor's* appearance and custom! Allow that it would be a pity to suffer pride to stand in the way of the talents with which Providence has blest me; to scorn the little *delicacies* of art, which I execute so well, would, in my opinion, be as absurd as for an epic poet to disdain the composition of a perfect epigram, or a consummate musician the melody of a faultless song."

"Bravo! Mr. Job," said I; "a truly great man, you see, can confer honor upon trifles." More I might have said, but was stopped short by the entrance of the landlady, who was a fine, fair, well-dressed, comely woman, of about thirty-nine years and eleven months; or, to speak less precisely, *between thirty and forty*. She came to announce that dinner was served below. We descended, and found a sumptuous repast of roast beef and fish; this primary course was succeeded by that great dainty with common people—a duck and green peas.

"Upon my word, Mr. Jonson," said I, "you fare like a prince; your weekly expenditure must be pretty considerable for a single gentleman."

"I don't know," answered Jonson, with an air of lordly indifference—"I have never paid my good hostess any coin but compliments, and in all probability never shall."

Was there ever a better illustration of Moore's admonition—

'O, ladies, beware of a gay young knight,' etc.

After dinner we remounted to the apartments Job emphatically called *his own;* and he then proceeded to initiate me in those phrases of the noble language of "Flash," which might best serve my necessities on the approaching occasion. The slang part of my Cambridge education had made me acquainted with some little elementary knowledge, which rendered Jonson's precepts less strange and abstruse. In this lecture "sweet and holy," the hours passed away till it became time for me to dress. Mr. Jonson then took me into the penetralia of his bed-room. I stumbled against an enormous trunk. On hearing the involuntary anathema which this accident conjured up to my lips, Jonson said—"Ah, sir!—*do* oblige me by trying to move that box."

I did so, but could not stir it an inch.

"Your honor never saw a *jewel box* so heavy before, I think," said Jonson, with a smile.

"A jewel-box!"

"Yes," returned Jonson—"a jewel box, for it is full of *precious stones!* When I go away—not a little in my good landlady's books—I shall desire her, very importantly, to take the greatest care of '*my box*.' Egad! it would be a treasure to MacAdam; he might pound its flinty contents into a street."

With these words, Mr. Jonson unlocked a wardrobe in the room, and produced a full suit of rusty black.

"There!" said he with an air of satisfaction—"there! this will be your first step to the pulpit."

I doffed my own attire, and with "some natural sighs," at the deformity of my approaching metamorphosis, I slowly endued myself in the clerical garments; they were much to wide, and a little too short for me; but Jonson turned me round, as if I were his eldest son, breeched for the first time—and declared with an emphatical oath, that the clothes fitted me to a hair.

My host next opened a tin dressing-box, of large dimensions, from which he took sundry powders, lotions, and paints. Nothing but my extreme friendship for Glanville could ever have supported me through the operation I then underwent. My poor complexion, thought I, with tears in my eyes, it is ruined for ever! To crown all—Jonson robbed me, by four clips of his scissors, of the luxuriant locks which, from the pampered indulgence so long accorded to them, might have rebelled against the dynasty which Jonson now elected to *the crown*. This dynasty consisted of a shaggy, but admirably made wig, of a sandy color. When I was thus completely attired from head to foot, Job displayed me to myself before a full length looking-glass.

Had I gazed at the reflection for ever, I should not have recognized either my form or visage. I thought my soul had undergone a real transmigration, and not carried to its new body a particle of the original one. What appeared the most singular was, that I did not seem even to myself at all a ridiculous or *outré* figure; so admirably had the skill of Mr. Jonson been employed. I overwhelmed him with encomiums, which he took *au pied de la lettre*. Never, indeed, was there a man so vain of being a rogue.

"But," said I, "why this disguise? Your friends will, probably, be well versed enough in the mysteries of metamorphosis, to see even through your arts; and, as they have never beheld me before, it would very little matter if I went in *propriâ personâ*."

"True," answered Job, "but you don't reflect that without disguise you may hereafter be recognized; our friends walk in Bond-street as well as your honor; and, in that case, you might be shot without a second, as the saying is."

"You have convinced me," said I; "and now, before we start, let me say one word further respecting our *object*. I tell you, fairly, that I think Dawson's written deposition but a secondary point: and for this reason, should it not be supported by any *circumstantial* or *local* evidence, hereafter to be ascertained, it may be quite insufficiently fully to acquit Glanville (in spite of all appearances), and crimnate the real murderers. If therefore, it be *possible* to carry off Dawsou, *after* having secured his confession, we must. I think it right to insist more particularly on this point, as you appeared to me rather averse to it this morning."

"I say ditto to your honor," returned Job; "and you may be sure that I shall do all in my power to effect your object, not only from that love of virtue which is implanted in my mind, when no stronger inducement leads me astray, but from the more worldly reminiscence, that the annuity, we have agreed upon is only to be given in case of *success*—not merely for *well-meaning attempts*. To say that I have no objection to the release of Dawson, would be to deceive your honor; I own that I have; and the objection is, first, my fear lest he should *peach* respecting other affairs besides the murder of Sir John Tyrrell; and, secondly, my scruples as to *appearing* to interfere with his escape. Both of these chances expose me to great danger; however, one does not get three hundred a-year for washing one's hands, and I must balance the one against the other."

"You are a sensible man, Mr. Job," said I, "and am I sure you will richly earn, and long enjoy your annuity."

As I said this, the watchman beneath our window, called "past eleven!" and Jonson,

starting up, hastily changed his own gay gear for a more simple dress, and throwing over all a Scotch plaid, gave me a similar one, in which I closely wrapped myself. We descended the stairs softly, and Jonson *let us out* into the street, by the "open sesame" of a key, which he retained about his person.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Et *cantare* pares, et respondere parati.—VIRGIL.

As we walked on into Tottenhamcourt-road, where we expected to find a hackney-coach, my companion earnestly and strenuously impressed on my mind, the necessity of implicitly obeying any instructions or hints he might give me in the course of our adventure. "Remember," said he, forcibly, "that the least deviation from them, will not only defeat our object of removing Dawson, but even expose our lives to the most imminent peril." I faithfully promised to conform to the minutest tittle of his instructions.

We came to a stand of coaches. Jonson selected one, and gave the coachman an order; he took care it should not reach my ears. During the half-hour we passed in this vehicle, Job examined and re-examined me in my "canting catechism," as he termed it. He expressed himself much pleased with the quickness of my parts, and honored me with an assurance that in less than three months he would engage to make me as complete a ruffler as *ever nailed a swell*.

To this gratifying compliment I made the best return in my power.

"You must not suppose," said Jonson—some minutes afterwards, "from our use of this language, that our club consists of the lower order of thieves—quite the contrary; we are a knot of gentlemen adventurers who wear the best clothes, ride the best hacks, frequent the best gaming-houses as well as the *genteelest* haunts, and sometimes keep *the first company*—in London. We are limited in number: we have nothing in common with ordinary prigs, and should my own little private amusements (as you appropriately term them) be known in the set, I should have a very fair chance of being expelled for *ungentlemanlike* practices. We rarely condescend to speak "flash" to each other in our ordinary meetings, but we find it necessary for many shifts to which fortune sometimes drives us. The house you are going this night to visit, is a sort of colony we have established for whatever persons amongst us are in danger of blood-money.* There they sometimes lie concealed for weeks together, and are at last shipped off for the continent, or enter the world under a new alias. To this refuge of the distressed we also send any of the mess, who, like Dawson, are troubled with qualms of conscience, which are likely to endanger the commonwealth: there they remain, as in a hospital, till death, or a cure; in short, we put the house, like its inmates, to any purposes likely to frustrate our enemies, and serve ourselves. Old Brimstone Bess, to whom I shall introduce you, is, as I before said, the guardian of the place; and the language that respectable lady chiefly indulges in, is the one into which you have just acquired so good an insight. Partly in compliment to her, and partly from inclination, the dialect adopted in her house is almost entirely "flash!" and you, therefore, perceive the necessity of appearing not utterly ignorant of a tongue, which is not only the language of the country, but one with which no true boy, however high in his profession, is ever unacquainted."

By the time Jonson had finished this speech, the coach stopped—I looked eagerly out of the window — Jonson observed the motion; "We have not got half-way yet, your honor," said he. We left the coach, which Jonson requested me to pay, and walked on.

"Tell me frankly, sir," said Job, "do you know where you are?"

"Not in the least," replied I, looking wistfully up a long, dull, ill-lighted street.

Job rolled his sinister eye towards me with a searching look, and then turning abruptly to the right, penetrated into a sort of covered lane, or court, which terminated in an alley that brought us suddenly to a stand of three coaches; one of these Job hailed—we entered it—a secret direction was given, and we drove furiously on, faster than I should think the crazy body of hackney chariot ever drove before. I observed, that we had now entered a part of the town, which was singularly strange to me; the houses were old, and for the most

* Rewards for the apprehension of thieves, etc.

part of the meanest description; we appeared to me to be threading a labyrinth of alleys; once, I imagined that I caught, through a sudden opening, a glimpse of the river, but we passed so rapidly, that my eye might have deceived me. At length we stopped: the coachman was again dismissed, and I again walked onwards under the guidance, and almost at the mercy of my honest companion.

Jonson did not address me—he was silent and absorbed, and I had therefore full leisure to consider my present situation. Though (thanks to my physical constitution) I am as callous to fear as most men, a few chilling apprehensions certainly flitted across my mind, when I looked round at the dim and dreary sheds—houses they were not—which were on either side of our path; only, here and there, a single lamp shed a sickly light upon the dismal and intersecting lanes (though lane is too lofty a word), through which our footsteps woke a solitary sound. Sometimes this feeble light was altogether withheld, and I could scarcely catch even the outline of my companion's muscular frame. However, he rode on through the darkness, with the mechanical rapidity of one to whom every stone is familiar. I listened eagerly for the sound of the watchman's voice;—in vain—that note was never heard in those desolate recesses. My ear drank in nothing but the sound of our own footsteps, or the occasional burst of obscene and unholy merriment from some half-closed hovel, where Infamy and Vice were holding revels. Now and then, a wretched thing, in the vilest extreme of want, and loathsomeness, and rags, loitered by the unfrequent lamps, and interrupted our progress with solicitations, which made my blood run cold. By degrees even these tokens of life ceased—the last lamp was entirely shut from our view—we were in utter darkness.

"We are near our journey's end now," whispered Jonson.

At these words a thousand unwelcome reflections forced themselves involuntarily on my mind: I was about to plunge into the most secret retreat of men whom long habits of villany and desperate abandonment, had hardened into a nature which had scarcely a sympathy with my own; unarmed and defenceless, I was about to penetrate a concealment upon which their lives perhaps depended; what could I anticipate from their vengeance, but the sure hand and the deadly knife, which their self-preservation would more than justify to such lawless reasoners? And who was my companion? One who literally gloried in the perfection of his nefarious practices; and, who, if he had stopped short of the worst enormities, seemed neither to disown the principle upon which they were committed, nor to balance for a moment between his interest and his conscience.

Nor did he attempt to conceal from me the danger to which I was exposed; much as his daring habits of life, and the good fortune which had attended him, must have hardened his nerves, even *he* seemed fully sensible of the peril he incurred—a peril certainly considerably less than that which attended *my* temerity. Bitterly did I repent, as these reflections rapidly passed my mind, my negligence in not providing myself with a single weapon in case of need; the worst pang of death is the falling without a struggle.

However, it was no moment for the indulgence of fear, it was rather one of those eventful periods which so rarely occur in the monotony of common life, when our minds are sounded to their utmost depths: and energies, of which we dreamt not when at rest in their secret retreats, arise like spirits at the summons of the wizard, and bring to the invoking mind an unlooked for and preternatural aid.

There was something to in the disposition of my guide, which gave me a confidence in him, not warranted by the occupations of his life; an easy and frank boldness, an ingenuous vanity of abilities, skilfully, though dishonestly exerted, which had nothing of the meanness and mystery of an ordinary villain, and which being equally prominent with the rascality they adorned, prevented the attention from dwelling upon the darker shades of his character. Besides, I had so closely entwined his interest with my own, that I felt there could be no possible ground either for suspecting him of any deceit towards me, or of omitting any art or exertion which could conduce to our mutual safety or our common end.

Forcing myself to dwell solely upon the more encouraging side of the enterprise I had undertaken, I continued to move on with my worthy comrade, silent and in darkness, for some minutes longer—Jonson then halted.

"Are you quite prepared, sir?" said he, in a whisper: "if your heart fails, in Heaven's name let us turn back: the least evident terror will be as much as your life is worth."

My thoughts were upon Reginald and Ellen, as I replied—

"You have told and *convinced* me that I may trust in you, and I have no fears; my present object is one as strong to me as life."

"I would we had a *glim*," rejoined Job, musingly; "I should like to see your face; but will you give me your hand, sir?"

I did, and Jonson held it in his own for more than a minute.

"'Fore Gad, sir," said he at last, "I would you were one of us. You would live a brave man, and die a game one. Your pulse is like iron; and your hand does not sway—no—not so much as to wave a dove's feather: it would be a burning shame if harm came to so stout a heart." Job moved on a few steps. "Now, sir," he whispered, "remember your flash; do exactly as I may have occasion to tell you; and be sure to sit away from the light, should we be in company."

With these words he stopped. By the touch (for it was too dark to see), I felt that he was bending down, apparently in a listening attitude; presently he tapped five times at what I supposed was the door, though I afterwards discovered it was the shutter to a window; upon this, a faint light broke through the crevices of the boards, and a low voice uttered some sound, which my ear did not catch. Job replied in the same key, and in words which were perfectly unintelligible to me; the light disappeared: Job moved round, as if turning a corner. I heard the heavy bolts and bars of a door slowly withdraw; and in a few moments, a harsh voice said, in the theives'dialect—

"Ruffling Job, my prince of prigs, is that you? are you come to the ken alone, or do you carry double?"

"Ah, Bess, my covess, strike me blind if my sees don't tout your bingo muns in spite of the darkmans. Egad, you carry a bene blink aloft. Come to the ken alone—no! my blowen; did not I tell you I should bring a pater cove, to chop up the whiners for Dawson?" *

"Stubble it, you ben, you deserve to cly the jerk for your patter; come in, and be d—d to you." *

Upon this invitation, Jonson, seizing me by the arm, pushed me into the house, and followed. "Go for a glim, Bess, to light in the black 'un with proper respect. I'll close the gig of the crib."

At this order, delivered in an authoritative tone, the old woman, mumbling "strange oaths" to herself, moved away; when she was out of hearing, Job whispered,

"Mark, I shall leave the bolts undrawn; the door opens with a latch, which you press *thus* —do not forget the spring; it is easy, but peculiar; should you be forced to run for it, you will also remember, above all, when you are out of the door, to turn *to the right*, and go straight forwards."

The old woman now reappeared with a light, and Jonson ceased, and moved hastily towards her: I followed. The old woman asked whether the door had been carefully closed, and Jonson, with an oath at her doubts of such a matter, answered in the affirmative.

We proceeded onwards, through a long and very narrow passage, till Bess opened a small door to the right, and introduced us into a large room, which, to my great dismay, I found already occupied by four men, who were sitting, half immersed in smoke, by an oak table, with a capacious bowl of hot liquor before them. At the back-ground of this room, which resembled the kitchen of a public-house, was an enormous screen, of antique fashion; a low fire burnt sullenly in the grate, and beside it was one of those high-backed chairs, seen frequently in old houses and old pictures. A clock stood in one corner, and in the opposite nook was a flight of narrow stairs, which led downwards, probably to a cellar. On a row of shelves, were various bottles of the different liquors generally in request among the "flash" gentry, together with an old-fashioned fiddle, two bridles, and some strange looking tools, probably of more use to true boys than to honest men.

Brimstone Bess was a woman about the middle size, but with bones and sinews which would not have disgraced a prize-fighter; a cap, that *might* have been cleaner, was rather

* "Strike me blind if my eyes don't see your brandy face in spite of the night. Come to the house alone—no! my woman; did not I tell you I should bring a parson—to say prayers for Dawson."

* "Hold your tongue, fool, you deserve to be whipped for your chatter."

thrown than *put* on the back of her head, developing, to full advantage, the few scanty locks of grizzled ebon which adorned her countenance. Her eyes, large, black, and prominent, sparkled with a fire half vivacious, half vixen. The nasal feature was broad and *fungous*, and, as well as the whole of her capacious physiognomy, blushed with the deepest scarlet: it was evident to see that many a full bottle of "British compounds" had contributed to the feeding of that burning and phosphoric illumination which was, indeed, "the outward and visible sign of an inward and *spiritual* grace."

The expression of the countenance was not wholly bad. Amidst the deep traces of searing vice and unrestrained passion—amidst all that was bold and unfeminine, and fierce and crafty, there was a latent look of coarse good humor, a twinkle of the eye that bespoke a tendency to mirth and drollery, and an upward curve of the lip that showed, however the human creature might be debased, it still cherished its grand characteristic—the propensity to laughter.

The garb of this dame Leonarda was by no means of that humble nature which one might have supposed. A gown of crimson silk, flounced and furbelowed to the knees, was tastefully relieved by a bright yellow shawl; and a pair of heavy pendants glittered in her ears, which were of the size proper to receive "the big words" they were in the habit of hearing. Probably this finery had its origin in the policy of her guests, who had seen enough of life to know that age, which tames all other passions, never tames the passion of dress in a woman's heart.

No sooner did the four revellers set their eyes upon me than they all rose.

"Zounds, Bess!" cried the tallest of them, "what cull's this? Is this a bowsing ken for every cove to shove his trunk in?"

"What ho, my kiddy!" cried Job, "don't be glimflashy: why you'd cry beef on a blater;* the cove is a bob cull, and a pal of my own; and moreover, is as pretty a Tyburn blossom as ever was brought up to ride a horse foaled by an acorn."

Upon this commendatory introduction I was forthwith surrounded, and one of the four proposed that I should be immediately "elected."

This motion, which was probably no gratifying ceremony, Job negatived with a dictatorial air, and reminded his comrades that however they might find it convenient to lower themselves occasionally, yet that they were gentlemen sharpers, and not vulgar cracksmen and clyfakers, and that, therefore, they ought to welcome me with the good breeding appropriate to their station.

Upon this hint, which was received with mingled laughter and deference, (for Job seemed to be a man of might among these Philistines), the tallest of the set, who bore the euphonious appellation of Spider-shanks, politely asked me if I would "blow a cloud with him!" and upon my assent, (for I thought such an occupation would be the best excuse for silence), he presented me with a pipe of tobacco, to which dame Brimstone applied a light, and I soon lent my best endeavors to darken still farther the atmosphere around us.

Mr. Job Jonson then began artfully to turn the conversation away from me to the elder confederates of his crew; these were all spoken of under certain singular appellations which might well baffle impertinent curiosity. The name of one was "the Gimlet," another "Crack Crib," a third, "the Magician," a fourth, "Cherry-colored Jowl." The tallest of the present company was called (as I before said) "Spider-shanks," and the shortest, "Fib Fakescrew;" Job himself was honored by the *venerabile nomen* of "Guinea Pig." At last Job explained the cause of my appearance; viz., his wish to pacify Dawson's conscience by dressing one of the pals, whom the sinner could not recognize, as an "autem bawler," and so obtaining him the benefit of the clergy without endangering the gang by his confession. This detail was received with great good humor, and Job, watching his opportunity, soon after rose, and, turning to me said—

"Toddle, my bob cull—we must track up the dancers and tout the sinner." *

I wanted no other hint to leave my present situation.

"The ruffian cly thee, Guinea Pig, for

* "Don't be angry! Why you'd cry beef on a calf—the man is a good fellow, and a comrade of my own." etc.

* "Move, my good fellow, we must go up stairs, and look at the sinner."

stashing the lush,"* said Spider-shanks, helping himself out of the bowl, which was nearly empty.

"Stash the lush!" † cried Mrs. Brimstone, "ay, and toddle off to Ruggins. Why, you would not be boosing till lightman's in a square crib like mine, as if you were in a flash panny?"

"That's bang up, mort!" cried Fib. "A square crib, indeed! ay, square as Mr. Newman's court-yard—ding-boys on three sides, and the crap on the fourth!" ‡

This characteristic witticism was received with great applause; and Jonson, taking a candlestick from the fair fingers of the exasperated Mrs. Brimstone, the hand thus conveniently released immediately transferred itself to Fib's cheeks, with so hearty a concussion that it almost brought the rash jester to the ground. Jonson and I lost not a moment in taking advantage of the confusion this gentle remonstrance appeared to occasion; but instantly left the room and closed the door.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

"'Tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.
—SHAKSPEARE.

WE proceeded a short way, when we were stopped by a door; this Job opened, and a narrow staircase, lighted from above by a dim lamp, was before us. We ascended, and found ourselves in a sort of gallery: here hung another lamp, beneath which Job opened a closet.

"This is the place where Bess generally leaves the keys," said he; "we shall find them here, I hope."

So saying, Master Job entered, leaving me in the passage; but soon returned with a disappointed air.

"The old harridan has left them below," said he; "I must go down for them; your honor will wait here till I return."

Suiting the action to the word, honest Job immediately descended, leaving me alone with my own reflections. Just opposite to the closet was the door of some apartment; I leant accidentally against it; it was only ajar, and gave way; the ordinary consequence in such accidents, is a certain precipitation from the centre of gravity. I am not exempt from the general lot, and accordingly entered the room in a manner entirely contrary to that which my natural inclination would have prompted me to adopt. My ear was accosted by a faint voice, which proceeded from a bed at the opposite corner: it asked, in the thieves' dialect, and in the feeble accents of bodily weakness, who was there? I did not judge it necessary to make any reply, but was withdrawing as gently as possible, when my eye rested upon a table at the foot of the bed, upon which, among two or three miscellaneous articles, were deposited a brace of pistols, and one of those admirable swords, made according to the modern military regulation, for the united purpose of cut and thrust. The light which enabled me to discover the contents of the room, proceeded from a rush-light placed in the grate; this general symptom of a valetudinarian, together with some other little odd matters (combined with the weak voice of the speaker), impressed me with the idea of having intruded into the chamber of some sick member of the crew. Emboldened by this notion, and by perceiving that the curtains were drawn closely around the bed, so that the inmate could have optical discernment of nothing that occurred without, I could not resist taking two soft steps to the table, and quietly removing a weapon, whose bright face seemed to invite me as a long-known and long-tried friend.

This was not, however, done in so noiseless a manner, but what the voice again addressed me, in a somewhat louder key, by the appellation of "Brimstone Bess" asking, with sundry oaths, "what was the matter?" and requesting something to drink. I need scarcely say that, as before, I made no reply, but crept out of the room as gently as possible, blessing my good fortune for having thrown into my way a weapon with the use of which, above all others, I was acquainted. Scarcely had I regained the passage, before Jonson reappeared with the keys; I showed him my treasure (for indeed it was of no size to conceal).

* "The devil take thee, for stopping the drink."

† "Stop the drink, ay, and be off to bed. You would not be drinking till day—in an honest house like mine, as if you were in a disreputable place."

‡ "That's capital. A square crib (honest house)! Ay, square as Newgate coach-yard—rogues on three sides, and the gallows on the fourth."

"Are you mad, sir?" said he, "or do you think that the best way to avoid suspicion is to walk about with a drawn sword in your hand? I would not have Bess see you for the best diamond I ever *borrowed*." With these words Job took the sword from my reluctant hand.

"Where did you get it?" said he.

I explained in a whisper, and Job, re-opening the door I had so unceremoniously entered, laid the weapon softly *on a chair that stood within reach*. The sick man, whose senses were of course rendered doubly acute by illness, once more demanded in a fretful tone, who was there! And Job replied, in the flash language that Bess had sent him up to look for her keys, which she imagined she had left there. The invalid rejoined by a request to Jonson to reach him a draught, and we had to undergo a farther delay until his petition was complied with; we then proceeded up the passage till we came to another flight of steps, which led to a door; Job opened it, and we entered a room of no common dimensions.

"This," said he, "is Bess Brimstone's sleeping apartment; whoever goes into the passage that leads not only to Dawson's room, but to the several other chambers occupied by such of the gang as require *particular care*, must pass first through this room. You see that bell by the bed-side—I assure you it is no ordinary tintinnabulum; it communicates with every sleeping apartment in the house, and is only rung in cases of great alarm, when every boy must look well to himself; there are two more of this description, one in the room which we have just left, another in the one occupied by Spider-shanks, who is our watch-dog, and keeps his kennel below. Those steps in the common room, which seem to lead to a cellar, conduct to his den. As we shall have to come back through this room, you see the difficulty of smuggling Dawson—and if the old dame rung the alarm, the whole hive would be out in a moment."

After this speech, Job led me from the room by a door at the opposite end, which showed us a passage, similar in extent and fashion to the one we had left below; at the very extremity of this was the entrance to an apartment at which Jonson stopped.

"Here," said he, taking from his pocket a small paper book and an ink-horn; "here, your honor, take these, you may want to note the heads of Dawson's confession, we are now at his door." Job then applied one of the keys of a tolerably sized bunch to the door, and the next moment we were in Dawson's apartment.

The room which, though low and narrow, was of considerable length, was in utter darkness, and the dim and flickering light which Jonson held, only struggled with, rather than penetrated the thick gloom. About the centre of the room stood the bed, and sitting upright on it, with a wan and hollow countenance, bent eagerly towards us, was a meagre, attenuated figure. My recollection of Dawson, whom, it will be remembered, I had only seen once before, was extremely faint, but it had impressed me with the idea of a middle-sized and rather athletic man, with a fair and florid complexion: the creature I now saw was totally the reverse of this idea. His cheeks were yellow and drawn in: his hand, which was raised in the act of holding aside the curtains, was like the talons of a famished vulture, so thin was it, so long, so withered in its hue and texture.

No sooner did the the advancing light allow him to see us distinctly, than he half sprung from the bed, and cried, in that peculiar tone of joy which seems to throw off from the breast a suffocating weight of previous terror and suspense, "Thank God, thank God! it is you at last; and you have brought the clergyman—God bless you, Jonson, you are a true friend to me."

"Cheer up, Dawson," said Job; "I have smuggled in this worthy gentleman, who, I have no doubt, will be of great comfort to you—but you must be open with him, and tell all."

"That I will—that I will," cried Dawson, with a wild and vindictive expression of countenance—"If it be only to hang *him*. Here, Jonson, give me your hand, bring the light nearer—I say,—*he*, the devil—the fiend—has been here to-day and threatened to murder me; and I have listened, and listened, all night, and thought I heard his step along the passage, and up the stairs, and at the door; but it was nothing, Job, nothing—and you are come at last, good, kind, worthy Job. Oh; 'tis so horrible to be left in the dark, and not sleep—and in this large, large room, which looks like eternity at night—and one does fancy

such sights, Job—such horrid, horrid sights. Feel my wristband, Jonson, and here at my back, you would think they had been pouring water over me, but it's only the cold sweat. Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to have a bad conscience, Job; but you won't leave me till daylight, now, that's a dear, good Job!"

"For shame, Dawson," said Jonson, "pluck up, and be a man; you are like a baby frightened by its nurse. Here's the clergyman come to heal your poor wounded conscience, will you hear him *now?*"

"Yes," said Dawson; "yes!—but go out of the room—I can't tell all if you're here; go, Job, go!—but you're not angry with me—I don't mean to offend you."

"Angry!" said Job; "Lord help the poor fellow! no, to be sure not. I'll stay outside the door, till you've done with the clergyman—but make haste, for the night's almost over, and it's as much as the parson's life is worth to stay here after daybreak."

"I *will* make haste," said the guilty man, tremulously; "but Job, where are you going—what are you doing? *leave the light! here*, Job, by the bedside."

Job did as he was desired, and quitted the room, leaving the door not so firmly shut but that he might hear, if the penitent spoke aloud, every particular of his confession.

I seated myself on the side of the bed, and taking the skeleton hand of the unhappy man, spoke to him in the most consolatory and comforting words I could summon to my assistance. He seemed greatly soothed by my efforts, and at last implored me to let him join me in prayer. I knelt down, and my lips readily found words for that language, which, whatever be the formula of our faith, seems, in all emotions which come home to our hearts, the most natural method of expressing them. It is *here*, by the bed of sickness, or remorse, that the ministers of God have their real power! it is here that their office is indeed a divine and unearthly mission; and that in breathing balm and comfort, in healing the broken heart, in raising the crushed and degraded spirit—they are the voice and oracle of the FATHER, who made us in benevolence, and will judge us in mercy! I rose, and after a short pause, Dawson, who expressed himself impatient for the comfort of confession, thus began—

"I have no time, sir, to speak of the earlier part of my life. I passed it upon the race-course, and at the gaming-table—all that was, I know, very wrong and wicked; but I was a wild, idle boy, and eager for any thing like enterprise or mischief. Well, sir, it is now more than three years ago since I first met with one Tom Thornton; it was at a boxing match. Tom was chosen chairman, at a sort of club of the farmers and yeomen; and being a lively, amusing fellow, and accustomed to the company of gentlemen, was a great favorite with all of us. He was very civil to me, and I was quite pleased with his notice. I did not, however, see much of him then, nor for more than two years afterwards; but some months ago we met again. I was in very poor circumstances, so was he, and this made us closer friends than we might otherwise have been. He lived a great deal at the gambling-houses, and fancied he had discovered a certain method of winning * at hazard. So, whenever he could not find a gentleman whom he could cheat with false dice, tricks at cards, etc., he would go into any hell to try his infallible game. I did not, however, perceive that he made a good living by it: and though sometimes, either by that method or some other, he had large sums of money in his possession, yet they were spent as soon as acquired. The fact was, that he was not a man that could ever grow rich; he was extremely extravagant in all things—loved women and drinking, and was always striving to get into the society of people above him. In order to do this, he affected great carelessness of money; and if, at a race or a cock-fight, any real gentlemen would go home with him, he would insist upon treating them to the best of everything.

"Thus, sir, he was always poor, and at his wit's end for means to supply his extravagance. He introduced me to three or four *gentlemen*, as he called them, but whom I have since found to be markers, sharpers, and blacklegs; and this set soon dissipated the little honesty my own habits of life had left me. They never spoke of things by their right names; and, therefore, those things never seemed so bad as they really were—to swindle a gentleman did not sound a crime when it was called 'macing a swell,'—nor transportation a punishment,

* A very common delusion, both among sharpers and their prey.

when it was termed, with a laugh, 'lagging a cove.' Thus, insensibly, my ideas of right and wrong, always obscure, became perfectly confused: and the habit of treating all crimes as subjects of jest in familiar conversation, soon made me regard them as matters of very trifling importance.

"Well, sir, at Newmarket races, this Spring meeting, Thornton and I were on *the look out*. He had come down to stay, during the races, at a house I had just inherited from my father, but which was rather an expense to me than an advantage; especially as my wife, who was an inn-keeper's daughter, was very careless and extravagant. It so happened that we were both taken in by a jockey, whom we had bribed very largely, and were losers to a very considerable amount. Among other people, I lost to a Sir John Tyrrell. I expressed my vexation to Thornton, who told me not to mind it, but to tell Sir John that I would pay him if he came to the town; and that he was quite sure we could win enough, by his certain game as hazard, to pay off my debt. He was so very urgent, that I allowed myself to be persuaded; though Thornton has since told me, that his only motive was to prevent Sir John's going to the Marquess of Chester's (where he was invited) with my lord's party; and so to have an opportunity of accomplishing the crime he then meditated.

"Accordingly, as Thornton desired, I asked Sir John Tyrrell to come with me to Newmarket. He did so. I left him, joined Thornton, and went to the gambling-house. Here we were engaged in Thornton's sure game, when Sir John entered. I went up and apologized for not paying, and said I would pay him in three months. However, Sir John was very angry, and treated me with such rudeness, that the whole table remarked it. When he was gone, I told Thornton how hurt and indignant I was at Sir John's treatment. He incensed me still more—exaggerated Sir John's conduct—said that I had suffered the grossest insult; and at last put me into such a passion, that I said, that if I was a gentleman, I would fight Sir John Tyrrell across the table.

"When Thornton saw I was so moved, he took me out of the room, and carried me to an inn. Here he ordered dinner, and several bottles of wine. I never could bear much drink: he knew this, and artfully plied me with wine till I scarcely knew what I did or said. He then talked much of our destitute situation—affected to put himself out of the question—said he was a single man, and could easily make shift upon a potato—but that I was encumbered with a wife and child, whom I could not suffer to starve. He then said, that Sir John Tyrrell had publicly disgraced me—that I should be blown upon the course—that no gentleman would bet with me again, and a great deal more of the same sort. Seeing what an effect he had produced upon me, he then told me that he had seen Sir John receive a large sum of money, which would more than pay our debts, and set us up like gentlemen, and, at last he proposed to me to rob him. Intoxicated as I was, I was somewhat startled at this proposition. However, the slang terms in which Thornton disguised the greatness and danger of the offence, very much diminished both in my eyes—so at length I consented.

"We went to Sir John's inn, and learnt that he had just set out: accordingly we mounted our horses and rode after him. The night had already closed in. After we had got some distance from the main road, into a lane, which led both to my house and to Chester Park—for the former was on the direct way to my lord's—we passed a man on horseback. I only observed that he was wrapped in a cloak—but Thornton said, directly we had passed him, 'I know that man well—he has been following Tyrrell all day—and though he attempts to screen himself, I have penetrated his disguise:—he is Tyrrell's mortal enemy.'

"'Should the worst come to the worst,' added Thornton, (word which I did not at that moment understand), 'we can make *him* bear the blame.'

"When we had got some way further, we came up to Tyrrell and a gentleman, whom, to our great dismay, we found that Sir John had joined—the gentleman's horse had met with an accident, and Thornton dismounted to offer his assistance. He assured the gentleman, who proved afterwards to be a Mr. Pelham, that the horse was quite lame, and that he would scarcely be able to get it home; and he then proposed to Sir John to accompany us, and said that he would put him in the right road; this offer Sir John rejected very haughtily, and we rode on.

"'It's all up with us, said I; 'since he has joined another person.'

"'Not at all,' replied Thornton; 'for I managed to give the horse a sly poke with my knife; and if I know anything of Sir John Tyrrell, he is much too impatient a spark to crawl along, a snail's pace, with any companion, especially with this heavy shower coming on.'

"'But,' said I, for I now began to recover from my intoxication, and to be sensible of the nature of our undertaking, 'the moon is up, and unless this shower conceals it, Sir John will recognize us; so you see, even if he leave the gentleman, it will be no use, and we had much better make haste home and go to bed.

"Upon this, Thornton cursed me for a faint-hearted fellow, and said that the cloud would effectually hide the moon—or, if not—he added—'I know how to silence a prating tongue.' At these words I was greatly alarmed, and said, that if he meditated murder as well as robbery, I would have nothing further to do with it. Thornton laughed, and told me not to be a fool. While we were thus debating, a heavy shower came on; we rode hastily to a large tree, by the side of a pond—which, though bare and withered, was the nearest shelter the country afforded, and was only a very short distance from my house. I wished to go home—but Thornton would not let me, and as I was always in the habit of yielding, I remained with him, though very reluctantly, under the tree.

"Presently, we heard the trampling of a horse.

"'It is he—it is he,' cried Thornton with a savage tone of exultation—'and alone!—Be ready—we must make a rush—I will be the one to bid him to deliver—you hold your tongue.'

"The clouds and rain had so overcast the night, that, although it was not *perfectly dark*, it was sufficiently obscure to screen our countenances. Just as Tyrrell approached Thornton dashed forward, and cried, in a feigned voice—'Stand, on your peril!' I followed, and we were now both by Sir John's side.

"He attempted to push by us—but Thornton seized him by the arm—there was a stout struggle, in which, as yet, I had no share; at last, Tyrrell got loose from Thornton, and I seized him—he set spurs to his horse, which was a very spirited and strong animal—it reared upwards, and very nearly brought me and my horse to the ground—at that instant, Thornton struck the unfortunate man a violent blow across the head with the butt-end of his heavy whip—Sir John's hat had fallen before in the struggle, and the blow was so stunning that it felled him upon the spot. Thornton dismounted, and made me do the same—'There is no time to lose,' said he; 'let us drag him from the roadside, and rifle him.' We accordingly carried him (he was still senseless) to the side of the pond before mentioned. While we were searching for the money Thornton spoke of, the storm ceased, and the moon broke out—we were detained some moments by the accident of Tyrrell's having transferred his pocket-book from the pocket Thornton had seen him put it in on the race-ground to an inner-one.

"We had just discovered, and seized the pocket-book, when Sir John awoke from his swoon, and his eyes opened upon Thornton, who was still bending over him, and looking at the contents of the book to see that all was right; the moonlight left Tyrrell in no doubt as to our persons; and struggling hard to get up, he cried, 'I know you! I know you! you shall hang for this.' No sooner had he uttered this imprudence, than it was all over with him. 'We will see that, Sir John,' said Thornton, setting his knee upon Tyrrell's chest, and nailing him down. While thus employed, he told me to feel in his coat-pocket for a case-knife.

"'For God's sake,' cried Tyrrell, with a tone of agonizing terror which haunts me still, 'spare my life!'

"'It is too late,' said Thornton, deliberately, and taking the knife from my hands, he plunged it into Sir John's side, and as the blade was too short to reach the vitals, Thornton drew it backwards and forwards to widen the wound. Tyrrell was a strong man, and still continued to struggle and call out for mercy—Thornton drew out the knife—Tyrrell seized it by the blade, and his fingers were cut through before Thornton could snatch it from his grasp; the wretched gentleman then saw all hope was over; he uttered one loud, sharp cry of despair. Thornton put one hand to his mouth, and with the other gashed his throat from ear to ear.

"'You have done for him and for us now,' said I, as Thornton slowly rose from the body.

'No,' replied he, 'look, he still moves;' and sure enough he did, but it was in the last agony. However, Thornton, to make all sure, plunged the knife again into his body: the blade came in contact with a bone, and snapped in two: so great was the violence of the blow, that, instead of remaining in the flesh, the broken piece fell upon the ground among the long fern and grass.

"While we were employed in searching for it, Thornton, whose ears were much sharper than mine, caught the sound of a horse. 'Mount! mount!' he cried, 'and let us be off!' We sprung upon our horses, and rode away as fast as we could. I wished to go home, as it was so near at hand; but Thornton insisted on making to an old shed, about a quarter of a mile across the fields: thither, theretore, we went."

"Stop," said I: "what did Thornton do with the remaining part of the case-knife? Did he throw it away, or carry it with him?"

"He took it with him." answered Dawson, "for his name was engraved on a silver plate on the handle; and he was therefore afraid of throwing it into the pond, as I advised, lest at any time it should be discovered. Close by the shed there is a plantation of young firs of some extent: Thornton and I entered, and he dug a hole with the broken blade of the knife, and buried it, covering up the hole again with the earth.

"Describe the place," said I. Dawson paused, and seemed to recollect. I was on the very tenterhooks of suspense, for I saw with one glance all the importance of his reply.

After some moments, he shook his head: "I *cannot* describe the place," said he, "for the wood is so thick; yet I know the exact spot so well, that, were I in any part of the plantation, I could point it out immediately."

I told him to pause again, and recollect himself; and at all events, *to try* to indicate the place. However, his account was so confused and perplexed, that I was forced to give up the point in despair, and he continued.

"After we had done this, Thornton told me to hold the horses, and said he would go alone, to spy whether we might return; accordingly he did so, and brought back word, in about half an hour, that he had crept cautiously along till in sight of the place, and then, throwing himself down on his face by the ridge of a bank, had observed a man (who he was sure was the person with a cloak we had passed, and who, he said, was Sir Reginald Glanville) mount his horse on the very spot of the murder, and ride off, while another person (Mr. Pelham) appeared, and also discovered the fatal place.

"'There is no doubt now,' said he, 'that we shall have the hue-and-cry upon us. However, if you are staunch and stout-hearted, no possible danger can come to us; for you may leave me alone to throw the whole guilt upon Sir Regnald Glanville.'

"We then mounted, and rode home. We stole up stairs by the back way. Thornton's linen and hands were stained with blood. The former he took off, locked up carefully, and burnt the first opportunity: the latter he washed; and, that the water might not lead to detection, *drank it.* We then appeared as if nothing had occurred, and learnt that Mr. Pelham had been to the house; but as, very fortunately, our out-buildings had been lately robbed by some idle people, my wife and servants had refused to admit him. I was thrown into great agitation, and was extremely frightened. However, as Mr. Pelham had left a message that we were to go to the pond, Thornton insisted upon our repairing there to avoid suspicion."

Dawson then proceeded to say, that, on their return, as he was still exceedingly nervous, Thornton insisted on his going to bed. When our party from Lord Chester's came to the house, Thornton went into Dawson's room, and made him swallow a large tumbler of brandy; * this intoxieated him so as to make him less sensible to his dangerous situation. Afterwards, when the picture was found, which circumstance Thornton communicated to him, along with that of the threatening letter sent by Glanville to the deceased, which was discovered in Tyrrell's pocket book, Dawson recovered courage, and justice being entirely thrown on a wrong scent, he managed to pass his examination without suspicion. He then went to town with Thornton, and constantly attended "the club" to which Jonson had before introduced him; at first, among his new comrades, and while the novel flush of the money

* A common practice with thieves who fear the weak nerves of their accomplices.

he had so fearfully acquired, lasted, he partially succeeded in stifling his remorse.

But the success of crime is too contrary to nature to continue long; his poor wife, whom, in spite of *her* extravagant, and *his* dissolute habits, he seemed really to love, fell ill, and died; on her deathbed she revealed the suspicions she had formed of his crime, and said that those suspicions had preyed upon, and finally destroyed her health: this awoke him from the guilty torpor of his conscience. His share of the money, too, the greater part of which Thornton had bullied out of him, was gone. He fell, as Job had said, into despondency and gloom, and often spoke to Thornton so forcibly of his remorse, and so earnestly of his gnawing and restless desire to appease his mind, by surrendering himself to justice, that the fears of that villain grew, at length, so thoroughly alarmed, as to procure his removal to his present abode.

It was here that his real punishment commenced; closely confined to his apartment, at the remotest corner of the house, his solitude was never broken but by the short and hurried visits of his female jailer, and (worse even than loneliness) the occasional invasions of Thornton. There appeared to be in that abandoned wretch, what, for the honor of human nature is but rarely found, viz. a love of sin, not for its objects, but itself. With a malignity, doubly fiendish from its inutility, he forbade Dawson the only indulgence he craved—a light during the dark hours; and not only insulted him for his cowardice, but even added to his terrors by threats of effectually silencing them.

These fears had so wildly worked upon the man's mind, that prison itself appeared to him an elysium to the hell he endured: and when his confession was ended, and I said, "If you can be freed from this place, would you repeat before a magistrate all that you have now told me?" he started up in delight at the very thought. In truth, besides his remorse, and that inward and impelling voice which, in all the annals of murder, seems to urge the criminal onwards to the last expiation of his guilt—besides these, there mingled in his mind a sentiment of bitter, yet cowardly, vengeance, against his inhuman accomplice; and perhaps he found consolation for his own fate, in the hope of wreaking upon Thornton's head somewhat of the tortures that ruffian had inflicted upon him.

I had taken down in my book the heads of the confession, and I now hastened to Jonson, who, waiting without the door, had (as I had anticipated) heard all.

"You see," said I, "that, however satisfactory this recital has been, it contains no secondary or innate proofs to confirm it; the only evidence with which it could furnish us, would be the remnant of the broken knife, engraved with Thornton's name; but you have heard from Dawson's account, how impossible it would be in an extensive wood, for any one to discover the spot but himself. You will agree with me, therefore, that we must not leave this house without Dawson."

Job changed color slightly.

"I see as clearly as you do," said he "that it will be necessary for my annuity, and your friend's full acquittal, to procure Dawson's personal evidence, but it is late now; the men may be still drinking below; Bess may be still awake and stirring; even if she sleeps, how could we pass her room without disturbing her? I own that I do not see a chance of effecting his escape to-night, without incurring the most probable peril of having our throats cut. Leave it, therefore to me to procure his release as soon as possible—probably to-morrow, and let us now quietly retire, content with what we have yet got."

Hitherto I had implicitly obeyed Job: it was now *my* turn to command. "Look you," said I, calmly but sternly, "I have come into this house under your guidance, solely to procure the evidence of that man; the evidence he has, as yet, given may not be worth a straw; and, since I have ventured among the knives of your associates, it shall be for some purpose. I tell you fairly that, whether you befriend or betray me, I will either leave these walls with Dawson, or remain in them a corpse."

"You are a bold blade, sir," said Jonson, who seemed rather to respect than resent the determination of my tone, "and we will see what can be done; wait here, your honor, while I go down to see if the boys are gone to bed, and the coast is clear."

Job descended, and I re-entered Dawson's room. When I told him that we were resolved, if possible, to effect his escape, nothing could exceed his transport and gratitude; this was,

indeed, expressed in so mean and servile a manner, mixed with so many petty threats of vengeance against Thornton, that I could scarcely conceal my disgust.

Jonson returned, and beckoned me out of the room.

"They are all in bed, sir," said he—"Bess as well as the rest; indeed, the old girl has lushed so well at the bingo, that she sleeps as if her next morrow was the day of judgment, I have, also, seen that the street-door is still unbarred, so that, upon the whole, we have, perhaps, as good a chance to-night as we may ever have again. All my fear is about that cowardly lubber. I have left both Bess's doors wide open, so we have nothing to do but to creep through; as for me, I am an old file, and could steal my way through a sick man's room, like a sunbeam through a key-hole."

"Well," said I, in the same strain, "I am no elephant, and my dancing master used to tell me I might tread on a butterfly's wing without brushing off a tint: (poor Coulon! he little thought of the use his lessons would be to me hereafter!—) so let us be quick, Master Job."

"Stop," said Jonson; "I have yet a ceremony to perform with our caged bird. I must put a fresh gag on his mouth; for though, if he escapes, I must leave England, perhaps for ever, for fear of the jolly boys, and, therefore, care not what he blabs about me; yet there are a few fine fellows amongst the club, whom I would not have hurt for the Indies; so I shall make Master Dawson take *our last oath* —the Devil himself would not break that, I think! Your honor will stay outside the door, for we can have no witness while it is administered."

Job then entered; I stood without—in a few minutes I heard Dawson's voice in the accents of supplication. Soon after Job returned. "The craven dog won't take the oath," said he, "and may my right hand rot above ground before it shall turn key for him unless he does." But when Dawson saw that Job had left the room, and withdrawn the light, the conscience-stricken coward came to the door, and implored Job to return. "Will you swear, then?" said Jonson; "I will, I will," was the answer.

Job then re-entered—minutes passed away—Job re-appeared, and Dawson was dressed, and clinging hold of him—'All's right!" said he to me, with a satisfied air.

The oath had been taken—what it was I know not—*but it was never broken.**

Dawson and Job went first—I followed—we passed the passage, and came to the chamber of the sleeping Mrs. Brimstone. Job bent eagerly forward to listen, before we entered: he took hold of Dawson's arm, and beckoning to me to follow, stole, with a step that the blind mole would not have heard, across the room. Carefully did the practised thief veil the candle he carried with his hand, as he now began to pass by the bed. I saw that Dawson trembled like a leaf, and the palpitation of his limbs made his step audible and heavy. Just as they had half-way passed the bed, I turned my look on Brimstone Bess, and observed with a shuddering thrill, her eyes slowly open, and fix upon the forms of my companions. Dawson's gaze had been bent in the same direction, and when he met the full, glassy stare of the beldame's eyes, he uttered a faint scream. This completed our danger; had it not been for that exclamation, Bess might, in the uncertain vision of drowsiness, have passed over the third person, and fancied it was only myself and Jonson, in our way from Dawson's apartment; but no sooner had her ear caught the sound, than she started up, and sat erect on her bed, gazing at us in mingled wrath and astonishment.

That was a fearful moment—we stood rivetted to the spot! "Oh, my kiddies," cried Bess, at last finding speech, "you are in Queer street, I trow! Plant your stumps. Master Guinea Pig; you are going to stall off the Daw's baby in prime twig, eh? But Bess stags you, my cove! Bess stags you." †

Jonson looked irresolute for one instant; but the next he had decided. "Run, run," cried he, "for your lives;" and he and Dawson (to whom fear did indeed lend wings) were out of the room in an instant. I lost no time in following their example; but the vigilant and incensed hag was too quick for me; she pulled violently the bell, on which she had already placed her hand: the alarm rang like an echo

* Those conversant with the annals of Newgate, well know how religiously the oaths of these fearful Freemasonries are kept.

† "Halt,—Master Guinea Pig, you are going to steal Dawson away, eh? But Bess sees you, my man, Bess sees you!"

in a cavern; below—around—far—near—from wall to wall—from chamber to chamber, the sound seemed multiplied and repeated! and and in the same breathing point of time, she sprang from her bed, and seized me, just as I had reached the door.

"On, on, on," cried Jonson's voice to Dawson as they had already gained the passage, and left the whole room, and the staircase beyond, in utter darkness.

With a firm, muscular, nervous gripe, which almost showed a masculine strength, the hag clung to my throat and breast; behind, among some of the numerous rooms in the passage we had left, I heard sounds, which told too plainly how rapidly the alarm had spread. A door opened — steps approached — my fate seemed fixed: but despair gave me energy: it was no time for the ceremonials due to the *beau sexe*. I dashed Bess to the ground, tore myself from her relaxing grasp, and fled down the steps with all the precipitation the darkness would allow. I gained the passage, at the far end of which hung the lamp, now weak and waning in its socket, which, it will be remembered, burnt close by the sick man's chamber that I had so unintentionally entered. A thought flashed upon my mind, and lent me new nerves and fresh speed; I flew along the passage, guided by the dying light. The staircase I had left, shook with the footsteps of my pursuers. I was at the door of the sick thief—I burst it open—seized the sword as it lay within reach on the chair, where Jonson had placed it, and feeling, at the touch of the familar weapon, as if the might of ten men had been transferred to my single arm, I bounded down the stairs before me—passed the door at the bottom, which Dawson had fortunately left open—flung it back almost upon the face of my advancing enemies, and found myself in the long passage which led to the street-door, in safety, but in the thickest darkness. A light flashed from a door to the left; the door was that of the "Common room" which we had first entered; it opened, and Spider-shanks, with one of his comrades, looked forth, the former holding a light. I darted by them, and, guided by their lamp, fled along the passage, and reached the door. Imagine my dismay—when, either through accident, or by the desire of my fugitive companions to impede pursuit, I found it unexpectedly closed!

The two villains had now come up to me; close at their heels were two more, probably my pursuers from the upper apartments. Providentially the passage was (as I before said) extremely narrow, and as long as no fire-arms were used, nor a general rush resorted to, I had little doubt of being able to keep the ruffians at bay, until I had hit upon the method of springing the latch, and so winning my escape from the house.

While my left hand was employed in feeling the latch, I made such good use of my right, as to keep my antagonists at a safe distance. The one who was nearest to me, was Fib Fakescrew; he was armed with a weapon exactly similar to my own. The whole passage rung with oaths and threats. "Crash the cull—down with him—down with him before he dubs the jigger. Tip him the degan, Fib, fake him through and through; if he pikes, we shall all be scragged." *

Hitherto, in the confusion, I had not been able to recall Job's instructions in opening the latch; at last I remembered, and pressed the screw—the latch rose—I opened the door; but not wide enough to escape through the aperture. The ruffians saw my escape at hand. "Rush the b—— cove! rush him!" cried the loud voice of one behind; and, at the word, Fib was thrown forwards upon the extended edge of my blade; scarcely with an effort of my own arm the sword entered his bosom, and he fell at my feet bathed in blood; the motion which the men thought would prove my destruction, became my salvation; staggered by the fall of their companion, they gave way: I seized advantage of the momentary confusion—threw open the door, and, mindful of Job's admonition, *turned to the right*, and fled onwards, with a rapidity which baffled and mocked pursuit.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Ille viam secat ad naves sociosque revisit. VIRGIL.

THE day had already dawned, but all was still and silent; my footsteps smote the solitary pavement with a strange and unanswered

* "Kill the fellow, down with him before he opens the door. Stab him, through and through; if he gets off we shall all be hanged."

sound. Nevertheless, though all pursuit had long ceased, I still continued to run on mechanically, till, faint and breathless, I was forced to pause. I looked round, but could recognize nothing familiar in the narrow and filthy streets; even the names of them were to me like an unknown language. After a brief rest I renewed my wanderings, and at length came to an alley, called River Lane; the name did not deceive me, but brought me, after a short walk to the Thames; there, to my inexpressible joy, I discovered a solitary boat-man, and transported myself forthwith to the Whitehall-stairs.

Never, I ween, did gay gallant, in the decaying part of the season arrive at those stairs for the sweet purpose of accompanying his own mistress, or another's wife to green Richmond, or sunny Hampton, with more eager and animated delight than I felt when rejecting the arm of the rough boatman, and leaping on the well-known stones. I hastened to that stand of "jarvies" which has often been the hope and shelter of belated members of St. Stephen's, or bewetted fugitive from the Opera—startled a sleeping coachman,—flung myself into his vehicle,—and descended at Mivart's.

The drowsy porter surveyed, and told me to be gone; I had forgotten, till then, my strange attire. "Pooh, my friend," said I, "may not Mr. Pelham go to a masquerade as well as his betters?" My voice and words undeceived my Cerberus, and I was admitted; I hastened to bed, and no sooner had I laid my head on my pillow, than I fell fast asleep. It must be confessed, that I had deserved "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

I had not been above a couple of hours in the land of dreams, when I was awakened by some one grasping my arm: the events of the past night were so fresh in my memory, that I sprung up, as if the knife was at my throat—my eyes opened upon the peaceful countenance of Mr. Job Jonson.

"Thank Heaven, sir, you are safe! I had but a very faint hope of finding you here when I came."

"Why," said I, rubbing my eyes. "it is very true that I am safe, honest Job: but, I believe, I have few thanks to give *you* for a circumstance so peculiarly agreeable to myself. It would have saved me much trouble, and your worthy friend, Mr. Fib Fakescrew, some pain, if you had left the door open—instead of shutting me up with your *club*, as you are pleased to call it!"

"Very true, sir," said Job, "and I am extremely sorry at the accident; it was Dawson who shut the door, through utter unconsciousness, though I told him especially not to do it—the poor dog did not know whether he was on his head or his heels."

"You have got him safe," said I, quickly.

"Ay, trust me for that, your honor. I have locked him up at home while I came here to look for you."

"We will lose no time in transferring him to safer custody," said I, leaping out of bed; "but be off to —— Street directly."

"Slow and sure, sir," answered Jonson. "It is for you to do whatever you please, but my part of the business is over. I shall sleep at Dover to-night, and breakfast at Calais to-morrow. Perhaps it will not be very inconvenient to your honor to furnish me with my first quarter's annuity in advance, and to see that the rest is duly paid into Lafitte's, at Paris, for the use of Captain de Courcy. Where shall I live hereafter is at present uncertain; but I dare say there will be few corners except old England and *new* England in which I shall not make merry on your honor's bounty."

"Pooh! my good fellow," rejoined I, "never desert a country to which your talents do such credit; stay here, and reform on your annuity. If ever I can accomplish my own wishes, I will consult yours still farther; for I shall always think of your services with gratitude,—though you *did* shut the door in my face."

"No, sir," replied Job—"life is a blessing I would fain enjoy a few years longer; and, at present, my sojourn in England would put it wofully in danger of '*club law*.' Besides, I begin to think that a good character is a very agreeable thing, when not too troublesome; and, as I have none left in England, I may as well make the experiment abroad. If your honor will call at the magistrate's, and take a warrant and an officer, for the purpose of ridding me of my charge, at the very instant I see my responsibility at an end I will have the honor of bidding you adieu."

Well, as you please," said I.—"Curse your scoundrel's cosmetics! How the deuce am I

ever to regain my natural complexion? Look ye, sirrah! you have painted me with a long wrinkle on the left side of my mouth, big enough to engulf all the beauty I ever had. Why, water seems to have no effect upon it!"

"To be sure not, sir," said Job, calmly—"I should be but a poor dauber if my paints washed off with a wet sponge."

"Grant me patience!" cried I, in a real panic: "how, in the name of Heaven, *are* they to wash off! Am I, before I have reached my twenty-third year, to look like a methodist parson on the wrong side of forty, you rascal!"

"The latter question, your honor can best answer," returned Job. "With regard to the former, I have an unguent here, if you will suffer me to apply it, which will remove all other colors than those which nature has bestowed upon you."

With that, Job produced a small box; and, after a brief submission to his skill, I had the ineffable joy of beholding myself restored to my original state. Nevertheless, my delight was somewhat checked by the loss of my curls: I thanked Heaven, however, that the damage had been sustained *after* Ellen's acceptation of my addresses. A lover confined to one, should not be too destructive, for fear of the consequences to the remainder of the female world:—compassion is ever due to the fair sex.

My toilet being concluded, Jonson and I repaired to the magistrate's. He waited at the corner of the street, while I entered the house—

"'Twere vain to tell what shook the holy Man,
Who looked, not lovingly, at that divan."

Having summoned to my aid the redoubted Mr. ——— of mulberry-cheeked recollection, we entered a hackney coach, and drove to Jonson's lodgings, Job mounting guard on the box.

"I think, sir," said Mr. ——, looking up at the man of two virtues, "that I have had the pleasure of seeing that gentleman before."

"Very likely," said I; "he is a young man greatly about town."

When he had safely lodged Dawson (who seemed more collected, and even courageous, than I had expected) in the coach, Job beckoned me into a little parlor. I signed him a draft on my bankers for one hundred pounds—though at that time it was like letting the last drop from my veins—and faithfully promised, should Dawson's evidence procure the desired end (of which indeed, there was now no doubt), that the annunity should be regularly paid, as he desired. We then took an affectionate farewell of each other.

"Adieu, sir!" said Job, "I depart into a new world—that of honest men!"

"If so," said I, "adieu indeed!—for on this earth we shall never meet again!"

We returned to —— Street. As I was descending from the coach, a female, wrapped from head to foot in a cloak, came eagerly up to me, and seized me by the arm. "For God's sake," said she in a low, hurried voice, "come aside, and speak to me for a single moment." Consigning Dawson to the sole charge of the officer, I did as I was desired. When we had got some paces down the street, the female stopped. Though she held her veil closely drawn over her face, her voice and air were not to be mistaken: I knew her at once. "Glanville," said she, with great agitation, "Sir Reginald Glanville; tell me, is he in real danger?" She stopped short—she could say no more.

"I trust not!" said I, appearing not to recognize the speaker.

"I trust not!" she repeated; "is that all!" And then the passionate feelings of her sex overcoming every other consideration, she seized me by the hand, and said—"Oh, Mr. Pelham, for mercy's sake tell me, is he in the power of that villain Thornton? You need disguise nothing from me; I know all the fatal history."

"Compose yourself, dear, dear Lady Roseville," said I, soothingly: "for it is in vain any longer to affect not to know you. Glanville *is* safe; I have brought with me a witness whose testimony *must* release him."

"God bless you, God bless you!" said Lady Roseville, and she burst into tears; but she dried them directly, and recovering some portion of that dignity which never long forsakes a woman of virtuous and educated mind, she resumed proudly, yet bitterly—"It is no ordinary motive, no motive which you might reasonably impute to me, that has brought me here. Sir Reginald Glanville can never be any thing more to me than a friend—but, of all friends,

the most known and valued. I learned from his servant of his disappearance; and my acquaintance with his secret history enabled me to account for it in the most fearful manner. In short, I—I—but explanatione are idle now; you will never say that you have seen me here, Mr. Pelham: you will endeavor even to forget it—farewell."

Lady Roseville, then drawing her cloak closely round her, left me with a fleet and light step, and, turning the corner of the street, disappeared.

I returned to my charge: I demanded an immediate interview with the magistrate. "I have come," said I, "to redeem my pledge, and procure the acquittal of the innocent." I then briefly related my adventures, only concealing (according to my promise) all description of my help-mate, Job; and prepared the worthy magistrate for the confession and testimony of Dawson. That unhappy man had just concluded his narration, when an officer entered, and whispered the magistrate that Thornton was in waiting.

"Admit him," said Mr. ———, aloud. Thornton entered with his usual easy and swaggering air of effrontery: but no sooner did he set his eyes upon Dawson, than a deadly and withering change passed over his countenance. Dawson could not bridle the cowardly petulance of his spite. "They know all, Thornton!" said he, with a look of triumph. The villain turned slowly from him to us, muttering something we could not hear. He saw upon my face, upon the magistrate's, that his doom was sealed: his desperation gave him presence of mind, and he made a sudden rush to the door;—the officer in waiting seized him. Why should I detail the rest of the scene? He was that day fully committed for trial, and Sir Reginald Glanville honorably released, and unhesitatingly acquitted.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Un hymen qu'on souhaite
Entre les gens comme nous est chose bientôt-faite
Je te veux; me veux-tu de même?—MOLIERE.

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him.
—SHAKSPEARE.

THE main interest of my adventures—if, indeed, I may flatter myself that they ever contained any—is now over; the mystery is explained, the innocent acquitted, and the guilty condemned. Moreover, all obstacles between the marriage of the unworthy hero with the peerless heroine being removed, it would be but an idle prolixity to linger over the preliminary details of an orthodox and customary courtship. Nor is it for me to dilate upon the exaggerated expressions of gratitude, in which the affectionate heart of Glanville found vent for my fortunate exertions on his behalf. He was not willing that any praise to which I might be entitled for them, should be lost. He narrated to Lady Glanville and Ellen my adventures with the comrades of the worthy Job; from the lips of the mother, and the eyes of the dear sister, came my sweetest addition to the good fortune which had made me the instrument of Glanville's safety and acquittal. I was not condemned to a long protraction of that time, which, if it be justly termed the happiest of our lives, *we*, (viz. all true lovers), through that perversity common to human nature, most ardently wish to terminate.

On that day month which saw Glanville's release, my bridals were appointed. Reginald was even more eager than myself in pressing for an early day; firmly persuaded that his end was rapidly approaching, his most prevailing desire was to witness our union. This wish, and the interest he took in our happiness, gave him an energy and animation which impressed us with the deepest hopes for his ultimate recovery; and the fatal disease to which he was a prey, nursed the fondness of our hearts by the bloom of cheek, the brightness of eye, with which it veiled its desolating and gathering progress.

From the eventful day on which I had seen Lady Roseville, in —— Street, we had not met. She had shut herself up in her splendid home, and the newspapers teemed with regret at the reported illness and certain seclusion of one whose *fêtes* and gaieties had furnished them with their brightest pages. The only one admitted to her was Ellen. To her, she had for some time made no secret of her attachment—and from her the daily news of Sir Reginald's health was ascertained. Several times, when at a late hour I left Glanville's apartments, I passed the figure of a woman, closely muffled, and apparently watching before his windows—which, owing to the advance of sum-

mer, were never closed—to catch, perhaps, a view of his room, or a passing glimpse of his emaciated and fading figure. If that sad and lonely vigil was kept by her whom I suspected, deep, indeed, and mighty was the love, which could so humble the heart, and possess the spirit, of the haughty and high-born Countess of Roseville!

I turn to a very different personage in this *véritable histoire*. My father and mother were absent at Lady H.'s when my marriage was fixed; to both of them I wrote for their approbation of my choice. From Lady Frances I received the answer which I subjoin:—

"My dearest Son,

"Your father desires me to add his congratulations to mine, upon the election you have made. I shall hasten to London, to be present at the ceremony. Although you must not be offended with me, if I say, that with your person, accomplishments, birth, and (above all) high *ton*, you might have chosen among the loftiest and wealthiest families in the country; yet I am by no means displeased or disappointed with your future wife. To say nothing of the antiquity of her name, (the Glanvilles intermarried with the Pelhams, in the reign of Henry II.) it is a great step to future distinction to marry a beauty, especially one so celebrated as Miss Glanville—perhaps it is among the surest ways to the cabinet. The forty thousand pounds which you say Miss Glanville is to receive, make, to be sure, but a slender income; though, when added to your own fortune, that sum in ready money would have been a great addition to the Glenmorris property, if your uncle—I have no patience with him—had not married again.

"However you will lose no time in getting into the House—at all events the capital will ensure your return for a borough, and maintain you comfortably, till you are in the administration; when of course it matters very little what your fortune may be—tradesmen will be too happy to have your name in their books; be sure, therefore, that the money is not tied up. Miss Glanville must see that her own interest, as well as yours, is concerned in your having the unfettered disposal of a fortune, which, if restricted, you would find it impossible to live upon. Pray, how is Sir Reginald Glanville? Is his cough as bad as ever? By the by, how is his property entailed?

"Will you order Stoner to have the house ready for us on Friday, when I shall return home in time for dinner? Let me again congratulate you, most sincerely, on your choice. I always thought you had more common sense, as well as genius, than any young man I ever knew: you have shown it in this important step. Domestic happiness, my dearest Henry, ought to be peculiarly sought for by every Englishman, however elevated his station; and when I reflect upon Miss Glanville's qualifications, and her celebrity as a beauty, I have no doubt of your possessing the felicity you deserve. But be sure that the fortune is not settled away from you; poor Sir Reginald is not (I believe) at all covetous or worldly, and will not, therefore, insist upon the point.

"God bless you, and grant you every happiness.

"Ever, my dear Henry,

"Your very affectionate Mother,

"F. Pelham."

"P.S.—I think it will be better to give out that Miss Glanville has *eighty* thousand pounds. Be sure, therefore, that you do not contradict me."

The days, the weeks flew away. Ah, happy days! yet I do not regret while I recall you! He that loves much, fears even in his best founded hopes. What were the anxious longings for a treasure—in my view only, not in my possession—to the deep joy of finding it for ever my own.

The day arrived—I was yet at my toilet, and Bedos, in the greatest confusion;—(poor fellow, he was as happy as myself!) when a letter was brought me, stamped with the foreign post mark. It was from the exemplary Job Jonson, and though I did not even open it on that day, yet it shall be more favored by the reader—viz., if he will not pass over, without reading, the following effusion:—

"*Rue des Moulins, No.* —, *Paris.*

"Honored Sir,

"I arrived in Paris safely, and reading in the English papers the full success of our enterprise, as well as in the Morning Post of the —th, your approaching marriage with Miss Glanville, I cannot refrain from the liberty of congratulating you upon both, as well as of reminding you of the exact day on which the first quarter of my annuity will be due:—it is the —— of ——; for I presume, your honor kindly made me a present of the draft for one hundred pounds, in order to pay my travelling expenses.

"I find that the boys are greatly incensed against me; but as Dawson was too much bound by his oath to betray a tittle against them, I trust I shall ultimately pacify the club, and return to England. A true patriot, sir, never loves to leave his native country. Even were I compelled to visit Van Diemen's Land, the ties of birth-place would be so strong as to induce me to seize the first opportunity of returning! I am not, your honor, very fond of the French—they are an idle, frivolous, penurious, *poor* nation. Only think, sir, the other day I saw a gentleman of the most noble air secrete something at a *cafe*, which I could not clearly discern: as he wrapped it carefully in paper, before he placed it in his pocket, I judged that it was a silver cream ewer at least; accordingly, I followed him out, and from pure curiosity—I do assure your honor, it was from no other motive—I transferred this purloined treasure to my own pocket. You will imagine, sir, the interest with which I hastened to a lonely spot in the Tuileries, and carefully taking out the little packet, unfolded paper by paper, till I came to—yes, sir, till I came to—*five lumps of sugar!* Oh, the French are a mean people—a very mean people—I hope I shall soon be able to return to England. Meanwhile, I am going into Holland, to see how those rich burghers spend their time and their money. I suppose poor Dawson,

as well as the rascal Thornton, will be hung before you receive this—they deserve it richly—it is such fellows who disgrace the profession. He is but a very poor bungler who is forced to cut throats as well as pockets. And now, your honor, wishing you all happiness with your lady,

"I beg to remain,
"Your very obedient humble Servant,
"FERDINAND DE COURCY, etc. etc."

Struck with the joyous countenance of my honest valet, as I took my gloves and hat from his hand, I could not help wishing to bestow upon him a blessing similar to that I was about to possess. "Bedos," said I, "Bedos," my good fellow, you left your wife to come to me; you shall not suffer by your fidelity: send for her—we will find room for her in our future establishment."

The smiling face of the Frenchman underwent a rapid change. "*Ma foi*," said he, in his own tongue; "Monsieur is too good. An excess of happiness hardness the heart; and so, for fear of forgetting my gratitude to Providence, I will, with Monsieur's permission, suffer my adored wife to remain where she is."

After so pious a reply, I should have been worse than wicked had I pressed the matter any further.

I found all ready at Berkeley-square. Lady Glanville is one of those good persons, who think a marriage out of church is no marriage at all; to church, therefore, we went. Although Reginald was now so reduced that he could scarcely support the least fatigue, he insisted on giving Ellen away. He was that morning, and had been, for the last two or three days, considerably better, and our happiness seemed to grow less selfish in our increasing hope of his recovery.

When we rerurned from church, our intention was to set off immediately to ——— Hall, a seat which I had hired for our reception. On re-entering the house, Glanville called me aside—I followed his infirm and tremulous steps into a private apartment.

"Pelham," said he, "we shall never meet again! No matter—*you* are now happy, and I shall shortly be so. But there is one office I have yet to request from our friendship; when I am dead, let me be buried by *her* side, and let one tombstone cover both."

I pressed his hand, and, with tears in my eyes, made him the promise he required.

"It is enough," said he; "I have no farther business with life. God bless you, my friend —my brother; do not let a thought of me cloud your happiness."

He rose, and we turned to quit the room; Glanville was leaning on my arm; when he had moved a few paces towards the door, he stopped abruptly. Imagining that the pause proceeded from pain or debility, I turned my eyes upon his countenance — a fearful and convulsive change was rapidly passing over it—his eyes stared wildly upon vacancy.

"Merciful God—is it—can it be?" he said, in a low, inward tone.

Before I could speak, I felt his hand relax its grasp upon my arm—he fell upon the floor —I raised him—a smile of ineffable serenity and peace was upon his lips; his face was the face of an angel, but the spirit had passed away!

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Now haveth good day, good men all,
Haveth good day, young and old;
Haveth good day, both great and small,
And graunt merci a thousand fold!
Gif ever I might full fain I wold,
Don ought that were unto your leve,
Christ keep you out of carès cold,
For now 'tis time to take my leave.—*Old Song.*

SEVERAL months have now elapsed since my marriage. I am living quietly in the country, among my books, and looking forward with calmness, rather than impatience, to the time which shall again bring me before the world. Marriage with me is not that sepulchre of all human hope and energy which it often is with others. I am not more partial to my arm chair, nor more averse to shaving than of yore. I do not bound my prospects to the dinner-hour, nor any projects to "migrations from the blue bed to the brown." Matrimony found me ambitious; it has not cured me of the passion: but it has concentrated what was scattered, and determined what was vague. If I am less anxious than formerly for the reputation to be acquired in society, I am more eager for honor in the world; and instead of amusing my enemies, and the saloon, I trust yet to be useful to my friends and to mankind.

Whether this is a hope, altogether vain and idle; whether I have, in the self-conceit common to all men, (thou wilt perchance add, pecul-

iarly prominent in myself!) overrated both the power and the integrity of my mind (for the one is bootless without the other), neither I nor the world can yet tell. "Time," says one of the fathers, "is the only touchstone which distinguishes the prophet from the boaster."

Meanwhile, gentle reader, during the two years which I purpose devoting to solitude and study, I shall not be so occupied with my fields and folios, as to become uncourteous to thee. If ever thou hast known me in the city, I give thee a hearty invitation to come and visit me in the country. I promise thee that my wines and viands shall not disgrace the companion of Guloseton; nor my conversation be much duller than my book. I will compliment thee on thy horses,—thou shalt congratulate me upon my wife. Over old wine we will talk over new events; and, if we flag at the latter, why, we will make ourselves amends with the former. In short, if thou art neither very silly nor very wise, it shall be thine own fault if we are not excellent friends.

I feel that it would be but poor courtesy in me, after having kept company with Lord Vincent through the tedious journey of these pages, to dismiss him now without one word of valediction. May he, in the political course he has adopted, find all the admiration which his talents deserve; and if ever we meet as foes, let our heaviest weapon be a quotation, and our bitterest vengeance a jest.

Lord Guloseton regularly corresponds with me, and his last letter contained a promise to visit me in the course of the month, in order to recover his appetite (which has been much relaxed of late) by the country air.

My uncle wrote to me, three weeks since, announcing the death of the infant Lady Glenmorris had brought him. Sincerely do I wish that his loss may be supplied. I have already sufficient fortune for my wants, and sufficient *hope* for my desires.

Thornton died as he had lived—the reprobate and the ruffian. "Pooh," said he, in his quaint brutality, to the worthy clergyman who attended his last moments with more zeal than success; "Pooh, what's the difference between gospel and go—spell? we agree like a bell and its clapper—you're prating while I'm *hanging*."

Dawson died in prison, penitent and in peace. Cowardice, which spoils the honest man, often redeems the knave.

From Lord Dawton I have received a letter, requesting me to accept a borough (in his gift), just vacated. It is a pity that generosity—such a prodigal to those who do not want it—should often be such a niggard to those who do. I need not specify my answer. I hope yet to teach Lord Dawton, that to forgive the minister is not to forget the affront. Meanwhile, I am content to bury myself in my retreat, with my mute teachers of logic and legislature, in order, hereafter, to justify his lordship's good opinion of my abilities. Farewell, Brutus, we shall meet at Philippi!

It is some months since Lady Roseville left England; the last news we received of her, informed us that she was living at Sienna, in utter seclusion, and very infirm health.

"The day drags thro', though storms keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

Poor Lady Glanville! the mother of one so beautiful, so gifted, and so lost. What can I say of her which "you, and you, and you ——" all who are parents, cannot feel, a thousand times more acutely, in those recesses of the heart too deep for words or tears. There are yet many hours in which I find the sister of the departed in grief that even her husband cannot console: and I —— *I* ——my friend, my brother, have I forgotten thee in death? I lay down the pen, I turn from my employment—thy dog is at my feet, and looking at me, as if conscious of my thoughts, with an eye almost as tearful as my own.

But it is not thus that I will part from my Reader; our greeting was not in sorrow, neither shall be our adieus. For thee, who hast gone with me through the motley course of my confessions, I would fain trust that I have sometimes hinted at thy instruction, when only appearing to strive for thy amusement. But on this I will not dwell; for the moral *insisted upon* often loses its effect; and all that I will venture to hope is, that I have opened to thee one true, and not utterly hacknied, page in the various and mighty volume of mankind. In this busy and restless world I have not been a vague speculator, nor an idle actor. While all around me were vigilant, I have not laid me down to sleep—even for the luxury of a poet's dream. Like the school-boy, I have considered study *as* study, but action as delight.

Nevertheless, whatever I have seen, or heard, or felt, has been treasured in my memory, and brooded over by my thoughts. I now place the result before you—

"Sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum; ——

but not perhaps,

——"totus in illis." *

Whatever society—whether in a higher or lower grade—I have portrayed, my sketches have been taken rather as a witness than a copyist; for I have never shunned that circle, nor that individual, which presented life in a fresh view, or man in a new relation. It is right, however, that I should add, that as I have not wished to be an individual satirist, rather than a general observer, I have occasionally, in the subordinate characters (such as Russelton and Gordon), taken only the outline from truth, and filled up the colors at my leisure and my will.†

With regard to myself I have been more candid. I have not only shown—*non parcâ manu*—my faults, but (grant that this is a much rarer exposure) my *foibles;* and, in my anxiety for your entertainment, I have not grudged you the pleasure of a laugh—even at my own expense. Forgive me, then, if I am not a fashionable hero—forgive me if I have not wept over a "*blighted spirit*," nor boasted of a "*British heart;*" and allow that a man who, in these days of alternate Werters and Worthies, is neither the one nor the other, is, at least, a novelty in print, though, I fear, common enough in life.

And now, my kind reader, having remembered the proverb, and in saying one word to thee having said two myself, I will no longer detain thee. Whatever thou mayest think of me and my thousand faults, both as an author and a man, believe me it is with a sincere and affectionate wish for the accomplishment of my parting words, that I bid thee—*farewell!*

* "According to my custom, meditating, I scarcely know what of trifles; but not, perhaps, wholly wrapt in them."

† May the Author, as well as the Hero, be permitted, upon this point, to solicit attention and belief. In all the lesser characters, of which the *first* idea was taken from life, especially those referred to in the text, he has, for reasons obvious enough without the tedium of recital, *purposely* introduced sufficient variation and addition to remove, in his own opinion, the odium either of a copy or of a caricature. The Author thinks it the more necessary *in the present* edition to insist upon this, with all honest and sincere earnestness, because *in the first* it was too much the custom of criticism to judge of his sketches from a resemblance to some supposed originals, and not from adherence to that sole source of all legitimate imitation—Nature;—Nature as exhibited in the general mass, not in the isolated instance. It is the duty of the novelist rather to abstract than to copy:—all humors—all individual peculiarities are his appropriate and fair materials: not so are the *humorist* and the *individual!* Observation should resemble the eastern bird, and, while it nourishes itself upon the suction of a *thousand* flowers, never be seen to settle upon *one!*

END OF "PELHAM; OR, ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN."

PAUL CLIFFORD.

TO

ALBANY FONBLANQUE,

Whose acuteness of wit is acknowledged by those who oppose his opinions,—whose integrity of purpose is yet more respected by those who appreciate his friendship,—

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1840.

THIS Novel so far differs from the other fictions by the same author, that it seeks to draw its interest rather from practical than ideal sources. Out of some twelve Novels or Romances, embracing, however inadequately, a great variety of scene and character,—from "Pelham" to the "Pilgrims of the Rhine,"—from "Rienzi" to the "Last Days of Pompeii,"—"Paul Clifford" is the *only one* in which a robber has been made the hero, or the peculiar phases of life which he illustrates have been brought into any prominent description.

Without pausing to inquire what realm of manners, or what order of crime and sorrow are open to art, and capable of administering to the proper ends of fiction, I may be permitted to observe, that the present subject was selected, and the Novel written, with a two-fold object:

First, to draw attention to two errors in our penal institutions, viz. a vicious Prison-discipline and a sanguinary Criminal Code,—the habit of corrupting the boy by the very punishment that ought to redeem him, and then hanging the man, at the first occasion, as the easiest way of getting rid of our own blunders. Between the example of crime which the tyro learns from the felons in the prison-yard, and the horrible levity with which the mob gather round the drop at Newgate, there is a connection which a writer may be pardoned for quitting loftier regions of imagination to trace and to detect. So far this book is less a picture of the king's highway than the law's royal road to the gallows,—a satire on the short cut established between the House of Correction and the Condemned Cell. A second and a lighter object in the novel of "Paul Clifford" (and hence the introduction of a semi-burlesque or travesty in the earlier chapters), was to show that there is nothing essentially different between vulgar vice and fashionable vice,—and that the slang of the one circle is but an easy paraphrase of the cant of the other.

The Supplementary Essays, entitled "Tomlinsoniana," which contain the corollaries to various problems suggested in the Novel, have been restored to the present edition.

CLIFTON, *July* 25, 1840.

PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION, 1848.

MOST men, who, with some earnestness of mind, examine into the mysteries of our social state—will, perhaps, pass through that stage

PAUL CLIFFORD.

of self-education, in which this Novel was composed. The contrast between conventional frauds, received as component parts of the great system of civilization, and the less deceptive invasions of the laws which discriminate the *meum* from the *tuum*, is tempting to a satire that is not without its justice. The tragic truths which lie hid, in what I may call the Philosophy of Circumstance—strike through our philanthropy upon our imagination. We see masses of our fellow-creatures—the victims of circumstances over which they had no control—contaminated in infancy by the example of parents—their intelligence either extinguished, or turned against them, according as the conscience is stifled in ignorance, or perverted to apologies for vice. A child who is cradled in ignominy; whose schoolmaster is the felon;—whose academy is the House of Correction;—who breathes an atmosphere in which virtue is poisoned, to which religion does not pierce—becomes less a responsible and reasoning human being than a wild beast which we suffer to range in the wilderness—till it prowls near our homes, and we kill it in self-defence.

In this respect, the Novel of " Paul Clifford " is a loud cry to society to amend the circumstance—to redeem the victim. It is an appeal from Humanity to Law. And, in this, if it could not pretend to influence, or guide the temper of the times, it was at least a foresign of a coming change. Between the literature of imagination, and the practical interests of a people, there is a harmony as complete as it is mysterious. The heart of an author is the mirror of his age. The shadow of the sun is cast on the still surface of literature, long before the light penetrates to law. But it is ever from the sun that the shadow falls, and the moment we see the shadow, we may be certain of the light.

Since this work was written, society is busy with the evils in which it was then silently acquiescent. The true movement of the last fifteen years has been the progress of one idea —Social Reform. There, it advances with steady and noiseless march behind every louder question of constitutional change. Let us do justice to our time. There have been periods of more brilliant action on the destinies of States — but there is no time visible in History in which there was so earnest and general a desire to improve the condition of the great body of the people. In every circle of the community that healthful desire is astir; it unites in one object men of parties the most opposed—it affords the most attractive nucleus for the public meetings—it has cleansed the statute-book from blood; it is ridding the world of the hangman. It animates the clergy of all sects in the remotest districts; it sets the squire on improving cottages and parcelling out allotments. Schools rise in every village;—in books the lightest, the Grand Idea colors the page, and bequeathes the moral. The Government alone (despite the professions on which the present Ministry was founded) remains unpenetrated by the common genius of the age. But on that question, with all the subtleties it involves, and the experiments it demands—(not indeed according to the dreams of an insane philosophy, but according to the immutable laws which proportion the rewards of labor to the respect for property)—a Government must be formed at last.

There is in this work a subtler question suggested, but not solved. That question which perplexes us in the generous ardor of our early youth—which, unsatisfactory as all metaphysics, we rather escape from than decide as we advance in years, viz.—make what laws we please, the man who lives within the pale can be as bad as the man without. Compare the Paul Clifford of the fiction with the William Brandon; the hunted son and the honored father, the outcast of the law, the dispenser of the law—the felon, and the judge; and, as at the last, they front each other, one on the seat of justice, the other at the convict's bar, who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that the Paul Clifford is a worse man thau the William Brandon?

There is no immorality in a truth that enforces this question: for it is precisely those offences which society cannot interfere with, that society requires fiction to expose. Society is right, though youth is reluctant to acknowledge it. Society can form only certain regulations necessary for its self-defence —the fewer the better—punish those who invade, leave unquestioned those who respect them. But fiction follows truth into all the strongholds of covention; strikes through the disguise, lifts the mask, bares the heart, and

leaves a moral wherever it brands a falsehood.

Out of this range of ideas, the mind of the Author has, perhaps, emerged into an atmosphere which he believes to be more congenial to Art. But he can no more regret that he has passed through it, than he can regret that while he dwelt there, his heart, like his years, was young. Sympathy with the suffering that seems most actual—indignation at the frauds which seem most received as virtues—are the natural emotions of youth, if earnest: More sensible afterwards of the prerogatives, as of the elements, of Art, the author at least seeks to escape where the man may not, and look on the practical world through the serener one of the ideal.

With the completion of this work closed an era in the writer's self-education. From "Pelham" to "Paul Clifford" (four fictions, all written at a very early age), the author rather observes than imagines; rather deals with the ordinary surface of human life, than attempts, however humbly, to soar above it or to dive beneath. From depicting in "Paul Clifford" the errors of society, it was almost the natural progress of reflection to pass to those which swell to crime in the solitary human heart,—from the bold and open evils that spring from ignorance and example, to track those that lie coiled in the entanglements of refining knowledge and speculative pride. Looking back at this distance of years, I can see as clearly as if mapped before me, the paths which led across the boundary of invention from "Paul Clifford," to "Eugene Aram." And, that last work done, no less clearly can I see where the first gleams from a fairer fancy broke upon my way, and rested on those more ideal images, which I sought, with a feeble hand, to transfer to the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and the "Last Days of Pompeii." We authors, like the Children in the Fable, track our journey through the maze by the pebbles which we strew along the path. From others who wander after us, they may attract no notice, or, if noticed, seem to them but scattered by the caprice of chance. But we, when our memory would retrace our steps, review, in the humble stones, the witnesses of our progress—the landmarks of our way.

KNEBWORTH, 1848.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

"Say, ye opprest by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose,
Who press the downy couch while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure:
How would you bear in real pain to lie
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way to death?"
CRABBE.

It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents—except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the house-tops, and fiercely agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness. Through one of the obscurest quarters of London, and among haunts little loved by the gentlemen of the police, a man, evidently of the lowest orders, was wending his solitary way. He stopped twice or thrice at different shops and houses of a description correspondent with the appearance of the *quartier* in which they were situated,—and tended inquiry for some article or another which did not seem easily to be met with. All the answers he received were couched in the negative; and as he turned from each door he muttered to himself, in no very elegant phraseology, his disappointment and discontent.

At length, at one house, the landlord, a sturdy butcher, after rendering the same reply the inquirer had hitherto received, added,—"But if *this* vill do as vell, Dummie, it is quite at your sarvice!" Pausing reflectively for a moment, Dummie responded, that he thought the thing proffered *might* do as well; and thrusting it into his ample pocket he strode away with as rapid a motion as the wind and the rain would allow. He soon came to a nest of low and dingy buildings, at the entrance to which, in half-effaced characters was written "Thames Court." Halting at the most conspicuous of these buildings, an inn or alehouse, through the half-closed windows of which blazed out in ruddy comfort the beams of the hospitable hearth, he knocked hastily at the door. He was admitted by a lady of a certain age, and endowed with a comely rotundity of face and person.

"Hast got it, Dummie?" said she quickly, as she closed the door on the guest.

"Noa, noa! not exactly—but I thinks as ow——"

"Pish, you fool!" cried the woman interrupting him, peevishly. "Vy, it is no use desaving me. You knows you has only stepped from my boosing ken to another, and you has not been arter the book at all. So there's the poor cretur a-raving and a-dying, and you——"

"Let I speak!" interrupted Dummie in his turn. "I tells you I vent first to Mother Bussblone's, who, I knows, chops the whiners morning and evening to the young ladies, and I axes there for a Bible, and she says, says she, 'I 'as only a "Companion to the *H*alter!" but you'll get a Bible, I thinks, at Master Talkins,—the cobbler, as preaches.' So I goes to Master Talkins, and he says, says he, 'I 'as no call for the Bible—'cause vy?—I 'as a call vithout; but mayhap you'll be a-getting it at the butcher's hover the vay,—cause vy?—the butcher'll be damned!' So I goes hover the vay, and the butcher says, says he, 'I 'as not a Bible: but I 'as a book of plays bound for all the world just like 'un, and mayhap the poor cretur mayn't see the difference.' So I takes the plays, Mrs. Margery, and here they be sure*ly*!—And how's poor Judy?"

"Fearsomo! she'll not be over the night, I'm a-thinking."

"Vell, I'll track up the dancers!"

So saying, Dummie ascended a doorless staircase, across the entrance of which a blanket, stretched angularly from the wall to the chimney, afforded a kind of screen; and presently he stood within a chamber, which the dark and painful genius of Crabbe might have delighted to portray. The walls were whitewashed, and at sundry places strange figures and grotesque characters had been traced by some mirthful inmate, in such sable outline as the end of a smoked stick or the edge of a piece of charcoal is wont to produce. The wan and flickering light afforded by a farthing candle gave a sort of grimness and menace to these achievements of pictorial art, especially as they more than once received embellishment from portraits of Satan, such as he is accustomed to be drawn. A low fire burned gloomily in the sooty grate; and on the hob hissed "the still small voice" of an iron kettle. On a round deal-table were two vials, a cracked cup, a broken spoon of some dull metal, and upon two or three multilated chairs were scattered various articles of female attire. On another table, placed below a high, narrow, shutterless casement (athwart which, instead of a curtain, a checked apron had been loosely hung, and now waved fitfully to and fro in the gusts of wind that made easy ingress through many a chink and cranny), were a looking glass, sundry appliances of the toilet, a box of coarse rogue, a few ornaments of more show than value; and a watch, the regular and calm click of which produced that indescribably painful feeling which, we fear, many of our readers who have heard the sound in a sick chamber can easily recall.

A large tester-bed stood opposite to this table, and the looking-glass partially reflected curtains of a faded stride, and ever and anon (as the position of the sufferer followed the restless emotion of a disordered mind), glimpses of the face of one on whom Death was rapidly hastening. Beside this bed now stood Dummie, a small, thin man, dressed in a tattered plush jerkin, from which the raindrops slowly dripped, and with a thin, yellow, cunning physiognomy, grotesquely hideous in feature but not positively villanous in expression. On the other side of the bed stood a little boy of about three years old, dressed as if belonging to the better classes, although the garb was somewhat tattered and discolored. The poor child trembled violently, and evidently looked with a feeling of relief on the entrance of Dummie. And now there slowly, and with many a phthisical sigh, heaved towards the foot of the bed the heavy frame of the woman who had accosted Dummie below, and had followed him, *haud passibus æquis*, to the room of the sufferer; she stood with a bottle of medicine in her hand, shaking its contents up and down, and with a kindly yet timid compassion spread over a countenance crimsoned with habitual libations.

This made the scene; save that on a chair by the bed-side lay a profusion of long glossy golden ringlets, which had been cut from the head of the sufferer when the fever had begun to mount upwards; but which, with a jealousy that portrayed the darling littleness of a vain heart, she had seized and insisted on retaining near her; and save that, by the fire, perfectly inattentive to the event about to take place within the chamber, and to which we of the biped race attach so awful an importance, lay a large grey cat, curled in a ball, and dozing with half-shut eyes, and ears that now and then denoted, by a gentle inflection, the jar of a louder or nearer sound than usual upon her lethargic senses. The dying woman did not at first attend to the entrance either of Dummie or the female at the foot of the bed; but she turned herself round towards the child, and grasping his arm fiercely, she drew him towards her, and gazed on his terrified features with a look in which exhaustion and an exceeding wanness of complexion were even horribly contrasted by the glare and energy of delirium.

"If you are like *him*," she muttered, "I will strangle you,—I will!—ay—tremble! you ought to tremble, when your mother touches you, or when *he* is mentioned. You have his eyes,—you have! Out with them, out!—the devil sits laughing in them! Oh! you weep, do you, little one! Well now, be still, my love,—be hushed! I would not harm thee! harm—O God, he *is* my child after all!"—And at these words she clasped the boy passionately to her breast, and burst into tears!

"Coom now, coom!" said Dummie, sooth-

ingly. "Take the stuff, Judith, and then ve'll talk over the urchin!"

The mother relaxed her grasp of the boy, and turning towards the speaker, gazed at him for some moments with a bewildered stare: at length she appeared slowly to remember him, and said, as she raised herself on one hand, and pointed the other towards him with an inquiriug gesture,—

"Thou hast brought the book?"

Dummie answered by lifting up the book he had brought from the honest butcher's.

"Clear the room, then!" said the sufferer, with an air of mock command so common to the insane. "We would be alone!"

Dummie winked at the good woman at the foot of the bed; and she (though generally no easy person to order or to persuade) left, without reluctance, the sick chamber.

"If she be a-going to pray!" murmured our landlady (for that office did the good matron hold), "I may indeed as well take myself off, for it's not werry comfortable like to those who be old to hear all that 'ere!"

With this pious reflection, the hostess of the Mug, so was the hostelry called, heavily descended the creaking stairs.

"Now, man!" said the sufferer, sternly: "swear that you will never reveal,—swear, I say! and by the great God, whose angels are about this night, if ever you break the oath, I will come back and haunt you to your dying day!"

Dummie's face grew pale, for he was superstitiously affected by the vehemence and the language of the dying woman, and he answered as he kissed the pretended Bible,—that he swore to keep the secret, as much as he knew of it, which, she must be sensible, he said, was very little. As he spoke, the wind swept with a loud and sudden gust down the chimney, and shook the roof above them so violently as to loosen many of the crumbling tiles, which fell one after the other, with a crashing noise, on the pavement below. Dummie started in affright; and perhaps his conscience smote him for the trick he had played with regard to the false Bible. But the woman, whose excited and unstrung nerves led her astray from one subject to another with preternatural celerity, said, with an hysterical laugh, "See, Dummie, they come in state for me, give me the cap—yonder! and bring the looking-glass!"

Dummie obeyed, and the woman, as she in a low tone uttered something about the unbecoming color of the ribands, adjusted the cap on her head; and then saying in a regretful and petulant voice, "Why should they have cut off my hair?—such a disfigurement!" bade Dummie desire Mrs. Margery once more to ascend to her.

Left alone with her child, the face of the wretched mother softened as she regarded him, and all the levities and all the vehemences,—if we may use the word,—which, in the turbulent commotion of her delirium, had been stirred upward to the surface of her mind, gradually now sunk, as death increased upon her,—and a mother's anxiety rose to the natural level from which it had been disturbed and abased. She took the child to her bosom, and clasping him in her arms, which grew weaker with every instant, she soothed him with the sort of chant which nurses sing over their untoward infants; but her voice was cracked and hollow, and as she felt it was so, the mother's eyes filled with tears—Mrs. Margery now re-entered; and, turning towards the hostess with an impressive calmness of manner which astonished and awed the person she addressed, the dying woman pointed to the child, and said,—

"You have been kind to me, very kind, and may God bless you for it! I have found that those whom the world calls the worst are often the most *human*. But I am not going to thank you as I ought to do, but to ask of you a last and exceeding favor. Protect my child till he grows up: you have often said you loved him,—you are childless, yourself—and a morsel of bread and a shelter for the night, which is all I ask of you to give him, will not impoverish more legitimate claimants!"

Poor Mrs. Margery, fairly sobbing, vowed she would be a mother to the child, and that she would endeavor to rear him honestly, though a public-house was not, she confessed, the best place for good examples!

"Take him!" cried the mother hoarsely, as her voice, failing her strength, rattled indistinctly, and almost died within her. "Take him,—rear him as you will, as you can!—any example, any roof better than——" Here the words were inaudible. "And oh! may it be

a curse, and a——Give me the medicine, I am dying."

The hostess, alarmed, hastened to comply; before she returned to the bedside the sufferer was insensible,—nor did she again recover speech or motion. A low and rare moan only testified continued life, and within two hours that ceased, and the spirit was gone. At that time our good hostess was herself beyond the things of this outer world, having supported her spirits during the vigils of the night with so many little liquid stimulants, that they finally sunk into that torpor which generally succeeds excitement. Taking, perhaps, advantage of the opportunity which the insensibility of the hostess afforded him, Dummie, by the expiring ray of the candle that burnt in the death chamber, hastily opened a huge box (which was generally concealed under the bed, and contained the wardrobe of the deceased), and turned with irreverent hand over the linens and the silks, until quite at the bottom of the trunk he discovered some packets of letters;—these he seized, and buried in the conveniences of his dress. He then, rising and replacing the box, cast a longing eye towards the watch on the toilet-table, which was of gold; but he withdrew his gaze, and with a querulous sigh, observed to himself, "The old blowen kens o' that, od rat her! but howsomever, I'll take this; who knows but it may be of sarvice—*tannies* to-day may be *smash* to-morrow!" * and he laid his coarse hand on the golden and silky tresses we have described. "'Tis a rum business, and puzzles I! but mum's the word, for my own little colquarren." †

With this brief soliloquy Dummie descended the stairs, and let himself out of the house.

CHAPTER II.

"Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place."
—*Deserted Village.*

THERE is little to interest in a narrative of early childhood, unless indeed one were writing on education. We shall not, therefore, linger over the infancy of the motherless boy left to the protection of Mrs. Margery Lobkins, or, as she was sometimes familiarly called, Peggy or Piggy Lob. The good dame, drawing a more than sufficient income from the profits of a house, which, if situated in an obscure locality, enjoyed very general and lucrative repute; and being a lone widow without kith or kin, had no temptation to break her word to the deceased, and she suffered the orphan to wax in strength and understanding until the age of twelve, a period at which we are now about to reintroduce him to our readers.

The boy evinced great hardihood of temper, and no inconsiderable quickness of intellect. In whatever he attempted, his success was rapid, and a remarkable strength of limb and muscle seconded well the dictates of an ambition turned, it must be confessed, rather to physical than mental exertion. It is not to be supposed, however, that his boyish life passed in unbroken tranquillity. Although Mrs. Lobkins was a good woman on the whole, and greatly attached to her *protégé*, she was violent and rude in temper, or, as she herself more flatteringly expressed it, "her feelings were unkimmonly strong," and alternate quarrel and reconciliation constituted the chief occupations of the *protégé's* domestic life. As, previous to his becoming the ward of Mrs. Lobkins, he had never received any other appellation than "the child," so, the duty of christening him devolved upon our hostess of the Mug; and, after some deliberation, she blessed him with the name of Paul—it was a name of happy omen, for it had belonged to Mrs. Lobkins' grandfather, who had been three times transported, and twice hanged (at the first occurrence of the latter description, he had been restored by the surgeons, much to the chagrin of a young anatomist who was to have had the honor of cutting him up). The boy did not seem likely to merit the distinguished appellation he bore, for he testified no remarkable predisposition to the property of other people.

Nay, although he sometimes emptied the pockets of any stray visitor to the coffee-room of Mrs. Lobkins, it appeared an act originating rather in a love of the frolic, than a desire of the profit; for after the plundered person had been sufficiently tormented by the loss, haply of such utilities as a tobacco-box, or a handkerchief; after he had, to the secret delight of

* Meaning, what is of no value now may be precious hereafter.

† Colquarren—neck.

Paul, searched every corner of the apartment, stamped, and fretted, and exposed himself by his petulance to the bitter objurgation of Mrs. Lobkins, our young friend would quietly and suddenly contrive, that the article missed should return of its own accord to the pocket from which it had disappeared. And thus, as our readers have doubtless experienced, when they have disturbed the peace of a whole household for the loss of some portable treasure which they themselves are afterwards discovered to have mislaid, the unfortunate victim of Paul's honest ingenuity, exposed to the collected indignation of the spectators, and sinking from the accuser into the convicted, secretly cursed the unhappy lot which not only vexed him with the loss of his property, but made it still more annoying to recover it.

Whether it was that, on discovering these pranks, Mrs, Lobkins trembled for the future bias of the address they displayed, or whether she thought that the folly of thieving without gain required speedy and permanent correction, we cannot decide; but the good lady became at last extremely anxious to secure for Paul the blessings of a liberal education. The key of knowledge (the art of reading) she had, indeed, two years prior to the present date, obtained for him, but this far from satisfied her conscience: nay, she felt that, if she could not also obtain for him the discretion to use it, it would have been wise even to have withheld a key, which the boy seemed perversely to apply to all locks but the right one. In a word, she was desirious that he should receive an education far superior to those whom he saw around him. And attributing, like most ignorant persons, too great advantage to learning, she conceived that, in order to live as decorously as the parson of the parish, it was only necessary to know as much Latin.

One evening in particular, as the dame sat by her cheerful fire, this source of anxiety was unusually active in her mind, and ever and anon she directed unquiet and restless glances towards Paul, who sat on a form at the opposite corner of the hearth, diligently employed in reading the life and adventures of the celebrated Richard Turpin. The form on which the boy sat was worn to a glassy smoothness, save only in certain place, where some ingenious idler or another had amused himself by carving sundry names, epithets, and epigrammatic niceties of language. It is said, that the organ of carving upon wood is prominently developed on all English skulls; and the sagacious Mr. Combe has placed this organ at the back of the head, in juxtaposition to that of destructiveness, which is equally large among our countrymen, as is notably evinced upon all railings, seats, temples, and other things—belonging to other people.

Opposite to the fire-place was a large deal table, at which Dummie, surnamed Dunnaker, seated near the dame, was quietly ruminating over a glass of hollands and water. Farther on, at another table in the corner of the room, a gentleman with a red wig, very rusty garments, and linen which seemed as if it had been boiled in saffron, smoked his pipe, apart silent, and apparently plunged in meditation. This gentleman was no other than Mr. Peter Mac Grawler, the editor of a magnificent periodical, entitled "The Asinæum," which was written to prove, that whatever is popular is necessarily bad,—a valuable and recondite truth, which "The Asinæum" had satisfactorily demonstrated by ruining three printers and demolishing a publisher. We need not add, that Mr. Mac Grawler was Scotch by birth, since we believe it is pretty well known that *all* periodicals of this country have, from time immemorial, been monopolized by the gentlemen of the land of Cakes: we know not how it may be the fashion to eat the said cakes in Scotland, but *here* the good emigrators seem to like them carefully buttered on both sides. By the side of the editor stood a large pewter tankard, above him hung an engraving of the "wonderfully fat boar, formerly in the possession of Mr. Fattem, grazier." To his left rose the dingy form of a thin, upright clock in an oaken case; beyond the clock, a spit and a musket were fastened in parallels to the wall.

Below those twin emblems of war and cookery were four shelves, containing plates of pewter and delf, and terminating, centaur-like in a sort of dresser. At the other side of these domestic conveniences was a picture of Mrs. Lobkins, in a scarlet body, and a hat and plume. At the back of the fair hostess stretched the blanket we have before mentioned. As a relief to the monotonous surface of this simple screen, various ballads and

learned legends, were pinned to the blanket. These might you read in verses, pathetic and unadorned, how,

> "Sally loved a sailor lad
> As fought with famous Shovel!"

There might you learn, if of two facts so instructive you were before unconscious, that

> "Ben the toper loved his bottle—
> Charley only loved the lasses!"

When of these, and various other poetical effusions, you were somewhat wearied, the literary fragments, in humbler prose, afforded you equal edification and delight. There might you fully enlighten yourself as to the "Strange and Wonderful News from Kensington, being a most full and true Relation how a Maid there is supposed to have been carried away by an Evil Spirit, on Wednesday, 15th of April last, about Midnight." There too, no less interesting and no less veracious, was that uncommon anecdote, touching the chief of many-throned powers, entitled, "The Divell of Mascon; or the true Relation of the Chief Things which an Unclean Spirit did and said at Mascon, in Burgundy, in the house of one Mr. Francis Pereaud: now made English by One that hath a Particular Knowledge of the Truth of the Story."

Nor were these materials for Satanic history the only prosaic and faithful chronicles which the bibliothecal blanket afforded: equally wonderful, and equally indisputable, was the account of "a young lady, the daughter of a duke, with three legs, and the face of a porcupine." Nor less so, "The Awful Judgment of God upon Swearers, as exemplified in the case of John Stiles, who Dropped down Dead after swearing a Great Oath, and on stripping the unhappy man they found 'Swear not at all' written on the tail of his shirt!"

Twice had Mrs. Lobkins heaved a long sigh, as her eyes turned from Paul to the tranquil countenance of Dummie Dunnaker, and now, resettling herself in her chair, as a motherly anxiety gathered over her visage,—

"Paul, my ben cull," said she, "what gibberish hast got there?"

"Turpin, *the great* highwayman!" answered the young student, without lifting his eyes from the page, through which he was spelling his instructive way.

"Oh! he be's a chip of the right block, dame!" said Mr. Dunnaker, as he applied his pipe to an illumined piece of paper. "He'll ride a oss foaled by a hacorn yet, I varrants!"

To this prophesy the dame replied only with a look of indignation, and rocking herself to and fro in her huge chair, she remained for some moments in silent thought. At last she again wistfully eyed the hopeful boy, and calling him to her side, communicated some order, in a dejected whisper. Paul, on perceiving it, disappeared behind the blanket, and presently returned with a bottle and a wine-glass. With an abstracted gesture, and an air that betokened continued meditation, the good dame took the inspiring cordial from the hand of her youthful cup-bearer,

> And ere a man had power to say 'Behold!'
> The jaws of Lobkins had devoured it up:
> So quick bright things come to confusion!"

The nectarean beverage seemed to operate cheerily on the matron's system; and placing her hand on the boy's curling head, she said, (like Andromache, *dakruon gelasasa*, or, as Scott hath it, "With a smile in her cheek, but a tear in her eye):"—

"Paul, thy heart be good!—thy heart be good!—Thou didst not spill a drop of the *tape!* Tell me, my honey, why didst thou lick Tom Tobyson?"

"Because," answered Paul, "he said as how you ought to have been hanged long ago!"

"Tom Tobyson is a good-for-nought," returned the dame, "and *deserves to shove the tumbler;** but, oh my child! be not too venturesome in taking up the sticks for a blowen. It has been the ruin of many a man afore you, and when two men goes to quarrel for a 'oman, they doesn't know the natur of the thing they quarrels about;—mind thy latter end, Paul, and reverence the old, without axing what they has been before they passed into the wale of years;—thou may'st get me my pipe, Paul,—it is up-stairs, under the pillow."

While Paul was accomplishing this errand, the lady of the Mug, fixing her eyes upon Mr. Dunnaker, said, "Dummie, Dummie, if little Paul should come to be scragged!"

"Whish!" muttered Dummie, glancing over his shoulder at Mac Grawler,—"mayhap that gemman,"—here his voice became scarcely audible even to Mrs. Lobkins; but his whisper

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* Be whipped at the cart's tail.

seemed to an insinuation, that the illustrious editor of "The Asinæum" might be either an informer, or one of those heroes on whom an informer subsists.

Mr. Lobkins' answer, couched in the same key, appeard to satisfy Dunnaker, for, with a look of great contempt, he chucked up his head, and said, "Oho! that be all, be it!"

Paul here reappeared with the pipe, and the dame, having filled the tube, leaned forward, and lighted the Virginian weed from the *blower* of Mr. Dunnaker. As in this interesting occupation the heads of the hostess and the guest approached each other, the glowing light playing cheerily on the countenacce of each, there was an honest simplicity in the picture that would have merited the racy and vigorous genius of a Cruikshank. As soon as the Promethean spark had been fully communicated to the lady's tube, Mrs. Lobkins, still possessed by the gloomy idea she had conjured up, repeated,—

"Ah, Dummie, if little Paul should be scragged!" Dummie, withdrawing the pipe from his mouth, heaved a sympathizing puff, but remained silent; and Mrs. Lobkins, turning to Paul, who stood with mouth open and ears erect at this boding ejaculation, said,—

"Dost think, Paul, they'd have the heart to hang thee?"

"I think they'd have the rope, dame!" returned the youth.

"But you need not go for to run your neck into the noose!" said the matron; and then, inspired by the spirit of moralizing, she turned round to the youth, and gazing upon his attentive countenance, accosted him with the following admonitions:—

"Mind thy kittychism, child, and reverence old age. Never steal, 'specially when any one be in the way. Never go snacks with them as be older than you,—'cause why? the older a cove be, the more he cares for his self, and the less for his partner. At twenty, we diddles the public; at forty, we diddles our cronies! Be modest, Paul, and stick to your sitivation in life. Go not with fine tobymen, who burn out like a candle wot has a thief in it,—all flare and gone in a whiffy! Leave liquor to the aged, who can't do without it. *Tape* often proves a halter, and there be's no ruin like blue ruin! Read your Bible, and talk like a pious 'un. People goes more by your words than your actions. If you wants what is not your own, try and do without it; and if you cannot do without it, take it away by insinivation, not bluster. They as swindles, does more and risks less than they as robs; and if you cheats toppingly, you may laugh at the topping cheat.* And now go play."

Paul seized his hat, but lingered; and the dame guessing at the signification of the pause, drew forth, and placed in the boy's hand the sum of five halfpence and one farthing. "There, boy," quoth she, and she stroked his head fondly when she spoke; "you does right not to play for nothing, it's loss of time! but play with those as be less than yourself', and then you can go for to beat 'em if they say you go for to cheat!"

Paul vanished; and the dame, laying her hand on Dummie's shoulder, said,—

"There be nothing like a friend in need, Dummie; and somehow or other, I thinks as how you knows more of the horrigin of that 'ere lad than any of us!"

"Me, dame!" exclaimed Dummie, with a broad gaze of astonishment.

"Ah, you! you knows as how the mother saw more of you just afore she died, than she did of 'ere one of us. Noar, now—noar, now! tell us about 'un. Did she she steal 'un, think ye?"

"Lauk, mother Margery! dost think I knows? Vot put such a crotchet in your 'ead?"

"Well!" said the dame with a disappointed sigh, "I always thought as how you were more knowing about it than you owns. Dear, dear, I shall never forgit the night when Judity brought the poor cretur here,—you knows she had been some months in my house afore ever I see'd the urchin, and when she brought it, she looked so pale and ghostly, that I had not the heart to say a word, so I stared at the brat, and it stretched out its wee little hands to me. And the mother frowned at it, and throwed it into my lap!"

"Ah! she was a hawful voman, that 'ere!" said Dummie, shaking his head. "But howsomever, the urchin fell into good hands; for I be's sure you 'as been a better mother to 'un than the raal 'un!"

"I was always a fool about childer," rejoined

* Gallows.

Mrs. Lobkins; "and I thinks as how little Paul was sent to be a comfort to my latter end !—fill the glass, Dummie."

"I 'as heard as ow Judith was once blowen to a great lord !" said Dummie.

"Like enough !" returned Mrs. Lobkins—"like enough ! She was always a favorite of mine, for she had a spuret (spirit) as big as my own; and she paid her rint like a decent body, for all she was out of her sinses, or nation like it."

"Ay, I *knows* as how you liked her,—'cause vy ?—'tis not your vay, to let a room to a voman ! You says as how 'tis not respectable, and you only likes *men* to visit the Mug !"

"And I dosen't like all of them as comes here !" answered the dame: "'specially for Paul's sake: but what can a lone 'oman do ? Many's the gentleman highwayman wot comes here, whose money is as good as the clerk's of the parish. And when a bob* is in my hand, what does it sinnify whose hand it was in afore ?"

"That's what I call being sinsible and *practical*," said Dummie, approvingly. "And arter all, though you 'as a mixture like, I does not know a halehouse where a cove is better entertained, nor meets of a Sunday more illegant company, than the Mug !"

Here the conversation, which the reader must know had been sustained in a key inaudible to a third person, received a check from Mr. Peter MacGrawler, who, having finished his revery and his tankard, now rose to depart. First, however, approaching Mrs. Lobkins, he observed that he had gone on credit for some days, and demanded the amount of his bill. Glancing towards certain chalk hieroglyphics inscribed on the wall at the other side of the fire-place, the dame answered, that Mr. Mac Grawler was indebted to her for the sum of one shilling and ninepence three farthings.

After a short preparatory search in his waistcoat pockets, the critic hunted into one corner a solitary half-crown, and having caught it between his finger and thumb, he gave it to Mrs. Lobkins, and requested change.

Ass soon as the matron felt her hand anointed with what has been called by some ingenious Johnson of St. Giles's "the oil of palms," her countenance softened into a complacent smile; and when she gave the required change to Mr. Mac Grawler, she graciously hoped as how he would recommend the Mug to the public.

"That you may be sure of," said the editor of "The Asinæum." "There is not a place where I am so much at home."

With that the learned Scotsman buttoned his coat and went his way.

"How spiteful the world be !" said Mrs. Lobkins after a pause, "'specially if a 'oman keeps a fashionable sort of a public ! When Judith died, Joe, the dog's-meat man, said I war all the better for it, and that she left I a treasure to bring up the urchin. One would think a thumper makes a man richer,—'cause why ?—every man *thumps !* I got nothing more than a watch and ten guineas when Judy died, and sure that scarce paid for the burrel (burial)."

"You forgits the two *quids* * I giv' you for the hold box of rags,—much of a treasure I found there !" said Dummie, with sycompantic archness.

"Ay," cried the dame, laughing, "I fancies you war not pleased with the bargain. I thought you war too old a rag-merchant to be so free with the blunt: howsomever, I suppose it war the tinsel petticoat as took you in !"

"As it has mony a viser man than the like of I," rejoined Dummie, who to his various secret professions added the ostensible one of a rag-merchant and dealer in broken glass.

The recollection of her good bargain in the box of rags opened our landlady's heart.

"Drink, Dummie," said she good-humoredly,—"drink, I scorns to score lush to a friend."

Dummie expressed his gratitude, refilled his glass, and the hospitable matron knocking out from her pipe the dying ashes, thus proceeded:—

"You sees, Dummie, though I often beats the boy, I loves him, as much if I war his raal mother—I wants to make him an honor to his country and an ixciption to my family !"

"Who all flashed their ivories at Surgeon's Hall !" added the meteaphorical Dummie.

"True ! " said the lady,—"they died game, and I ben't ashamed of 'em. But I owes a

* Shilling.

* Guineas.

duty to Paul's mother, and I wants Paul to have a long life. I would send him to school, but you knows as how the boys only corrupt one another. And so, I should like to meet with some decent man as a tutor, to teach the lad Latin and vartue!"

"My eyes!" cried Dummie, aghast at the grandeur of this desire.

"The boy is 'cute enough, and he loves reading," continued the dame. "But I does not think the books he gets hold of will teach him the way to grow old."

"And ow came he to read anyhows?"

"Ranting Rob, the strolling player, taught him his letters, and said he'd a deal of janius!"

"And why should not Ranting Rob tache the boy Latin and vartue?"

"'Cause Ranting Rob, poor fellow, *was lagged for doing a panny!*" * answered the dame, despondently.

There was a long silence: it was broken by Mr. Dummie: slapping his thigh with the gesticulatory vehemence of an Ugo Foscolo, that gentleman exclaimed,—

"*I* 'as it—I 'as thought of a tutor for leetle Paul!"

"Who 's that?—you quite frightens me; you 'as no marcy on my narves," said the dame, fretfully.

"Vy it be the gemman vot writes," said Dummie, putting his finger to his nose,—"the genman vot payed you so flashly!"

"What! the Scotch gemman?"

"The werry same!" returned Dummie.

The dame turned in her chair, and refilled her pipe. It was evident from her manner that Mr. Dunnaker's suggestion had made an impression on her. But she recognized two doubts as to its feasibility: one, whether the gentleman proposed would be adequate to the task; the other, whether he would be willing to undertake it.

In the midst of her meditations on this matter, the dame was interrupted by the entrance of certain claimants on her hospitality; and Dummie soon after taking his leave, the suspense of Mrs. Lobkins' mind touching the education of little Paul remained the whole of that day and night utterly unrelieved.

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* Transported for burglary.

CHAPTER III.

"I own that I am envious of the pleasure you will have in finding yourself more learned than other boys—even those who are older than yourself! What honor this will do you! What distinctions, what applauses will follow wherever you go!"—LORD CHESTERFIELD'S *Letters to his Son.*

"Example, my boy—example is worth a thousand precepts."—MAXIMILIAN SOLEMN.

TARPEIA was crushed beneath the weight of ornaments! The language of the vulgar is a sort of Tarpeia! We have therefore relieved it of as many gems as we were able; and, in the fore going scene, presented it to the gaze of our readers, *simplex munditiis.* Nevertheless, we could timidly imagine some gentler beings of the softer sex rather displeased with the tone of the dialogue we have given, did we not recollect how delighted they are with the provincial barbarities of the sister kingdom, whenever they meet them poured over the pages of some Scottish story-teller. As, unhappily for mankind, broad-Scotch is not *yet* the universal language of Europe, we suppose our countrywomen will not be much more unacquainted with the dialect of their own lower orders, than with that which breathes nasal melodies over the paradise of the North.

It was the next day, at the hour of twilight, when Mrs. Margery Lobkins, after a satisfactory *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Mac Grawler, had the happiness of thinking that she had provided a tutor for little Paul. The critic having recited to her a considerable portion of *Propria quæ Maribus*, the good lady had no longer a doubt of his capacities for teaching; and, on the other hand, when Mrs. Lobkins entered on the subject of remuneration, the Scotsman professed himself perfectly willing to teach any and every thing that the most exacting guardian could require. It was finally settled that Paul should attend Mr. Mac Grawler two hours a-day; that Mr. Mac Grawler should be entitled to such animal comforts of meat and drink, as the Mug afforded; and, moreover, to the weekly stipend of two shillings and sixpence, the shillings for instruction in the classics, and the sixpence for all other humanities; or, as Mrs. Lobkins expressed it, "two bobs for the Latin, and a sice for the vartue!"

Let not thy mind, gentle reader, censure us

for a deviation from probability, in making so excellent and learned a gentleman as Mr. Peter Mac Grawler the familiar guest of the lady of the Mug. First, thou must know that our story is cast in a period antecedent to the present, and one in which the old jokes against the circumstances of author and of critic had their foundation in truth; secondly, thou must know, that by some curious concatenation of circumstances, neither bailiff nor bailiff's man was ever seen within the four walls continent of Mrs. Margery Lobkins; thirdly, the Mug was nearer than any other house of public resort to the abode of the critic; fourthly, it afforded excellent porter; and fifthly,—O reader, thou dost Mrs. Margery Lobkins a grievous wrong, if thou supposest that her door was only open to those mercurial gentry who are afflicted with the morbid curiosity to pry into the mysteries of their neighbor's pockets:—other visitors of fair repute were not unoften partakers of the good matron's hospitality; although it must be owned that they generally occupied *the* private room in preference to the public one. And sixthly, sweet reader (we grieve to be so prolix), we would just hint to thee, that Mr. Mac Grawler was one of those vast-minded sages who, occupied in contemplating morals in the great scale, do not fritter down their intellects by a base attention to minute details. So that, if a descendant of Lanfanger did sometimes cross the venerable Scot in his visit to the Mug, the apparition did not revolt that benevolent moralist so much as, were it not for the above hint, thy ignorance might lead thee to imagine.

It is said, that Athenodorus the Stoic contributed greatly by his conversation to amend the faults of Augustus, and to effect the change visible in that fortunate man, after his accession to the Roman empire. If this be true, it may throw a new light on the character of Augustus, and, instead of being the hypocrite, he was possibly the convert. Certain it is, that there are few vices which cannot be conquered by wisdom: and yet, melancholy to relate, the instructions of Peter Mac Grawler produced but slendor amelioration in the habits of the youthful Paul. That ingenious stripling had, we have already seen, under the tuition of Ranting Rob, mastered the art of reading; nay, he could even construct and link together certain curious pot-hooks, which himself and Mrs. Lobkins were wont graciously to term "writing." So far, then, the way of Mac Grawler was smoothed and prepared.

But, unhappily, all experienced teachers allow that the main difficulty is not to learn, but to unlearn; and the mind of Paul was already occupied by a vast number of heterogeneous miscellanies, which stoutly resisted the ingress either of Latin or of virtue. Nothing could wean him from an ominous affection for the history of Richard Turpin: it was to him what, it has been said, the Greek authors should be to the Academician,—a study by day, and a dream by night. He was docile enough during lessons, and sometimes even too quick in conception for the stately march of Mr. Mac Grawler's intellect. But it not unfrequently happened, that when that gentleman attempted to rise he found himself, like the lady in Comus, adhering to—

> "A venomed seat
> Smeared with gums of glutinous heat;"

or his legs had been secretly united under the table, and the tie was not to be broken without overthrow to the superior powers; these, and various other little sportive machinations wherewith Paul was wont to relieve the monotony of literature, went far to disgust the learned critic with his undertaking. But "the tape" and the treasury of Mrs. Lobkins re-smoothed, as it were, the irritated bristles of his mind, and he continued his labors with this philosophical reflection:—"Why fret myself?—if a pupil turn out well, it is clearly to the credit of his master; if not, to the disadvantage of himself." Of course, a similiar suggestion never forced itself into the mind of Dr. Keate.* At Eton, the very soul of the honest headmaster is consumed by his zeal for the welfare of little gentlemen in stiff cravats.

But to Paul, who was predestined to enjoy a certain quantum of knowledge, circumstances happened, in the commencement of the second year of his pupilage, which prodigiously accelerated the progress of his scholastic career.

At the apartment of Mac Grawler, Paul one morning encountered Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, a young man of great promise, who pursued the peaceful occupation of chronicling in a leading newspaper, "Horrid Murders,"

* A celebrated Principal of Eton.

"Enormous Melons," and "Remarkable Circumstances." This gentleman, having the advantage of some years' seniority over Paul, was slow in unbending his dignity: but observing at last the eager and respectful attention with which the stripling listened to a most veracious detail of five men being inhumanly murdered in Canterbury Cathedral by the Reverend Zedekiah Fooks Barnacle, he was touched by the impression he had created, and shaking Paul graciously by the hand, he told him there was a deal of natural shrewdness in his countenance; and that Mr. Augustus Tomlinson did not doubt but that he (Paul) might have the honor to be murdered himself one of these days.

"You understand me!" continued Mr. Augustus,—"I mean murderer in effigy,—assassinated in type,—while you yourself, unconscious of the circumstance, are quietly enjoying what you imagine to be your existence. We never kill common persons: to say truth, our chief spite is against the Church;—we destroy bishops by wholesale. Sometimes, indeed, we knock off a leading barrister or so; and express the anguish of the junior counsel at a loss so destructive to their interests. But that is only a stray hit; and the slain barrister often lives to become attorney general, renounce Whig principles, and prosecute the very press that destroyed him. Bishops are our *proper* food: we send them to heaven on a sort of a flying griffin, of which the back is an apoplexy, and the wings are puffs. The Bishop of ——, whom we despatched in this manner the other day, being rather a facetious personage, wrote to remonstrate with us thereon; observing, that though heaven was a very good translation for a bishop, yet that in such cases, he preferred 'the original to the translation.'

"As we murder bishops, so is there another class of persons whom we only afflict with lethiferious diseases. This latter tribe consists of his Majesty and his Majesty's ministers. Whenever we cannot abuse their measures, we always fall foul on their health. Does the king pass any popular law,—we immediately insinuate that his constitution is on its last legs. Does the minister act like a man of sense,—we instantly observe, with great regret, that his complexion is remarkably pale. There is one manifest advantage in *diseasing* people, instead of absolutely destroying them. The public may flatly contradict us in one case, but it never can in the other:—it is easy to prove that a man is alive: but utterly impossible to prove that he is in health. What if some opposing newspaper take up the cudgels in his behalf, and assert that the victim of all Pandora's complaints, whom we send tottering to the grave, passes one half the day in knocking up a 'distinguished company' at a shooting-party, and the other half in outdoing the same 'distinguished company' after dinner?

"What if the afflicted individual himself write us word that he never was better in his life?—we have only mysteriously to shake our heads and observe, that to contradict is not to prove,—that it is little likely that our authority should have been mistaken, and—(we are very fond of an historical comparison)—beg our readers to remember, that when Cardinal Richelieu was dying, nothing enraged him so much as hinting that he was ill. In short, if Horace is right, we are the very princes of poets; for I dare say, Mr. Mac Grawler, that you,—and you, too, my little gentleman perfectly remember the words of the wise old Roman,—

> 'Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtm
> Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet.'"*

Having uttered this quotation with considerable self-complacency, and thereby entirely completed his conquest over Paul, Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, turning to Mac Grawler, concluded his business with that gentleman, which was of a literary nature, namely a joint composition against a man who, being under five-and-twenty, and too poor to give dinners, had had the impudence to write a sacred poem. The critics were exceedingly bitter at this; and having very little to say against the poem, the Court journals called the author a "coxcomb," and the liberal ones "the son of a pantaloon!"

There was an ease,—a spirit,—a life about Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, which captivated the senses of our young hero: then, too, he was exceedingly smartly attired; wore red heels and a bag; had what seemed to Paul quite the air of a "man of fashion;" and, above all, he spouted the Latin with a remarkable grace!

Some days afterwards, Mac Grawler sent

* "He appears to me to be, to the fullest extent, a poet, who airily torments my breast, irritates, soothes, fills it with unreal terrors."

our hero to Mr. Tomlinson's lodgings, with his share of the joint abuse upon the poet.

Doubly was Paul's reverence for Mr. Augustus Tomlinson increased by a sight of his abode. He found him settled in a polite part of the town, in a very spruce parlor, the contents of which manifested the universal genius of the inhabitant. It had been objected unto us by a most discerning critic, that we are addicted to the drawing of "universal geniuses." We plead Not Guilty in former instances; we allow the soft impeachment in the instance of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson. Over his fireplace were arranged boxing gloves and fencing foils. On his table lay a cremona and a flageolet. On one side of the wall were shelves containing the Covent Garden Magazine, Burn's Justice, a pocket Horace, a Prayer-book *Excerpta ex Tacito*, a volume of Plays, Philosophy made Easy, and a Key to all Knowledge. Furthermore, there were on another table a riding-whip, and a driving-whip, and a pair of spurs, and three guineas, with a little mountain of loose silver. Mr. Augustus was a tall, fair young man, with a freckled complexion; green eyes and red eyelids; a smiling mouth, rather under-jawed; a sharp nose; and a prodigiously large pair of ears. He was robed in a green damask dressing-gown; and he received the tender Paul most graciously.

There was something very engaging about our hero. He was not only good-looking, and frank in aspect, but he had that appearance of briskness and intellect which belongs to an embryo rogue. Mr. Augustus Tomlinson professed the greatest regard for him,—asked him if he could box—made him put on a pair of gloves—and, very condescendingly, knocked him down three times successively. Next he played him, both upon his flageolet and his cremona, some of the most modish airs. Moreover, he sang him a little song of his own composing. He then, taking up the driving-whip, flanked a fly from the opposite wall, and throwing himself (naturally fatigued with his numerous exertions) on his sofa, he observed, in a careless tone, that he and his friend Lord Dunshunner were universally esteemed the best whips in the metropolis. "I," quoth Mr. Augustus, "am the best on the road; but my lord is a devil at turning a corner."

Paul, who had hitherto lived too unsophisticated a life to be aware of the importance of which a lord would naturally be in the eyes of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, was not so much struck with the grandeur of the connection as the murderer of the journals had expected. He merely observed, by way of compliment, that Mr. Augustus and his companion seemed to be "rolling kiddies."

A little displeased with this metaphorical remark—for it may be observed that "rolling kiddy" is, among the learned in such lore, the customary expression for "a smart thief"—the universal Augustus took that liberty to which, by his age and station, so much superior to those of Paul, he imagined himself entitled, and gently reproved our hero for his indiscriminate use of flash phrases.

"A lad of your parts," said he,—"for I see you are clever by your eye,—ought to be ashamed of using such vulgar expressions. Have a nobler spirit—a loftier emulation, Paul, than that which distinguishes the little ragamuffins of the street. Know that, in this country, genius and learning carry every thing before them; and if you behave yourself properly, you may, one day or another, be as high in the world as myself."

At this speech Paul looked wistfully round the spruce parlor, and thought what a fine thing it would be to be lord of such a domain, together with the appliances of flageolet and cremona, boxing gloves, books, fly-flanking-flagelium, three guineas, with the little mountain of silver, and the reputation—shared only with Lord Dunshunner—of being the best whip in London.

"Yes!" continued Tomlinson, with conscious pride, "I owe my rise to myself. Learning is better than house and land. '*Doctrina sed vim*,' etc. You know what old Horace says? Why, sir, you would not believe it; but I was the man who killed his majesty the King of Sardinia in our yesterday's paper. Nothing is too arduous for genius. Fag hard, my boy, and you may rival—for the thing, though difficult, may not be impossible—Augustus Tomlinson!"

At the conclusion of this harangue, a knock at the door being heard, Paul took his departure, and met in the hall a fine-looking person dressed in the height of the fashion, and wearing a pair of prodigiously large buckles in his

shoes. Paul looked, and his heart swelled. "I may rival," thought he—those were his very words—"I may rival—for the thing, though difficult, is not impossible—Augustus Tomlinson!" Absorbed in meditation, he went silently home.

The next day the memoirs of the great Turpin were committed to the flames, and it was noticeable that henceforth Paul observed a choicer propriety of words,—that he assumed a more refined air of dignity, and that he paid considerably more attention than heretofore to the lessons of Mr. Peter Mac Grawler. Although it must be allowed that our young hero's progress in the learned languages was not astonishing, yet an early passion for reading growing stronger and stronger by application, repaid him at last with a tolerable knowledge of the mother-tongue. We must, however, add that his more favorite and cherished studies were scarcely of that nature which a prudent preceptor would have greatly commended. They lay chiefly among novels, plays, and poetry, which last he affected to that degree that he became somewhat of a poet himself. Nevertheless these literary avocations, profitless as they seemed, gave a certain refinement to his tastes, which they were not likely otherwise to have acquired at the Mug; and while they aroused his ambition to see something of the gay life they depicted, they imparted to his temper a tone of enterprise and of thoughtless generosity, which perhaps contributed greatly to counteract those evil influences towards petty vice, to which the examples around him must have exposed his tender youth.

But, alas! a great disappointment to Paul's hope of assistance and companionship in his literary labors befel him. Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, one bright morning disappeared, leaving word with his numerous friends, that he was going to accept a lucrative situation in the North of England. Notwithstanding the shock this occasioned to the affectionate heart and aspiring temper of our friend Paul, it abated not his ardor in that field of science, which it seemed that the distinguished absentee had so successfully cultivated. By little and little, he possessed himself (in addition to the literary stores we have alluded to) of all it was in the power of the wise and profound Peter Mac Grawlor to impart unto him; and at the age of sixteen he began (O the presumption of youth!) to fancy himself more learned than his master.

CHAPTER IV.

"He had now become a young man of extreme fashion, and as much *repandu* in society as the utmost and most exigent coveter of London celebrity could desire. He was, of course, a member of the clubs, etc. etc. etc. He was, in short, of that oft described set before whom all minor beaux sink into insignificance, or among whom they eventually obtain a subaltern *grade*, by a sacrifice of a due portion of their fortune."—*Almacks Revisited.*

By the soul of the great Malebranche, who made "A Search after Truth," and discovered everything beautiful except that which he searched for;—by the soul of the great Maleblanche, whom Bishop Berkely found suffering under an inflammation in the lungs, and very obligingly *talked to death*,—an instance of conversational powers worthy the envious emulation of all great metaphysicians and arguers;—by the soul of that illustrious man, it is amazing to us what a number of truths there are broken up into little fragments, and scattered here and there through the world. What a magnificent museum a man might make of the precious minerals, if he would but go out with his basket under his arm, and his eyes about him! We, ourselves, picked up, this very day, a certain small piece of truth, with which we propose to explain to thee, fair reader, a sinister turn in the fortunes of Paul.

"Wherever," says a living sage, "you see dignity, you may be sure there is expense requisite to support it." * So was it with Paul. A young gentleman who was heir-presumptive to the Mug, and who enjoyed a handsome person with a cultivated mind, was necessarily of a certain station of society, and an object of respect in the eyes of the manœuvring mammas of the vicinity of Thames Court. Many were the parties of pleasure to Deptford and Greenwhich which Paul found himself compelled to attend; and we need not refer our readers to novels upon fashionable life, to inform them that, in good society, the *gentlemen always pay for the ladies!* Nor was this all the expense to which his expectations exposed him. A gentleman could scarcely at-

* Popular Fallacies."

tend these elegant festivities without devoting some little attention to his dress; and a fashionable tailor plays the deuce with one's yearly allowance!

We, who reside, be it known to you, reader, in Little Brittany, are not very well acquainted with the manners of the better classes in St. James's. But there was one great vice among the fine people about Thames Court, which we make no doubt does not exist any where else, viz., these fine people were always in an agony to seem finer than they were; and the more airs a gentleman or a lady gave him or herself, the more important they became. Joe, the dog's-meat man, had indeed got into society, entirely from a knack of saying impertinent things to every body; and the smartest exclusives of the place, who seldom visited any one where there was not a silver teapot, used to think Joe had a great deal in him because he trundled his cart with his head in the air, and one day gave the very beadle of the parish "the cut direct."

Now this desire to be so exceedingly fine not only made the society about Thames Court unpleasant, but expensive. Every one vied with his neighbor; and as the spirit of rivalry is particularly strong in youthful bosoms, we can scarcely wonder that it led Paul into many extravagances. The evil of all circles that profess to be select is high play,—and the reason is obvious: persons who have the power to bestow on another an advantage he covets, would rather sell it than give it; and Paul, gradually increasing in popularity and *ton*, found himself in spite of his classical education, no match for the finished, or, rather, finishing gentlemen with whom he began to associate. His first admittance into the select coterie of these men of the world was formed at the house of Bachelor Bill, a person of great notoriety among that portion of the *élite* which emphatically entitles itself "Flash!" However, as it is our rigid intention in this work to portray *at length* no episodical characters whatsoever, we can afford our readers but a slight and rapid sketch of Bachelor Bill.

This personage was of Devonshire extraction. His mother had kept the pleasantest public-house in town, and at her death Bill succeeded to her property, and popularity. All the young ladies in the neighborhood of Fiddler's Row, where he resided, set their caps at him: all the most fashionable *prigs*, or *tobymen*, sought to get him into their set; and the most crack *blowen* in London would have given her ears at any time for a loving word from bachelor Bill. But Bill was a long-headed, prudent fellow, and of a remarkably cautious temperament. He avoided marriage and friendship, viz., he was neither plundered nor cornuted. He was a tall, aristocratic *cove*, of a devilish neat address, and very gallant, in an honest way, to the *blowens*. Like most single men, being very much the gentleman so far as money was concerned, he gave them plenty of "feeds," and from time to time a very agreeable "hop." His "bingo" * was unexceptionable; and for his "stark-naked," † it was voted the most brilliant thing in nature. In a very short time, by his blows-out and his bachelorship,—for single men always arrive at the apex of *haut ton* more easily than married,—he became the very glass of fashion; and many were the tight apprentices, even at the west end of the town, who used to turn back in admiration of Bachelor Bill, when, of a Sunday afternoon, he drove down his varment gig to his snug little box on the borders of Turnham Green. Bill's happiness was not, however, wholly without alloy. The ladies of pleasure are always so excessively angry when a man does not make love to them, that there is nothing they will not say against him; and the fair matrons in the vicinity of Fiddler's Row spread all manner of unfounded reports against poor Bachelor Bill. By degrees, however,—for, as Tacitus has said, doubtless with a prophetic eye to Bachelor Bill, "the truth gains by delay,"—these reports began to die insensibly away; and Bill, now waxing near to the confines of middle age, his friends comfortably settled for him that he would be Bachelor Bill all his life. For the rest, he was an excellent fellow,—gave his broken victuals to the poor—professed a liberal turn of thinking, and in all the quarrels among the blowens (your crack blowens are a quarrelsome set!) always took part with the weakest.

Although Bill affected to be very select in his company, he was never forgetful of his old friends; and Mrs. Margery Lobkins having been very good to him when he was a little boy in a skeleton jacket, he invariably

* Brandy. † Gin.

sent her a card to his *soirées*. The good lady, however, had not of late years deserted her chimney corner. Indeed, the racket of fashionable life was too much for her nerves, and the invitation had become a customary form not expected to be acted upon, but not a whit the less regularly used for that reason. As Paul had now attained his sixteenth year, and was a fine, handsome lad, the dame thought he would make an excellent representative of the Mug's mistress; and that, for her *protégé*, a ball at Bill's house would be no bad commencement of "Life in London." Accordingly, she intimated to the Bachelor a wish to that effect, and Paul received the following invitation from Bill:—

"Mr. William Duke gives a hop and feed in a quiet way on Monday next, and *hops* Mr. Paul Lobkins will be of the party. N.B.—Gentlemen *is* expected to come in pumps."

When Paul entered, he found Bachelor Bill leading off the ball to the tune of "Drops of Brandy," with a young lady to whom—because she had been a strolling player—the Ladies Patronesses of Fiddler's Row had thought proper to behave with a very cavalier civility. The good bachelor had no notion, as he expressed it, of such tantrums, and he caused it to be circulated among the finest of the blowens, that "he expected all who kicked their heels at his house would behave decent and polite to young Mrs. Dot." This intimation, conveyed to the ladies with all that insinuating polish for which Bachelor Bill was so remarkable, produced a notable effect; and Mrs. Dot, being now led off by the flash Bachelor, was overpowered with civilities the rest of the evening.

When the dance was ended, Bill very politely shook hands with Paul, and took an early opportunity of introducing him to some of the most "noted characters" of the town. Among these was the smart Mr. Allfair, the insinuating Henry Finish, the merry Jack Hookey, the knowing Charles Trywit, and various others equally noted for their skill in living handsomely upon their own brains, and the personals of other people. To say truth, Paul, who at that time was an honest lad, was less charmed than he had anticipated by the conversation of these chevaliers of industry. He was more pleased with the clever, though self-sufficient remarks of a gentleman with a remarkably fine head of hair, and whom we would more impressively than the rest introduce to our reader, under the appellation of Mr. Edward Pepper, generally termed Long Ned. As this worthy was destined afterwards to be an intimate associate of Paul, our main reason for attending the hop at Bachelor Bill's is to note, as the importance of the event deserves, the epoch of the commencement of their acquaintance.

Long Ned and Paul happened to sit next to each other at supper, and they conversed together so amicably that Paul, in the hospitality of his heart, expressed a hope that "he should see Mr. Pepper at the Mug!"

"Mug—Mug!" repeated Pepper, half shutting his eyes with the air of a dandy about to be impertinent; "Ah—the name of a chapel—is it not? There's a sect called the Muggletonians, I think?"

"As to that," said Paul, coloring at this insinuation against the Mug, "Mrs. Lobkins has no more religion than her betters; but the Mug is a very excellent house, and frequented by the best possible company."

"Don't doubt it!" said Ned. "Remember now that I was once there, and saw one Dummy Dunnaker—is not that the name? I recollect some years ago, when I first came out, that Dummie and I had an adventure together;—to tell you the truth, it was not the sort of thing I would do now. But, would you believe it, Mr. Paul? this pitiful fellow was quite rude to me the only time I ever met him since;—that is to say, the only time I ever entered the Mug. I have no notion of such airs in a merchant—a merchant of rags! Those commercial fellows are getting quite insufferable!"

"You surprise me!" said Paul. "Poor Dummie is the last man to be rude. He is as civil a creature as ever lived."

"Or sold a rag!" said Ned.—"Possibly! Don't doubt his amiable qualities in the least. Pass the bingo, my good fellow. Stupid stuff, this dancing!"

"Devilish stupid!" echoed Harry Finish, across the table. "Suppose we adjourn to Fish Lane, and rattle the ivories! What say you, Mr. Lobkins?"

Afraid of the "ton's stern laugh, which scarce the proud philosopher can scorn," and not being very partial to dancing, Paul as-

sented to the proposition; and a little party, consisting of Harry Finish, Allfair, Long Ned, and Mr. Hookey, adjourned to Fish Lane, where there was a club, celebrated among men who live by their wits, at which "lush" and "baccy" were gratuitously sported in the most magnificent manner. Here the evening passed away very delightfully, and Paul went home without a "brad" in his pocket.

From that time, Paul's visits to Fish Lane became unfortunately regular; and in a very short period, we grieve to say, Paul became that distinguished character—a gentleman of three outs—"out of pocket, out of elbows, and out of credit." The only two persons whom he found willing *to accommodate him with a slight loan*, as the advertisements signed X. Y. have it, were Mr. Dummie Dunnaker and Mr. Pepper, surnamed the Long. The latter, however, while he obliged the heir to the Mug, never condescended to enter that noted place of resort; and the former, whenever he good-naturedly opened his purse-strings, did it with a hearty caution to shun the acquaintance of Long Ned. "A parson," said Dummie, "of wery dangerous morals, and not by no manner of means a fit sociate for a young gemman of cracter like leetle Paul!" So earnest was this caution, and so especially pointed at Long Ned—although the company of Mr. Allfair or Mr. Finish might be said to be no less prejudicial,—that it is probable that stately fastidiousness of manner, which Lord Normanby rightly observes, in one of his excellent novels, makes so many enemies in the world, and which sometimes characterized the behavior of Long Ned, especially towards the men of commerce, was a main reason why Dummie was so acutely and peculiarly alive to the immoralities of that lengthy gentleman.

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Perhaps (for we must now direct a glance towards his domestic concerns) one great cause which drove Paul to Fish Lane was the uncomfortable life he led at home. For though Mrs. Lobkins was extremely fond of her *protégé*, yet she was possessed, as her customers emphatically remarked, "of the devil's own temper;" and her native coarseness never having been softened by those pictures of gay society which had, in many a novel and comic farce, refined the temperament of the romantic Paul, her manner of venting her maternal reproaches was certainly not a little revolting to a lad of some delicacy of feeling. Indeed, it often occurred to him to leave her her house altogether, and seek his fortunes alone, after the manner of the ingenious Gil Blas, or the enterprising Roderick Random; and this idea, though conquered and reconquered, gradually swelled and increased at his heart, even as swelleth that hairy ball found in the stomach of some suffering heifer after its decease. Among these projects of enterprise, the reader will hereafter notice, that an early vision of the Green Forest Care, in which Turpin was accustomed, with a friend, a ham, and a wife, to conceal himself, flitted across his mind. At this time he did not, perhaps, incline to the mode of life practised by the hero of the roads; but he certainly clung not the less fondly to the notion of the cave.

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Among the prominent features of Mrs. Lobkins' mind was a sovereign contempt for the unsuccessful;—the imprudence and ill-luck of Paul occasioned her as much scorn as compassion. And when, for the third time within a week, he stood, with a rueful visage and with vacant pockets, by the dame's great chair, requesting an additional supply, the tides of her wrath swelled into overflow.

"Look you, my kinchin cove," said she,—and in order to give peculiar dignity to her aspect, she put on while she spoke a huge pair of tin spectacles,—"if so be as how you goes

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"Taradididdle, don't think for to wheedle me with your debts and your honor," said the dame in a passion. "Long Ned is as long in the forks (fingers) as he is in the back: may Old Harry fly off with him! And as for Dummie Dunnaker, I wonders how you, brought up such a swell, and blest with the wery best of hedications, can think of putting up with such wulgar sociates! I tells you what, Paul, you'll please to break with them, smack and at once, or devil a brad you'll ever get from Peg Lobkins." So saying the old lady turned round in her chair, and helped herself to a pipe of tobacco.

Paul walked twice up and down the apartment, and at last stopped opposite the dame's chair: he was a youth of high spirit, and though he was warm-hearted, and had a love for Mrs. Lobkins, which her care and affection for him well deserved, yet he was rough in temper, and not constantly smooth in speech: it is true that his heart smote him afterwards, whenever he had said anything to annoy Mrs. Lobkins: and he was always the first to seek a reconciliation; but warm words produce cold respect, and sorrow for the past is not always efficacious in amending the future. Paul then, puffed up with the vanity of his genteel education, and the friendship of Long Ned (who went to Ranelagh, and wore silver clocked stockings), stopped opposite to Mrs. Lobkins' chair, and said with great solemnity—

"Mr. Pepper, madam, says very properly that I must have money to support myself like a gentleman: and as you won't give it to me, I am determined, with many thanks for your past favors, to throw myself on the world, and seek my fortune."

If Paul was of no oily and bland temper, dame Margaret Lobkins, it has been seen, had no advantage on that score:—we dare say the reader has observed that nothing so enrages persons on whom one depends as any expressed determination of seeking independence. Gazing, therefore, for one moment at the open but resolute countenance of Paul, while all the blood of her veins seemed gathering in fire and scarlet to her enlarging cheeks, Dame Lobkins said—

"Ifeaks, Master Pride-in-duds! seek your fortune yourself, will you? This comes of my bringing you up, and letting you eat the bread of idleness and charity, you toad of a thousand! Take that and be d——d to you!" and, suiting the action to the word, the tube which she had withdrawn from her mouth, in order to utter her gentle rebuke, whizzed through the air, grazed Paul's cheek, and finished its earthly career by coming in violent contact with the right eye of Dummie Dunnaker, who at that exact moment entered the room.

Paul had winced for a moment to avoid the missive,—in the next he stood perfectly upright; his cheeks glowed, his chest swelled; and the entrance of Dummie Dunaker who was thus made the spectator of the affront he had received, stirred his blood into a deeper anger and a more bitter self-humiliation:—all his former resolutions of departure—all the hard words, the coarse allusions, the practical insults he had at any time received, rushed upon him at once. He merely cast one look at the old woman, whose rage was now half subsided, and turned slowly and in silence to the door.

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like manner, when a man who can spell comes to be hanged, the anti-educationists accuse the spelling-book of his murder. High words between the admirer of ignorant innocence and the propagator of intellectual science ensued, which ended in Mac Grawler's final explosion from the Mug.

There are some young gentlemen of the present day addicted to the adoption of Lord Bryon's poetry, with the alteration of new rhymes, who are pleased graciously to inform us, that they are born to be the ruin of all those who love them: an interesting fact, doubtless, but which they might as well keep to themselves. It would seem, by the contents of this chapter, as if the same misfortune were destined to Paul. The exile of Mac Grawler, —the insults offered to Dummie Dunnaker,— alike occasioned by him, appear to sanction that opinion. Unfortunately, though Paul was a poet, he was not much of a sentimentalist; and he has never given us the edifying savings of his remorse on those subjects. But Mac Grawler, like Dunnaker, was resolved that our hero should perceive the curse of his fatality; and as he still retained some influence over the mind of his quondam pupil, his accusations against Paul, as the origin of his banishment, were attended with a greater success than were the complaints of Dummie Dunnaker on a similar calamity.

Paul, who, like most people who are good for nothing, had an excellent heart, was exceedingly grieved at Mac Grawler's banishment on his account: and he endeavored to atone for it by such pecuniary consolations as he was enabled to offer. These Mac Grawler (purely we may suppose, from a benevolent desire to lessen the boy's remorse) scrupled not to accept; and thus, so similar often are the effects of the virtue and of vice, the exemplary Mac Grawler conspired with the unprincipled Long Ned and the heartless Henry Finish, in producing that unenviable state of vacuity which now saddened over the pockets of Paul.

As our hero was slowly walking towards the sage's abode, depending on his gratitude and friendship for a temporary shelter, one of those lightning flashes of thought which often illumine the profoundest abyss of affliction darted across his mind. Recalling the image of the critic, he remembered that he had seen that ornament of "The Asinæum" receive sundry sums for his critical lucubrations.

"Why," said Paul, seizing on that fact, and stopping short in the street, "why should I not turn critic myself."

The only person to whom one ever puts a question with a tolerable certainty of receiving a satisfactory answer is one's self. The moment Paul started this luminous suggestion, it appeared to him that he had discovered the mines of Potosi. Burning with impatience to discuss with the great Mac Grawler the feasibility of his project, he quickened his pace almost into a run, and in a very few minutes, having only overthrown one chimney sweeper and two applewomen by the way, he arrived at the sage's door.

CHAPTER V.

"Ye realms yet unreveal'd to human sight!
Ye canes athwart the hapless hands that write!
Ye critic chiefs—permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state!"

VIRGIL, *Æn.* b. vi

FORTUNE had smiled upon Mr. Mac Grawler since he first undertook the tuition of Mrs. Lobkins' *protégé*. He now inhabited a second-floor, and defied the sheriff and his evil spirits. It was at the dusk of evening that Paul found him at home and alone.

Before the mighty man stood a pot of London porter; a candle, with an unregarded wick, shed its solitary light upon his labors; and an infant cat played sportively at his learned feet, beguiling the weary moments with the remnants of the spiral cap wherewith, instead of laurel, the critic had hitherto nightly adorned his brows.

So soon as Mac Grawler, piercing through the gloomy mist which hung about the chamber, perceived the person of the intruder, a frown settled upon his brow.

"Have I not told you, youngster!" he growled, "never to enter a gentleman's room without knocking? I tell you, sir, that manners are no less essential to human happiness than virtue: wherefore, never disturb a gentleman in his avocations, and sit yourself down without molesting the cat!"

Paul, who knew that his respected tutor dis-

liked any one to trace the source of the wonderful spirit which he infused into his critical compositions, affected not to perceive the pewter Hippocrene, and with many apologies for his want of preparatory politeness, seated himself as directed. It was then that the following edifying conversation ensued.

"The ancients," quoth Paul, "were very great men, Mr. Mac Grawler."

"They were so, sir," returned the critic; "we make it a rule in our profession to assert that fact!"

"But, sir," said Paul, "they were wrong now and then."

"Never, Ignoramus; never!"

"They praised poverty, Mr. Mac Grawler!" said Paul, with a sigh.

"Hem!" quoth the critic, a little staggered, but presently recovering his characteristic acumen, he observed,—

"It is true, Paul; but that was the poverty of other people."

There was a slight pause. "Criticism," renewed Paul, "must be a most difficult art."

"A-hem! And what art is there, sir, that is not difficult—at least, to become master of?"

"True," sighed Paul; "or else——"

"Or else what, boy?" repeated Mr. Mac Grawler, seeing that Paul hesitated, either from fear of his superior knowledge, as the critic's vanity suggested, or from (what was equally likely) want of a word to express his meaning.

"Why, I was thinking, sir," said Paul, with that desperate courage which gives a distinct and loud intonation to the voice of all who set, or think they set, their fate upon a cast: "I was thinking that I should like to become a critic myself!"

"W—h—e—w!" whistled Mac Grawler, elevating his eye-brows; "w—h—e—w! great ends have come of less beginnings!"

Encouraging as this assertion was, coming as it did from the lips of so great a critic, at the very moment too when nothing short of an anathema against arrogance and presumption was expected to issue from those portals of wisdom: yet, such is the fallacy of all human hopes, that Paul's of a surety would have heen a little less elated, had he, at the same time his ears drank in the balm of these gracious words, been able to have dived into the source whence they emanated.

"Know thyself!" was a precept the sage Mac Grawler had endeavored to obey: consequently the result of his obedience was, that even by himself he was better known than trusted. Whatever he might appear to others, he had in reality no vain faith in the infallibility of his own talents and resources; as well might a butcher deem himself a perfect anatomist from the frequent amputation of legs of mutton, as the critic of "The Asinæum" have laid "the flattering unction to his soul," that he was really skilled in the art of criticism, or even acquainted with one of its commonest rules, because he could with all speed cut up and disjoint any work, from the smallest to the greatest, from the most superficial to the most superior; and thus it was that he never had the want of candor to deceive *himself* as to his own talents. Paul's wish, therefore, was no sooner expressed, than a vague but golden scheme of future profit illumed the brain of Mac Grawler:—in a word, he resolved that Paul should henceforward share the labor of his critiques; and that he, Mac Grawler, should receive the whole profits in return for the honor thereby conferred on his coadjutor.

Looking, therefore, at our hero with a benignant air, Mr. Mac Grawler thus continued:—

"Yes, I repeat,—great ends have come from less beginnings!—Rome was not built in a day—and I, Paul, I myself was not always the editor of 'The Asinæum.' You say wisely, criticism is a great science—a very great science, and it may be divided into three branches; viz. 'to tickle, to slash, and to plaster.' In each of these three, I believe without vanity, I am a profound adept! I will initiate you into all. Your labors shall begin this very evening. I have three works on my table, they must be despatched by to-morrow night; I will take the most arduous, I abandon to you the others. The three consist of a Romance, an Epic in twelve books, and an Inquiry into the Human Mind, in three volumes; I, Paul, will tickle the Romance, you this very evening shall plaster the Epic and slash the Inquiry!"

"Heavens, Mr. Mac Grawler!" cried Paul, in consternation, "what do you mean? I should never be able to read an epic in twelve books, and I should fall asleep in the first

page of the Inquiry. No, no, leave me the romance, and take the other two under your own protection!"

Although great genius is always benevolent, Mr. Mac Grawler could not restrain a smile of ineffable contempt at the simplicity of his pupil.

"Know, young gentleman," said he, solemnly, "that the romance in question must be tickled; it is not given to raw beginners to conquer that great mystery of our science."

"Before we proceed farther, explain the words of the art," said Paul, impatiently.

"Listen, then," rejoined Mac Grawler; and as he spoke the candle cast an awful glimmering on his countenance, "To slash is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and branch. To plaster a book, is to employ the dative, or giving case, and you must bestow on the work all the superlatives in the language; you must lay on your paise thick and thin, and not leave a crevice untrowelled. But to tickle, sir, is a comprehensive word, and it comprises all the infinite varieties that fill the interval between slashing and plastering. This is the nicety of the art, and you can only acquire it by practice; a few examples will suffice to give you an idea of its delicacy.

"We will begin with the encouraging tickle. 'Although this work is full of faults; though the characters are unnatural, the plot utterly improbable, the thoughts hackneyed, and the style ungrammatical; yet we would by no means discourage the author from proceeding; and in the meanwhile we confidently recommend his work to the attention of the reading public.'

"Take, now, the advising tickle.

"'There is a good deal of merit in these little volumes, although we must regret the evident haste in which they were written. The author might do better—we recommend him a study of the best writers,'—then conclude by a Latin quotation, which you may take from one of the mottoes in the *Spectator*.

"Now, young gentleman, for a specimen of the metaphorical tickle.

"'We beg this poetical aspirant to remember the fate of Pyrenæus, who, attempting to pursue the Muses, forgot that he had not the wings of the goddesses, flung himself from the loftiest ascent he could reach, and perished.'

"This you see, Paul, is a loftier and more erudite sort of tickle, and may be reserved for one of the Quarterly Reviews. Never throw away a simile unnecessarily.

"Now for a sample of the facetious tickle.

"'Mr. —— has obtained a considerable reputation! Some fine ladies think him a great philosopher, and he has been praised in our hearing by some Cambridge Fellows, for his knowledge of fashionable society.'

"For this sort of tickle we generally use the dullest of our tribe, and I have selected the foregoing example from the criticism of a distinguished writer in 'The Asinæum,' whom we call, *par excellence*, *the* Ass.

"There is a variety of other tickles; the familiar, the vulgar, the polite, the good-natured, the bitter: but in general all tickles may be supposed to signify, however disguised, one or other of these meanings:—'This book would be exceedingly good if it were not exceedingly bad;'—or, 'This book would be exceedingly bad if it were not exceedingly good.'

"You have now, Paul, a general idea of the superior art required by the tickle?"

Our hero signified his assent by a sort of hysterical sound between a laugh and a groan. Mac Grawler continued:—

"There is another grand difficulty attendant on this class of criticism,—it is generally requisite to read a few pages of the work; because we seldom tickle without extracting, and it requires some judgment to make the context agree with the extract; but it is not often necessary to extract when you slash or when you plaster; when you slash, it is better in general to conclude with—

"'After what we have said, it is unnecessary to add that we cannot offend the taste of our readers by any quotation from this execrable trash.' And when you plaster, you may wind up with, 'We regret that our limits will not allow us to give any extracts from this wonderful and unrivalled work. We must refer our readers to the book itself.'

"And now, sir, I think I have given you a sufficient outline of the noble science of Scaliger and Mac Grawler. Doubtless you are reconciled to the task I have allotted to you; and while I tickle the Romance, you will slash the Inquiry and plaster the Epic!"

"I will do my best, sir!' said Paul, with that modest yet noble simplicity which becomes the virtuously ambitious:—and Mac Grawler forthwith gave him pen and paper, and set him down to his undertaking.

He had the good fortune to please Mac Grawler, who, after having made a few corrections in style, declared he evinced a peculiar genius in that branch of composition. And then it was that Paul, made conceited by praise, said, looking contemptuously in the face of his preceptor, and swinging his legs to and fro,—"And what, sir, shall I receive for the plastered Epic and the slashed Inquiry?" As the face of the schoolboy who, when guessing, as he thinks rightly, at the meaning of some mysterious word in Cornelius Nepos, receiveth not the sugared epithet of praise, but a sudden stroke across the *os humerosve*,* even so, blank, puzzled, and thunder-stricken, waxed the face of Mr. Mac Grawler, at the abrupt and astounding audacity of Paul.

"Receive!" he repeated, "receive!—Why, you impudent, ungrateful puppy, would you steal the bread from your old master? If I can obtain for your crude articles an admission into the illustrious pages of 'The Asinæum,' will you not be sufficiently paid, sir, by the honor? Answer me that. Another man, young gentleman, would have charged you a premium for his instructions:—and here have I, in one lesson, imparted to you all the mysteries of the science, and for nothing! And you talk to me of 'receive!'—'receive!' Young gentleman, in the words of the immortal bard, 'I would as lief you had talked to me of ratsbane!'"

"In fine, then, Mr. Mac Grawler, I shall get nothing for my trouble?" said Paul.

"To be sure not, sir; the very best writer in 'The Asinæum' only gets three shillings an article!" Almost more than he deserves, the critic might have added; for he who writes for nobody should receive nothing!

"Then, sir," quoth the mercenary Paul profanely, and rising, he kicked with one kick, the cat, the Epic, and the Inquiry to the other end of the room; "Then, sir, you may all go to the devil!"

We do not, O gentle reader! seek to excuse this hasty anathema:—the habits of childhood will sometimes break forth despite of the after blessings of education. And we set not up Paul for thine imitation as that model of virtue and of wisdom which we design thee to discover in Mac Grawler.

When that great critic perceived Paul had risen and was retreating in high dudgeon towards the door, he rose also, and repeating Paul's last words, said, "'Go to the devil!' Not so quick, young gentleman,—*festina lente*,—all in good time. What though I did, astonished at your premature request, say that you should receive nothing; yet my great love for you may induce me to bestir myself on your behalf. 'The Asinænm,' it is true, only gives three shillings an article in general; but I am its editor, and will intercede with the proprietors on your behalf. Yes—yes. I will see what is to be done. Stop a bit, my boy."

Paul, though very irascible, was easily pacified: he reseated himself, and, taking Mac Grawler's hand, said,—

"Forgive me for my petulance, my dear, sir; but, to tell you the honest truth, I am very low in the world just at present, and must get money in some way or another: in short, I must either pick pockets or write (not gratuitously) for 'The Asinæum.'"

And, without farther preliminary, Paul related his present circumstances to the critic; declared his determination not to return to the Mug; and requested, at least, from the friendship of his old preceptor the accomodation of shelter for that night.

Mac Growler was exceedingly disconcerted at hearing so bad an account for his pupil's finances as well as prospects; for he had secretly intended to regale himself that evening with a bowl of punch, for which he proposed that Paul should pay; but as he knew the quickness of parts possessed by the young gentleman, as also the great affection entertained for him by Mrs. Lobkins, who, in all probability, would solicit his return the next day, he thought it not unlikely that Paul would enjoy the same good fortune as that presiding over his feline companion, which, though it had just been kicked to the other end of the apartment, was now resuming its former occupation, unhurt, and no less merrily than before. He therefore, thought it would be imprudent to discard his quondam pupil, despite of his present poverty; and, moreover, although the

* Face or shoulders.

first happy project of pocketing all the profits derivable from Paul's industry was now abandoned, he still perceived great facility in pocketing a part of the same receipts.

He therefore answered Paul very warmly, that he fully sympathized with him in his present melancholy situation; that, so far as he was concerned, he would share his last *shilling* with his beloved pupil, but that he regretted at that moment he had only elevenpence halfpenny in his pocket; that he would, however, exert himself to the utmost in procuring an opening for Paul's literary genius; and that, if Paul like to take the slashing and plastering part of the business on himself, he would willingly surrender it to him, and give him all the profits whatever they might be. *En attendant*, he regretted that a violent rheumatism prevented his giving up his own bed to his pupil, but that he might, with all the pleasure imaginable, sleep upon the rug before the fire.

Paul was so affected by the kindnesa in the worthy man, that, though not much addicted to the melting mood, he shed tears of gratitude; he insisted, however, on not receiving the whole reward of his labors; and at length it was settled, though with a noble reluctance on the part of Mac Grawler, that it should be equally shared between the critic and the critic's *protégé*; the half profits being reasonably awarded to Mac Grawler for his instructions and his recommendation.

CHAPTER VI.

"Bad events peep out o' the tail of good purposes."
Bartholomew Fair.

It was not long before there was a visible improvement in the pages of "The Asinæum:" the slashing part of that incomparable journal was suddenly conceived and carried on with a vigor and spirit which astonished the hallowed few who contributed to its circulation. It was not difficult to see that a new soldier had been enlisted in the service; there was something so fresh and hearty about the abuse, that it could never have proceeded from the worn-out acerbity of an old *slasher*. To be sure, a little ignorance of ordinary facts, and an innovating method of applying words to meanings which they never were meant to denote, were now and then distinguishable in the criticisms of the new Achilles: nevertheless, it was easy to attribute these peculiarities to an original turn of thinking; and the rise of the paper upon the appearance of a series of articles upon contemporary authors, written by this "eminent hand," was so remarkable, that fifty copies—a number perfectly unprecedented in the annals of "The Asinæum"—were absolutely sold in one week: indeed, remembering the principle on which it was founded, one sturdy old writer declared that the journal would soon do for itself and become popular.

There was a remarkable peculiarity about the literary *débutant*, who signed himself, "Nobilitas." He not only put old words to a new sense, but he used words which had never, among the general run of writers, been used before. This was especially remarkable in the application of hard names to authors. Once, in censuring a popular writer for pleasing the public, and thereby growing rich, the "eminent hand" ended with—"He who surreptitiously accumulates *bustle** is, in fact, nothing better than *a buzz gloak!*" †

These enigmatical words and recondite phrases imparted a great air of learning to the style of the new critic; and, from the unintelligible sublimity of his diction, it seemed doubtful whether he was a poet from Highgate, or a philosopher from Königsburg. At all events, the reviewer preserved his incognito, and, while his praises were rung at no less than three tea-tables, even glory appeared to him less delicious than disguise.

In this incognito, reader, thou hast already discovered Paul; and now, we have to delight thee with a piece of unexampled morality in the excellent Mac Grawler. That worthy Mentor, perceiving that there was an inherent turn for dissipation and extravagance in our hero, resolved magnanimously rather to bring upon himself the sins of treachery and mal-appropriation, than suffer his friend and former pupil to incur those of wastefulness and profusion. Contrary, therefore, to the agreement made with Paul, instead of giving that youth the half of those profits consequent on his brilliant lucubrations, he imparted to him only

* Money. † Pickpocket.

one fourth, and, with the utmost tenderness for Paul's salvation, applied the other three portions, of the same to his own necessities. The best actions are, alas! often misconstrued in this world; and we are now about to record a remarkable instance of that melancholy truth.

One evening, Mac Grawler, having "moistened his virtue" in the same manner that the great Cato is said to have done, in the confusion which such a process sometimes occasions in the best regulated heads, gave Paul what appeared to him the outline of a certain article, which he wished to be slashingly filled up, but what in reality was the following note from the editor of a monthly periodical:—

'Sir,

"Understanding that my friend, Mr. ——, proprietor of 'The Asinæum,' allows the very distinguished writer whom you have introduced to the literary world, and who signs himself 'Nobilitas,' only five shillings an article, I beg, through you, to tender him double that sum: the article required will be of an ordinary length.

"I am, sir, etc.

"————."

Now, that very morning, Mac Grawler had informed Paul of this offer, altering only, from the amiable motives we have already explained, the sum of ten shillings to that of four: and no sooner did Paul read the communication we have placed before the reader, than, instead of gratitude to Mac Grawler for his consideration of Paul's moral infirmities, he conceived against that gentleman the most bitter resentment. He did not, however, vent his feelings at once upon the Scotsman; indeed, at that moment, as the sage was in a deep sleep under the table, it would have been to no purpose had he unbridled his indignation. But he resolved without loss of time to quit the abode of the critic. "And, indeed," said he, solilquizing, "I am heartily tired of this life, and shall be very glad to seek some other employment. Fortunately, I have hoarded up five guineas and four shillings, and with that independence in my possession, since I have forsworn gambling, I cannot easily starve."

To this soliloquy succeeded a misanthropical revery upon the faithfulness of friends; and the meditation ended in Paul's making up a little bundle of such clothes, etc., as Dummie had succeeded in removing from the Mug, and which Paul had taken from the rag-merchant's abode one morning when Dummie was abroad.

When this easy task was concluded, Paul wrote a short and upraiding note to his illustrious preceptor, and left it unsealed on the table. He then, upsetting the ink-bottle on Mag Grawley's sleeping countenance, departed from the house, and strolled away he cared not whither.

The evening was gradually closing as Paul, chewing the cud of his bitter fancies found himself on London Bridge. He paused there, and, leaning over the bridge, gazed wistfully on the gloomy waters that rolled onward, caring not a minnow for the numerous charming young ladies who have thought proper to drown themselves in those merciless waves, thereby depriving many a good mistress of an excellent housemaid or an invaluable cook, and many a treacherous 'Phaon of letters beginning with "Parjured Villen," and ending with "Your affectionot but molancolly Molly."

While thus musing, he was suddenly accosted by a gentleman in boots and spurs, having a riding-whip in one hand, and the other hand stuck in the pocket of his inexpressibles. The hat of the gallant was gracefully and carefully put on, so as to derange as little as possible a profusion of dark curls which, streaming with unguents, fell low not on either side of the face, but on the neck, and even the shoulders of the owner. The face was saturnine and strongly marked, but handsome and striking. There was a mixture of frippery and sternness in its expression,—something between Madame Vestris and T. P. Cooke, or between "Lovely Sally" and "a Captain bold of Halifax." The stature of this personage was remarkably tall, and his figure was stout, muscular, and well knit. In fine, to complete his portrait, and give our readers of the present day an exact idea of this hero of the past, we shall add that he was altogether that sort of gentleman one sees swaggering in the Burlington Arcade, with his hair and hat on one side and a military cloak thrown over his shoulder; —or prowling in Regent Street, towards the evening, *whiskered* and *cigarred*.

Laying his hand on the shoulder of our hero, this gentleman said, with an affected intonation of voice:—

"How dost, my fine fellow?—long since I saw you!—dammee, but you look the worse for wear. What hast thou been doing with thyself?"

"Ha!" cried our hero, returning the salutation of the stranger, "and is it Long Ned whom I behold? I am indeed glad to meet you; and I say, my friend, I hope what I heard of you is not true!"

"Hist!" said Long Ned, looking round fearfully, and sinking his voice,—"never talk of what you hear of gentlemen, except you wish to bring them to their last dying speech and confession. But come with me, my lad; there is a tavern hard by, and we may as well discuss matters over a pint of wine. You look cursed seedy, to be sure, but I can tell Bill the waiter—famous fellow, that Bill!—that you are one of my tenants, come to complain of my steward, who has just distrained you for rent, you dog!—No wonder you look so worn in the rigging. Come follow me, I can't walk *with* thee. It would look too like Northumberland House and the butcher's abode next door taking a stroll together."

"Really, Mr. Pepper," said our hero, coloring, and by no means pleased with the ingenious comparison of his friend, "if you are ashamed of my clothes, which I own might be newer, I will not wound you with my ——"

"Pooh! my lad—pooh!" cried Long Ned, interrupting him; "never take offence. *I* never do. I never take any thing but money,—except, indeed watches. I don't mean to hurt your feelings;—all of us have been poor once. 'Gad, I remember when I had not a dud to my back, and now, you see me—you see me, Paul! But come, 'tis only through the streets you need separate from me. Keep a little behind—very little—that will do.—Ay, that will do," repeated Long Ned, mutteringly to himself, "they'll take him for a bailiff. It looks handsome nowadays to be so attended. It shows one *had* credit *once!*"

Meanwhile Paul, though by no means pleased with the contempt expressed for his personal appearance by his lengthy associate, and impressed with a keener sense than ever of the crimes of his coat and the vices of his other garment—"O breathe not its name!"—followed doggedly and sullenly the strutting steps of the coxcombical Mr. Pepper. That personage arrived at last at a small tavern, and, arresting a waiter who was running across the passage into the coffee-room with a dish of hung-beef, demanded (no doubt from a pleasing anticipation of a similar pendulous catastrophe) a plate of the same excellent cheer to be carried, in company with a bottle of port, into a private apartment. No sooner did he find himself alone with Paul, than, bursting into a loud laugh, Mr. Ned surveyed his comrade from head to foot, through an eye-glass which he wore fastened to his button-hole by a piece of blue riband.

"Well—'gad now," said he, stopping ever and anon, as if to laugh the more heartily—"stab my vitals, but you are a comical quiz; I wonder what the women would say, if they saw the dashing Edward Pepper, Esquire, walking arm in arm with thee at Ranelagh or Vauxhall? Nay, man, never be downcast; if I laugh at thee, it is only to make thee look a little merrier thyself. Why, thou lookest like a book of my grandfather's called Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy;* and faith, a shabbier bound copy of it I never saw."

"These jests are a little hard," said Paul, struggling between anger and an attempt to smile; and then recollecting his late literary occupations, and the many extracts he had taken from *Gleanings of the Belles Lettres*, in order to impart elegance to his criticisms, he threw out his hand theatrically, and spouted with a solemn face—

> "'Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
> Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest!'"

"Well now, prithee forgive me," said Long Ned, composing his features; "and just tell me what you have been doing the last two months."

"Slashing and plastering!" said Paul, with conscious pride.

"Slashing and what! The boy's mad,—what do you mean, Paul?"

"In other words," said our hero, speaking very slowly, "know, O very Long Ned! that I have been critic to 'The Asinæum.'"

If Paul's comrade laughed at first, he now laughed ten times more merrily than ever. He threw his length of limb upon a neighboring sofa, and literally rolled with cachinnatory convulsions; nor did his risible emotions subside until the entrance of the hung-beef restored him to recollection. Seeing, then, that a cloud lowered over Paul's countenance, he went up to him, with something like gravity; begged his pardon for his want of politeness; and desired him to wash away all unkindness

in a bumper of port. Paul, whose excellent dispositions we have before had occasion to remark, was not impervious to his friend's apologies. He assured Long Ned, that he quite forgave him for his ridicule of the high situation he (Paul) had enjoyed in the literary world; that it was the duty of a public censor to bear no malice; and that he should be very glad to take his share in the interment of the hung-beef.

The pair now set down to their repast, and Paul, who had fared but meagrely in that Temple of Athena over which Mac Grawler presided, did ample justice to the viands before him. By degrees, as he ate and drank, his heart opened to his companion; and, laying aside that Asinæum dignity which he had at first thought it incumbent on him to assume, he entertained Pepper with all the particulars of the life he had lately passed. He narrated to him his breach with Dame Lobkins; his agreement with Mac Grawler; the glory he had acquired, and the wrongs he had sustained; and he concluded, as now the second bottle made its appearance, by stating his desire of exchanging, for some more active profession, that sedentary career which he had so promisingly begun.

This last part of Paul's confessions secretly delighted the soul of Long Ned; for that experienced collector of the highways—(Ned, was, indeed, of no less noble a profession)—had long fixed an eye upon our hero, as one whom he thought likely to be an honor to that enterprising calling which he espoused, and an useful assistant to himself. He had not, in his earlier acquaintance with Paul, when the youth was under the roof and the *surveillance* of the practised and wary Mrs. Lobkins, deemed it prudent to expose the exact nature of his own pursuits, and had contented himself by gradually ripening the mind and the finances of Paul into that state when the proposition of a leap from a hedge would not be likely greatly to revolt the person to whom it was made. He now thought that time near at hand; and, filling our hero's glass up to the brim, thus artfully addressed him:—

"Courage, my friend!—your narration has given me a sensible pleasure; for, curse me if it has not strengthened my favorite opinion,—that every thing is for the best. If it had not been for the meanness of that pitiful fellow, Mac Grawler, you might still be inspired with the paltry ambition of earning a few shillings a-week, and vilifying a parcel of poor devils in the what-d'ye-call-it, with a hard name; whereas now, my good Paul, I trust I shall be able to open to your genius a new career, in which guineas are had for the asking,—in which you may wear fine clothes, and ogle the ladies at Ranelagh; and when you are tired of glory and liberty, Paul, why you have only to make your bow to an heiress, or a widow with a spanking jointure, and quit the hum of men like a Cincinnatus!"

Though Paul's perception into the abtruser branches of morals was not very acute,—and at that time the port wine had considerably confused the few notions he possessed upon "the beauty of virtue,"—yet he could not but perceive that Mr. Pepper's insinuated proposition was far from being one which the bench of bishops, or a synod of moralists, would conscientiously have approved: he consequently remained silent; and Long Ned, after a pause continued—

"You know my genealogy, my good fellow?—I was the son of Lawyer Pepper, a shrewd old dog, but as hot as Calcutta; and the grandson of Sexton Pepper, a great author who wrote verses on tombstones, and kept a stall of religious tracts in Carlisle. My grandfather, the sexton, was the best temper of the family; for all of us are a little inclined to be hot in the mouth. Well, my fine fellow, my father left me his blessing, and this devilish good head of hair. I lived for some years on my own resources. I found it a particularly inconvenient mode of life, and of late I have taken to live on the public. My father and grandfather did it before me, though in a different line. 'Tis the pleasantest plan in the world. Follow my example, and your coat shall be as spruce as my own.—Master Paul, your health!"

"But, O longest of mortals!" said Paul, refilling his glass, "though the public may allow you to eat your mutton off their backs for a short time, they will kick up at last, and upset you and your banquet: in other words,—(pardon my metaphor, dear Ned, in remembrance of the part I have lately maintained in 'The Asinæum,' that most magnificent and metaphorical of journals!)—in other words, the police will nab thee at last; and thou wilt

have the distinguished fate, as thou already hast the distinguishing characteristic—of Absalom!"

"You mean that I shall be hanged," said Long Ned. "That may or may not be; but he who fears death never enjoys life. Consider, Paul, that though hanging is a bad fate, starving is a worse; wherefore fill your glass, and let us drink to the health of that great donkey, the people, and may we never want saddles to ride it!"

"To the great donkey," cried Paul, tossing off his bumper; "may your (*y*)*ears* be as long! But I own to you, my friend, that I cannot enter into your plans. And, as a token of my resolution, I shall drink no more, for my eyes already begin to dance in the air: and if I listen longer to your resistless eloquence, my feet may share the same fate.

"So saying, Paul rose; nor could any entreaty, on the part of his entertainer, persuade him to resume his seat.

"Nay, as you will," said Pepper, affecting a *nonchalant* tone, and arranging his cravat before the glass. "Nay, as you will. Ned Pepper requires no man's companionship against his liking: and if the noble spark of ambition be not in your bosom, 'tis no use spending my breath in blowing at what only existed in my too flattering opinion of your qualities. So, then, you propose to return to Mac Grawler, (the scurvy old cheat!) and pass the inglorious remainder of your life in the mangling of authors and the murder of grammar? Go, my good fellow, go! scribble again and for ever for Mac Grawler, and let him live upon thy brains, instead of suffering thy brains to——"

"Hold!" cried Paul. "Although I may have some scruples which prevent my adoption of that rising line of life you have proposed to me, yet you are very much mistaken if you imagine me so spiritless as any longer to subject myself to the frauds of that rascal Mac Grawler. No! My present intention is to pay my old nurse a visit. It appears to me passing strange, that though I have left her so many weeks, she has never relented enough to track me out, which one would think would have been no difficult matter: and now you see that I am pretty well off, having five guineas and four shillings, all my own, and she can scarcely think I want her money, my heart melts to her, and I shall go and ask pardon for my haste!"

"Pshaw! sentimental," cried Long Ned, a little alarmed at the thought of Paul's gliding from those clutches which he thought had now so firmly closed upon him. "Why, you surely don't mean, after having once tasted the joys of independence, to go back to the boozing ken, and bear all Mother Lobkins' drunken tantarums! Better have stayed with Mac Grawler of the two!"

"You mistake me," answered Paul; "I mean solely to make it up with her, and get her permission to see the world. My ultimate intention is—to travel."

"Right," cried Ned, "on the high-road—and on horseback, I hope!"

"No my colossus of roads! No! I am in doubt whether or not I shall enlist in a marching regiment, or (give me your advice on it) I fancy I have a great turn for the stage, ever since I saw Garrick in Richard. Shall I turn stroller? It must be a merry life."

"O, the devil!" cried Ned. "I myself once did Cassio in a barn, and every one swore I enacted the drunken scene to perfection; but you have no notion what a lamentable life it is to a man of any susceptibility. No, my friend. No! There is only one line in all the old plays worthy thy attention—

'*Toby* or not *toby*,* that is the question.'

I forget the rest!"

"Well!" said our hero, answering in the jocular vein, "I confess, I have 'the actor's high ambition.' It is astonishing how my heart beat, when Richard cried out, 'Come *bustle*,† *bustle!*" Yes, Pepper avaunt!—

'A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.'"

"Well, well," said Long Ned, stretching himself, "since you are so fond of the play, what say you to an excursion thither to-night? Garrick acts!"

"Done!" cried Paul.

"Done!" echoed lazily Long Ned, rising with that *blasé* air which distinguishes the matured man of the world from the enthusiastic tyro. "Done! and we will adjourn afterwards to the White Horse."

"But stay a moment," said Paul; "if you remember, I owed you a guinea when I last saw you: here it is!"

* The highway. † Money.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Long Ned, refusing the money, "nonsense! you want the money at present; pay me when you are richer. Nay, never be coy about it: debts of honor are not paid now as they used to be. We lads of the Fish Lane Club have changed all that. Well, well, if I must."

And long Ned, seeing that Paul insisted, pocketed the guinea. When this delicate matter had been arranged,—

"Come," said Pepper, "come get your hat; but, bless me! I have forgotten one thing."

"What?"

"Why, my fine Paul, consider, the play is a bang-up sort of a place; look at your coat and your waistcoat, that's all."

Our hero was struck dumb with this *argumentum ad hominem*. But Long Ned, after enjoying his perplexity, relieved him of it, by telling him that he knew of an honest tradesman who kept a ready-made shop, just by the theatre, and who would fit him out in a moment.

In fact Long Ned was as good as his word; he carried Paul to a tailor, who gave him for the sum of thirty shillings, half ready money, half on credit, a green coat with a tarnished gold lace, a pair of red inexpressibles, and a pepper-and-salt waistcoat; it is true, they were somewhat of the largest, for they had once belonged to no less a person than Long Ned himself: but Paul did not then regard those niceties of apparel, as he was subsequently taught to do by Gentleman George (a personage hereafter to be introduced to our reader), and he went to the theatre, as well satisfied with himself as if he had been Mr. T——, or the Count de M——.

Our adventurers are now quietly seated in the theatre, and we shall not think it necessary to detail the performances they saw, or the observations they made. Long Ned was one of those superior beings of the road who would not for the world have condescended to appear any where but in the boxes, and, accordingly, the friends procured a couple of places in the dress-tier. In the next box to the one our adventurers adorned, they remarked more especially than the rest of the audience, a gentleman and a young lady seated next each other; the latter, who was about thirteen years old, was so uncommonly beautiful, that Paul, despite his dramatic enthusiasm, could scarcely divert his eyes from her countenance to the stage. Her hair, of a bright and fair auburn, hung in profuse ringlets about her neck, shedding a softer shade upon a complexion in which the roses seemed just budding, as it were, into blush. Her eyes large, blue, and rather languishing than brilliant, werec urtained by the darkest lashes; her mouth seemed literally girt with smiles; so numberless were the dimples, that every time the full, ripe, dewy lips were parted, rose into sight; and the enchantment of the dimples was aided by two rows of teeth more dazzling than the richest pearls that ever glittered on a bride.

But the chief charm of the face was its exceeding and touching air of innocence and girlish softness; you might have gazed for ever upon that first unspeakable bloom, that all untouched and stainless down, which seemed as if a very breath could mar it. Perhaps the face might have wanted animation; but, perhaps, also, it borrowed from that want an attraction; the repose of the features was so soft and gentle, that the eye wandered there with the same delight, and left it with the same reluctance, which it experiences in dwelling on or in quitting those hues which are found to harmonize the most with its vision. But while Paul was feeding his gaze on this young beauty, the keen glances of Long Ned had found an object no less fascinating in a large gold watch which the gentleman who accompanied the damsel ever and anon brought to his eye, as if he were waxing a little weary of the length of the pieces or the lingering progression of time.

"What a beautiful face!" whispered Paul.

"Is the face gold, then, as well as the back!" whispered Long Ned in return.

Our hero started, frowned,—and despite the gigantic stature of his comrade, told him, very angrily, to find some other subject for jesting. Ned in his turn stared, but made no reply.

Meanwhile Paul, though the lady was rather too young to fall in love with, began wondering what relationship her companion bore to her. Though the gentleman altogether was handsome, yet his features, and the whole character of his face, were widely different from those on which Paul gazed with such delight. He was not, seemingly, above five-and-forty, but his forehead was knit into many

a line and furrow; and in his eyes, the light, though searching, was more sober and staid than became his years. A disagreeable expression played about the mouth, and the shape of the face, which was long and thin, considerably detracted from the prepossessing effect of a handsome aquiline nose, fine teeth, and a dark, manly, though sallow complexion. There was a mingled air of shrewdness and distraction in the expression of his face. He seemed to pay very little attention to the play, or to any thing about him; but he testified very considerable alacrity when the play was over in putting her cloak around his young companion, and in threading their way through the thick crowd that the boxes were now pouring forth.

Paul and his companion silently, and each with very different motives from the other, followed them. They were now at the door of the theatre.

A servant stepped forward and informed the gentleman that his carriage was a few paces distant, but that it might be some time before it could drive up to the theatre.

"Can you walk to the carriage, my dear?" said the gentleman to his young charge; and she answering the affirmative, they both left the house, preceded by the servant.

"Come on!" said Long Ned, hastily, and walking in the same direction with the strangers had taken. Paul readily agreed; they soon overtook the strangers. Long Ned walked the nearest to the gentleman, and brushed by him in passing. Presently a voice cried, "Stop thief!" and Long Ned saying to Paul, "Shift for yourself—run!" darted from our hero's side into the crowd, and vanished in a twinkling. Before Paul could recover his amaze, he found himself suddenly seized by the collar; he turned abruptly, and saw the dark face of the young lady's companion.

"Rascal!" cried the gentleman, "my watch!"

"Watch!" repeated Paul, bewildered; and only for the sake of the young lady refraining from knocking down his arrester.—"Watch!"

"Ay, young man!" cried a fellow in a great coat, who now suddenly appeared on the other side of Paul; "this gentleman's watch, please your honor (addressing the complainant), *I* be a watch too,—shall I take up this chap?"

"By all means," cried the gentleman; "I would not have lost my watch for twice its value I can swear I saw this fellow's companion snatch it from my fob. The thief's gone; but we have at least the accomplice. I give him in strict charge to you, watchman; take the consequences if you let him escape."

The watchman answered, sullenly, that he did not want to be threatened, and he knew how to discharge his duty.

"Don't answer me, fellow! said the gentleman haughtily; "do as I tell you!" And, after a little colloquy, Paul found himself suddenly marched off between two tall fellows, who looked prodigiously inclined to eat him. By this time he had recovered his surprise and dismay: he did not want the penetration to see that his companion had really committed the offence for which *he* was charged; and he also foresaw that the circumstance might be attended with disagreeable consequences to himself. Under all the features of the case, he thought that an attempt to escape would not be an imprudent proceeding on his part; accordingly, after moving a few paces very quietly and very passively, he watched his opportunity, wrenched himself from the gripe of the gentleman on his left, and brought the hand thus released against the cheek of the gentleman on his right with so hearty a good will as to cause him to relinquish his hold, and retreat several paces towards the areas in a slanting position. But that roundabout sort of blow with the left fist is very unfavorable towards the preservation of a firm balance; and before Paul had recovered sufficiently to make an effectual "bolt," he was prostrated to the earth by a blow from the other and undamaged watchman, which utterly deprived him of his senses; and when he recovered those useful possessions (which a man may reasonably boast of losing, since it is only the minority who have them to lose), he found himself stretched on a bench in the watch-house.

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CHAPTER VII.

"Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
Old Giaffir sat in his divan:
* * * * *
* * * * *
Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy."
Bride of Abydos.

THE learned and ingenious John Schweighæuser (a name facile to spell and mellifluous to pronounce) hath been pleased, in that *Appendix continens particulam doctrinæ de mente humanâ*, which closeth the volume of his *Opuscula Academica*, to observe (we translate from memory) that, "in the infinite variety of things which in the theatre of the world occur to a man's survey, or in some manner or another affect his body or his mind, by far the greater part are so contrived as to bring to him rather some sense of pleasure than of pain or discomfort." Assuming that this holds generally good in well-constituted frames, we point out a notable example in the case of the incarcerated Paul; for, although that youth was in no agreeable situation at the time present, and although nothing very encouraging smiled upon him from the prospects of the futre, yet, as soon as he had recovered his consciousness, and given himself a rousing shake, he found an immediate source of pleasure in discovering, first, that several ladies and gentleman bore him company in his imprisonment; and, secondly, in perceiving a huge jug of water within his reach, which, as his awaking sensation was that of burning thirst, he delightedly emptied at a draught.

He then, stretching himself, looked around with a wistful earnestness, and discovered a back turned towards him, and recumbent on the floor, which, at the very first glance, appeared to him familiar. "Surely," thought he, "I know that frieze coat, and the peculiar turn of those narrow shoulders." Thus soliloquizing, he raised himself, and, putting out his leg, he gently kicked the reclining form. "Muttering strange oaths," the form turned round, and, raising itself upon that inhospitable part of the body in which the introduction of foreign feet is considered anything but an honor, it fixed its dull blue eyes upon the face of the disturber of its slumbers, gradually opening them wider and wider, until they seemed to have enlarged themselves into proportions fit for the swallowing of the important truth that burst upon them, and then from the mouth of the creature issued—

"Queer my glims, if that ben't little Paul!"

"Ay, Dummie, here I am!—Not been long without being laid by the heels, you see!—Life is short; we must make the best use of our time!"

Upon this, Mr. Dunnaker (it was no less respectable a person) scrambled up from the floor, and seating himself on the bench beside Paul, said, in a pitying tone,—

"Vy, laus-a-me! if you ben't knocked o' the head!—Your pole's as bloody as Murphy's face * ven his throat's cut!"

"'Tis only the fortune of war, Dummie, and a mere trifle: the heads manufactured at Thames Court are not easily put out of order. But tell me, how come you here?"

"Vy, I had been lushing heavy vet——"

"Till you grew light in the head, eh? and fell into the kennel."

"Yes."

"Mine is a worse business than that, I fear:" and therewith Paul, in a lower voice, related to the trusty Dummie the train of accidents which had conducted him to his present asylum. Dummie's face elongated as he listened: however, when the narrative was over, he endeavored such consolatory palliatives as occurred to him. He represented, first, the possibility that the gentleman might not take the trouble to appear; secondly, the certainty that no watch was found about Paul's person; thirdly, the fact that, even by the gentleman's confession, Paul had not been the actual offender; fourthly, if the worst came to the worst, what were a few weeks', or even months', imprisonment?

"Blow me tight!" said Dummie, "if it ben't as good a vay of passing the time as a cove as is fond of snuggery need desire!"

This observation had no comfort for Paul, who recoiled, with all the maiden coyness of one to whom such unions are unfamiliar, from a matrimonial alliance with the *snuggery* of the House of Correction. He rather trusted to another source for consolation. In a word,

* "Murphy's face," unlearned reader, appeareth, in Irish phrase, to mean "pig's head."

he encouraged the flattering belief, that Long Ned, finding that Paul had been caught instead of himself, would have the generosity to come forward and exculpate him from the charge. On hinting this idea to Dummie, that accomplished "man about town" could not for some time believe that any simpleton could be so thoroughly unacquainted with the world as seriously to entertain so ridiculous a notion; and, indeed, it is somewhat remarkable that such a hope should ever have told its flattering tale to one brought up in the house of Mrs. Margaret Lobkins. But Paul, we have seen, had formed many of his notions from books; and he had the same fine theories of your "moral rogue," that possess the minds of young patriots when they first leave college for the House of Commons, and think integrity a prettier thing than office.

Mr. Dunnaker urged Paul, seriously, to dismiss so vague and childish a fancy from his breast, and rather to think of what line of defence it would be best for him to pursue. This subject being at length exhausted, Paul recurred to Mrs. Lobkins, and inquired whether Dummie had lately honored that lady with a visit.

Mr. Dunnaker replied that he had, though with much difficulty, appeased her anger against him for his supposed abetment of Paul's excesses, and that of late she had held sundry conversations with Dummie respecting our hero himself. Upon questioning Dummie further, Paul learned the good matron's reasons for not evincing that solicitude for his return which our hero had reasonably anticipated. The fact was, that she, having no confidence whatsoever in his own resources independent of her, had not been sorry of an opportunity effectually, as she hoped to humble that pride which had so revolted her; and she pleased her vanity by anticipating the time when Paul, starved into submission, would gladly and penitently re-seek the shelter of her roof, and, tamed as it were by experience, would never again kick against the yoke which her matronly prudence thought it fitting to impose upon him.

She contented herself, then, with obtaining from Dummie the intelligence that our hero was under Mac Grawler's roof, and therefore, out of all positive danger to life and limb; and, as she could not forsee the ingenious exertions of intellect by which Paul had converted himself into the "Nobilitas" of "The Asinæum," and thereby saved himself from utter penury, she was perfectly convinced, from her knowledge of character, that the illustrious Mac Grawler would not long continue that protection to the rebellious *protégé*, which in her opinion, was his only preservative from picking pockets or famishing. To the former decent alternative she knew Paul's great and jejune aversion, and she consequently had little fear for his morals or his safety, in thus abandoning him for awhile to chance. Any anxiety, too, that she might otherwise have keenly experienced was deadened by the babitual intoxication now increasing upon the good lady with age, and which, though at times she could be excited to all her characteristic vehemence, kept her senses for the most part plunged into a Lethæan stupor; or, to speak more courteously, into a poetical abstraction from the things of the external world.

"But," said Dummie, as by degrees he imparted the solution of the dame's conduct to the listening ear of his companion—"But I hopes as how ven you be out of this ere scrape, leetle Paul, you vill take varning, and drop Meester Pepper's acquaintance (vich, I must say, I vas always a sorry to see you hencourage), and go home to the Mug, and fam grasp the old mort, for she has not been like the same cretur ever since you vent. She's a delicatearted oman, that Piggy Lob!"

So appropriate a panegyric on Mrs. Margaret Lobkins might, at another time, have excited Paul's risible muscles; but at that moment he really felt compunction for the unceremonious manner in which he had left her, and the softness of regretful affection imbued in its hollowing colors even the image of Piggy Lob.

In conversation of this intellectual and domestic description, the night and ensuing morning passed away, till Paul found himself in the awful presence of Justice Burnflat. Several cases were disposed of before his own, and among others, Mr. Dummie Dunnaker obtained his release, though not without a severe reprimand for his sin of inebriety, which no doubt sensiby affected the ingenuous spirit of that noble character. At length Paul's turn came. He heard, as he took his station, a general buzz. At first he imagined it was at

his own interesting appearance; but, raising his eyes, he perceived that it was at the entrance of the gentleman who was to become his accuser.

"Hush," said some one near him, "'tis Lawyer Brandon. Ah, he's a 'cute fellow! It will go hard with the person he complains of."

There was a happy fund of elasticity of spirit about our hero; and though he had not the good fortune to have "a blighted heart," a circumstance which, by the poets and philosophers of the present day, is supposed to inspire a man with wonderful courage, and make him impervious to all misfortunes; yet he bore himself up with wonderful courage under his present trying situation, and was far from overwhelmed, though he was certainly a little damped by the observation he had just heard.

Mr. Brandon, was, indeed, a barrister of considerable reputation, and in high esteem in the world, not only for talent, but also for a great austerity of manners, which, though a little mingled with sternness and acerbity for the errors of other men, was naturally thought the more praiseworthy on that account; there being, as persons of experience are doubtless aware, two divisions in the first class of morality: imprimis, a great hatred for the vices of one's neighbor; secondly, the possession of virtues in one's self.

Mr. Brandon was received with great courtesy by Justice Burnflat, and as he came, watch in hand (a borrowed watch), saying that his time was worth five guineas a moment, the justice proceeded immediately to business.

Nothing could be clearer, shorter, or more satisfactory, than the evidence of Mr. Brandon. The corroborative testimony of the watchman followed; and then Paul was called upon for his defence. This was equally brief with the charge;—but, alas! it was not equally satisfactory. It consisted in a firm declaration of his innocence. His comrade, he confessed, might have stolen the watch, but he humbly suggested that that was exactly the very reawhy *he* had *not* stolen it.

"How long, fellow," asked Justice Burnflat, "have you known your companion?"

"About half a year!"

"And what is his name and calling?"

Paul hesitated, and declined to answer.

"A sad piece of business!" said the justice, in a melancholy tone, and shaking his head portentously.

The lawyer acquiesced in the aphorism; but with great magnanimity observed, that he did not wish to be hard upon the young man. His youth was in his favor, and his offence was probably the consequence of evil company. He suggested, therefore, that as he must be perfectly aware of the address of his friend, he should receive a full pardon if he would immediately favor the magistrate with that information. He concluded by remarking, with singular philanthropy, that it was not the punishment of the youth, but the recovery of his watch, that he desired.

Justice Burnflat, having duly impressed upon our hero's mind the disinterested and Christian mercy of the complainant, and the everlasting obligation Paul was under to him for its display, now repeated, with double solemnity, those queries respecting the habitation and name of Long Ned, which our hero had before declined to answer.

Grieved are we to confess that Paul, ungrateful for, and wholly untouched by, the beautiful benignity of Lawyer Brandon, continued firm in his stubborn denial to betray his comrade, and with equal obduracy he continued to insist upon his own innocence and unblemished respectability of character.

"Your name, young man?" quoth the justice. "Your name, you say, is Paul—Paul what? you have many an *alias*, I 'll be bound."

Here the young gentleman again hesitated: at length he replied,—

"Paul Lobkins, your worship."

"Lobkins!" repeated the judge—"Lobkins! come hither, Saunders: have we not that name down in our black books?"

"So, please your worship," quoth a little stout man, very useful in many respects to the Festus of the police, "there is one Peggy Lobkins, who keeps a public-house, a sort of flash ken, called the Mug, in Thames Court, not exactly in our beat, your worship."

"Ho, ho!" said Justice Burnflat, winking at Mr. Brandon, "we must sift this a little. Pray, Mr. Paul Lobkins, what relation is the good landlady of the Mug, in Thames Court, to yourself?"

"None at all, sir," said Paul, hastily,—"she's only a friend!"

Upon this there was a laugh in the court.

"Silence," cried the justice: "and I dare say, Mr. Paul Lobkins, that this friend of yours will vouch for the respectability of your character, upon which you are pleased to value yourself?"

"I have not a doubt of it, sir," answered Paul; and there was another laugh.

"And is there any other equally weighty and praiseworthy friend of yours who will do you the like kindness?"

Paul hesitated; and at that moment, to the surprise of the court, but, above all, to the utter and astounding surprise of himself, two gentlemen, dressed in the height of the fashion, pushed forward, and, bowing to the justice, declared themselves ready to vouch for the thorough respectability and unimpeachable character of Mr. Paul Lobkins, whom they had known, they said, for many years, and for whom they had the greatest respect. While Paul was surveying the persons of these kind friends, whom he never remembered to have seen before in the course of his life, the lawyer, who was a very sharp fellow, whispered to the magistrate; and that dignitary nodding as in assent, and eyeing the new comers, inquired the names of Mr. Lobkins's witnesses.

"Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert, and Mr. William Howard Russell," were the several replies.

Names so aristocratic produced a general sensation. But the impenetrable justice, calling the same Mr. Saunders he had addressed before, asked him to examine well the countenances of Mr. Lobkins' friends.

As the alguazil eyed the features of the memorable Don Raphael and the illustrious Manuel Morales, when the former of those accomplished personages thought it convenient to assume the travelling dignity of an Italian prince, son of the sovereign of the valleys which lie between Switzerland, the Milanese, and Savoy, while the latter was contented with being servant to *Monsiegneur le Prince;* even so, with far more earnestness than respect, did Mr. Saunders eye the features of those high-born gentlemen, Messrs. Eustace Fitzherbert and William Howard Russell; but, after a long survey, he withdrew his eyes, made an unsatisfactory and unrecognizing gesture to the magistrate, and said,—"Please your worship, they are none of my flock; but Bill Troutling knows more of this sort of genteel chaps than I does."

"Bid Bill Troutling appear!" was the laconic order.

At that name a certain modest confusion might have been visible in the faces of Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell, had not the attention of the court been immediately directed to another case. A poor woman had been committed for seven days to the House of Correction on a charge of *disrespectability.* Her husband, the person most interested in the matter, now came forward to disprove the charge; and by help of his neighbors he succeeded.

"It is all very true," said Justice Burnflat; "but as your wife, my good fellow, will be out in five days, it will be scarcely worth while to release her now."*

So judicious a decision could not fail of satisfying the husband; and the audience became from that moment enlightened as to a very remarkable truth, viz. that five days out of seven bear a peculiar small proportion to the remaining two; and that people in England have so prodigious a love for punishment, that though it is not worth while to release an innocent woman from prison five days sooner than one would otherwise have done, it is exceedingly well worth while to commit her to prison for seven!

When the husband, passing his rough hand across his eyes, and muttering some vulgar impertinence or another, had withdrawn, Mr. Saunders said,—

"Here be Bill Troutling, your worship!"

"Oh, well," quoth the justice,—'and now Mr. Eustace Fitz —— Hollo, how's this! where are Mr. William Howard Russel and his friend Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert!"

"Echo answered,—Where?"

Those noble gentleman, having a natural dislike to be confronted with so low a person as Mr. Bill Troutling, had, the instant public interest was directed from them silently disappeared from a scene where their rank in life seemed so little regarded. If, reader, you should be anxious to learn from what part of the world the transitory visitants appeared, know that they were spirits sent by that inimitable ma-

* A fact, occurring in the month of January, 1830.—*Vide* "The Morning Herald."

gician, Long Ned, partly to report how matters fared in the court; for Mr. Pepper, in pursuance of that old policy which teaches that the nearer the fox is to the hunters the more chance he has of being overlooked, had, immediately on his abrupt departure from Paul, dived into a house in the very street where his ingenuity had displayed itself, and in which oysters and ale nightly allured and regaled an assembly that, to speak impartially, was more numerous than select: there had he learned how a pickpocket had been seized for unlawful affection to another man's watch; and there, while he quietly seasoned his oysters, had he, with his characteristic acuteness, satisfied his mind, by the conviction that that arrested unfortunate was no other than Paul. Partly, therefore, as a precaution for his own safety, that he might receive early intelligence should Paul's defence make a change of residence expedient, and partly (out of the friendliness of fellowship) to back his companion with such, aid as the favorable testimony of two well-dressed persons, little known "about town," might confer, he had despatched those celestial beings, who had appeared under the mortal names of Eustace Fitzherbert and William Howard Russell, to the imperial court of Justice Burnflat. Having thus accounted for the apparition (the *disapparition* requires no commentary) of Paul's "friends," we return to Paul himself.

Despite the perils with which he was girt, our young hero fought out to the last, but the justice was not by any means willing to displease Mr. Brandon; and observing that an incredulous and biting sneer remained stationary on that gentleman's lip during the whole of Paul's defence, he could not but shape his decision according to the well-known acuteness of the celebrated lawyer. Paul was accordingly sentenced to retire for three months to that country-house situated at Bridewell, to which the ungrateful functionaries of justice often banish their most active citizens.

As soon as the sentence was passed, Brandon, whose keen eyes saw no hope of recovering his lost treasure, declared that the rascal had perfectly the Old-Bailey cut of countenance; and that he did not doubt but, if ever he lived to be a judge, he should also live to pass a very different description of sentence on the offender.

So saying, he resolved to lose no more time, and very abruptly left the office, without any other comfort than the remembrance that, at all events, he had sent the boy to a place where, let him be ever so innocent at present, he was certain to come out as much inclined to be guilty as his friends could desire; joined to such moral reflection as the tragedy of Bombastes Furioso might have afforded to himself in that sententious and terse line,—

"Thy watch is gone,—watches are made *to go!*"

Meanwhile, Paul was conducted in state to his retreat, in company with two other offenders, one a middle-aged man, though a very old "*file*," who was sentenced for getting money under false pretences, and the other a little boy, who had been found guilty of sleeping under a colonnade; it being the especial beauty of the English law to make no fine-drawn and nonsensical shades of difference between vice and misfortune, and its peculiar method of protecting the honest being to make as many rogues as possible in as short a space of time.

CHAPTER VIII.

"*Common Sense.*—What is the end of punishment as regards the individual punished?

Custom.—To make him better!

Common Sense.—How do you punish young offenders who are (from their youth) peculiarly alive to example, and whom it is therefore more easy either to ruin or reform than the matured?

Custom.—We send them to the House of Correction, to associate with the d——dest rascals in the country!"—*Dialogue between Common Sense and Custom—Very scarce.*

As it was rather late in the day when Paul made his first *entrée* at Bridewell, he passed that night in the "receiving-room." The next morning, as soon as he had been examined by the surgeon, and clothed in the customary uniform, he was ushered, according to his classification, among the good company who had been considered guilty of that compendious offence, "a misdemeanor." Here a tall gentleman marched up to him, and addressed him in a certain language, which might be called the freemasonary of flash; and which Paul, though he did not comprehend *verbatim*, rightly understood to be an inquiry

whether he was a thorough rogue and an entire rascal. He answered half in confusion, half in anger; and his reply was so detrimental to any favorable influence he might otherwise have exercised over the interrogator, that the latter personage, giving him a pinch in the ear, shouted out, "Ramp, ramp!" and, at that significant and awful word, Paul found himself surrounded in a trice by a whole host of ingenious tormentors. One pulled this member, another pinched that; one cuffed him before, and another thrashed him behind.

By way of interlude to this pleasing occupation, they stripped him of the very few things that in his change of dress he had retained. One carried off his handkerchief, a second his neckcloth, and a third, luckier than either, possessed himself of a pair of cornelian shirt-buttons, given to Paul as a *gage d'amour* by a young lady who sold oranges near the Tower. Happily, before this initiatory process, technically termed "ramping," and exercised upon all new comers who seem to have a spark of decency in them, had reduced the bones of Paul, who fought tooth and nail in his defence, to the state of magnesia, a man of a grave aspect, who had hitherto plucked his oakum in quiet, suddenly rose, thrust himself between the victim and the assailants, and desired the latter, like one having authority, to leave the lad alone, and go and be d——d.

This proposal to resort to another place for amusement, though uttered in a very grave and tranquil manner, produced that instantaneous effect which admonitions from great rogues generally work upon little. Messieurs the "rampers" ceased from their amusements, and the ring-leader of the gang, thumping Paul heartily on the back, declared he was a capital fellow, and it was only a bit of a *spree* like, which he hoped had not given any offence.

Paul, still clenching his fist, was about to answer in no pacific mood, when a turnkey, who did not care in the least how many men he locked up for an offence, but who did not at all like the trouble of looking after any one of his flock to see that the offence was not committed, now suddenly appeared among the set; and, after scolding them for the excessive plague they were to him, carried off two of the poorest of the mob to solitary confinement. It happened, of course, that *these* two had not taken the smallest share in the disturbance. This scene over, the company returned to picking oakum,—the tread-mill, that admirably just invention, by which a strong man suffers no fatigue, and a weak one loses his health for life, not having been then introduced into our excellent establishments for correcting crime.

Bitterly, and with many dark and wrathful feelings, in which the sense of injustice at punishment alone bore him up against the humiliations to which he was subjected—bitterly, and with a swelling heart, in which the thoughts that lead to crime were already forcing their way through a soil suddenly warmed for their growth, did Paul bend over his employment. He felt himself touched on the arm, he turned, and saw that the gentleman who had so kindly delivered him from his tormentors was now sitting next to him. Paul gazed long and earnestly upon his neighbor, struggling with the thought that he had beheld that sagacious countenance in happier times, although now, alas! it was altered, not only by time and vicissitude, but by that air of gravity which the cares of manhood spread gradually over the face of the most thoughtless,—until all doubt melted away, and he exclaimed,—

"Is that you, Mr. Tomlinson!—How glad I am to see you here!"

"And I," returned the quondam murderer for the newspapers, with a nasal twang, "should be very glad to see myself any where else!"

Paul made no answer, and Augustus continued.

"'To a wise man all places are the same,'—so it has been said. I don't believe it, Paul,—I don't believe it. But a truce to reflection. I remembered you the moment I saw you, though you are surprisingly grown. How is my friend Mac Grawler? still hard at work for 'The Asinæum?'"

"I believe so," said Paul sullenly, and hastening to change the conversation; "but tell me, Mr. Tomlinson, how came you hither? I heard you had gone down to the north of England to fulfil a lucrative employment."

"Possibly! the world always misrepresents the actions of those who are constantly before it!"

"It is very true," said Paul; "and I have

said the same thing myself a hundred times in 'The Asinæum,' for we were never too lavish of our truths in that magnificent journal. 'Tis astonishing what a way we made three ideas go."

"You remind me of myself and my newspaper labors," rejoined Augustus Tomlinson: "I am not quite sure that *I* had so many as three ideas to spare; for, as you say, it is astonishing how far that number may go, properly managed. It is with writers as with strolling players,—the same three ideas that did for Turks in one scene do for Highlanders in the next: but you must tell me your history one of these days, and you shall hear mine."

"I should be excessively obliged to you for your confidence," said Paul, "and I doubt not but your life must be excessively entertaining. Mine, as yet, has been but insipid. The lives of literary men are not fraught with adventure; and I question whether every writer in 'The Asinæum' has not led pretty nearly the same existence as that which I have sustained myself."

In conversation of this sort our newly restored friends passed the remainder of the day, until the hour of half-past four, when the prisoner's are to suppose night has begun, and be locked up in their bed-rooms. Tomlinson then, who was glad to re-find a person who had known him in his *beaux jours*, spoke privately to the turnkey; and the result of the conversation was the coupling Paul and Augustus in the same chamber, which was a sort of stone box, that generally accomodated three, and was,—for we have measured it, as we would have measured the cell of the prisoner of Chillon,—just eight feet by six.

We do not intend, reader, to indicate, by broad colors and in long detail, the moral deterioration of our hero; because the we have found, by experience, that such pains on our part do little more than make thee blame our stupidity instead of lauding our intention. We shall therefore only work out our moral by subtle hints and brief comments; and we shall now content ourselves with reminding thee that hitherto thou hast seen Paul honest in the teeth of circumstances. Despite the contagion of the Mug,—despite his associates in Fish Lane,—despite his intimacy with Long Ned, thou hast seen him brave temptation, and look forward to some other career than that of robbery or fraud. Nay, even in his destitution, when driven from the abode of his childhood, thou hast observed how, instead of resorting to some more pleasurable or libertine road of life, he betook himself at once to the dull roof and insipid employments of Mac Grawler, and preferred honestly earning his subsistance by the sweat of his brain to recurring to any of the numerous ways of living on others with which his experience among the worst part of society must have teemed, and which, to say the least of them, are more alluring to the young and the adventurous than the barren paths of literary labor.

Indeed, to let thee into a secret, it had been Paul's daring ambition to raise himself into a worthy member of the community. His present circumstances, it may hereafter be seen, made the cause of a great change in his desires; and the coversation he held that night with the ingenious and skilful Augustus, went more towards fitting him for the hero of this work than all the habits of his childhood or the scenes of his earlier youth. Young people are apt, erroneously, to believe that it is a bad thing to be exceedingly wicked. The House of Correction is so called, because it is a place where so ridiculous a notion is invariably corrected.

The next day Paul was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Lobkins, who had heard of his situation and its causes from the friendly Dummie, and who had managed to obtain from Justice Burnflat an order of admission. They met, Pyramus and Thisbe like, with a wall, or rather an iron gate, between them: and Mrs. Lobkins, after an ejaculation of despair at the obstacle, burst weepingly into the pathetic re-reproach,—

"O Paul, thou hast brought thy pigs to a fine market!"

"'Tis a market proper for pigs, dear dame," said Paul, who, though with a tear in his eye, did not refuse a joke as bitter as it was inelegant; "for, of all others, it is the spot where a man learns to take care of his bacon."

"Hold your tongue!" cried the dame, angrily. "What business has you to gabble on so while you are in limbo?"

"Ah, dear dame," said Paul, "we can't help these rubs and stumbles on our road to preferment!"

"Road to the scragging post!" cried the

dame. "I tells you, child, you'll live to be hanged in spite of all my care and 'tention to you, though I hedicated you as a scholard, and always hoped as how you would grow up to be an honor to your ——"

"King and country," interrupted Paul. "We always say honor to king and country, which means getting rich and paying taxes. 'The more taxes a man pays, the greater honor he is to both,' as Augustus says. Well, dear dame, all in good time."

"What! you is merry, is you? Why does not you weep? Your heart is as hard as a brickbat. It looks quite unnatural and hyænalike to be so *devil-me-carish!*" So saying, the good dame's tears gushed forth with the bitterness of a despairing Parisina.

"Nay, nay," said Paul, who, though he suffered far more intensely, bore the suffering far more easily than his patroness, "we cannot mend the matter by crying. Suppose you see what can be done for me. I dare say you may manage to soften the justice's sentence by a little 'oil of palms;' and if you can get me out before I am quite corrupted,—a day or two longer in this infernal place will do the business,—I promise you that I will not only live honestly myself, but with people who live in the same manner."

"Buss me, Paul," said the tender Mrs. Lobkins, "buss me,—oh! but I forgits the gate; I'll see what can be done. And here, my lad, here's summut for you in the meanwhile—a drop o' the cretur, to preach comfort to your poor stomach. Hush! smuggle it through, or they'll see you."

Here the dame endeavored to push a stone bottle through the bars of the gate; but, alas! though the neck passed through, the body refused, and the dame was forced to retract the "cretur." Upon this, the kind-hearted woman renewed her sobbings; and so absorbed was she in her grief, that, seemingly quite forgetting for what purpose she had brought the bottle, she applied it to her own mouth, and consoled herself with that *elixir vitæ* which she had originally designed for Paul.

This somewhat restored her; and after a most affecting scene, the dame reeled off with the vacillating steps natural to woe, promising, as she went, that, if love or money could shorten Paul's confinement, neither should be wanting. We are rather at a loss to conjecture the exact influence which the former of these arguments, urged by the lovely Margaret, might have had upon Justice Burnflat.

When the good dame had departed, Paul hastened to repick his oakum and rejoin his friend. He found the worthy Augustus privately selling little elegant luxuries, such as tobacco, gin, and rations of daintier viands than the prison allowed; for Augustus, having more money than the rest of his companions, managed, through the friendship of the turnkey, to purchase secretly, and to resell at about four hundred per cent., such comforts as the prisoners especially coveted.*

"A proof," said Augustus dryly to Paul, "that, by prudence and exertion, even in those places where a man cannot turn himself, he may manage to turn a penny!"

CHAPTER IX.

"'Relate at large, my godlike guest,' she said,
'The *Grecian* stratagems,—the *town* betrayed!'"
DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, b. ii. *Æn.*

"Descending thence, they 'scaped!"—*Ibid.*

A GREAT improvement had taken place in the character of Augustus Tomlinson since Paul had last encountered that illustrious man. *Then*, Augustus had affected the man of pleasure,—the learned lounger about town,—the all-accomplished Pericles of the papers—gaily quoting Horace—gravely flanking a fly from the leader of Lord Dunshunner. *Now*, a more serious, yet not a less supercilious air had settled upon his features; the pretence of fashion had given way to the pretence of wisdom; and, from the man of pleasure, Augustus Tomlinson had grown to the philosopher. With this elevation alone, too, he was not content: he united the philosopher with the politician; and the ingenious rascal was pleased especially to pique himself upon being "a moderate Whig!" "Paul," he was wont to observe, "believe me, moderate Whiggism is

* A very commom practice at the Bridewells. The governor at the Coldbath-Fields, apparently a very intelligent and active man, every way fitted for a most arduous undertaking, informed us, in the only conversation we have had the honor to hold with him, that he thought he had nearly, or quite, destroyed in his jurisdiction this illegal method of commerce.

a most excellent creed. It adapts itself to every possible change,—to every conceivable variety of circumstance. It is the only politics for us who are the aristocrats of that free body who rebel against tyrannical laws! for, hang it, I am none of your democrats.

Let there be dungeons and turnkeys for the low rascals who whip clothes from the hedge where they hang to dry, or steal down an area in quest of a silver spoon; but houses of correction are not made for men who have received an enlightened education—who abhor your petty thefts as much as a justice of peace can do,—who ought never to be termed dishonest in their dealings, but, if they are found out, '*unlucky in their speculations!*'* A pretty thing, indeed, that there should be distinctions of rank among other members of the community, and none among us! Where's your boasted British constitution, I should like to know—where are your privileges of aristocracy, if I, who am a gentleman born, know Latin, and have lived in the best society, should be thrust into this abominable place with a dirty fellow, who was born in a cellar, and could never earn more at a time than would purchase a sausage?—No, no! none of your levelling principles for me! I am liberal, Paul, and love liberty; but thank Heaven, I despise your democracies!"

Thus, half in earnest, half veiling a natural turn to sarcasm, would this moderate Whig run on for the hour together, during those long nights, commencing at half-past four, in which he and Paul bore each other company.

One evening, when Tomlinson was so bitterly disposed to be prolix that Paul felt himself somewhat wearied by his eloquence, our hero, desirous of a change in the conversation, reminded Augustus of his promise to communicate his history; and the philosophical Whig, nothing loath to speak of himself, cleared his throat, and began.

HISTORY OF AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON.

"Never mind who was my father, nor what was my native place! My first ancestor was Tommy Linn—(his heir became Tom Linn's son):—you have heard the ballad made in his praise:—

> "'Tommy Linn is a Scotchman born,
> His head is bald, and his beard is shorn;
> He had a cap made of a hare skin,—
> An elder man is Tommy Linn!' *

"There was a sort of prophesy respecting my ancestor's descendants darkly insinuated in the concluding stanza of this ballad:—

> "'Tommy Linn, and his wife, and his wife's mother,
> They all fell into the fire together;
> They that lay undermost got a hot skin,—
> 'We are not enough!' said Tommy Linn.' †

"You see the prophecy; it is applicable both to gentleman rogues and to moderate Whigs; for both are *undermost* in the world, and both are perpetually bawling out, '*We are not enough!*'

"I shall begin my own history by saying, I went to a North Country school; where I was noted for my aptness in learning, and my skill at 'prisoner's base:'—upon my word I purposed no pun! I was intended for the church: wishing, betimes, to instruct myself in its ceremonies, I persuaded my schoolmaster's maid-servant to assist me towards promoting a christening. My father did not like this premature love for the sacred rites. He took me home; and, wishing to give my clerical ardor a different turn, prepared me for *writing* sermons, by *reading* me a dozen a-day. I grew tired of this, strange as it may seem to you. 'Father,' said I, one morning, 'it is no use talking, I will not go into the church—that's positive. Give me your blessing, and a hundred pounds, and I'll go up to London, and get a *living* instead of a curacy.' My father stormed, but I got the better at last. I talked of becoming a private tutor; swore I had heard nothing was so easy,—the only things wanted were pupils; and the only way to get them was to go to London, and let my learning be known.

"My poor father!—well, he's gone, and I am glad of it now! (the speaker's voice faltered)—I got the better, I say, and I came to town, where I had a relation a bookseller. Through his interest, I wrote a book of Travels in Æthiopia for an earl's son, who wanted to become a lion; and a Treatise on the Greek Particle, dedicated to the prime minister, for a dean, who wanted to become a bishop,—Greek being, next to interest, the best road to the

* A phrase applied to a noted defaulter of the public money.

* See Ritson's *North-Country Chorister*. † Ibid.

mitre. These two achievements were liberally paid; so I took a lodging in a first floor, and resolved to make a bold stroke for a wife. What do you think I did?—nay, never guess, it would be hopeless. First, I went to the best tailor, and had my clothes sewn on my back; secondly, I got the peerage and its genealogies by heart; thirdly, I marched one night, with the coolest deliberation possible, into the house of a duchess, who was giving an immense rout! The newspapers had inspired me with this idea. I had read of the vast crowds which a lady 'at home' sought to win to her house. I had read of staircases impassable, and ladies carried out in a fit; and common sense told me how impossible it was that the fair receiver should be acquainted with the legality of every importation.

"I therefore resolved to try my chance, and —entered the body of Augustus Tomlinson, as a piece of stolen goods. Faith! the first night I was shy,—I stuck to the staircase, and ogled an old maid of quality, whom I had heard announced as Lady Margaret Sinclair. Doubtless, she had never been ogled before; and she was evidently enraptured with my glances. The next night I read of a ball at the Countess of ——. My heart beat as if I were going to be whipped; but I plucked up courage, and repaired to her ladyship's. There I again beheld the divine Lady Margaret; and, observing that she turned yellow, by way of a blush, when she saw me, I profited by the port I had drunk as an encouragement to my *entrée*, and lounging up in the most modish way possible, I remind her ladyship of an introduction with which I *said* I had once been honored at the Duke of Dashwell's, and requested her hand for the next cotillon. Oh, Paul! fancy my triumph! the old damsel said with a sigh, 'She remembered me very well,' ha! ha! ha! and I carried her off to the cotillon like another Theseus bearing away a second Ariadne.

"Not to be prolix on this part of my life, I went night after night to balls and routs, for admission to which half the fine gentlemen in London would have given their ears. And I improved my time so well with Lady Margaret, who was her own mistress, and had five thousand pounds,—a devilish bad portion for some, but not to be laughed at by me,—that I began to think *when* the happy day should be fixed. Meanwhile, as Lady Margaret introduced me to some of her friends, and my lodgings were in a good situation, I had been honored with some real invitations. The only two questions I ever was asked were (carelessly), 'Was I the only son?' and on my veritable answer 'Yes!' 'What, (this was more warmly put)—what was my county?'—Luckily, my county was a wide one,—Yorkshire; and any of its inhabitants whom the fair interrogators might have questioned about me could only have answered, 'I was not in their part of it.'

"Well, Paul, I grew so bold by success, that the devil one day put into my head to go to a great dinner-party at the Duke of Dashwell's. I went, dined,—nothing happened: I came away, and the next morning I read in the papers,—

"'Mysterious affair,—person lately going about,—first houses—most fashionable parties —nobody knows—Duke of Dashwell's yesterday. Duke not like to make disturbance—as —royalty present.' *

"The journal dropped from my hands. At that moment, the girl of the house gave me a note from Lady Margaret,—alluded to the paragraph;—wondered who was 'The Stranger;' —hoped to see me that night at Lord A——'s, to whose party I said I had been asked;—speak then more fully on those matters I had touched on!—in short, dear Paul, a tender epistle! All great men are fatalists: I am one now: fate made me a madman: in the very face of this ominous paragraph I mustered up courage, and went that night to Lord A——'s. The fact is, my affairs were in confusion—I was greatly in debt: I knew it was necessary to finish my conquest over Lady Margaret as soon as possible; and Lord A——'s seemed the best place for the purpose. Nay, I thought delay so dangerous, after the cursed paragraph, that a day might unmask me, and it would be better therefore not to lose an hour in finishing the play of 'The Stranger,' with the farce of the 'Honey Moon.' Behold me then at Lord A——'s, leading off Lady Margaret to the dance. Behold me whispering the sweetest of things in her ear. Imagine her approving my suit, and gently chiding me for talking of Gretna Green. Conceive all this, my dear

* Fact.

fellow, and just at the height of my triumph, dilate the eyes of your imagination, and behold the stately form of Lord A——, my noble host, marching up to me, while a voice that, though low and quiet as an evening breeze, made my heart sink into my shoes, said, 'I believe, sir, you have received no invitation from Lady A——?"

"Not a word could I utter, Paul,—not a word. Had it been the high-road instead of a ball-room, I could have talked loudly enough, but I was under a spell. 'Ehem!' I faltered at last:—'E—h—e—m! Some mis—take, I —I.' There I stopped. 'Sir,' said the Earl, regarding me with a grave sternness, 'you had better withdraw!'

"'Bless me! what's all this?' cried Lady Margaret, dropping my palsied arm, and gazing on me as if she expected me to talk like a hero.

"'Oh,' said I, 'Eh—e—m, eh—e—m, I will exp—lain to-morrow, ehem, e—h—e—m.' I made to the door; all the eyes in the room seemed turned into burning glasses, and blistered the very skin on my face. I heard a gentle shriek as I left the apartment; Lady Margaret fainting, I suppose! There ended my courtship and my adventures in 'the best society.' I fell melancholy at the ill success of my scheme. You must allow, it was a magnificent project. What moral courage! I admire myself when I think of it. Without an introduction, without knowing a soul, to become, all by my own resolution, free of the finest houses in London, dancing with earl's daughters, and all but carrying off an earl's daughter myself as my wife. If I had, the friends *must* have done something for me; and Lady Margaret Tomlinson might perhaps have introduced the youthful genius of her Augustus to parliament or the ministry.

"Oh what a fall was there! yet faith, ha! ha! ha! I could not help laughing, despite, of my chargrin, when I remembered that for three months I had imposed on these 'delicate exclusives,' and been literally invited by many of them, who would not have asked the younger sons of their own cousins; merely because I lived in a good street, avowed myself an only child, and talked of my property in Yorkshire! Ha, ha! how bitter the mercenary dupes must have felt, when the discovery was made! what a pill for the good matrons who had coupled my image with that of some filial Mary or Jane,—ha! ha! ha! the triumph was almost worth the mortification. However, as I said before, I fell melancholy on it, especially as my duns became menacing. So, I went to consult with my cousin the bookseller, he recommended me to compose for the journals, and obtained me an offer. I went to work very patiently for a short time, and contracted some agreeable friendships with gentlemen whom I met at an ordinary in St. James's.

"Still, my duns, though I paid them by driblets, were the plague of my life: I confessed as much to one of my new friends. 'Come to Bath with me,' quoth he, 'for a week, and you shall return as rich as a Jew.' I accepted the offer, and went to Bath in my friend's chariot. He took the name of Lord Dunshunner, an Irish peer who had never been out of Tipperary, and was not therefore likely to be known at Bath. He took also a house for a year, filled it with wines, books, and a sideboard of plate: as he talked vaguely of setting up his younger brother to stand for the town at the next Parliament, he bought these goods of the townspeople in order to encourage their trade: I managed secretly to transport them to London and sell them; and as we disposed of them fifty per cent. under cost price, our customers, the pawnbrokers, were not very inquisitive. We lived a jolly life at Bath for a couple of months, and departed one night, leaving our house-keeper to answer all interrogatories. We had taken the precaution to wear disguises, stuffed ourselves out, and changed the hues of our hair; my noble friend was an adept in these transformations, and though the police did not sleep on the business,—they never stumbled on us. I am especially glad we were not discovered, for I liked Bath excessively, and I intend to return there some of these days and retire from the world—on an heiress!

"Well, Paul, shortly after this adventure, I made your acquaintance. I continued ostensibly my literary profession, but only as a mask for the labors I did not profess. A circumstance obliged me to leave London rather precipitately. Lord Dunshunner joined me in Edinburgh. D—— it, instead of doing any thing *there*, we were done! The veriest urchin

that ever crept through the High Street is more than a match for the most scientific of Englishmen. With us it is art; with the Scotch it is nature. They pick your pockets, without using their fingers for it; and they prevent reprisal, by having nothing for you to pick.

"We left Edinburgh with very long faces, and at Carlisle we found it necessary to separate. For my part, I went as a valet to a nobleman who had just lost his last servant at Carlisle by a fever: my friend gave me the best of characters! My new master was a very clever man. He astonished people at dinner by the impromptus he prepared at breakfast;—in a word, he was a wit. He soon saw, for he was learned himself, that I had received a classical education, and he employed me in the confidential capacity of finding quotations for him. I classed these alphabetically and under three heads: 'Parliamentary, Literary, Dining-out.' These were again subdivided, into 'Fine,' —'Learned,' and 'Jocular;' so that my master knew at once where to refer for genius, wisdom, and wit. He was delighted with my management of his intellects. In compliment to him, I paid more attention to politics, than I had done before, for he was a 'great Whig,' and uncommonly liberal in every thing,—but money! Hence, Paul, the origin of my political principles; and, I thank Heaven, there is not now a rogue in England who is a better, that is to say, more of a moderate, Whig than your humble servant! I continued with him nearly a year. He discharged me for a fault worthy of my genius,—other servants may lose the watch or the coat of their master; I went at nobler game and lost him—*his private character!*"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I was enamoured of a lady who would not have looked at me as Mr. Tomlinson; so I took my master's clothes, and occasionally his carriage, and made love to my nymph, as Lord ——. Her vanity made her indiscreet. The Tory papers got hold of it; and my master, in a change of ministers, was declared by George the Third to be 'too gay for a Chancellor of the Exchequer.' An old gentleman who had had fifteen children by a wife like a Gorgon, was chosen instead of my master: and although the new minister was a fool in his public capacity, the moral public were perfectly content with him, because of his *private virtues!*

"My master was furious, made the strictest inquiry, *found* me out, and *turned* me out too!

"A Whig not in place has an excuse for disliking the constitution. My distress almost made me a republican; but, true to my creed. I must confess that I would only have levelled upwards. I especially disaffected the inequality of riches: I looked moodily on every carriage that passed: I even frowned like a second Catiline at the steam of a gentleman's kitchen! My last situation had not been lucrative; I had neglected my perquisites, in my ardor for politics. My master, too, refused to give me a character:—who would take me without one?

"I was asking myself this melancholy question one morning, when I suddenly encountered one of the fine friends I had picked up at my old haunt, the ordinary, in St. James's. His name was Pepper."

"Pepper!" cried Paul.

Without heeding the exclamation, Tomlinson continued.

"We went to a tavern and drank a bottle together. Wine made me communicative; it also opened my comrade's heart. He asked me to take a ride with him that night towards Hounslow: I did so, and found a purse."

"How fortunate! Where?"

"In a gentleman's pocket.—I was so pleased with my luck, that I went the same road twice a-week, in order to see if I could pick up any *more* purses. Fate favored me, and I lived for a long time the life of the blest. Oh, Paul, you know not—you know not what a glorious life is that of a highwayman: but you shall taste it one of these days; you shall, on my honor.

"I now lived with a club of honest fellows: we call ourselves 'The Exclusives,' for we were mighty reserved in our associates, and only those who did business on a grand scale were admitted into our set. For my part, with all my love for my profession, I liked ingenuity still better than force, and preferred what the vulgar call swindling, even to the highroad. On an expedition of this sort, I rode once into a country town, and saw a crowd assembled in one corner,—I joined it, and,—guess my feelings! beheld my poor friend, Viscount Dunshunner, just about to be hanged!

I rode off as fast as I could,—I thought I saw Jack Ketch at my heels. My horse threw me at a hedge and I broke my collar-bone. In the confinement that ensued, gloomy ideas floated before me. I did not like to be hanged! so I reasoned against my errors, and repented. I recovered slowly, returned to town, and repaired to my cousin the bookseller. To say truth, I had played him a little trick; collected some debts of his by a mistake—very natural in the confusion incident on my distresses. However, he was extremely unkind about it; and the mistake, natural as it was, had cost me his acquaintance.

"I went now to him with the penitential aspect of the prodigal son, and, 'faith, he would not have made a bad representation of the fatted calf about to be killed on my return: so corpulent looked he, and so dejected! 'Graceless reprobate!' he began, 'your poor father is dead!' I was exceedingly shocked!'—never fear, Paul, I am not about to be pathetic. My father had divided his fortune among all his children; my share was 500*l.* The possession of this sum made my penitence seem much more sincere in the eyes of my good cousin! and after a very pathetic scene, he took me once more into favor. I now consulted with him as to the best method of laying out my capital and recovering my character. We could not devise any scheme at the first conference; but the second time I saw him, my cousin said with a cheerful countenance, 'Cheer up, Augustus, I have got thee a situation. Mr. Asgrave, the banker, will take thee as a clerk. He is a most worthy man; and having a vast deal of learning, he will respect thee for thy acquirements.' The same day I was introduced to Mr. Asgrave, who was a little man with a fine bald benevolent head; and after a long conversation which he was pleased to hold with me, I became one of his quill-drivers. I don't know how it was now, but by little and lttle I rose in my master's good graces: I propitiated him, I fancy, by disposing of my 500*l.* according to his advice: he laid it out for me, on what he said was famous security, on a landed estate.

"Mr. Asgrave was of social habits,—he had a capital house and excellent wines. As he was not very particular in his company, nor ambitious of visiting the great, he often suffered me to make one of his table, and was pleased to hold long arguments with me about the ancients. I soon found out that my master was a great moral philosopher; and being myself in weak health, sated with the ordinary pursuits of the world, in which my experience had forestalled my years, and naturally of a contemplative temperament, I turned my attention to the moral studies which so fascinated my employer. I read through nine shelves full of metaphysicians, and knew exactly the points in which those illustrious thinkers quarrelled with each other, to the great advance of the science. My master and I used to hold many a long discussion about the nature of good and evil; and as by help of his benevolent forehead, and a clear dogged voice, he always seemed to our audience to be the wiser and better man of the two, he was very well pleased with our disputes. This gentleman had an only daughter, an awful shrew with a face like a hatchet: but philosophers overcome personal defects; and thinking only of the good her wealth might enable me to do to my fellow-creatures, I secretly made love to her.

"You will say, that was playing my master but a scurvy trick in return for his kindness: not at all, my master himself had convineed me, that there was no such virtue as gratitude. It was an error of vulgar moralists. I yielded to his arguments, and at length privately espoused his daughter. The day after this took place, he summoned me to his study, 'So, Augustus,' said he very mildly, 'you have married my daughter: nay, never look confused; I saw a long time ago that you were resolved to do so, and I was very glad of it.'

"I attempted to falter out something like thanks. 'Never interrupt me!' said he. 'I had two reasons for being glad: 1st, Because my daughter was the plague of my life, and I wanted some one to take her off my hands:—2dly, Because I required your assistance on a particular point, and I could not venture to ask it of any one but my son-in-law. In fine, I wish to take you into partnership!!!'

"'Partnership!' cried I, falling on my knees. 'Noble—generous man!'

"'Stay a bit,' continued my father-in-law. 'What funds do you think requisite for carrying on a bank? You look puzzled! Not a shilling! You will put in just as much as I do. You will put in rather more; for you once put in five hundred pounds, which has

been spent long ago. *I* don't put in a shilling of my own. I live on my clients, and I very willingly offer you half of them!'

"Imagine, dear Paul, my astonishment, my dismay! I saw myself married to a hideous shrew—son-in-law to a penniless scoundrel, and cheated out of my whole fortune! Compare this view of the question with that which had blazed on me when I contemplated being son-in-law to the rich Mr. Asgrave. I stormed at first, Mr. Asgrave took up Bacon *On the Advancement of Learning*, and made no reply till I was cooled by explosion. You will perceive that, when passion subsided, I necessarily saw that nothing was left for me but adopting my father-in-law's proposal. Thus, by the fatality which attended me, at the very time I meant to reform, I was forced into scoundrelism, and I was driven into defrauding a vast number of persons by the accident of being son-in-law to a great moralist. As Mr. Asgrave was an indolent man, who passed his mornings in speculations on virtue, I was made the active partner. I spent the day at the counting-house; and when I came home for recreation, my wife scratched my eyes out."

"But were you never recognized as 'the stranger,' or 'the adventurer,' in your new capacity?"

"No; for, of course, I assumed, in all my changes, both aliases and disguises. And, to tell you the truth, my marriage so altered me that, what with a snuff-colored coat and a brown scratch wig, with a pen in my right ear, I looked the very picture of staid respectability. My face grew an inch longer every day. Nothing is so respectable as a long face! and a subdued expression of countenance is the surest sign of commercial prosperity. Well, we went on splendidly enough for about a year. Meanwhile I was wonderfully improved in philosophy. You have no idea how a scolding wife sublimes and rarifies one's intellect. Thunder clears the air, you know! At length, unhappily for my fame (for I contemplated a magnificent moral history of man, which, had she lived a year longer, I should have completed), my wife died in child-bed. My father-in-law and I were talking over the event, and finding fault with civilization, by the enervating habits by which women die of their children, instead of bringing them forth without being even conscious of the circumstance; —when a bit of paper, sealed awry, was given to my partner: he looked over it—finished the discussion, and then told me our bank had stopped payment. 'Now, Augustus,' said he, lighting his pipe with the bit of paper, 'you see the good of having nothing to lose?'

"We did not pay quite sixpence in the pound; but my partner was thought so unfortunate that the British public raised a subscription for him, and he retired on an annuity, greatly respected and very much compassionated. As I had not been so well known as a moralist, and had not the prepossessing advantage of a bald benevolent head, nothing was done for *me*, and I was turned once more on the wide world, to moralize on the vicissitudes of fortune. My cousin the bookseller was no more, and his son cut me. I took a garret in Warwick Court, and, with a few books, my only consolation, I endeavored to nerve my mind to the future. It was at this time, Paul, that my studies really availed me. I meditated much, and I became a true philosopher, viz. a practical one. My actions were henceforth regulated by principle; and, at some time or other, I will convince you, that the road of true morals never avoids the pockets of your neighbor. So soon as my mind had made the grand discovery which Mr. Asgrave had made before me, that one should live according to a system,—for if you do wrong, it is then your system that errs, not you,—I took to the road, without any of those stings of conscience which had hitherto annoyed me in such adventures. I formed one of a capital knot of 'Free Agents,' whom I will introduce to you some day or other, and I soon rose to distinction among them. But, about six weeks ago, not less than formerly preferring by-ways to highways, I attempted to possess myself of a carriage, and sell it at discount. I was acquitted on the felony; but sent hither by Justice Burnflat on the misdemeanor. Thus far, my young friend, hath as yet proceeded the life of Augustus Tomlinson."

The history of this gentleman made a deep impression on Paul. The impression was strengthened by the conversations subsequently holden with Augustus. That worthy was a dangerous and subtle persuader. He had really read a good deal of history, and something of morals; and he had an ingenious

way of defending his rascally practices by syllogisms from the latter, and examples from the former. These theories he clenched as it were, by a reference to the existing politics of the day. Cheaters of the public, on false pretenses, he was pleased to term "*moderate Whigs*;" bullying demanders of your purse were "*high Tories*;" and thieving in gangs was "*the effect of the spirit of party.*" There was this difference between Augustus Tomlinson and Long Ned: Ned was the acting knave; Augustus, the reasoning one; and we may see, therefore, by a little reflection, that Tomlinson was a far more perilous companion than Pepper, for showy theories are always more seductive to the young and clever than suasive examples, and the vanity of the youthful makes them better pleased by being convinced of a thing, than by being enticed to it.

A day or two after the narrative of Mr. Tomlinson, Paul was again visited by Mrs. Lobkins; for the regulations against frequent visitors were not then so strictly enforced as we understand them to be now; and the good dame came to deplore the ill success of her interview with Justice Burnflat.

We spare the tender-hearted reader a detail of the affecting interview that ensued. Indeed, it was but a repetition of the one we have before narrated. We shall only say, as a proof of Paul's tenderness of heart, that when he took leave of the good matron, and bade "God bless her," his voice faltered, and the tears stood in his eyes,—just as they were wont to do in the eyes of George the Third, when that excellent monarch was pleased graciously to encore "God save the King!"

"I'll be hanged," soliloquized our hero, as he slowly bent his course towards the subtle Augustus,—"I'll be hanged (humph! the denunciation is prophetic), if I don't feel as grateful to the old lady for her care of me as if she had never ill-used me. As for my parents, I believe I have little to be grateful for, or proud of, in that quarter. My poor mother, by all accounts, seems scarcely to have had even the brute virtue of maternal tenderness; and in all human likelihood I shall never know whether I had one father or fifty. But what matters it. I rather like the better to be independent; and, after all, what do nine-tenths of us ever get from our parents but an ugly name, and advice which, if we follow, we are wretched,—and if we neglect, we are disinherited?"

Comforting himself with these thoughts, which perhaps took their philosophical complexion from the conversations he had lately held with Augustus, and which broke off into the muttered air of

"Why should we quarrel for riches?"

Paul repaired to his customary avocations.

In the third week of our hero's captivity, Tomlinson communicated to him a plan of escape that had occurred to his sagacious brain. In the yard appropriated to the amusements of the gentlemen "misdemeaning," there was a water-pipe that, skirting the wall, passed over a door, through which, every morning, the pious captives passed, in their way to the chapel. By this, Tomlinson proposed to escape; for to the pipe which reached from the door to the wall, in a slanting and easy direction, there was a sort of skirting-board; and a dexterous and nimble man might readily, by the help of this board, convey himself along the pipe, until the progress of that useful conductor (which was happily very brief) was stopped by the summit of the wall, where it found a sequel in another pipe, that descended to the ground on the opposite side of the wall. Now, on this opposite side was the garden of the prison; in this garden was a watchman; and this watchman was the hobgoblin of Tomlinson's scheme: "For, suppose us safe in the garden," said he, "what shall we do with this confounded fellow?"

"But that is not all," added Paul; "for even were there no watchman, there is a terrible wall, which I noted especially last week, when we were set to work in the garden, and which has no pipe, save a perpendicular one, that a man must have the legs of a fly to be able to climb!"

"Nonsense!" returned Tomlinson: "I will show you how to climb the stubbornest wall in Christendom, if one has but the coast clear: it is the watchman—the watchman, we must ——"

"What?" asked Paul, observing his comrade did not conclude the sentence.

It was some time before the sage Augustus replied; he then said, in a musing tone—

"I have been thinking, Paul, whether it would be consistent with virtue, and that strict

code of morals by which all my actions are regulated, to—slay the watchman!"

"Good heavens!" cried Paul, horror-stricken.

"And I have decided," coetinued Augustus solemnly, without regard to the exclamation, "that the action would be perfectly justifiable!"

"Villain!" exclaimed Paul, recoiling to the other end of the stone box—(for it was night)—in which they were cooped.

"But," pursued Augustus, who seemed soliloquizing, and whose voice, sounding calm and thoughtful, like Young's in the famous monologue in *Hamlet*, denoted that he heeded not the uncourteous interruption—"but opinion does not always influence conduct; and although it may be virtuous to murder the watchman, I have not the heart to do it. I trust in my future history I shall not, by discerning moralists, be too severely censured for a weakness for which my physical temperament is alone to blame!"

Despite the turn of the soliloquy, it was a long time before Paul could be reconciled to further conversation with Augustus; and it was only from the belief that the moralist had leaned to the jesting vein that he at length resumed the consultation.

The conspirators did not, however, bring their scheme that night to any ultimate decision. The next day, Augustus, Paul, and some others of the company, were set to work in the garden; and Paul then observed that his friend, wheeling a barrow close by the spot where the watchman stood, overturned its contents. The watchman was good-natured enough to assist him in refilling the barrow; and Tomlinson profited so well by the occasion, that, that night, he informed Paul, that they would have nothing to dread from the watchman's vigilance. "He has promised," said Augustus, "for certain con-si-de-ra-ti-ons, to allow me to knock him down: he has also promised to be so much hurt, as not to be able to move, until we are over the wall. Our main difficulty now, then, is, the first step,—namely, to climb the pipe unperceived!"

"As to that," said Paul, who developed, through the whole of the scheme, organs of sagacity, boldness, and invention, which charmed his friend, and certainly promised well for his future career;—"as to that, I think we may manage the first ascent with less danger than you imagine: the mornings, of late, have been very foggy; they are almost dark at the hour we go to chapel. Let you and I close the file: the pipe passes just above the door; our hands, as we have tried, can reach it; and a spring of no great agility will enable us to raise ourselves up to a footing on the pipe and the skirting-board. The climbing, then, is easy; and, what with the dense fog, and our own quickness, I think we shall have little difficulty in gaining the garden. The only precautions we need use are, to wait for a very dark morning, and to be sure that we are the last of the file, so that no one behind may give the alarm——"

"Or attempt to follow our example, and spoil the pie by a superfluous plum!" added Augustus. "You counsel admirably; and one of these days, if you are not hung in the meanwhile, will, I venture to augur, be a great logician."

The next morning was clear and frosty; but the day after was, to use Tomlinson's simile, as dark as if all the negroes of Africa had been stewed down into the air." "You might have cut the fog with a knife," as the proverb says. Paul and Augustus could not even see how significantly each looked at the other.

It was a remarkable trait of the daring temperament of the former, that, young as he was, it was fixed that he should lead the attempt. At the hour, then, for chapel—the prisoners passed as usual through the door. When it came to Paul's turn, he drew himself by his hands to the pipe, and then creeping along its sinuous course, gained the wall before he had even fetched his breath. Rather more clumsily, Augustus followed his friend's example: once his foot slipped, and he was all but over. He extended his hands involuntarily, and caught Paul by the leg. Happily our hero had then gained the wall to which he was clinging, and for once in a way, one rogue raised himself without throwing over another. Behold Tomlinson and Paul now seated for an instant on the wall to recover breath! the latter then,—the descent to the ground was not very great,—letting his body down by his hands, dropped into the garden.

"Hurt?" asked the prudent Augustus in a horse whisper before he descended from his "bad eminence," being even willing

"To bear those ills he had,
Than fly to others that he knew not of,"

without taking every previous precaution in his power.

"No!" was the answer in the same voice, and Augustus dropped.

So soon as this latter worthy had recovered the shock of his fall, he lost not a moment in running to the other end of the garden: Paul followed. By the way Tomlinson stopped at a heap of rubbish, and picked up an immense stone; when they came to the part of the wall they had agreed to scale, they found the watchman, about whom they needed not, by the by, to have concerned themselves; for had it not been arranged that he was to have met them, the deep fog would have effectually prevented him from seeing them: this faithful guardian Augustus knocked down, not with the stone, but with ten guineas; he then drew forth from his dress a thickish cord which he had procured some days before, from the turnkey, and fastening the stone firmly to one end, threw that end over the wall. Now the wall had (as walls of great strength mostly have) an overchanging sort of battlement on either side, and the stone, when flung over and drawn to the tether of the cord to which it was attached, necessarily hitched against this projection; and thus the cord was, as it were, fastened to the wall, and Tomlinson was enabled by it to draw himself up to the top of the barrier. He performed this feat with gymnastic address, like one who had often practised it; albeit, the discreet adventurer had not mentioned in his narrative to Paul any previous occasion for the practice. As soon as he had gained the top of the wall, he threw down the cord to his companion, and, in consideration of Paul's inexperience in that manner of climbing, gave the fastening of the rope an additional security by holding it himself. With slowness and labor Paul hoisted himself up; and then, by transferring the stone to the other side of the wall, where it made, of course, a similar hitch, our two adventurers were enabled successively to slide down, and consummate their escape from the house of correction.

"Follow me now!" said Augustus, as he took to his heels; and Paul pursued him through a labyrinth of alleys and lanes, through which he shot and dodged with a variable and shifting celerity that, had not Paul kept close upon him, would very soon (combined with the fog) have snatched him from the eyes of his young ally. Happily the immaturity of the morning, the obscurity of the streets passed through, and, above all, the extreme darkness of the atmostphere, prevented that detection and arrest which their prisoners' garb would otherwise have insured them. At length, they found themselves in the fields; and, skulking along hedges, and diligently avoiding the high-road, they continued to fly onward, until they had advanced several miles into "the bowels of the land." At that time "the bowels" of Augustus Tomlinson began to remind him of their demands; and he accordingly suggested the *desirability* of their seizing the first peasant they encountered, and causing him to exchange clothes with one of the fugitives, who would thus be enabled to enter a public-house and provide for their mutual necessities. Paul agreed to this proposition, and accordingly, they watched their opportunity and *caught* a ploughman.

Augustus stripped him of his frock, hat, and worsted stockings; and Paul, hardened by necessity and companionship, helped to tie the poor ploughman to a tree. They then continued their progress for about an hour, and, as the shades of evening fell around them, they discovered a public-house. Augustus entered, and returned in a few minutes laden with bread and cheese, and a bottle of beer. Prison fare cures a man of daintiness, and the two fugutives dined on these homely viands with considerable complacency. They then resumed their journey, and at length, wearied with exertion, they arrived at a lonely hay-stack, where they resolved to repose for an hour or two.

CHAPTER X.

"Unlike the ribald, whose licentious jest
Pollutes his banquet, and insults his guest;
From wealth and grandeur easy to descend,
Thou joy'st to lose the master in the friend:
We round thy board the cheerful menials see,
Gay with the smile of bland equality;
No social care the gracious lord disdains;
Love prompts to love, and reverence reverence gains."

Translation of LUCAN *to* PISO, *prefixed to the Twelfth Paper of "The Rambler."*

COYLY shone down the bashful stars upon

our adventurers, as, after a short nap behind the haystack, they stretched themselves, and, looking at each other, burst into an involuntary and hilarious laugh at the prosperous termination of their exploit.

Hitherto they had been too occupied, first by their flight, then by hunger, then by fatigue, for self-gratulation; now they rubbed their hands, and joked like runaway school-boys, at their escape.

By degrees their thoughts turned from the past to the future; and "Tell me, my dear fellow," said Augustus, "what you intend to do. I trust I have long ago convinced you, that it is no sin 'to serve our friends' and to 'be true to our party;' and therefore, I suppose, you will decide upon taking to the road!"

"It is very odd,' answered Paul, "that I should have any scruples left after your lectures on the subject; but I own to you frankly, that, somehow or other, I have doubts whether thieving be really the honestest profession I could follow."

"Listen to me, Paul," answered Augustus; and his reply is not unworthy of notice. "All crime and all excellence depend upon a good choice of words. I see you look puzzled; I will explain. If you take money from the public, and say you have robbed, you have indubitably committed a great crime; but if you do the same, and say you have *been relieving the necessities of the poor*, you have done an excellent action; if, in afterwards dividing this money with your companions, you say you have been sharing booty, you have committed an offence against the laws of your country; but if you observe that *you have been sharing with your friends the gains of your industry*, you have been performing one of the noblest actions of humanity. To knock a man on the head is neither virtuous nor guilty, but it depends upon the language applied to the action to make it murder or glory.* Why not say, then, that you have testified '*the courage of a hero*,' rather than '*the atrocity of a ruffian?*' This is perfectly clear, is it not?"

"It seems so," answered Paul.

"It is so self-evident that it is the way all governments are carried on. Wherefore, my good Paul, we only do what all other legislators do. We are never rogues so long as we call ourselves honest fellows, and we never commit a crime so long as we can term it a virtue! What say you now?"

Paul smiled, and was silent a few moments before he replied:

"There is very little doubt but that you are wrong; yet if you are, so are all the rest of the world. It is of no use to be the only white sheep of the flock. Wherefore, my dear Tomlinson, I will in future be an excellent citizen, *relieve the necessities of the poor*, and *share the gains of my industry with my friends*."

"Bravo!" cried Tomlinson. "And now that that is settled, the sooner you are inaugurated the better. Since the starlight has shone forth, I see that I am in a place I ought to be very well acquainted with; or, if you like to be suspicious, you may believe that I have brought you purposely in this direction: but first let me ask if you feel any great desire to pass the night by this haystack, or whether you would like a song and the punch-bowl almost as much as the open air, with the chance of being eat up in a pinch of hay by some strolling cow!"

"You may conceive my choice," answered Paul.

"Well, then, there is an excellent fellow near here, who keeps a public-house, and is a firm ally and generous patron of the lads of the cross. At certain periods they hold weekly meetings at his house: this is one of the nights. What say you? shall I introduce you to the club?"

"I shall be very glad, if they will admit me!" returned Paul, whom many and conflicting thoughts rendered laconic.

"Oh! no fear of that, under my auspices. To tell you the truth, though we are a tolerant sect, we welcome every new proselyte with enthusiasm. But are you tired?"

"A little; the house is not far, you say?"

"About a mile off," answered Tomlinson. "Lean on me."

Our wanderers now leaving the haystack,

* We observe in a paragraph from an American paper, copied without comment into the *Morning Chronicle*, a singular proof of the truth of Tomlinson's philosophy. "Mr. Rowland Stephenson (so runs the extract), *the celebrated* English banker, has just purchased a considerable tract of land," etc. Most philosophical of paragraphists! "*Celebrated English banker!*" that sentence is a better illustration of verbal fallacies than all Bentham's treatises put together. "*Celebrated!*" O Mercury, what a dexterous epithet!

struck across part of Finchley Common; for the abode of the worthy publican was felicitously situated, and the scene in which his guests celebrated their festivities was close by that on which they often performed their exploits.

As they proceeded, Paul questioned his friend touching the name and character of "mine host;" and the all-knowing Augustus Tomlinson answered him, Quaker-like, by a question,—

"Have you ever heard of Gentleman George?"

"What! the noted head of a flash public-house in the country? To be sure I have, often; my poor nurse, Dame Lobkins, used to say he was the best-spoken man in the trade!"

"Ay, so he is still. In his youth, George was a very handsome fellow, but a little too fond of his lass and bottle to please his father, a very staid old gentleman, who walked about on Sundays in a bob-wig and a gold-headed cane, and was a much better farmer on week-days than he was head of a public-house. George used to be a remarkably smart-dressed fellow, and so he is to this day. He has a great deal of wit, is a very good whist-player, has a capital cellar, and is so fond of seeing his friends drunk, that he bought some time ago a large pewter measure in which six men can stand upright. The girls, or rather the old women, to which last he used to be much more civil of the two, always liked him; they say, nothing is so fine as his fine speeches, and they give him the title of '*Gentleman* George.' He is a nice, kind-hearted man in many things. Pray Heaven we shall have no cause to miss him when he departs. But, to tell you the truth, he takes more than his share of our common purse."

"What, is he avaricious?"

"Quite the reverse; but he's so cursedly fond of building, he invests all *his* money (and wants us to invest all *ours*) in houses; and there's one confounded dog of a bricklayer, who runs him up terrible bills,—a fellow called 'Cunning Nat,' who is equally adroit in spoiling ground and improving *ground rent*."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah! thereby hangs a tale. But we are near the place now; you will see a curious set."

As Tomlinson said this, the pair approached a house standing alone, and seemingly without any other abode in the vicinity. It was of curious and grotesque shape, painted white, with a Gothic chimney, a Chinese sign-post (on which was depicted a gentleman fishing, with the words "The Jolly Angler" written beneath), and a porch that would have been Grecian, if it had not been Dutch. It stood in a little field, with a hedge behind it, and the common in front! Augustus stopped at the door, and, while he paused, bursts of laughter rang cheerily within.

"Ah, the merry boys!" he muttered: "I long to be with them!" and then with his clenched fist he knocked four times on the door. There was a sudden silence, which lasted about a minute, and was broken by a voice within, asking who was there. Tomlinson answered by some cabalistic word; the door was opened, and a little boy presented himself.

"Well, my lad," said Augustus, "and how is your master?—Stout and hearty, if I may judge by his voice."

"Ay, Master Tommy, ay, he's boozing away at a fine rate in the back-parlor, with Mr. Pepper and fighting Attie, and half-a-score more of them. He'll be woundy glad to see you, I'll be bound."

"Show this gentleman into the bar," rejoined Augustus, "while I go and pay my respects to honest Geordie!"

The boy made a sort of a bow, and leading our hero into the bar, consigned him to the care of Sal, a buxom barmaid, who reflected credit on the taste of the landlord, and who received Paul with marked distinction and a gill of brandy.

Paul had not long to play the amiable, before Tomlinson rejoined him with the information that Gentleman George would be most happy to see him in the back-parlor, and that he would there find an old friend in the person of Mr. Pepper.

"What! is he here?" cried Paul. "The sorry knave! to let me be caged in his stead!"

"Gently, gently, no misapplication of terms," said Augustus; "that was not knavery, that was *prudence*, the greatest of all virtues and the rarest. But come along, and Pepper shall *explain* to-morrow."

Threading a gallery or passage, Augustus

preceded our hero, opened a door, and introduced him into a long low apartment, where sat, round a table spread with pipes and liquor, some ten or a dozen men, while at the top of the table, in an arm-chair, presided Gentleman George. That dignitary was a portly and comely gentleman, with a knowing look, and a Welsh wig, worn, as the *Morning Chronicle* says of his Majesty's hat, "in a *dégagé* manner, on one side." Being afflicted with the gout, his left foot reclined on a stool; and the attitude developed, despite of a lamb's-wool stocking, the remains of an exceedingly good leg.

As Gentleman George was a person of majestic dignity among the Knights of the Cross, we trust we shall not be thought irreverent in applying a few of the words by which the foresaid *Morning Chronicle* depicted his Majesty, on the day he laid the first stone of his father's monument, to the description of Gentleman George.

"He had on a handsome blue coat, and a white waistcoat;" moreover, "he laughed most good-humoredly," as, turning to Augustus Tomlinson, he saluted him with—

"So, this is the youngster you present to us?—Welcome to the Jolly Angler! Give us thy hand, young sir;—I shall be happy to blow a cloud with thee."

"With all due submission," said Mr. Tomlinson, "I think it may first be as well to introduce my pupil and friend to his future companions."

"You speak like a leary cove," cried Gentleman George, still squeezing our hero's hand; and, turning around in his elbow chair, he pointed to each member, as he severally introduced his guests to Paul:

"Here," said he,—"here's a fine chap at my right hand—(the person thus designated was a thin military-looking figure, in a shabby riding frock, and with a commanding, bold, aquiline countenance, a little the worse for wear)—here's a fine chap for you; Fighting Attie we calls him: he's a devil on the road. 'Halt—deliver—must and shall—can't and sha'nt—do as I bid you, or go to the devil,'—that's all Fighting Attie's palaver: and,'sdeath, it has a wonderful way of coming to the point! A famous cull is my friend Attie—an old soldier—has seen the world, and knows what is what; has lots of gumption, and devil a bit of blarney. Howsomever, the highflyers doesn't like him; and when he takes people's money, he need not be quite so cross about it!—Attie, let me introduce a new pal to you." Paul made his bow.

"Stand at ease, man!" quoth the veteran, without taking the pipe from his mouth.

Gentleman George then continued; and, after pointing out four or five of the company (among whom our hero discovered, to his surprise, his old friends, Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell), came, at length, to one with a very red face, and a lusty frame of body. "That gentleman," said he, "is Scarlet Jem; a dangerous fellow for a *press*, though he says he likes robbing alone now, for a general press is not half such a good thing as it used to be formerly. You have no idea what a hand at disguising himself Scarlet Jem is. He has an old wig which he generally does business in; and you would not go for to know him again, when he conceals himself under the *wig*. Oh, he's a precious rogue, is Scarlet Jem!—As for the cove on t'other side," continued the host of the Jolly Angler, pointing to Long Ned, "all I can say of him, good, bad, or indifferent, is, that he has an unkimmon fine head of hair; and now, youngster, as you knows him, spose you goes and sits by him, and he'll introduce you to the rest; for, split my wig! (Gentleman George was a bit of a swearer) if I ben't tired, and so here's to your health; and if so be as your name's Paul, may you always rob *Peter* * in order to pay *Paul!*"

This witticism of mine host's being exceedingly well received, Paul went, amidst the general laughter, to take possession of the vacant seat beside Long Ned. That tall gentlemen, who had hitherto been cloud-compelling (as Homer calls Jupiter) in profound silence, now turned to Paul with the warmest cordiality, declared himself overjoyed to meet his old friend once more, and congratulated him alike on his escape from Bridewell, and his admission to the councils of Gentleman George. But Paul, mindful of that exertion of "prudence" on the part of Mr. Pepper, by which he had been left to his fate and the mercy of Justice Burnflat, received his advan-

* Peter: a portmanteau.

ces very sullenly. This coolness so incensed Ned, who was naturally choleric, that he turned his back on our hero, and being of an aristocratic spirit muttered something about "upstart, and vulgar clyfakers being admitted to the company of swell tobymen." This murmur called all Paul's blood into his cheek; for though he had been punished as a clyfaker (or pickpocket), nobody knew better than Long Ned whether or not he was innocent; and a reproach from him came therefore with double injustice and severity. In his wrath, he seized Mr. Pepper by the ear, and telling him he was a shabby scoundrel, challenged him to fight.

So pleasing an invitation not being announced *sotto voce*, but in a tone suited to the importance of the proposition, every one around heard it; and before Long Ned could answer, the full voice of Gentleman George thundered forth—

"Keep the peace there, you youngster! What! are you just admitted into our merry-makings, and must you be wrangling already? Hark ye gemmen, I have been plagued enough with your quarrels before now, and the first cove as breaks the present quiet of the Jolly Angler, shall be turned out neck and crop—shan't he, Attie?"

"Right about, march," said the hero.

"Ay, that's the word, Attie," said Gentleman George. "And now, Mr. Pepper, if there be any ill blood 'twixt you and the lad there, wash it away in a bumper of bingo, and let's here no more whatsomever about it."

"I'm willing," cried Long Ned, with the deferential air of a courtier, and holding out his hand to Paul. Our hero, being somewhat abashed by the novelty of his situation and the rebuke of Gentleman George accepted, though with some reluctance, the proferred courtesy.

Order being thus restored, the conversation of the convivialists began to assume a most fascinating bias. They talked with infinite *goût* of the sums they had levied on the public, and the peculations they had committed for what one called the "*good of the community*," and another, the "*established order*,"—meaning themselves. It was easy to see in what school the discerning Augustus Tomlinson had learned the value of words.

There was something edifying in hearing the rascals! So nice was their language, and so honest their enthusiasm for their own interests, you might have imagined you were listening to a coterie of cabinet ministers conferring on taxes, or debating on perquisites.

"Long may the *Commons* flourish!" cried punning Georgie, filling his glass; "it is by the commons we're fed, and may they never know cultiwation!"

"Three times three!" shouted Long Ned; and the toast was drank as Mr. Pepper proposed.

"A little moderate cultivation of the commons, to speak frankly," said Augustus Tomlinson modestly, "might not be amiss; for it would decoy people into the belief that they might travel safely; and, after all, a hedge or a barley-field is as good for us as a barren heath, where we have no shelter if once pursued!"

"You talks nonsense, you spooney!" cried a robber of note, called Bagshot; who, being aged, and having been a lawyer's footboy, was sometimes denominated "Old Bags." "You talks nonsense; these innowating ploughs are the ruin of us. Every blade of corn in a common is an encroachment on the constitution and rights of the gemmen highwaymen. I'm old, and mayn't live to see these things; but, mark my words, a time will come when a man may go from Lunnun to Johnny Groat's without losing a penny by one of us; when Hounslow will be safe, and Finchley secure. My eyes, what a sad thing for us that 'il be!"

The venerable old man became suddenly silent, and the tears started to his eyes. Gentleman George had a great horror of blue devils, and particularly disliked all disagreeable subjects.

"Thunder and oons, Old Bags!" quoth mine host of the Jolly Angler, "this will never do: we're all met here to be merry, and not to listen to your mullancolly taratarantarums. I says, Ned Pepper, spose you tips us a song, and I'll beat time with my knuckles."

Long Ned, taking the pipe from his mouth, attempted, like Walter Scott's Lady Heron, one or two pretty excuses: these being drowned by an universal shout, the handsome purloiner gave the following song, to the tune of "Time has not thinned my flowing hair."

LONG NED'S SONG.

1.

"Oh, if my hands adhere to cash,
My gloves at least are clean,
And rarely have the gentry flash
In sprucer clothes been seen.

2.

Sweet Public, since your coffers must
Afford our wants relief,
Oh! soothes it not to yield the dust
To such a charming thief?

3.

I never robbed a single coach
But with a lover's air;
And though you might my *course* reproach,
You never could my *hair*.

4.

John Bull who loves a harmless joke,
Is apt at me to grin,
But why be cross with laughing folk,
Unless they laugh and win?

5.

John Bull has money in his box;
And though his wit's divine,
Yet let me laugh at Johnny's *locks*—
And John may laugh at mine!"

"'And John may laugh at mine,' excellent!" cried Gentleman George, lighting his pipe and winking at Attie, "I hears as how you be a famous fellow with the lasses."

Ned smiled and answered,—"No man should boast; but——" Pepper paused significantly, and then glancing at Attie, said—"Talking of lasses, it is my turn to knock down a gentleman for a song, and I knock down Fighting Attie."

"I never sing," said the warrior.

"Treason, treason," cried Pepper. "It is the law, and you must obey the law;—so begin."

"It is true, Attie," said Gentleman George.

There was no appeal from the honest publican's fiat; so, in a quick and laconic manner, it being Attie's favorite dogma, that the least said is the soonest mended, the warrior sung as follows:—

FIGHTING ATTIE'S SONG.

Air.—"He was famed for deeds of arms."

"Rise at six—dine at two—
Rob your man without Ado—
Such my maxims—if you doubt
Their wisdom. to the right about!"

(Signing to a sallow gentleman on the same side of the table to send up the brandy bowl.)

"Pass round the bingo,—of a gun,
Yon musky, dusky, *husky son!*" *

(The sallow gentleman, in a hoarse voice,)

"Attie—the bingo's now with me,
I can't resign it yet, d'ye see!"

(Attie, seizing the bowl,)

"Resign, resign it—cease your dust!"

(Wresting it away, and fiercely regarding the sallow gentleman.)

"You have resign'd it—and you must."

CHORUS.

"You have resign'd it—and you must."

While the chorus, laughing at the discomfited tippler, yelled forth the emphatic words of the heoric Attie, that personage emptied the brandy at a draught, resumed his pipe, and, in as few words as possible, called on Ragshot for a song. The excellent old highwayman, with great diffidence, obeyed the request, cleared his throat, and struck off with a ditty somewhat to the tune of "The Old Woman."

OLD BAG'S SONG.

"Are the days then gone, when on Hounslow Heath
We flash'd our nags?
When the stoutest bosoms quail'd beneath
The voice of Bags?
Ne'er was my work half undone, lest
I should be nabb'd:
Slow was old Bags, but he never ceased
'Till the whole was grabb'd.

CHORUS.

'Till the whole was grabb'd.

When the slow coach paused, and the gemmen storm'd,
I bore the brunt—
And the only sound which my grave lips form'd
Was 'blunt'—still 'blunt!'
Oh! those jovial days are ne'er forgot!—
But the tape lags—
When I be's dead, you'll drink one pot
To poor old Bags!

CHORUS.

To poor old Bags!"

"Ay, that we will, my dear Bagshot," cried Gentleman George, affectionately; but, observing a tear in the old fellow's eye, he added,

* Much of whatever amusement might be occasioned by the not (we trust) ill-natured travesties of certain eminent characters in this part of our work, when first published, like all political allusions, loses point and becomes obscure as the applications cease to be familiar. It is already necessary, perhaps, to say, that Fighting Attie herein typifies or illustrates the Duke of Wellington's abrupt dismissal of Mr. Huskisson.

"Cheer up. What, ho! cheer up! Times will improve, and Providence may yet send us one good year, when you shall be as well off as ever! You shakes your poll. Well, don't be humdurgeoned, but knock down a gemman."

Dashing away the drop of sensibility, the veteran knocked down Gentleman George himself.

"Oh, dang it!" said George, with an air of dignity, "I ought to skip, since I finds the lush; but howsomever here goes."

GENTLEMAN GEORGE'S SONG.

Air.—"Old King Cole."

"I be's the cove—the merry old cove,
Of whose max a'l the *ruffiers* sing.
And a lushing cove, I thinks, by Jove,
Is as great as a sober king!

CHORUS.
Is as great as a sober king.

Whatever the noise as is made by the boys,
At the bar as they lush away;
The devil a noise my peace alloys,
As long as the rascals pay!

CHORUS.
As long as the rascals pay!

What if I sticks my stones and my bricks
With mortar I takes from the snobbish?
All who can feel for the public weal,
Likes the public house to be bobbish.

CHORUS.
Likes the public house to be bobbish."

"There, gemmen!" said the publican, stopping short, "that's the pith of the matter, and split my wig but I'm short of breath now. So, send round the brandy, Augustus: you sly dog, you keeps it all to yourself."

By this time the whole conclave were more than half-seas over, or, as Augustus Tomlinson expressed it, "their more austere qualities were relaxed by a pleasing and innocent indulgence." Paul's eyes reeled, and his tongue ran loose. By degress the room swam round, the faces of his comrades altered, the countenance of Old Bags assumed an awful and menacing air. He thought Long Ned insulted him, and that Old Bags took the part of the assailant, doubled his fists, and threatened to put the plaintiff's nob into chancery, if he disturbed the peace of the meeting. Various other imaginary evils beset him. He thought he had robbed a mail-coach in company with Pepper; that Tomlinson informed against him, and that Gentleman George ordered him to be hanged; in short, he labored under a temporary delirium, occasioned by a sudden reverse of fortune—from water to brady; and the last thing of which he retained any recollection, before he sunk under the table, in company with Long Ned, Scarlet Jem, and Old Bags, was, the bearing his part in the burthen, of what appeared to him a chorus of last dying speeches and confessions, but what in reality was a song made in honor of Gentleman George, and sung by his grateful guests as a finale to the festivities. It ran thus:—

THE ROBBER'S GRAND TOAST.

"A tumbler of blue ruin, fill, fill for me!
Red tape those as likes it may drain,
But whatever the lush, it a bumper must be,
If we ne'er drinks a bumper again!
Now—now in the crib, where a *ruffler* may lie,
Without fear that the *traps* should distress him,
With a drop in the mouth, and a drop in the eye,
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!

'Mong the pals of the Prince, I've heard it's the go,
Before they have tippled enough,
To smarten their punch with the best curaçoa,
More conish to render the stuff!
I boast not such lush!—but whoever his glass
Does not like, I'll be hanged if I press him!
Upstanding, my kiddies—round, round let it pass!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!

See—see—the fine fellow grows weak on the stumps,
Assist him, ye rascals, to stand!
Why, ye stir not a peg!—Are you all in the dumps?
Fighting Attie, go, lend him a hand!"

(The robbers crowd around Gentleman George, each, under pretence of supporting him, pulling him first one way and then another.)

"Come, lean upon me—at your service I am!
Get away from his elbow, you whelp!—him
You'll only upset—them 'ere fellows but sham!
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!
God help him—God help him!—
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!"

CHAPTER XI.

"I boast no song in magic wonders rife.
But yet, O Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blest his noon-day walk—she was his only child."
Gertrude of Wyoming.

O TIME, thou hast played strange tricks with us! and we bless the stars that made us a novelist, and permit us now to retaliate. Leave Paul to the instructions of Augustus Tomlinson and the festivities of the Jolly Angler, and suffering him, by slow but sure degrees, to acquire the graces and the reputation of the accomplished and perfect appropriator of other men's possessions, we shall pass over the lapse of years with the same heedless rapidity with which they have glided over us, and summon our reader to a very different scene from those which would be likely to greet his eyes, were he following the adventures of our new Telemachus. Nor wilt thou, dear reader, whom we make the umpire between ourself and those who never read—the critics;—thou who hast, in the true spirit of gentle breeding, gone with us among places where the novelty of the scene has, we fear, scarcely atoned for the coarseness, not giving thyself the airs of a dainty abigail,—not prating, lacquey-like, on the low company thou hast met;—not wilt thou, dear and friendly reader, have cause to dread that we shall weary thy patience by a "damnable iteration" of the same localities. Pausing for a moment to glance over the divisions of our story, which lies before us like a map, we feel that we may promise in future to conduct thee among aspects of society more familiar to thy habits;—where events flow to their allotted gulf through landscapes of more pleasing variety, and among tribes of a more luxurious civilization.

Upon the banks of one of fair England's fairest rivers, and about fifty miles distant from London, still stands an old-fashioned abode, which we shall here term Warlock Manor-house. It is a building of brick, varied by stone copings, and covered in great part with ivy and jasmine. Around it lie the ruins of the elder part of the fabric, and these are sufficiently numerous in extent, and important in appearance, to testify that the mansion was once not without the pretensions to the magnificent. These remains of power, some of which bear date as far back as the reign of Henry the Third, are sanctioned by the character of the country immediately in the vicinity of the old manor-house. A vast tract of waste land, interspersed with groves of antique pollards, add here and there irregular and insinuous ridges of green mound, betoken to the experienced eye the evidence of a dismantled chase or park, which must originally have been of no common dimensions. On one side of the house the lawn slopes towards the river, divided from a terrace, which forms the most important embellishment of the pleasure-grounds, by that fence to which has been given the ingenious and significant name of "ha-ha!"

A few scattered trees of giant growth are the sole obstacles that break the view of the river, which has often seemed to us, at that particular passage of its course, to glide with unusual calmness and serenity. On the opposite side of the stream there is a range of steep hills, celebrated for nothing more romantic than their property of imparting to the flocks that browse upon their short, and seemingly stinted herbage, a flavor peculiarly grateful to the lovers of that pastoral animal which changes its name into mutton after its decease. Upon these hills the vestige of human habitation is not visible; and at times, when no boat defaces the lonely smoothness of the river, and the evening has stilled the sounds of labor and of life, we know few scenes so utterly tranquil, so steeped in quiet, as that which is presented by the old, quaint-fashioned house and its antique grounds,—the smooth lawn, the silent, and (to speak truly, though disparingly) the somewhat sluggish river, together with the large hills (to which we know, from simple, though metaphysical causes, how entire an idea of quiet, and immovability, peculiarly attaches itself), and the white flocks—those most peaceful of God's creatures,—that in fleecy clusters stud the ascent.

In Warlock House, at the time we refer to, lived a gentleman of the name of Brandon. He was a widower, and had attained his fiftieth year, without casting much regret on the past,

or feeling much anxiety for the future. In a word, Joseph Brandon was one of those careless, quiescent, indifferent men, by whom a thought upon any subject is never recurred to without a very urgent necessity. He was good-natured, inoffensive and weak; and if he was not an incomparable citizen, he was, at least, an excellent vegetable. He was of a family of high antiquity, and formerly of considerable note. For the last four or five generations, however, the proprietors of Warlock House, gradually losing something alike from their acres and their consequence, had left to their descendants no higher rank than that of a small country squire. One had been a Jacobite, and had drunk out half a dozen farms in honor of Charley over the water;—Charley over the water was no very dangerous person, but Charley over the wine was rather more ruinous. The next Brandon had been a fox-hunter, and fox-hunters live as largely as patriotic politicians. Pausanias tells us, that the same people who were the most notorious for their love for wine, were also the most notorious for their negligence of affairs. Times are not much altered since Pausanias wrote, and the remark holds as good with the English as it did with Phigalei. After this Brandon came one who, though he did not scorn the sportsman, rather assumed the fine gentleman. He married an heiress, who, of course, assisted to ruin him: wishing *no* assistance in so pleasing an occupation, he overturned her (*perhaps* not on purpose), in a new sort of carriage which he was learning to drive, and the good lady was killed on the spot. She left the fine gentleman two sons, Joseph Brandon, the present thane, and a brother some years younger. The elder, being of a fitting age, was sent to school, and somewhat escaped the contagion of the paternal mansion. But the younger Brandon, having only reached his fifth year at the time of his mother's disease, was retained at home. Whether he was handsome, or clever, or impertinent, or like his father about the eyes (that greatest of all merits), we know not; but the widower became so fond of him, that it was at a late period, and with great reluctance, that he finally intrusted him to the providence of a school.

Among harlots, and gamblers, and lords, and sharpers, and gentlemen of the guards, together with their frequent accompaniments —guards of the gentlemen—viz. bailiffs, William Brandon passed the first stage of his boyhood. He was about thirteen when he was sent to school; and being a boy of remarkable talents, he recovered lost time so well, that when, at the age of nineteen, he adjourned to the university, he had scarcely resided there a single term before he had borne off two of the highest prizes awarded to academical merit. From the university he departed on the "grand tour," at that time thought so necessary to complete the gentleman: he went in company with a young nobleman, whose friendship he had won at the university, stayed abroad more than two years, and on his return he settled down to the profession of the law.

Meanwhile his father died, and his fortune, as a younger brother, being literally next to nothing, and the family estate (for his brother was not *unwilling* to assist him) being terribly involved, it was believed that he struggled for some years with very embarrassed and penurious circumstances. During this interval of his life, however, he was absent from London, and by his brother supposed to have returned to the Continent: at length, it seems, he profited by a renewal of his friendship with the young nobleman who had accompanied him abroad, reappeared in town, and obtained, through his noble friend, one or two legal appointments of reputable emolument: soon afterwards he got a brief on some cause where a major had been raising a corps to his brother officer, with the better consent of the brother-officer's wife than of the brother officer himself. Brandon's abilities here, for the first time in his profession, found an adequate vent; his reputation seemed made at once, he rose, rapidly in his profession, and, at the time we now speak of, he was sailing down the full tide of fame and wealth, the envy and the oracle of all young Templars and barristers, who, having been starved themselves for ten years, began now to calculate on the possibility of starving their clients.

At an early period in his career he had, through the good offices of the nobleman we have mentioned, obtained a seat in the House of Commons; and though his eloquence was of an order much better suited to the bar than the senate, he had nevertheless acquired a very considerable reputation in the latter, and was looked upon by many as likely to win to

the same brilliant fortunes as the courtly Mansfield—a great man, whose political principles and urbane address Brandon was supposed especially to affect as his own model. Of unblemished integrity in public life—for, as he supported all things that exist with the most unbending rigidity, he could not be accused of inconsistency—William Brandon was (as we have said in a former place of unhappy memory to our hero) esteemed in private life the most honorable, the most moral, even the most austere of men; and his grave and stern repute on this score, joined to the dazzle of his eloquence and forensic powers, had baffled in great measure the rancor of party hostility, and obtained for him a character for virtues almost as high and as enviable as that which he had acquired for abilties.

While William was thus treading a noted and an honorable career, his elder brother, who had married into a clergyman's family, and soon lost his consort, had with his only child, a daughter named Lucy, resided in his paternal mansion in undisturbed obscurity. The discreditable character and habits of the preceding lords of Warlock, which had sunk their respectability in the county, as well as curtailed their property, had rendered the surrounding gentry little anxious to cultivate the intimacy of the present proprietor; and the heavy mind and retired manners of Joseph Brandon were not calculated to counterbalance the faults of his forefathers, nor to reinstate the name of Brandon in its ancient popularity and esteem. Though dull and little cultivated the squire was not without his "proper pride;" he attempted not to intrude himself where he was unwelcome, avoided county meetings and county balls, smoked his pipe with the parson, and not unoften with the surgeon and the solicitor, and suffered his daughter Lucy to educate herself, with the help of the parson's wife, and to ripen (for Nature was more favorable to her than Art) into the very prettiest girl that the whole county—we long to say the whole country—at that time could boast of. Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen.

Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, aud a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the color varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine,—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her movements, as the old parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who had received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Everything joyous affected her, and at once;—air,—flowers,—sunshine,—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapors. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in sleep were silent—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges,—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all a poet's visions of womanhood had met with Faust, or her slumbers been ruffled with a dream of love.

We cannot say much for Lucy's intellectual acquirements; she could, thanks to the parson's wife, spell indifferently well, and write a tolerable hand; she made preserves, and sometimes riddles—it was more difficult to question the excellence of the former than to answer the queries of the latter. She worked to the admiration of all who knew her, and we beg leave to say that we deem that "an excellent thing in woman." She made caps for herself and gowns for the poor, and now and then she accomplished the more literary labor of a stray novel that had wandered down to the Manor-house, or an abridgment of ancient history, in which was omitted every thing but the proper names. To these attachments she added a certain modicum of skill upon the spinet, and the power of singing old songs with the richest and sweetest voice that ever made one's eyes moisten, or one's heart beat.

Her moral qualities were more fully developed than her mental. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her before, knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine, and the old

wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that "one felt warm when one looked on her." If we could abstract from the description a certain chilling transparency, the following exquisite verses of a forgotten poet * might express the purity and lustre or her countenance:—

"Her face was like the milkyway i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven to Beauty the pheasant, and from Bob, the sheep-dog without a tail, to Beau, the Blenheim with blue ribands round his neck; all things loved her, and she loved all things. It seemed doubtful at that time whether she would ever have sufficient steadiness and strength of character. Her beauty and her character appeared so essentially womanlike—soft, yet lively, buoyant, yet caressing,—that you could scarcely place in her that moral dependence that you might in a character less amiable, but less yieldingly feminine. Time, however, and circumstance, which alter and harden, were to decide whether the inward nature did not possess some latent, and yet undiscovered properties. Such was Lucy Brandon, in the year ——, and in that year, on a beautiful autumnal evening, we first introduce her personally to our readers.

She was sitting on a garden-seat by the river side with her father, who was deliberately conning the evening paper of a former week, and gravely seasoning the ancient news with the inspirations of that weed which so bitterly excited the royal indignation of our British Solomon. It happens, unfortunately for us,—for outward peculiarities are scarcely worthy the dignity to which comedy, whether in the drama or the narrative, aspires,—that Squire Brandon possessed so few distinguishing traits of mind, that he leaves his delineator little whereby to designate him, save a confused and parenthetical habit of speech, by which he very often appeared to those who did not profit by long experience, or close observation, to say exactly, and somewhat ludicrously, that which *he* did not mean to convey.

"I say, Lucy," observed Mr. Brandon, but without lifting his eyes from the paper; "I say, corn has fallen—think of that, girl, think of that! These times, in my opinion, (ay, and in the opinion of wiser heads than mine, though I do not mean to say that I have not some experience in these matters, which is more than can be said of *all our neighbors*), *are very curious, and even dangerous.*"

"Indeed, papa!" answered Lucy.

"And I say, Lucy, dear," resumed the squire after a short pause, "there has been (and very strange it is, too, when one considers the crowded neighborhood—Bless me! what times these are!) a shocking murder *committed upon* (*the tobacco-stopper*—there it is)—think, you know, girl—just by Epping!—an old gentleman!"

"Dear, how shocking! by whom?"

"Ay, that's the question! The coroner's inquest has (what a blessing it is to live in a civilized country, where a man does not die without knowing the why and the wherefore!) sat on the body, and declared (it is very strange, but they don't seem to have made much discovery; for why? we knew as much before), that the body was found (it was found on the floor, Lucy), murdered; *murderer or murderers* (*in the bureau*, which was broken open, they found the money left quite untouched),—unknown!"

Here there was again a slight pause, and passing to another side of the paper, Mr. Brandon resumed in a quicker tone,—

"Ha! well, now this is odd! But he's a a deuced clever fellow, Lucy! that brother of mine has (and in a very honorable manner too, which I am sure is highly creditable to the family, though he has not taken too much notice of me lately;—a circumstance which, considering I am his elder brother, I am a little angry at);—distinguished himself in a speech, remarkable, the papers says, for its great legal —(I wonder, by the by, whether William could get me that agistment-money! 'tis a heavy thing to lose; but going to law, as my poor father used to say, is like fishing for gudgeons [not a bad little fish, *we can have some for supper*], *with guineas*)—knowledge, as well as its splendid and overpowering—(I do love Will for keeping up the family honor; I am sure it is more than I have done—heigh-ho!)—eloquence!"

"And on what subject has he been speaking, papa?"

* Suckling.

"Oh,, a very fine subject; what you call a —(it is astonishing that in this country there should be such a wish for taking away people's characters, which, for my part, I don't see is a bit more entertaing than what you are always doing—playing with those stupid birds) —libel!"

"But is not my uncle William coming down to see us? He promised to do so, and it made you quite happy, papa, for two days. I hope he will not disappoint you; and I am sure that it is not his fault if he ever seems to neglect you. He spoke of you to me, when I saw him, in the kindest and most affectionate manner. I do think, my dear father, that he loves you very much."

"Ahem!" said the squire, evidently flattered, and yet not convinced. "My brother Will is a very acute fellow, and I make no— my dear little girl—question, but that—(when you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will grow suspicious),—he thought that any good word said of me to my daughter would—(you see, Lucy, I am as clear sighted as my neighbors, though I don't give myself all their airs; which I very well might do, considering my great great great grandfather, Hugo Brandon, had a hand in detecting the gunpowder plot),—be told to me again!"

"Nay, but I am quite sure my uncle never spoke of you to me with that intention."

"Possibly, my dear child; but when (the evenings are much shorter than they were!) did you talk with your uncle about me?"

"Oh, when staying with Mrs. Warner, in London; to be sure, it is six years ago; but I remember it perfectly. I recollect, in particular, that he spoke of you very handsomely to Lord Mauleverer, who dined with him one evening when I was there, and when my uncle was so kind as to take me to the play. I was afterwards quite sorry that he was so good-natured, as he lost—(you remember I told you the story)—a very valuable watch."

"Ay, ay, I remember all about that, and so, —how long friendship lasts with some people! — Lord Mauleverer dined with William! What a fine thing it is for a man—(it is what I never did, indeed, I like being what they call 'Cock of the Walk'—let me see, now I think of it, Pillum comes to-night to play a hit at back-gammon)—to make friends with a great man early in (yet Will did not do it very early, poor fellow! he struggled first with a great deal of sorrow———hardship that is———) life! It is many years now, since Will has been hand-and-glove with my ('tis a bit of a puppy) Lord Mauleverer,—what did you think of his lordship?"

"Of Lord Mauleverer Indeed I scarcely observed him; but he seemed a handsome man, and was very polite. Mrs. Warner said he had been a very wicked person when he was young, but he seems good-natured enough now, papa."

"By the by," said the squire, "his lordship has just been made—(this new ministry seems very unlike the old, which rather puzzles me; for I think it my duty, d'ye see, Lucy, always to vote for his Majesty's government, especially seeing that old Hugo Brandon had a hand in detecting the gunpowder plot; and it is a little odd, at least, at first, to think that good now, which one has always before been thinking abominable) Lord Lieutenant of the county."

"Lord Mauleverer our Lord Lieutenant?"

"Yes, child; and since his lordship is such a friend of my brother's, I should think, considering especially what an old family in the county we are,—not that I wish to intrude myself where I am not thought as fine as the rest,—that he would be more attentive to us than Lord —— was; but that, my dear Lucy, puts me in mind of Pillum, and so, perhaps, you would like to walk to the parson's as it is a fine evening. John shall come for you at nine o'clock *with* (*the moon* is not up then) the lantern."

Leaning on his daughter's willing arm, the good old man then rose and walked homeward; and so soon as she had wheeled round his easy chair, placed the backgammon-board on the table, and wished the old gentleman an easy vietory over his expected antagonist the apothecary, Lucy tied down her bonnet and took her way to the rectory.

When she arrived at the clerical mansion, and entered the drawing room, she was surprised to find the parson's wife, a good, homely, lethargic old lady, run up to her, seemingly in a state of great nervous agitation, and crying.

"Oh, my dear Miss Brandon! which way did you come? Did you meet nobody by the road? Oh, I am so frightened! Such an accident to poor dear Dr. Slopperton!

Stopped in the king's highway, robbed of some tithe-money he had just received from Farmer Slowforth: if it had not been for that dear angel, good, young man, God only knows whether I might not have been a disconsolate widow by this time!"

While the affectionate matron was thus running on, Lucy's eye glancing round the room discovered in an arm-chair the round and oily little person of Dr. Slopperton, with a countenance from which all the carnation hues, save in one circular excresence on the nasal member, that was left, like the last rose of summer, blooming alone, were faded into an aspect of miserable pallor: the little man tried to conjure up a smile while his wife was narrating his misfortune, and to mutter forth some syllable of unconcern; but he looked, for all his bravado, so exceedingly scared, that Lucy would, despite herself, have laughed outright, had not her eye rested upon the figure of a young man who had been seated beside the reverend gentleman, but who had risen at Lucy's entrance, and who now stood gazing upon her intently, but with an air of great respect. Blushing deeply, and involuntarily, she turned her eyes hastily away, and approaching the good doctor, made her inquiries into the present state of his nerves, in a graver tone than she had a minute before imagined it possible than she should have been enabled to command.

"Ah! my good young lady," said the doctor, squeezing her hand, "I—may, I may say the church—for am I not its minister?—was in imminent danger:—but this excellent gentleman prevented the sacrilege, at least in great messure. I only lost some of my dues—my rightful dues—for which I console myself with thinking that the infamous and abandoned villain will suffer hereafter."

"There cannot be the least doubt of *that*," said the young man: "had he only robbed the mail coach, or broken into a gentleman's house, the offence might have been expiable; but to rob a clergyman, and a rector, too!—Oh, the sacrilegious dog!"

"Your warmth does you honor, sir," said the doctor, beginning now to recover; "and I am very proud to have made the acquaintance of a gentleman of such truly religious opinions!"

"Ah!" cried the stranger, "my foible, sir—if I may so speak—is a sort of enthusiastic fervor for the Protestant Establishment. Nay, sir, I never come across the very *nave* of the church, without feeling an indescribable emotion—a kind of sympathy, as it were,—with—with—you understand me, sir—I fear I express myself ill."

"Not at all, not at all!" exclaimed the doctor: "such sentiments are uncommon in one so young."

"Sir, I learned them early in life from a friend and preceptor of mine, Mr. Mac Grawler, and I trust they may continue with me to my dying day."

Here the doctor's servant entered with (we borrow a phrase from the novel of * * * *) "the tea-equipage," and Mrs. Slopperton betaking herself to its superintendence, inquired, with more composure than hitherto had belonged to her demeanor, what sort of a looking creature the ruffian was?

"I will tell you my dear, I will tell you, Miss Lucy. I was walking home from Mr. Slowforth's, with his money in my pocket, thinking, my love, of buying you that topaz cross you wished to have."

"Dear good man!" cried Mrs. Slopperton; "what a fiend it must have been to rob so excellent a creature."

"And," resumed the doctor, "it also occurred to me, that the Madeira was nearly out—the Madeira, I mean, with the read seal; and I was thinking it might not be amiss to devote part of the money to buy six dozen more; and the remainder, my love, which would be about one pound eighteen, I thought I would divide,—'for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord!'—among the thirty poor families on the common: that is, if they behaved well, and the apples in the back garden were not feloniously abstracted!"

"Excellent, charitable man!" ejaculated Mrs. Slopperton.

"While I was thus meditating, I lifted my eyes, and saw before me two men; one of prodigious height, and with a great profusion of hair about his shoulders; the other was smaller, and wore his hat slouched over his face: it was a very large hat. My attention was arrested by the singularity of the tall person's hair, and while I was smiling at its luxuriance, I heard him say to his companion,—'Well, Augustus, as you are such a moral dog, he is

in your line, not mine: so I leave him to you.'—Little do I think those words related to me. No sooner were they uttered, than the tall rascal leaped over a gate and disappeared; the other fellow then marching up to me, very smoothly asked me the way to the church, and while I was explaining to him to turn first to the right and then to the left, and so on—for the best way is, you know, exceedingly crooked—the hypocritical scoundrel seized me by the collar, and cried out—'Your money, or your life!' I do assure you, that I never trembled so much; not, my dear Miss Lucy, so much for my own sake, as for the sake of the thirty poor families on the common, whose wants it had been my intention to relieve. I gave up the money, finding my prayers and expostulations were in vain; and the dog then, brandishing over my head an enormous bludgeon, said—what abominable language!—'I think, doctor, I shall put an end to an existence derogatory to yourself and useless to others.' At that moment the young gentleman beside me sprang over the very gate by which the tall ruffian had disappeared, and cried, 'Hold, villain! On seeing my deliverer, the coward started back, and plunged into a neighboring wood. The good young gentleman pursued him for a few minutes, but then returning to my aid, conducted me home; and as we used to say at school:—

"'Te rediisse incolumem gaudeo.'

Which, being interpreted, means,—(sir, excuse a pun, I am sure so great a friend to the church understands Latin)—that I am very glad to get back safe to my tea. He! he! And now, Miss Lucy, you must thank that young gentleman for having saved the life of your pastoral teacher, which act will no doubt be remembered at the Great Day!"

As Lucy, looking towards the stranger, said something in compliment, she observed a vague, and, as it were, covert smile upon his countenance, which immediately, and as if by sympathy, conjured one to her own. The hero of the adventure, however, in a very grave tone, replied to her compliment, at the same time bowing profoundly:—

"Mention it not, madam! I were unworthy of the name of a Briton, and a man, could I pass the highway without relieving the distress, or lightening the burthen, of a fellow-creature. And," continued the stranger, after a momentary pause, coloring while he spoke, and concluding in the high-flown gallantry of the day, "methinks it were sufficient reward, had I saved the whole church, instead of one of its most valuable members, to receive the thanks of a lady, whom I might reasonably take for one of those celestial beings to whom we have been piously taught that the church is especially the care!"

Though there might have been something really ridiculous in this overstrained compliment, coupled as it was with the preservation of Dr. Slopperton, yet, coming from the mouth of one whom Lucy thought the very handsomest person she had ever seen, it appeared to her any thing but absurd; and, for a very long time afterwards, her heart thrilled with pleasure when she remembered that the cheek of the speaker had glowed, and his voice had trembled, as he spoke it.

The conversation now, turning from robbers in particular, dwelt upon robberies in general. It was edifying to hear the honest indignation with which the stranger spoke of the lawless depredators with whom the country, in that day of Macheaths, was infested.

"A pack of infamous rascals!" said he, in a glow; "who attempt to justify their misdeeds by the example of honest men; and who say, that they do no more than is done by lawyers and doctors, soldiers, clergymen, and ministers of state. Pitiful delusion, or rather shameless hypocrisy!"

"It all comes of educating the poor," said the doctor, "The moment they pretend to judge the conduct of their betters—there's an end of all order? They see nothing sacred in the laws, though we hang the dogs ever so fast; and the very peers of the land, spiritual and temporal, cease to be venerable in their eyes."

"Talking of peers," said Mrs. Slopperton, "I hear that Lord Mauleverer is to pass by this road to-night, on his way to Mauleverer Park. Do you know his lordship, Miss Lucy? he is very intimate with your uncle."

"I have only seen him once," answered Lucy.

"Are you sure that his lordship will come this road?" asked the stranger, carelessly: 'I heard something of it this morning, but did not know it was settled."

"Oh, quite so!" rejoined Mrs. Slopperton. "His lordship's gentleman wrote for post-horses to meet his lordship at Wyburn, about three miles on the other side of the village, at ten o'clock to-night. His lordship is very impatient of delay.

"Pray," said the doctor, who had not much heeded this turn in the conversation, and was now "on hospitable cares intent;"—"Pray, sir, if not impertinent, are you visiting, or lodging in the neighborhood; or, will you take a bed with us?"

"You are extremely kind, my dear sir, but I fear I must soon wish you good evening. I have to look after a little property I have some miles hence, which, indeed, brought me down into this part of the world."

"Property!—in what direction, sir, if I may ask?" quoth the doctor; "I know the country for miles."

"Do you, indeed?—where's my property, you say? Why, it is rather difficult to describe it, and it is, after all, a mere trifle: it is only some common-land near the high-road, and I came down to try the experiment of *hedging and draining*."

"'Tis a good plan, if one has capital, and does not require a speedy return."

"Yes; but one likes a good interest *for the loss of principal*, and a *speedy return* is always desirable; although, alas! it is often attended with risk."

"I hope, sir," said the doctor, "if you must leave us so soon, that your property will often bring you into our neighborhood."

"You overpower me with so much unexpected goodness," answered the stranger. "To tell you the truth, nothing can give me greater pleasure than to meet those again who have once obliged me."

"Whom you have obliged, rather!" cried Mrs. Slopperton, and then added, in a loud whisper to Lucy—"How modest! but it is always so with true courage!"

"I assure you, madam," returned the benevolent stranger "that I never think twice of the little favors I render my fellow-men—my only hope is, that they may be as forgetful as myself."

Charmed with so much unaffected goodness of disposition, the Dr. and Mrs. Slopperton now set up a sort of duet in praise of their guest: after enduring their commendations and compliments for some minutes with much grimace of disavowal and diffidence, the stranger's modesty seemed at last to take pain at the excess of their gratitude; and, accordingly, pointing to the clock, which was within a few minutes of nine, he said—

"I fear, my respected host, and my admired hostess, that I must now leave you; I have far to go."

"But are you yourself not afraid of the highwaymen?" cried Mrs. Slopperton, interrupting him.

"The highwaymen!" said the stranger, smiling: "No! I do not fear *them;* besides, I have little about me worth robbing."

"Do you superintend your property yourself?" said the doctor; who farmed his own glebe, and who, unwilling to part with so charming a guest, seized him now by the button.

"Superintend it myself!—why, not exactly. There is a *bailiff*, whose views of things don't agree with mine, and who now and then gives me a good deal of trouble!"

"Then why don't you discharge him altogether?"

"Ah! I wish I could: but 'tis a necessary evil. We landed proprietors, my dear sir, must always be plagued with something of the sort. For my part, I have found those cursed bailiffs would take away, if they could, all the little property one has been trying to accumulate. But," abruptly changing his manner into one of great softness, "could I not proffer my services and my companionship to this young lady? Would she allow me to conduct her home, and indeed, stamp this day upon my memory as one of the few delightful ones I have ever known?"

'Thank you, dear sir, "said Mrs. Slopperton, answering at once for Lucy; "it is very considerate of you; and I am sure, my love, I could not think of letting you go home alone with old John, after such an adventure to the poor dear doctor."

Lucy began an excuse which the good lady would not hear. But as the servant whom Mr. Brandon was to send with a lantern to attend his daughter home had not arrived, and as Mrs. Slopperton, despite her prepossessions in favor of her husband's deliverer, did not for a moment contemplate his accomyanying, without any other attendance, her young friend

across the fields at that unseasonable hour, the stranger was forced, for the present, to reassume his seat; an open harpsichord at one end of the room gave him an opportunity to make some remark upon music, and this introducing an eulogium on Lucy's voice from Mrs. Slopperton, necessarily ended in a request to Miss Brandon to indulge the stranger with a song. Never had Lucy, who was not a shy girl—she was too innocent to be bashful—felt nervous hitherto in singing before a stranger; but now she hesitated and faltered, and went through a whole series of little natural affectations before she complied with the request. She chose a song composed somewhat after the old English school, which at that time was reviving into fashion. The song, though conveying a sort of conceit, was not, perhaps, altogether without tenderness;—it was a favorite with Lucy, she scarcely knew why, and ran thus:—

LUCY'S SONG.

"Why sleep, ye gentle flowers, ah, why
When tender eve is falling,
And starlight drinks the happy sigh
Of winds to fairies calling?

Calling with low and plaining note,
Most like a ringdove chiding,
Or flute faint-heard from distant boat
O'er smoothest waters gliding.

Lo, round you steals the wooing breze—
Lo, on you falls the dew!
O Sweets, awake, for scarcely these
Can charm while wanting you!

Wake ye not yet—while fast below
The silver time is fleeing?
O Heart of mine, those flowers but show
Thine own contented being.

The twilight but preserves the bloom,
The sun can but decay:
The warmth that brings the rich perfume,
But steals the life away.

O Heart enjoy thy present calm,
Rest peaceful in the shade,
And dread the sun that gives the balm
To bid the blossom fade."

When Lucy ended, the stranger's praise was less loud than either the doctor's or his lady's; but how far more sweet it was; and for the first time in her life Lucy made the discovery, that eyes can praise as well as lips. For our part, we have often thought that that discovery is an epoch in life.

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"Indeed, dear madam," said he, with his usual undefinable half-frank, half-latent smile, "my voice is but so-so, and my memory so indifferent, that even in the easiest passages I soon come to a stand. My best notes are in the falsetto, and as for my *execution*—but we won't talk of *that*."

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With this preface, the stranger sung to a wild yet jovial air, with a tolerable voice, the following effusion:—

THE LOVE OF OUR PROFESSION; OR, THE ROBBER'S LIFE.

'On the stream of the World, the Robber's life
Is borne on the blithest wave;
Now it bounds into light in a gladsome strife,
Now it laughs in its hiding cave.

At his maiden's lattice he stays the rein,
How still is his courser proud!
(But still as a wind when it hangs o'er the main
In the breast of the boding cloud)—

With the champed bit and the arched crest,
And the eye of a listening deer,
Like valor, fretful most in rest,
Least chaf'd when in career.

Fit slave to a Lord whom all else refuse
To save at his desperate need;
By my troth! I think one whom the world pursues
Hath a right to a gallant steed.

'Away, my beloved, I hear their feet!
I blow thee a kiss my fair,
And I promise to bring thee, when next we meet,
A braid for thy bonny hair.

'Hurra! for the booty!—my steed, hurra!
Through bush, through brake, go we;
And the coy moon smiles on our merry way,
Like my own love—timidly.'

The Parson he rides with a jingling pouch,
How it blabs of the rifled poor!
The Courtier he lolls in his gilded coach,
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The Lawyer revolves in his whirling chaise
Sweet thoughts of mischief done;
And the Lady that knoweth the card she plays
Is counting her guineas won!

'Ho, Lady!—What, holla, ye sinless men!
My claim ye can scarce refuse;
For when honest folk live on their neighbors, then
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The Lady changed cheek like a bashful maid,
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'Hurra! for the revel! my steed, hurra;
Through bush, through brake, go we!
It is ever a virtue, when others pay,
To ruffle it merrily!'

Oh! there never was a life like the robber's—so
Jolly, and bold, and free;
And its end—why, a cheer from the crowd below,
And a leap from a leafless tree!"

This very moral lay being ended, Mrs. Slopperton declared it was excellent; though she confessed she thought the sentiments rather loose. Perhaps the gentleman might be induced to favor them with a song of a more refined and modern turn—something sentimental, in short. Glancing towards Lucy, the stranger answered, that he only knew one song of the kind Mrs. Slopperton specified, and it was so short, that he could scarcely weary her patience by granting her request.

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Scarcely was the song ended, before the arrival of Miss Brandon's servant was announced, and her destined escort starting up, gallantly assisted her with her cloak and her hood—happy, no doubt, to escape, in some measure, the overwhelming compliments of his entertainers.

"But," said the doctor, as he shook hands with his deliverer, "by what name shall I remember and"—(lifting his reverend eyes)—"pray for the gentleman to whom I am so much indebted?"

"You are very kind," said the stranger; "my name is Clifford. Madam" (turning to Lucy), "may I offer my hand down the stairs?"

Lucy accepted the courtesy, and the stranger was half way down the staircase, when the doctor, stretching out his little neck, exclaimed,—

"Good evening, sir! I do hope we shall meet again."

"Fear not," said Mr. Clifford, laughing gaily, "I am too great a traveller to make that hope a matter of impossibility. Take care, madam—one step more."

The night was calm and tolerably clear, though the moon had not yet risen, as Lucy and her companion passed through the fields, with the servant preceding them at a little distance with the lantern.

After a pause of some length, Clifford said, with a little hesitation, "Is Miss Brandon related to the celebrated barrister of her name?"

"He is my uncle," said Lucy; "do you know him?"

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in the rear of the robbers. Now he was half seen among the sinuosities of his forest-path; now in full sight, now altogether hid; then his horse neighed impatiently; now he again came in sight, and in a moment more he had joined the pair! The new comer was of a tall and sinewy frame and in the first bloom of manhood. A frock of dark green, edged with a narrow silver lace, and buttoned from the throat to the middle, gave due effect to an upright mien, a broad chest, and a slender, but rounded waist, that stood in no need of the compression of the tailor.

A short riding-cloak clasped across the throat with a silver buckle, hung picturesquely over one shoulder, while his lower limbs were cased in military boots, which, though they rose above the knee, were evidently neither heavy nor embarrassing to the vigorous sinews of the horseman. The caparisons of the steed —the bit, the bridle, the saddle, the holster— were according to the most approved fashion of the day; and the steed itself was in the highest condition, and of remarkable beauty. The horseman's air was erect and bold; a small but coal-black mustachio heightened the resolute expression of his short, curved lip; and from beneath the large hat which overhung his brow, his long locks escaped, and waved darkly in the keen night air. Altogether, horseman and horse exhibited a gallant and even a chivalrous appearance, which the hour and the scene heightened to a dramatic and romantic effect.

"Ha! Lovett."

"How are you, my merry men?" were the salutations exchanged.

"What news?" said Ned.

"Brave news! look to it. My lord and his carriage will be by in ten minutes at most."

"Have you got anything more out of the parson I frightened so gloriously?" asked Augustus.

"No; more of that hereafter. Now for our new prey!"

"Are you sure our noble friend will be so soon at hand!" said Tomlinson, patting his steed, that now pawed in excited hilarity.

"Sure! I saw him change horses; I was in the stable yard at the time; he got out for half an hour, to eat, I fancy;—be sure that I played him a trick in the meanwhile."

"What force?" asked Ned.

"Self and servant."

"The post-boys?"

"Ay, I forgot them. Never mind, you must frighten them."

"Forwards!" cried Ned, and his horse sprang from his armed heel.

"One moment," said Lovett; "I must put on my mask—soho—Robin, soho! Now for it—forwards!"

As the trees rapidly disappeared behind them, the riders entered, at a hand gallop, on a broad track of waste land interspersed with dykes and occasionally fences of hurdles, over which their horses bound like quadruples well accustomed to such exploits.

Certainly at that moment, what with the fresh air, the fitful moonlight now breaking broadly out, now lost in a rolling cloud, the exciting exercise, and that racy and dancing stir of the blood, which all action, whether evil or noble in its nature, raises in our veins; what with all this, we cannot but allow the fascination of that lawless life;—a fascination so great, that one of the most noted *gentlemen highwaymen* of the day, one too who had received an excellent education, and mixed in no inferior society, is reported to have said when the rope was about his neck, and the good Ordinary was exhorting him to repent of his ill-spent life, "*Ill*-spent, you dog!—Gad! (smacking his lips) it was *delicious!*"

"Fie! fie! Mr.——, raise your thoughts to Heaven!"

"But a canter across a common—oh!" muttered the criminal; and his soul cantered off to eternity.

So briskly leaped the heart of the leader of the three, that as they now came in view of the main road, and the distant wheel of a carriage *whirred* on the ear, he threw up his right hand with a joyous gesture, and burst into a a boyish exclamation of hilarty and delight.

"Whist, captain!" said Ned, checking his own spirits with a mock air of gravity, "let us conduct ourselves like gentlemen; it is only your low fellows who get into such confoundedly high spirits; men of the world like us should do everything as if their hearts were broken."

"Melancholy * ever cronies with Sublimity,

* A maxim which would have pleased Madame de Stael, who thought that philosophy consisted in fine sentiments. In the *Life of Lord Byron*, just published

and Courage is sublime," said Augustus, with the pomp of a maxim-maker.

"Now for the hedge!" cried Lovett, unheeding his comrades, and his horse sprang into the road.

The three men now were drawn up quite still and motionless by the side of the hedge. The broad road lay before them, curving out of sight on either side; the ground was hardening under an early tendency to frost, and the clear ring of approaching hoofs sounded on the ear of the robbers, ominously, haply, of the chinks of "more attractive metal" about, if Hope told no flattering tale, to be their own.

Presently the long-expected vehicle made its appearance at the turn of the road, and it rolled rapidly on behind four fleet post-horses.

"You, Ned, with your large steed, stop the horses; you Augustus, bully the post-boys; leave me to do the rest," said the captain.

"As agreed," returned Ned. laconically. "Now, look at me!" and the horse of the vain highwayman sprang from its shelter. So instantaneous were the operations of these experienced tacticians, that Lovett's orders were almost executed in a briefer time than it had cost him to give them.

The carriage being stopped, and the post-boys white and trembling, with two pistols (levelled by Augustus and Pepper) cocked at their heads, Lovett dismounting, threw open the door of the carriage, and in a very civil tone, and with a very bland address, accosted the inmate.

"Do not be alarmed, my lord, you are perfectly safe; we only require your watch and purse."

"Really," answered a voice still softer than that of the robber, while a marked and somewhat *French* countenance, crowned with a fur cap, peered forth at the arrester,—"really, sir, your request is so modest that I were worse than cruel to refuse you. My purse is not very full, and you may as well have it as one of my rascally duns; but my watch I have a love for, and——"

by Mr. Moore, the distinguished biographer makes a similar assertion to that of the sage Augustus: "When did ever a sublime thought spring up in the soul that Melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighborhood?" Now, with due deference to Mr. Moore, this is a very sickly piece of nonsense, that has not even an atom of truth to stand on. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light!"—We should like to know where lies the Melancholy of that sublime sentence? "Truth," says Plato, "is the body of God, and Light is his shadow." In the name of common sense, in what possible corner, in the vicinity of that lofty image, lurks the jaundiced face of this eternal *bete noir* of Mr. Moore's? Again, in that sublimest passage in the sublimest of the Latin poets (Lucretius), which bursts forth in honor of Epicurus,* is there any thing that speaks to us of sadness? On the contrary, in the three passages we have referred to, especially in the two first quoted, there is something splendidly luminous and cheering. Joy is often a great source of the sublime; the suddenness of its ventings would alone suffice to make it so. What can be more sublime than the triumphant Psalms of David, intoxicated as they are with an almost delirium of transport? Even in the *gloomiest* passages of the poets, where we recognize sublimity, we do not often find *melancholy*. We are stricken by terror, appalled by awe, but seldom softened into sadness. In fact, Melancholy rather belongs to another class of feelings than those excited by a sublime passage or those which engender its composition. On one hand, in the loftiest flights of Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare, we will challenge a critic to discover this "green sickness" which Mr. Moore would convert into the magnificence of the plague. On the other hand, where is the evidence that Melancholy made the habitual temperaments of those divine men? Of Homer we know nothing; of Shakspeare and Milton, we have reason to believe the ordinary temperament was constitutionally cheerful. The latter boasts of it. A thousand instances, in contradiction to an assertion it were not worth while to contradict, were it not so generally popular, so highly sanctioned, and so eminently pernicious to everything that is manly and noble in literature, rush to our memory. But we think we have already quoted enough to disprove the sentence, which the illustrious biographer has himself disproved in more than twenty passages, which, *if* he is pleased to forget, we thank Heaven, posterity never will. Now we are on the subject of this Life, so excellent in many respects, we cannot but observe that we think the whole scope of its *philosophy* utterly unworthy of the accomplished mind of the writer; the philosophy consists of an unpardonable distorting of general truths, to suit the peculiarities of an individual, noble indeed, but proverbially morbid and eccentric. A striking instance of this occurs in the labored assertion that poets make but sorry domestic characters. What! because Lord Byron is said to have been a bad husband, was (to go no further back for examples)—was Walter Scott a bad husband? or was Campbell? or is Mr. Moore himself? Why in the name of justice, should it be insinuated that Milton was a bad husband, when, as far as any one can judge of the matter, it was Mrs. Milton who was the bad wife? And why, oh! why should we be told by Mr. Moore, a man who, to judge by *Captain Rock* and the *Epicurean*, wants neither learning nor diligence—why are we to be told, with peculiar emphasis, that Lord Bacon never married, when Lord Bacon not only married, but his marriage was so advantageous as to be an absolute epoch in his career? Really, really, one begins to believe that there is not such a thing as a fact in the world!

* "Primus Graius homo mortaleis tollere, contra," etc.

To these instances we might especially add the odes of Pindar, Horace, and Campbell.

"I understand you, my lord," interrupted the highwayman. "What do you value your watch at?"

"Humph—to you it may be worth some twenty guineas."

"Allow me to see it!"

"Your curiosity is extremely gratifying," returned the nobleman, as with great reluctance he drew forth a gold repeater, set, as was sometimes the fashion of that day, in precious stones. The highwayman looked slightly at the bauble.

"Your lordship," said he, with great gravity, "was too modest in your calculation—your taste reflects greater credit on you; allow me to assure you that your watch is worth fifty guineas to us at least. To show you that I think so most sincerely, I will either keep it, and we will say no more on the matter; or I will return it to you upon your word of honor that you will give me a check for fifty guineas payable by your *real* bankers, to 'bearer for self.' Take your choice; it is quite immaterial to me!"

"Upon my honor, sir," said the traveller, with some surprise struggling to his features, your coolness and self-possession are quite admirable. I see you know the world."

"Your lordship flatters me!" replied Lovett, bowing. "How do you decide?"

"Why, is it possible to write drafts without ink, pen, or paper?"

Lovett drew back, and while he was searching in his pockets for writing implements, which he always carried about him, the traveller seized the opportunity, and, suddenly snatching a pistol from the pocket of the carriage, levelled it full at the head of the robber. The traveller was an excellent and practised shot—he was almost within arm's length of his intended victim—his pistols were the envy of all his Irish friends. He pulled the trigger—the powder flashed in the pan, and the highwayman, not even changing countenance, drew forth a small ink-bottle, and placing a steel pen in it, handed it to the nobleman, saying, with incomparable *sang froid*, "Would you like my lord, to try the other pistol? If so, oblige me by a quick aim, as you must see the necessity of despatch. If not, here is the back of a letter, on which you can write the draft."

The traveller was not a man apt to become embarrassed in anything—save his circumstances; but he certainly felt a little discomposed and confused as he took the paper, and, uttering some broken words, wrote the check. The highwayman glanced over it, saw it was written according to form, and then with a bow of cool respect, returned the watch, and shut the door of the carriage.

Meanwhile the servant had been shivering in front—boxed up in that solitary convenience termed, not enphoniously, a dickey. Him the robber now briefly accosted.

"What have you got about you belonging to your master?"

"Only his pills, your honor! which I forgot to put in the ——"

"Pills!—throw them down to me!" The valet tremblingly extracted from his side pocket a little box, which he threw down, and Lovett caught in his hand.

He opened the box, counted the pills—

"One,—two,—four,—twelve,—Aha!" He reopened the carriage door.

"Are these your pills, my lord?"

The wondering peer, who had begun to resettle himself in the corner of his carriage, answered "that they were!"

"My lord, I see you are in a high state of fever; you were a little delirious just now when you snapped a pistol in your friend's face. Permit me to recommend you a prescription—swallow off all these pills!"

"My God!" cried the traveller, startled into earnestness: "What do you mean?—twelve of those pills would kill a man!"

"Hear him!" said the robber, appealing to his comrades, who roared with laughter. "What, my lord, would you rebel against your doctor?—Fie, fie! be persuaded."

And with a soothing gesture he stretched the pill-box towards the recoiling nose of the traveller. But though a man who could as well as any one make the best of a bad condition, the traveller was especially careful of his health; and so obstinate was he where that was concerned, that he would rather have submitted to the effectual operation of a bullet, than incurred the chance operation of an extra pill. He, therefore, with great indignation, as the box was still extended towards him, snatched it from the hand of the robber, and, flinging it across the road, said, with dignity:—

"Do your worst, rascals! But, if you leave

me alive, you shall repent the outrage you have offered to one of his Majesty's household!" Then, as if becoming sensible of the ridicule of affecting too much in his present situation, he added in an altered tone: "And now, for Heaven's sake, shut the door; and if you must kill somebody, there's my servant on the box—he's paid for it."

This speech made the robbers laugh more than ever; and Lovett, who liked a joke even better than a purse, immediately closed the carriage door, saying,—

"Adieu! my lord; and let me give you a piece of advice: whenever you get out at a country inn, and stay half-an-hour while your horses are changing, take your pistols with you, or you may chance to have the charge drawn."

With this admonition the robber withdrew; and seeing that the valet held out to him a long green purse, he said, gently shaking his head,—

"Rogues should not prey on each other, my good fellow. You rob your master—so do we—let each keep what he has got."

Long Ned and Tomlinson then backing their horses, the carriage was freed; and away started the post-boys at a pace which seemed to show less regard for life than the robbers themselves had evinced.

Meanwhile the captain remounted his steed, and the three confederates, bounding in gallant style over the hedge through which they had previously gained the road, galloped off in the same direction they had come; the moon ever and anon bringing into light their flying figures, and the sound of many a joyous peal of laughter ringing through the distance along the frosty air.

CHAPTER XIII.

"What is here?—
Gold? . . . . .
Thus much of this will make black white—foul fair."
Timon of Athens.

"Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom."
Henry the Fourth.

"I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as thot spare Cassius! He reads much.
He is a great observer: and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
Often he smiles; *but* smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself or scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything."
Julius Cæsar.

THE next day, late at noon, as Lucy was sitting with her father, not as usual engaged either in work or in reading, but seemingly quite idle, with her pretty foot upon the squire's gouty stool, and her eyes fixed on the carpet, while her hands (never were hands so soft and so small as Lucy's, though they may have been eclipsed in whiteness) were lightly clasped together and reposed listlessly on her knees, —the surgeon of the village abruptly entered with a face full of news and horror. Old Squire Brandon was one of those persons who always hear news, whatever it may be, later than any of their neighbors; and it was not till all the gossips of the neighborhood had picked the bone of the matter quite bare, that he was now informed, through the medium of Mr. Pillum, that Lord Mauleverer had on the preceding night been stopped by three highwaymen in his road to his country seat, and robbed to a considerable amount.

The fame of the worthy Doctor Slopperton's mal-adventure having, long ere this, been spread far and wide, the whole neighborhood was naturally thrown into great consternation. Magistrates were sent to, large dogs borrowed, blunderbusses cleaned, and a subscription made throughout the parish for the raising of a patrol. There seemed little doubt but that the offenders, in either case, were members of the same horde; and Mr. Pillum, in his own mind, was perfectly convinced that they meant to encroach upon his trade, and destroy all the surrounding householders who were worth the trouble.

The next week passed in the most diligent endeavors, on the part of the neighboring magistrates and yeomanry, to detect and seize the robbers, but their labors were utterly fruitless; and one justice of peace, who had been particularly active, was himself entirely "cleaned out" by an old gentleman, who, under the name of Mr. Bagshot—rather on ominous cognomen—offered to conduct the unsuspicious magistrate to the very spot where the miscreants might be seized. No sooner, however, had he drawn the poor justice away from his comrades into a lonely part of the road, then he stripped him to his shirt. He did not even leave his worship his flannel drawers, though the weather was as bitter as the dog days of eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.

"'Tis not my way," said the hoary ruffian,

when the justice petitioned at least for the latter article of attire; "'tis not my way—I be's slow about my work, but I does it thoroughly —so off with your rags, old 'un."

This was, however, the only additional instance of aggression in the vicinity of Warlock Manor-house; and, by degress, as the autumn declined, and no further enormities were perpetrated, people began to look out for a new topic of conversation. This was afforded them by a piece of unexpected good fortune to Lucy Brandon.

Mrs. Warner, an old lady to whom she was slightly related, and with whom she had been residing during her brief and only visit to London, died suddenly, and in her will declared Lucy to be her sole heiress. The property, which was in the funds, and which amounted to sixty thousand pounds, was to be enjoyed by Miss Brandon immediately on her attaining her twenty-first year; meanwhile the executors to the will were to pay to the young heiress the annual sum of six hundred pounds. The joy which this news created in Warlock Manor-house may easily be conceived.

The squire projected improvements here, and repairs there; and Lucy, poor girl, who had no idea of money for herself, beyond the purchase of a new pony, or a gown from London, seconded with affectionate pleasure all her father's suggestions, and delighted herself with the reflection that those fine plans, which were to make the Brandons greater than the Brandons ever were before, were to be realized by her own, own money! It was at this identical time that the surrounding gentry made a simultaneous and grand discovery—viz., of the astonishing merits and great good sense of Mr. Joseph Brandon. It was a pity, they observed, that he was of so reserved and shy a turn—it was not becoming in a gentleman of so ancient a family. But why should they not endeavor to draw him from his retirement into those more public scenes which he was doubtless well calculated to adorn?

Accordingly, as soon as the first month of mourning had expired, several coaches, chariots, chaises, and horses, which had never been seen at Warlock Manor-house before, arrived there one after the other in the most friendly manner imaginable. Their owners admired every thing—the house was such a fine relic of old times!—for their parts they liked an oak-staircase!—and those nice old windows!—and what a beautiful peacock!—and, Heaven save the mark! that magnificent chestnut-tree was worth a forest!—Mr. Brandon was requested to make one of the county hunt, not that he any longer hunted himself, but that his name would give such consequence to the thing!—Miss Lucy must come to pass a week with her dear friends the Honorable Misses Sansterre!—Augustus, their brother, had *such* a sweet lady's horse!—In short, the customary change which takes place in people's characters after the acquisition of a fortune, took place in the characters of Mr. and Miss Brandon; and when people become suddenly amiable, it is no wonder that they should suddenly gain a vast accession of friends.

But Lucy, though she had seen so little of the world, was not quite blind; and the squire, though rather obtuse, was not quite a fool. If they were not rude to their new visitors, they were by no means overpowered with gratitude at their condescension. Mr. Brandon declined subscribing to the hunt, and Miss Lucy laughed in the face of the Honorable Augustus Sansterre. Among their new guests, however, was one who to great knowledge of the world joined an extreme and even brilliant polish of manners, which at least prevented deceit from being disagreeable, if not wholly from being unseen:—this was the new lieutenant of the county, Lord Mauleverer.

Though posessed of an immense property in that district, Lord Mauleverer had hitherto resided but little on his estates. He was one of those gay lords who are now somewhat uncommon in this country after mature manhood is attained, who live an easy and rakish life, rather among their parasites than their equals, and who yet, by aid of an agreeable manner, natural talents, and a certain graceful and light cultivation of mind (not the less pleasant for its being universally colored with worldliness, and an amusing rather than offensive regard for self), never lose their legitimate station in society; who are oracles in dress, equipages, cookery, and beauty, and, having no character of their own, are able to fix by a single word a character upon any one else. Thus, while Mauleverer rather lived the dissolute life of a young nobleman, prefers the company of agreeable demireps to that of wearisome duchesses, than maintained the

decorous state befitting a mature age, and an immense interest in the country,—he was quite as popular at court, where he held a situation in the household, as he was in the green-room, where he enchanted every actress on the right side of forty.

A word from him in the legitimate quarters of power went farther than an harangue from another; and even the prudes,—at least, all those who had daughters,—confessed "that his lordship was a very interesting character." Like Brandon, his familiar friend, he had risen in the world (from the Irish baron to the English earl) without having ever changed his politics, which were ultra-Tory; and we need not observe that he was deemed, like Brandon, a model of public integrity. He was possessed of two places under government, six votes in the House of Commons, and eight livings in the church; and we must add, in justice to his loyal religious principles, that there was not in the three kingdoms a firmer friend to the existing establishments.

Whenever a nobleman does not marry, people try to take away his character. Lord Mauleverer had never married; the Whigs had been very bitter on the subject; they even alluded to it in the House of Commons, that chaste assembly, where the never-failing subject of reproach against Mr. Pitt was the not being of an amorous temperament; but they had not hitherto prevailed against the stout earl's celibacy. It is true, that if he was devoid of a wife, he had secured to himself plenty of substitutes; his profession was that of a man of gallantry; and though he avoided the daughters, it was only to make love to the mothers. But his lordship had now attained a certain age, and it was at last circulated among his friends that he intended to look out for a Lady Mauleverer.

"Spare your caresses," said his toady-in-chief to a certain duchess, who had three portionless daughters: "Mauleverer has sworn that he will not choose among your order: you know his high politics, and you will not wonder at his declaring himself averse in matrimony as in morals, *to a community of goods.*"

The announcement of the earl's matrimonial design, and the circulation of this ancedote, set all the clergymen's daughters in England on a blaze of expectation; and when Mauleverer came to * * * * shire, upon obtaining the honor of the lieutenancy, to visit his estates and court the friendship of his neighbors, there was not an old-young lady of forty, who worked in broad-stitch and had never been to London above a week at a time, who did not deem herself exactly the sort of person sure to fascinate his lordship.

It was late in the afternoon when the travelling chariot of this distinguished person, preceded by two outriders in the earl's undress livery of dark green, stopped at the hall door of Warlock House. The squire was at home, actually and metaphorically; for he never dreamed of denying himself to any one, gentle or simple. The door of the carriage being opened, there descended a small slight man, richly dressed (for lace and silk vestments were not then quite discarded, though gradually growing less the mode), and of an air prepossessing, and *distinguished*, rather than *dignified*. His years,—for his countenance, though handsome, was deeply marked, and evinced the tokens of dissipation,—seemed more numerous than they really were; and, though not actually past middle age, Lord Mauleverer might fairly have received the unpleasing epithet of elderly. However, his step was firm, his gait upright, and his figure was considerably more youthful than his physiognomy. The first compliments of the day having passed, and Lord Mauleverer having expressed his concern that his long and frequent absence from the county had hitherto prevented his making the acquaintance of Mr. Brandon, the brother of one of his oldest and most esteemed friends, conversation became on both sides rather an effort. Mr. Brandon first introduced the subject of the weather, and the turnips—inquired whether his lordship was not very fond—(for his part he used to be, but lately the rheumatism had disabled him, he hoped his lordship was not subject to *that complaint*)—*of shooting!*

Catching only the last words,—for, besides the awful complexity of the squire's sentences, Mauleverer was slightly afflicted by the aristocratic complaint of deafness,—the earl answered with a smile—

"The complaint of shooting!—Very good indeed, Mr. Brandon; it is seldom that I have heard so witty a phrase. No, I am not in the least troubled with that epidemic. It is a disorder very prevalent in this county."

"My lord!" said the squire, rather puzzled—and then observing that Mauleverer did not continue, he thought it expedient to start another subject.

"I was exceedingly grieved to hear that your lordship, in travelling to Mauleverer Park—(that is a very ugly road across the waste land; the roads in this county are in general pretty good—for my own part, when I was a magistrate I was very strict in that respect)—was robbed. You have not yet, I believe, detected—(for my part, though I do not profess to be much of a politician, I do not think that in affairs of robbery there is a great deal of remissness in *the ministers*)—*the villains!*"

"Our friend is disaffected!" thought the lord-lieutenant, imagining that the last opprobrious term was applied to the respectable personages specified in the parenthesis. Bowing with a polished smile to the squire, Mauleverer replied aloud, that he was extremely sorry that their conduct (meaning the ministers) did not meet with Mr. Brandon's approbation.

"Well," thought the squire, "that is playing the courtier with a vengeance!" "Meet with my approbation!" said he, warmly: "how could your lordship think me—(for though I am none of your saints, I am, I hope, a good Christian; an excellent one judging from your words, *your lordship must be!*) *so partial to crime!*"

"*I* partial to crime!" returned Mauleverer, thinking he had stumbled unawares on some outrageous democrat, yet smiling as softly as usual; "you judge me harshly, Mr. Brandon! you must do me more justice, and you can only do that by knowing me better."

Whatever unlucky answer the squire might otherwise have made, was cut off by the entrance of Lucy; and the earl, secretly delighted at the interruption, rose to render her his homage, and to remind her of the introduction he had formerly been so happy as to obtain to her through the friendship of Mr. William Brandon,—"a friendship," said the gallant nobleman, "to which I have often before been indebted, but which was never more agreeably exerted on my behalf."

Upon this Lucy, who, though she had been so painfully bashful during her meeting with Mr. Clifford, felt no overpowering diffidence in the presence of so much greater a person, replied laughingly, and the earl rejoined by a second compliment. Conversation was now no longer an effort; and Mauleverer, the most consummate of epicures, whom even royality trembled to ask without preparation, on being invited by the unconscious squire to partake of the family dinner, eagerly accepted the invitation. It was long since the knightly walls of Warlock had been honored by the presence of a guest so courtly. The good squire heaped his plate with a profusion of boiled beef; and while the poor earl was contemplating in dismay the alps upon which he was expected to devour, the grey-headed butler, anxious to serve him with alacrity, whipped away the over-loaded plate, and presently returned it, yet more astoundingly surcharged with an additional world of a composition of stony color and sudorific aspect, which, after examining in mute attention for some moments, and carefully removing as well as he was able, to the extreme edge of his plate, the earl discovered to be suet pudding.

"You eat nothing, my lord," cried the squire; "let me give you (this is more underdone);" holding between blade and fork in middle air a horrent fragment of scarlet, shaking its gory locks,—"another slice."

Swift at the word dropped upon Mauleverer's plate the harpy finger and ruthless thumb of the gray-headed butler.

"Not a morsel more," cried the earl, struggling with the murtherous domestic. "My dear sir, excuse me; I assure you I have never ate such a dinner before—never!"

"Nay, now!" quoth the squire, expostulating, "you really—(and this air is so keen that your lordship should indulge your appetite, *if you follow the physician's advice*), *eat nothing!*"

Again Mauleverer was at fault.

"The physicians are right, Mr. Brandon," said he; "very right, and I am forced to live abstemiously: indeed I do not know whether, if I were to exceed at your hospitable table, and attack all that you would bestow upon me, I should ever recover it. You would have to seek a new lieutenant for your charming county, and on the tomb of the last Mauleverer the hypocritical and unrelated heir would inscribe, 'Died of the visitation of Beef, John, Earl, etc.'"

Plain as the meaning of this speech might have seemed to others, the squire only laughed at the effeminate appetite of the speaker, and

inclined to think him an excellent fellow for jesting so good-humoredly on his own physical infirmity. But Lucy had the tact of her sex, and, taking pity on the earl's calamitous situation, though she certainly never guessed at its extent, entered with so much grace and ease into the conversation which he sought to establish between them, that Mauleverer's gentleman, who had hitherto been pushed aside by the zeal of the grey-headed butler, found an opportunity, when the squire was laughing and the butler staring, to steal away the over burthened plate unsuspected and unseen.

In spite, however, of these evils of board and lodgment, Mauleverer was exceedingly well pleased with his visit; nor did he terminate it till the shades of night had begun to close, and the distance from his own residence conspired with experience to remind him that it was possible for a highwayman's audacity to attack the equipage even of Lord Mauleverer. He then reluctantly re-entered his carriage, and, bidding the postilions drive as fast as possible, wrapped himself in his *roquelaire*, and divided his thoughts between Lucy Brandon and the *homard au gratin* with which he purposed to console himself immediately on his return home. However, Fate, which mocks our most cherished hopes, ordained that on arriving at Mauleverer Park the owner should be suddenly afflicted with a loss of appetite, a coldness in the limbs, a pain in the chest, and various other ungracious symptoms of portending malady. Lord Mauleverer went straight to bed; he remained there for some days, and when he recovered his physicians ordered him to Bath. The Whig Methodists, who hated him, ascribed his illness to Providence; and his lordship was firmly of opinion that it should be ascribed to the beef and pudding. However this be, there was an end, for the present, to the hopes of young ladies of forty, and to the intended festivities at Mauleverer Park. "Good Heavens!" said the earl, as his carriage wheels turned from his gates, "what a loss to country tradesman may be occasioned by a piece of underdone beef, especially if it be boiled!"

About a fortnight had elapsed since Mauleverer's meteoric visit to Warlock House, when the squire received from his brother the following epistle:—

"My Dear Joseph,

"You know my numerous avocations, and, amid the press of business which surrounds me, will, I am sure, forgive me for being a very negligent and remiss correspondent. Nevertheless, I assure you, no one can more sincerely sympathize in that good fortune which has befallen my charming niece, and of which your last letter informed me, than I do. Pray give my best love to her, and tell her how complacently I look forward to the brilliant sensation she will create, when her beauty is enthroned upon that rank which, I am quite sure, it will one day or other command.

"You are not aware, perhaps, my dear Joseph, that I have for some time been in a very weak and declining state of health. The old nervous complaint in my face has of late attacked me grievously, and the anguish is sometimes so great that I am scarcely able to bear it. I believe the great demand which my profession makes upon a frame of body never strong, and now beginning prematurely to feel the infirmities of time, is the real cause of my maladies. At last, however, I must absolutely punish my pocket, and indulge my inclinations by a short respite from toil. The doctors—sworn friends, you know, to the lawyers—since they make common cause against mankind, have peremptorily ordered me to lie by, and to try a short course of air, exercise, social amusements, and the waters of Bath. Fortunately this is vacation time, and I can afford to lose a few weeks of emolument, in order, perhaps, to secure many years of life. I purpose, then, early next week, repairing to that melancholy reservoir of the gay, where persons dance out of life and are fiddled across the Styx. In a word, I shall make one of the adventurers after health, who seek the goddess at King Bladud's pump-room. Will you and dear Lucy join me there? I ask it of your friendship, and I am quite sure that neither of you will shrink aghast at the proposal of solacing your invalid relation. At the same time that I am recovering health, my pretty niece will be avenging Pluto, by consigning to his dominions many a better and younger hero in my stead. And it will be a double pleasure to me to see all the hearts, etc.—I break off, for what can I say on that subject which the little coquette does not anticipate? It is high time that Lucy should see the world; and though there are many at Bath, above all places, to whom the heiress will be an object of interested attentions, yet there are also many in that crowded city by no means undeserving her notice. What say you, dear Joseph?—But I know already; you will not refuse to keep company with me in my little holiday, and Lucy's eyes are already sparkling at the idea of new bonnets, Milsom Street, a thousand adorers, and the Pump-room.

"Ever, dear Joseph,

"Yours affectionately,

"William Brandon.

"P.S.—I find that my friend, Lord Mauleverer is at Brth; I own that is an additional reason to take me thither; by a letter from him, received the other day, I see that he has paid you a visit, and he now raves about his host and the heiress. Ah, Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy! are you going to conquer him whom all London has, for years more than I care to tell (yet not many, for Mauleverer is still young), assailed in vain? Answer me!"

This letter created a considerable excite-

ment in Warlock House. The old squire was extremely fond of his brother, and grieved to the heart to find that he spoke so discouragingly of his health. Nor did the squire for a moment hesitate at accepting the proposal to join his distinguished relative at Bath. Lucy also,—who had for their uncle, possibly from his profuse yet not indelicate flattery, a very great regard and interest, though she had seen but little of him,—urged the squire to lose no time in arranging matters for their departure, so as to precede the barrister, and prepare everything for his arrival. The father and daughter being thus agreed, there was little occasion for delay; an answer to the invalid's letter was sent by return of post, and on the fourth day from their receipt of the said epistle, the good old squire, his daughter, a country girl, by way of abigail—the grey-headed butler, and two or three live pets, of the size and habits most convenient for travelling, were on their way to a city which at that time was gayer, at least, if somewhat less splendid, than the metropolis.

On the second day of their arrival at Bath, Brandon (as in future, to avoid confusion, we shall call the younger brother, giving to the elder his patriarchal title of squire) joined them.

He was a man seemingly rather fond of parade, though at heart he disrelished and despised it. He came to their lodging, which had not been selected in the very best part of the town, in a carriage and six, but attended only by one favorite servant.

They found him in better looks and better spirits than they had anticipated. Few persons, when he liked it, could be more agreeable than William Brandon; but at times there mixed with his conversation a bitter sarcasm, probably a habit acquired in his profession, or an occasional tinge or morose and haughty sadness, possibly the consequence of his ill-health. Yet his disorder, which was somewhat aproaching to that painful affliction the *tic doloureux*, though of fits more rare in occurrence than those of that complaint ordinarily are, never seemed even for an instant to operate upon his mood, whatever that might be. That disease worked unseen; not a muscle of his face appeared to quiver; the smile never vanished from his mouth, the blandness of his voice never grew faint as with pain, and, in the midst of intense torture, his resolute and stern mind conquered every external indication; nor could the most observant stranger have noted the moment when the fit attacked or released him.

There was something inscrutable about the man. You felt that you took his character upon trust, and not on your own knowledge. The acquaintance of years would have left you equally dark as to his vices or his virtues. He varied often, yet in each variation he was equally undiscoverable. Was he performing a series of parts, or was it the ordinary changes of a man's true temperament that you beheld in him? Commonly smooth, quiet, attentive, flattering in social intercourse; he was known in the senate and courts of law for a cold asperity, and a caustic venom,—scarcely rivalled even in those arenas of contention. It seemed as if the bitterer feelings he checked in private life, he delighted to indulge in public. Yet, even there, he gave not way to momentary petulance, or gushing passion; all seemed with him systematic sarcasm, or habitual sternness. He outraged no form of ceremonial, or of society. He stung, without appearing conscious of the sting; and his antagonist writhed not more beneath the torture of his satire, than the crushing contempt of his self-command.

Cool, ready, armed and defended on all points, sound in knowledge, unfailing in observation, equally consummate in sophistry when needed by himself, and instantaneous in detecting sophistry in another; scorning no art, however painful,—begrudging no labor, however weighty,—minute to detail, yet not the less comprehending the whole subject in a grasp; such was the legal and public character William Brandon had established, and such was the fame he joined to the unsullied purity of his moral reputation. But to his friends he seemed only the agreeable, clever, lively, and, if we may use the phrase *innocently*, the *worldly* man,—never affecting a superior sanctity, or an over-anxiety to forms, except upon great occasions; and rendering his austerity of manners the more admired, because he made it seem so unaccompanied by hypocrisy.

"Well," said Brandon, as he sat after dinner alone with his relations, and had seen the eyes of his brother close in diurnal slumber, —"Tell me, Miss Lucy, what you think of

Lord Mauleverer; do you find him agreeable?"

"Very; too much so, indeed?"

"Too much so! that is an uncommon fault, Lucy; unless you mean to insinuate that you find him too agreeable for your peace of mind."

"Oh, no! there is little fear of that. All that I meant to express was, that he seems to make it the sole business of his life to be agreeable; and that one imagines he had gained that end by the loss of certain qualities which one would have liked better."

"Umph! and what are they?"

"Truth, sincerity, independence, and honesty of mind."

"My dear Lucy, it has been the professional study of my life to discover a man's character, especially so far as truth is concerned, in as short a time as possible; but you excel me by intuition, if you can tell whether there be sincerity in a courtier's character at the first interview you have with him."

"Nevertheless, I am sure of my opinion," said Lucy, laughing; "and I will tell you one instance I observed among a hundred. Lord Mauleverer is rather deaf, and he imagined, in conversation, that my father said one thing—it was upon a very trifling subject—the speech of some member of parliament (the lawyer smiled), when in reality he meant to say another. Lord Mauleverer, in the warmest manner in the world, chimed in with him, appeared thoroughly of his opinion, applauded his sentiments, and wished the whole country of his mind. Suddenly my father spoke, Lord Mauleverer bent down his ear, and found that the sentiments he had so lauded were exactly those my father the least favored. No sooner did he make this discovery, than he wheeled round again, dexterously and gracefully, I allow; condemned all that he had before extolled, and extolled all that he had before abused!"

"And is that all, Lucy?" said Brandon, with a keener sneer on his lip than the occasion warranted. "Why, that is what every one does; only some more gravely than others. Mauleverer in society; I, at the bar; the minister in parliament; friend to friend; lover to mistress; mistress to lover; half of us are employed in saying white is black, and the other half in swearing that back is white. There is only one difference, my pretty niece, between the clever man and the fool; the fool says what is false while the colors stare in his face and give him the lie; but the clever man takes, as it were, a brush, and literally turns the black into white, and the white into black, before he makes the assertion, which is *then true*. The fool changes, and is a liar; the clever man makes the colors change, and is a genius. But this is not for your young years yet, Lucy."

"But, I can't see the necessity of seeming to agree with people," said Lucy, simply; "surely they would be just as well pleased if you differed from them civilly and with respect?"

"No, Lucy," said Brandon, still sneering; "to be liked, it is not necessary to be any thing but compliant; lie, cheat, make every word a snare, and every act a forgery—but never contradict. Agree with people, and they make a couch for you in their hearts. You know the story of Dante and the buffoon. Both were entertained at the court of the vain pedant, who called himself Prince Scaliger; the former poorly, the latter sumptuously. 'How comes it, said the buffoon to the poet, 'that I am so rich and you so poor?' 'I shall be as rich as you,' was the stinging and true reply, 'whenever I can find a patron as like myself as Prince Scaliger is like you!'"

"Yet my birds," said Lucy, caressing the goldfinch, which nestled to her bosom, "are not like me, and I love them. Nay, I often think I could love those better who differ from me the most. I feel it so in books;—when, for instance, I read a novel or a play; and you, uncle, I like almost in proportion to my perceiving in myself nothing in common with you."

"Yes," said Brandon, "you have in common with me a love for old stories of Sir Hugo, and Sir Rupert, and all the other 'Sirs' of our mouldered and by-gone race. So you shall sing me the ballad about Sir John de Brandon, and the dragon he slew in the Holy Land. We will adjourn to the drawing-room, not to disturb your father."

Lucy agreed, took her uncle's arm, repaired to the drawing-room, and, seating herself at the harpsichord, sang to an inspiriting, yet somewhat rude air, the family ballad her uncle had demanded.

It would have been amusing to note in the rigid face of the hardened and habitual man of peace and parchments, a certain enthusiasm which ever and anon crossed his cheek, as the verses of the ballad rested on some allusion to the knightly House of Brandon, and its old renown. It was an early prejudice, breaking out despite of himself—a flash of character, stricken from the hard fossil in which it was imbedded. One would have supposed that the silliest of all prides (for the pride of money, though meaner, is less senseless), family pride, was the last weakness which at that time the callous and astute lawyer would have confessed, even to himself.

"Lucy," said Brandon, as the song ceased. and he gazed on his beautiful niece with a certain pride in his aspect,—"I long to witness your first appearance in the world. This lodging, my dear, is not fit——but pardon me! what I was about to say is this; your father and yourself are here at my invitation, and in my house you must dwell: you are my guests, not mine host and hostess. I have, therefore, already directed my servant to secure me a house, and provide the necessery establishment; and I make no doubt, and he is a quick fellow, that within three days all will be ready. You must then be the magnet of my abode, Lucy; and, meanwhile, you must explain this to my brother, and, for you know his jealous hospitality, obtain his acquiescence."

"But ——" began Lucy.

"But me no buts," said Brandon, quickly, but with an affectionate tone of wilfulness; "and now, as I feel very much fatigued with my journey, you must allow me to seek my own room."

"I will conduct you to it myself," said Lucy, for she was anxious to show her father's brother the care and forethought which she had lavished on her arrangements for his comfort. Brandon followed her into an apartment, which his eye knew at a glance had been subjected to that female superintendence which makes such uses from what men reject as insignificant; and he thanked her with more than his usual amenity, for the grace which had presided over, and the kindness which had dictated, her preparations. As soon as he was left alone, he wheeled his arm-chair near the clear, bright fire, and resting his face upon his hand, in the attitude of a man who prepares himself, as it were, for the indulgence of meditation, he muttered:—

"Yes! these women are, first, what Nature makes them, and that is good: next, what *we* make them, and that is evil! Now, could I persuade myself that we ought to be nice as to the use we put these poor puppets to. I should shrink from enforcing the destiny which I have marked for this girl. But that is a pitiful consideration, and he is but a silly player who loses his money for the sake of preserving his counters. So the young lady must go to another score to the fortunes of William Brandon. After all, who suffers?—Not she. She will have wealth, rank, honor: *I* shall suffer, to yield so pretty and pure a gem to the coronet of—faugh! How I despise that dog! but how I could hate, crush, mangle him, could I believe that he despised me! Could he do so? Umph! No, I have resolved myself, that it is impossible. Well, let me hope *that* matrimonial point will be settled; and now, let me consider what next step I shall take for myself—myself!—ay—only myself!—with me perishes the last male of Brandon. But the light shall not go out under a bushel."

As he said this, the soliloquist sunk into a more absorbed, and a silent revery, from which he was disturbed by the entrance of his servant. Brandon, who was never a dreamer, save when alone, broke at once from his reflections.

"You have obeyed my orders, Barlow?" said he.

"Yes, sir," answered the domestic. "I have taken the best house yet unoccupied, and when Mrs. Roberts (Brandon's housekeeper) arrives from London, every thing will, I trust, be exactly to your wishes."

"Good! And you gave my note to Lord Mauleverer?"

"With my own hands, sir; his lordship will await you at home all to-morrow."

"Very well! and now, Barlow, see that your room is within call (bells, though known, were not common at that day), and give out that I am gone to bed, and must not be disturbed. What's the hour?"

"Just on the stroke of ten, sir."

"Place on that table my letter case, and the inkstand. Look in, to help me to undress, at

half-past one; I shall go to bed at that hour. And—stay—be sure, Barlow, that my brother believes me retired for the night. He does not know my habits, and will vex himself if he thinks I sit up so late in my present state of health."

Drawing the table with its writing appurtenances near to his master, the servant left Brandon once more to his thoughts or his occupations.

CHAPTER XIV.

"*Servant.* Get away, I say, wid dat nasty bell.
Punch. Do you call this a bell? (*patting it*). It is an organ.
Servant. I say it is a bell—a nasty bell!
Punch. I say it is an organ (*striking him with it*).—What do you say it is now?
Servant. An organ, Mr. Punch!"
The Tragical Comedy of Punch and Judy.

THE next morning before Lucy and her father had left their apartments, Brandon, who was a remarkably early riser, had disturbed the luxurious Mauleverer in his first slumber. Although the courtier possessed a villa some miles from Bath, he preferred a lodging in the town, both as being warmer than a rarely inhabited country-house, and as being to an indolent man more immediately convenient for the gaieties and the waters of the medicinal city.

As soon as the earl had rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and prepared himself for the untimeous colloquy, Brandon poured forth his excuses for the hour he had chosen for a visit.

"Mention it not, my dear Brandon," said the good-natured nobleman, with a sigh; "I am glad at any hour to see you, and I am very sure that what you have to communicate is always worth listening to."

"It was only upon public business, though of rather a more important description than usual, that I ventured to disturb you," answered Brandon, seating himself on a chair by the bedside. "This morning—an hour ago—I received by private express a letter from London, stating that a new arrangement will positively be made in the cabinet—nay, naming the very promotions and changes. I confess, that as my name occurred, as also your own, in these nominations, I was anxious to have the benefit of your necessarily accurate knowledge on the subject, as well as of your advice."

"Really, Brandon," said Mauleverer, with a half-peevish smile, "any other hour in the day would have done for 'the business of the nation,' as the newspapers call that troublesome farce we go through; and I had imagined you would not have broken my nightly slumbers, except for something of real importance—the discovery of a new beauty, or the invention of a new dish."

"Neither the one nor the other could you have expected from *me*, my dear lord," rejoined Brandon. "You know the dry trifles in which a lawyer's life wastes itself away; and beauties and dishes have no attraction for us, except the former be damsels deserted, and the latter patents invaded. But my news, after all, is worth hearing, unless you have heard it before."

"Not I! but I suppose I shall hear it in the course of the day: pray Heaven I be not sent for to attend some plague of a council. Begin!"

"In the first place, Lord Duberly resolves to resign, unless this negotiation for peace be made a cabinet question."

"Pshaw! let him resign. I have opposed the peace so long, that it is out of the question. Of course, Lord Wanstead will not think of it, and he may count on my boroughs. A peace! shameful, disgraceful, dastardly proposition!"

"But, my dear lord, my letter says, that this unexpected firmness on the part of Lord Duberly has produced so great a sensation, that, seeing the impossibility of forming a durable cabinet without him, the king has consented to the negotiation, and Duberly stays in!"

"The devil!—what next?"

"Raffden and Sternhold go out in favor of Baldwin and Charlton, and in the hope that you will lend your aid to ——"

"I!" said Lord Mauleverer, very angrily; "I lend my aid to Baldwin, the Jacobin, and Charlton, the son of a brewer!"

"Very true!" continued Brandon. "But in the hope that you might be persuaded to regard the new arrangements with an indulgent eye, you are talked of instead of the Duke of —— for the vacant garter and the office of chamberlain."

"You don't mean it!" cried Mauleverer, starting from his bed.

"A few other (but, I hear, chiefly legal) promotions are to be made. Among the rest, my learned brother, the democrat Sarsden, is to have a silk gown; Cromwell is to be attorney-general; and, between ourselves, they have offered me a judgeship."

"But the garter!" said Mauleverer, scarcely hearing the rest of the lawyer's news,—"the whole object, aim, and ambition of my life. How truly kind in the king! After all," continued the earl, laughing, and throwing himself back, "opinions are variable—truth is not uniform—the times change, not we—and we must have peace instead of war!"

"Your maxims are indisputable, and the conclusion you come to is excellent," said Brandon.

"Why, you and I, my dear fellow," said the earl, "who know men, and who have lived all our lives in the world, *must* laugh behind the senses at the cant we wrap in tinsel, and sent out to stalk across the stage. We know that our Coriolanus of Tory integrity is a corporal kept by a prosititute; and the Brutus of Whig liberty is a lacquey turned out of place for stealing the spoons; but we must not tell this to the world. So, Brandon, you must write me a speech for the next session, and be sure it has plenty of general maxims, and concludes with 'my bleeding country!'"

The lawyer smiled. "You consent then to the expulsion of Sternhold and Raffden? for, after all, that is the question. Our British vessel, as the d—d metaphor-mongers call the state, carries the public good safe in the hold like brandy; and it is only when fear, storm, or the devil makes the rogues quarrel among themselves, and break up the casks, that one gets above a thimbleful at a time. We should go on fighting with the rest of the world for ever, if the ministers had not taken to fight among themselves."

"As for Sternhold," said the earl, "'tis a vulgar dog, and voted for economical reform. Besides, I don't know him; he may go to the devil for aught I care: but Raffden must be dealt handsomely with, or, despite the garter, I will fall back among the Whigs, who, after all give tolerable dinners."

"But why, my lord, must Raffden be treated better than his brother recusant?"

"Because he sent me, in the handsomest manner possible, a pipe of that wonderful Madeira, which you know I consider the chief grace of my cellars, and he gave up a canal navagation bill, which would have enriched his whole county, when he knew that it would injure my property. No, Brandon, curse public cant; we know what that is. But we are gentlemen, and our private friends must not be thrown overboard,—unless, at least, we do it in the civilest manner we can."

"Fear not," said the lawyer; "you have only to say the word, and the cabinet can cook up an embassy to Owhyhee, and send Raffden there with a stipend of five thousand a year."

"Ah! that's well thought of; or we might give him a grant of a hundred thousand acres in one of the colonies, or let him buy crown-land at a discount of eighty per cent. So that's settled."

"And now, my dear friend," said Brandon, "I will tell you frankly why I come so early; I am required to give a hasty answer to the proposal *I* have received, namely, of the judgeship. Your opinion?"

"A judgeship! *you* a judge? What? forsake your brilliant career for so petty a dignity? —you jest!"

"Not at all,—listen. You know how bitterly I have opposed this peace, and what hot enemies I have made among the new friends of the administration: on the one hand, these enemies insist on sacrificing me; and on the other, if I *were* to stay in the Lower House and speak for what I have before opposed, I should forfeit the support of a great portion of my own party: hated by one body, and mistrusted by the other, a seat in the House of Commons ceases to be an object. It is proposed that I should retire on the dignity of a judge, with the positive and pledged, though secret, promise of the first vacancy among the chiefs. The place of chief justice or chief baron is indeed the only fair remuneration for my surrender of the gains of my profession, and the abandonment of my parliamentary and legal career; the title, which will of course be attached to it, might go (at least, by an exertion of interest), to the eldest son of my niece, in case she married a commoner:—or," added he, after a pause, "her second son in case she married a peer."

"Ha—true!" said Mauleverer quickly, and as if struck by some sudden thought; "and your charming niece, Brandon, would be worthy of any honor either to her children or herself. You do not know how struck I was with her; there is something so graceful in her simplicity; and in her manner of smoothing down the little rugosities of Warlock House, there was so genuine and so easy a dignity, that I declare I almost thought myself young again, and capable of the self-cheat of believing myself in love. But, oh! Brandon, imagine me at your brother's board!—me, for whom ortolans are too substantial, and who feel, when I tread, the slightest inequality in the carpets of Tournay!—imagine me, dear Brandon, in a black wainscot room, hung round with your ancestors in brown wigs with posies in their button-holes,—an immense fire on one side, and a thorough draught on the other,—a huge circle of beef before me, smoking like Vesuvius, and twice as large,—a plateful (the plate was pewter—is there not a metal so called?) of this mingled flame and lava sent under my very nostril, and upon pain of ill-breeding to be despatched down my proper mouth,—an old gentleman in fustian breeches and worsted stockings, by way of a butler, filling me a can of ale,—and your worthy brother asking me if I would not prefer port,—a lean footman in livery (such a livery, ye gods!) scarlet, blue, yellow, and green, a rainbow ill made! on the opposite side of the table looking at the 'Lord' with eyes and mouth equally open, and large enough to swallow me,—and your excellent brother himself at the head of the table glowing through the mists of the beef, like the rising sun in a sign-post; and then, Brandon, turning from this image, behold beside me the fair, delicate, aristocratic, yet simple loveliness of your niece, and—but you look angry.—I have offended you."

It was high time for Mauleverer to ask that question; for, during the whole of the earl's recital, the dark face of his companion had literally burnt with rage: and here we may observe how generally selfishness, which *makes* the man of the world, *prevents* its possessor, by a sort of paradox, from being *consummately* so. For Mauleverer, occupied by the pleasure he felt at his own wit, and never having that magic sympathy with others, which creates, the incessantly keen observer, had not, for a moment, thought that he was offending to the quick the hidden pride of the lawyer. Nay, so little did he suspect Bandon's real weaknesses, that he thought him a philosopher, who would have laughed alike at principles and people, however near to him might be the latter, and however important the former. Mastering by a single effort, which restored his cheek to its usual steady hue, the outward signs of his displeasure, Brandon rejoined.

"Offend me! by no means, my dear lord. I do not wonder at your painful situation in an old country gentleman's house, which has not for centuries offered scenes fit for the presence of so distinguished a guest. Never, I may say, since the time when Sir Charles de Brandon entertained Elizabeth at Warlock; and your ancestor (you know my old musty studies on those points of obscure antiquity), John Mauleverer, who was a noted goldsmith of London, supplied the plate for the occasion."

"Fairly retorted," said Mauleverer, smiling; for though the earl had a great contempt for low birth, set on high places, in other men, he was utterly void of pride in his own family. "Fairly retorted! but I never meant anything else but a laugh at your brother's housekeeping; a joke, surely, permitted to a man whose own fastidiousness on these matters is so standing a jest. But, by heavens, Brandon! to turn from these subjects, your niece is the prettiest girl I have seen for twenty years; and if she would forget my being the descendant of John Mauleverer, the noted goldsmith of London, she may be Lady Mauleverer as soon as she pleases."

"Nay, now, let us be serious, and talk of the judgeship," said Brandon, affecting to treat the proposal as a joke.

"By the soul of Sir Charles de Brandon, I am serious!" cried the earl; "and as a proof of it, I hope you will let me pay my respects to your niece to-day—not with my offer in my hand, yet—for it must be a love match on *both* sides." And the Earl, glancing towards an opposite glass, which reflected his attenuated but comely features, beneath his velvet nightcap, trimmed with *Mechlin*, laughed half-triumphantly as he spoke.

A sneer just passed the lips of Brandon, and as instantly vanished; while Mauleverer continued:—

"And as for the judgeship, dear Brandon, I advise you to accept it though you know best; and I do think no man will stand a fairer chance of the chief-justiceship; or, though it be somewhat unusual for 'common' lawyers, why not the woolsack itself? As you say, the second son of your niece might inherit the dignity of the peerage!"

"Well, I will consider of it favorably," said Brandon, and soon afterwards he left the nobleman to renew his broken repose.

"I can't laugh at that man," said Mauleverer to himself, as he turned round in his bed, "though he has much that I should laugh at in another; and faith, there is one little matter I might well scorn him for, if I were not a philosopher. 'Tis a pretty girl, his niece, and with proper instructions might do one credit; besides she has 60,000*l.* ready money; and faith, I have not a shilling for my own pleasure, though I have, or, alas! had, fifty thousand a-year for that of my establishment! In all probability, she will be the lawyer's heiress, and he must have made, at least, as much again as her portion; nor is *he*, poor devil, a very good life. Moreover, if he rise to the peerage? and the second son—Well! well! it will not be such a bad match for the goldsmith's descendant either!"

With that thought, Lord Mauleverer fell asleep. He rose about noon, dressed himself with unusual pains, and was just going forth on a visit to Miss Brandon, when he suddenly remembered that her uncle had not mentioned her address or his own. He referred to the lawyer's note of the preceding evening; no direction was inscribed on it; and Mauleverer was forced, with much chagrin, to forego for that day the pleasure he had promised himself.

In truth, the wary lawyer, who, as we have said, despised show and outward appearances as much as any man, was yet sensible of their effect even in the eyes of a lover; and moreover, Lord Mauleverer was one whose habits of life were calculated to arouse a certain degree of vigilance on points of household pomp, even in the most unobservant. Brandon therefore resolved that Lucy should not be visited by her admirer, till the removal to their new abode was effected; nor was it till the third day from that on which Mauleverer had held with Brandon the interview we have recorded, that the earl received a note from Brandon, seemingly turning only on political matters, but inscribed with the address and direction in full form.

Mauleverer answered it in person. He found Lucy at home, and more beautiful than ever; and from that day his mind was made up, as the mammas say, and his visits became constant.

CHAPTER XV.

"There is a festival where knights and dames,
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,
Appear. * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * *
'Tis he—how came he thence?—what doth he here?"
—*Lara.*

THERE are two charming situations in life for a woman: one, the first freshness of heiressship and beauty; the other, youthful widowhood with a large jointure. It was at least Lucy's fortune to enjoy the first. No sooner was she fairly launched into the gay world, than she became the object of universal idolatry. Crowds followed her wherever she moved: nothing was talked of, or dreamed of, toasted, or betted on, but Lucy Brandon; even her simplicity, and utter ignorance of the arts of fine life, enchanced the *éclat* of her reputation. Some how or other, *young* people of the gentler sex are rarely ill-bred, even in their eccentricities; and there is often of grace in inexperience. Her uncle, who accompanied her everywhere, himself no slight magnet of attraction, viewed her success with a complacent triumph which he suffered no one but her father or herself to detect. To the smooth coolness of his manner, nothing would have seemed more foreign than pride at the notice gained by a beauty, or exultation at any favor won from the caprices of fashion.

As for the good old squire, one would have imagined him far more the invalid than his brother. He was scarcely ever seen; for though he went everywhere, he was one of those persons who sink into a corner the moment they enter a room. Whoever discovered him in his retreat, held out their hands, and exclaimed, "God bless me!—*you* here! we have not seen you for this age!" Now and

then, if in a very dark niche of the room a card-table had been placed, the worthy gentleman toiled through an obscure rubber, but more frequently he sat with his hands clasped, and his mouth open, counting the number of candles in the room, or calculating "when that stupid music would be over."

Lord Mauleverer, though a polished and courteous man, whose great object was necessarily to ingratiate himself with the father of his intended bride, had a horror of being bored, which surpassed all other feelings in his mind. He could not, therefore, persuade himself to submit to the melancholy duty of listening to the squire's "linked *speeches* long drawn out." He always glided by the honest man's station, seemingly in an exceeding hurry, with a "Ah, my *dear* sir, how do you do? How delighted I am to see you!—And your incomparable daughter?—Oh, there she is!—pardon me, dear sir—you see my attraction!"

Lucy, indeed, who never forgot any one (except herself occasionally), sought her father's retreat as often as she was able; but her engagements were so incessant, that she no sooner lost one partner, than she was claimed and carried off by another. However, the squire bore his solitude with tolerable cheerfulness, and always declared that "he was very well amused; although balls and concerts were necessarily a little dull to one who came from a fine old place like Warlock Manor-house, and it was not the same thing that pleased young ladies (for, to them, that fiddling and giggling till two o'clock in the morning might be *a very pretty way of killing time*), *and their papas!*"

What considerably added to Lucy's celebrity, was the marked notice and admiration of a man so high in rank and *ton* as Lord Mauleverer. That personage, who still retained much of a youthful mind and temper, and who was in his nature more careless than haughty, preserved little or no state in his intercourse with the social revellers at Bath. He cared not whither he went, so that he was in the train of the young beauty; and the most fastidious nobleman of the English court was seen in every second and third rate set of a great watering-place, the attendant, the flirt, and often the ridicule of the daughter of an obscure and almost insignificant country squire. Despite the honor of so distinguished a lover, and despite all the novelties of her situation the pretty head of Lucy Brandon, was as yet, however, perfectly unturned; and as for her heart, the only impression that it had ever received, was made by that wandering guest of the village rector, whom she had never again seen, but who yet clung to her imagination, invested not only with all the graces which in right of a singularly handsome person he possessed,—but with those to which he could never advance a claim,—more dangerous to her peace, from the very circumstances of their origin in her fancy, not his merits.

They had now been some little time at Bath, and Brandon's brief respite was pretty nearly expired, when a public ball of uncommon and manifold attraction was announced. It was to be graced not only by the presence of all the surrounding families, but also by that of royalty itself; it being an acknowledged fact, that people dance much better, and eat much more supper, when any relation to a king is present.

"I must stay for this ball, Lucy," said Brandon, who, after spending the day with Lord Mauleverer, returned home in a mood more than usually cheerful: "I must stay for this one ball, Lucy, and witness your complete triumph, even though it will be necessary to leave you the very next morning."

"*So* soon!" cried Lucy.

"So soon!" echoed the uncle with a smile. "How good you are to speak thus to an old valetudinarian, whose company must have fatigued you to death! nay, no pretty denials! But the great object of my visit to this place is accomplished: I have seen you, I have witnessed your *début* in the great world, with, I may say, more than a father's exultation, and I go back to my dry, pursuits with the satisfaction of thinking our old and withered genealogical tree has put forth one blossom worthy of its freshest day."

"Uncle!" said Lucy, reprovingly, and holding up her taper finger with an arch smile, mingling with a blush, in which the woman's vanity spoke, unknown to herself.

"And why that look, Lucy?" said Brandon.

"Because—because—well, no matter! you have been bred to that trade in which, as you say yourself, men tell untruths for others, till they lose all truth for themselves. But, let us

talk of you, not me; are you really well enough to leave us?"

Simple and even cool as the words of Lucy's question, when written, appear; in her mouth they took so tender, so anxious a tone, that Brandon, who had no friend, nor wife, nor child, nor any one in his household, in whom interest in his health or welfare was a thing of course, and who was consequently wholly unaccustomed to the accent of kindness, felt himself of a sudden touched and stricken.

"Why, indeed, Lucy," said he, in a less artificial voice than that in which he usually spoke, "I should like still to profit by your cares, and forget my infirmities and pains in your society; but I cannot: the tide of events, like that of nature, waits not our pleasure!"

"But we may take our own time for setting sail!" said Lucy.

"Ay, this comes of talking in metaphor," rejoined Brandon, smiling; "they who begin it, always get the worst of it. In plain words, dear Lucy, I can give no more time to my own ailments. A lawyer cannot play truant in term time without——"

"Losing a few guineas!" said Lucy, interrupting him.

"Worse than that—his practice and his name!"

"Better those than health and peace of mind."

"Out on you—no!" said Brandon, quickly, and almost fiercely;—"we waste all the greenness and pith of our life in striving to gain a distinguished slavery; and when it is gained, we must not think that an humble independence would have been better! If we ever admit that thought, what fools—what lavish fools we have been!—No!" continued Brandon, after a momentary pause, and in a tone milder and gayer, though not less characteristic of the man's stubbornness of will—"after losing all youth's enjoyments and manhood's leisure, in order that in age, the mind, the all-conquering mind, should break its way at last into the applauding opinions of men, I should be an effeminate idler indeed, did I suffer,—so long as its jarring parts hold together, or so long as I have the power to command its members,—this weak body to frustrate the labor of its better and nobler portion, and command that which it is ordained to serve."

Lucy knew not while she listened, half in fear, half in admiration, to her singular relation, that at the very moment he thus spoke, his disease was preying upon him in one of its most relentless moods, without the power of wringing from him a single outward token of his torture. But she wanted nothing to increase her pity and affection for a man, who in consequence, perhaps, of his ordinary surface of worldly and cold properties of temperament, never failed to leave an indelible impression on all who had ever seen that temperament broken through by deeper, though often by more evil, feelings.

"Shall you go to Lady ———'s rout?" asked Brandon, easily sliding back into common topics. "Lord Mauleverer requested me to ask you."

"That depends on you and my father!"

"If on me, I answer yes!" said Brandon, "I like hearing Mauleverer, especially among persons who do not understand him: there is a refined and subtle sarcasm running through the commonplaces of his conversation, which cuts the good fools, like the invisible sword in the fable, that lopped off heads, without occasioning the owner any other sensation than a pleasing and self-complacent titillation. How immeasurably superior he is in manner and address to all we meet here; does it not strike you?"

"Yes—no—I can't say that it does exactly," rejoined Lucy.

"Is that confusion tender?" thought Brandon.

"In a word," continued Lucy, "Lord Mauleverer is one whom I think pleasing, without fascination; and amusing, without brilliancy. He is evidently accomplished in mind, and graceful in manner; and withal, the most uninteresting person I ever met"

"Women have not often thought so!" said Brandon.

"I cannot believe that they can think otherwise."

A certain expression, partaking of scorn, played over Brandon's hard features. It was a noticeable trait in him, that while he was most anxious to impress Lucy with a favorable opinion of Lord Mauleverer, he was never quite able to mask a certain satisfaction at any jest at the Earl's expense, or any opinion derogatory to his general character for pleasing the opposite sex; and this satisfaction was

no sooner conceived, than it was immediately combated by the vexation he felt, that Lucy did not seem to share his own desire that she should become the wife of the courtier. There appeared as if, in that respect, there was a contest in his mind between interest on one hand, and private dislike, or contempt, on the other.

"You judge women wrongly!" said Brandon. "Ladies never know each other; of all persons, Mauleverer is best calculated to win them, and experience has proved my assertion. The proudest lot I know for a woman would be the thorough conquest of Lord Mauleverer; but it is impossible. He may be gallant, but he will never be subdued. He defies the whole female world, and with justice and impunity. Enough of him. Sing to me, dear Lucy."

The time for the ball approached, and Lucy, who was a charming girl, and had nothing of the angel about her, was sufficiently fond of gaiety, dancing, music, and admiration, to feel her heart beat high at the expectation of the event.

At last, the day itself came. Brandon dined alone with Mauleverer, having made the arrangemenut that he, with the earl, was to join his brother and niece at the ball. Mauleverer, who hated state, except on great occasons, when no man displayed it with a better grace, never suffered his servants to wait at dinner when he was alone, or with one of his peculiar friends. The attendants remained without, and were summoned at will by a bell laid beside the host.

The conversation was unrestrained.

"I am perfectly certain, Brandon," said Mauleverer, "that if you were to live tolerably well, you would soon get the better of your nervous complaints. It is all poverty of blood, believe me.—Some more of the fins, eh?—No!—oh, hang your abstemiousness, it is d—d unfriendly to eat so little! Talking of fins and friends—heaven defend me from ever again forming an intimacy with a pedantic epicure, especially if he puns?"

"Why—what has a pedant to do with fins?"

"I will tell you—(ah, this Madeira!)—I suggested to Lord Dareville who affects the gourmand, what a capital thing a dish all fins—(turbot's fins)—might be made. 'Capital!' said he, in a rapture, 'dine on it with me to-morrow.' '*Volontiers!*' said I. The next day, after indulging in a pleasing revery all the morning as to the manner in which Dareville's cook, who is not without geniuus, would accomplish the grand idea, I betook myself punctually to my engagement. Would you believe it? When the cover was removed, the sacrilegious dog of an Amphitryon had put into the dish Cicero *de Finibus*. 'There is a work all fins!' said he."

"Astrocious jest!" exclaimed Brandon, solemnly.

"Was it not? Whenever the gastronomists set up a religions inquisition, I trust they will roast every impious rascal who treats the divine mystery with levity. Pun upon a cooking, indeed! *A propos* of Dareville, he is to come into administration."

"You astonish me!" said Brandon; "I never heard that; I don't know him. He has very little power; has he any talent?"

"Yes, a very great one,—*acquired* though!"

"What is it?"

"A pretty wife!"

"My lord!" exclaimed Brandon, abruptly, and half rising from his seat.

Mauleverer looked up hastily, and, on seeing the expression of his companion's face, colored deeply; there was a silence for some moments.

"Tell me," said Brandon, indifferently, helping himself to vegetables, for he seldom touched meat; and a more amusing contrast can scarcely be conceived, than that between the earnest epicurism of Mauleverer, and the careless contempt of the sublime art manifested by his guest:—"tell me, you who necessarily know everything, whether the government really is settled,—whether you are to have the garter, and I—(mark the difference!)—the judgeship."

"Why so, I imagine, it will be arranged; viz. if you will consent to hang up the rogues, instead of living by the fools!"

"One may unite both!" returned Brandon. "But I believe, in general, it is *vice versâ*, for we live by the rogues, and it is only the fools we are able to hang up. You ask me if I will take the judgeship. I would not—no, I would rather cut my hand off—(and the lawyer spoke with great bitterness)—forsake my present career, despite all the obstacles that now encumber it, did I think that this miserable body

would suffer me for two years longer to pursue it."

"You shock me!" said Mauleverer, a little affected, but nevertheless applying the cayenne to his cucumber with his unusual unerring nicety of tact; "you shock me, but you are considerably better than you were."

"It is not," continued Brandon, who was rather speaking to himself than to *his friend*—"it is not that I am unable to conquer the pain, and to master the recreant nerves; but I feel myself growing weaker and weaker beneath the continual exertion of my remaining powers, and I shall die before I have gained half my objects, if I do not leave the labors which are literally tearing me to pieces."

"But," said Lord Mauleverer, who was the idlest of men, "the judgeship is not an easy sinecure."

"No! but there is less demand on the mind in that station, than in my present one," and Brandon paused before he continued. "Candidly, Mauleverer, you do not think they will deceive me? you do not think they mean to leave me to this political death without writing 'Resurgam' over the hatchment?"

"They dare not!" said Mauleverer, quaffing his fourth glass of Madeira.

"Well! I have decided on my change of life," said the lawyer, with a slight sigh.

"So have I on my change of opinion," chimed in the earl. "I will tell you what opinions seem to me like."

"What?" said Brandon abstractedly.

"*Trees!*" answered Mauleverer, quaintly. "If they can be made serviceable by standing, don't part with a stick; but when they are of that growth that sells well, or whenever they shut out a *fine prospect*, cut them down, and pack them off by all manner of means!—And now for the second course."

"I wonder," said the earl, when our political worthies were again alone, "whether there ever existed a minister who cared three straws for the people—*many* care for *their party*, but as for the country——"

"It is all fiddlestick!" added the lawyer, with more significance than grace.

"Right; it is all fiddlestick, as you tersely express it. King, Constitution and Church, for ever! which, being interpreted, means—first, King, or Crown influence, judgeships, and garters;—secondly, Constitution, or fees to the lawyer, places to the statesman, laws for the rich, and Game Laws for the poor;—thirdly, Church, or livings for our younger sons, and starvings for their curates!"

"Ha, ha!" said Brandon, laughing sardonically; "*we* know human nature!"

"And how it may be gulled!" quoth the courtier. "Here's a health to your niece! and may it not be long before you hail her as your friend's bride!"

"Bride, *et cætera*," said Brandon, with a sneer, meant only for his own satisfaction. "But, mark me, my dear lord, do not be too sure of her—she is a singular girl, and of more independence than the generality of women. She will not think of your rank and station in estimating you; she will think only of their owner; and pardon me if I suggest to you, who know the sex so well, one plan that it may not be unadvisable for you to pursue. Don't let her fancy you entirely hers; rouse her jealousy, pique her pride—let her think you unconquerable, and, unless she is unlike all women, she will want to conquer you."

The earl smiled. "I must take my chance!" said he, with a confident tone.

"The hoary coxcomb!" muttered Brandon between his teeth: "now will his folly spoil all."

"And that reminds me," continued Mauleverer, "that time wanes, and dinner is not over; let us not hurry, but let us be silent, to enjoy the more. These truffles in champagne—*do* taste them, they would raise the dead."

The lawyer smiled, and accepted the kindness, though he left the delicacy untouched; and Mauleverer, whose soul was in his plate, saw not the heartless rejection.

Meanwhile, the youthful beauty had already entered the theatre of pleasure, and was now seated with the squire, at the upper end of the half-filled ball room.

A gay lady of the fashion at that time, and of that half and half rank to which belonged the aristocracy of Bath,—one of those curious persons we meet with in the admirable novels of Miss Burney, as appertaining to the order of fine ladies,—made the trio with our heiress and her father, and pointed out to them by name the various characters that entered the apartments. She was still in the full tide of scandal, when an unusual sensation was visible in the environs of the door; three

strangers of marked mien, gay dress, and an air which, though differing in each, was in all alike remarkable for a sort of "dashing" assurance, made their *entrée*. One was of uncommon height, and possessed of an exceedingly fine head of hair; another was of a more quiet and unpretending aspect, but, nevertheless, he wore upon his face a supercilious, yet not ill-humored expression; the third was many years younger than his companions, strikingly handsome in face and figure, altogether of a better taste in dress, and possessing a manner that, though it had equal ease, was not equally noticeable for impudence and swagger.

"Who can those be?" said Lucy's female friend in a wondering tone. "I never saw them before—they must be great people—they have all *the airs of persons of quality!*—Dear, how odd that I should not know them!"

While the good lady, who, like all good ladies of that stamp, thought people of quality had airs, was thus lamenting her ignorance of the new comers, a general whisper of a similar import was already circulating round the room; —"Who are they?" and the universal answer was, "Can't tell—never saw them before!"

Our strangers seemed by no means displeased with the evident and immediate impression they had made. They stood in the most conspicuous part of the room, enjoying, among themselves, a low conversation, frequently broken by fits of laughter; tokens, we need not add, of their super-eminently good breeding. The handsome figure of the youngest stranger, and the simple and seemingly unconscious grace of his attitudes, were not, however, unworthy of the admiration he excited; and even his laughter, rude as it really was, displayed so dazzling a set of teeth, and was accompanied by such brilliant eyes, that before he had been ten minutes in the room, there was scarcely a young lady under thirty-nine not disposed to fall in love with him.

Apparently heedless of the various remarks which reached their ears, our strangers, after they had from their station sufficiently surveyed the beauties of the ball, strolled arm-in-arm through the rooms. Having sauntered through the ball and card-rooms, they passed the door that led to the entrance passage, and gazed, with other loiterers, upon the new comers ascending the stairs. Here the two younger strangers renewed their whispered conversation, while the eldest, who was also the tallest one, carelessly leaning against the wall, employed himself for a few moments in thrusting his fingers through his hair. In finishing this occupation, the peculiar state of his ruffles forced itself upon the observation of our gentlemen, who, after gazing for some moments on an envious rent in the right ruffle, muttered some indistinct words, like, "the cock of that confounded pistol," and then tucked up the mutilated ornament with a peculiarly nimble motion of the fingers of his left hand: the next moment, diverted by a new care, the stranger applied his digital members to the arranging and caressing of a remarkably splendid brooch, set in the bosom of a shirt, the rude texture of which formed a singular contrast with the magnificence of the embellishment, and the fineness of the one ruffle suffered by our modern Hyperion to make its appearance beneath his cinnamon-colored coat-sleeve.

These little personal arrangements completed, and a dazzling snuff-box released from the confinement of a side-pocket, tapped thrice, and lightened of two pinches of its titillating luxury, the stranger now, with the guardian eye of friendship, directed a searching glance to the dress of his friends. *There*, all appeared meet for his strictest scrutiny, save, indeed, that the supercilious-looking stranger having just drawn forth his gloves, the lining of his coat-pocket—which was rather soiled into the bargain—had not returned to its internal station; the tall stranger, seeing this little inelegance, kindly thrust three fingers with a sudden and light dive into his friend's pocket, and effectually repulsed the forwardness of the intrusive lining. The supercilious stranger no sooner felt the touch, than he started back, and whispered his officious companion.—

"What! among friends, Ned! Fie now; curb the nature in thee for one night, at least."

Before he of the flowing locks had time to answer, the master of the ceremonies, who had for the last three minutes been eyeing the strangers through his glass, stepped forward with a sliding bow, and the handsome gentleman taking upon himself the superiority and precedence over his comrades, was the first to return the courtesy. He did this with so good a

grace, and so pleasing an expression of countenance, that the censor of bows was charmed at once, and, with a second and more profound salutation announced himself and his office.

"You would like to dance, probably, gentlemen?" he asked, glancing at each, but directing his words to the one who had prepossessed him.

"You are very good," said the comely stranger; "and, for my part, I shall be extremely indebted to you for the exercise of your powers in my behalf. Allow me to return with you to the ball-room, and I can there point out to you the objects of my especial admiration."

The master of the ceremonies bowed as before, and he and his new acquaintance strolled into the ball-room, followed by the two comrades of the latter.

"Have you been long in Bath, sir?" inquired the monarch of the rooms.

"No, indeed! we only arrived this evening."

"From London?"

"No: we made a little tour across the country."

"Ah! very pleasant, this fine weather."

"Yes; especially in the evenings."

"Oho!—romantic!" thought the man of balls, as he rejoined aloud, "Why the nights *are* agreeable, and the moon is particularly favorable to us."

"Not always!" quoth the stranger.

"True—true, the night before last was dark; but, in general, surely the moon has been very bright."

The stranger was about to answer, but checked himself, and simply bowed his head as in assent.

"I wonder who they are!" thought the master of the ceremonies. "Pray, sir," said he, in a low tone, "is that gentleman—that *tall* gentleman, any way related to Lord ——? I cannot but think I see a family likeness."

"Not in the least related to his lordship," answered the stranger; "but he is of a family that have made a noise in the world; though he (as well as any other friend) is merely a commoner!" laying a stress on the last word.

"Nothing, sir, can be more respectable than a commoner of family," returned the polite Mr. ——, with a bow.

"I agree with you, sir," answered the stranger, with another. "But, heavens!"—and the stranger started; for at that moment his eye caught for the first time, at the far end of the room, the youthful and brilliant countenance of Lucy Brandon,—"do I see rightly? or is that Miss Brandon?"

"It is indeed that lovely young lady," said Mr. ——. "I congratulate you on knowing one so admired. I suppose that you, being blessed with her acquaintance, do not need the formality of my introduction?"

"Umph!" said the stranger, rather shortly and uncourteously—"No! Perhaps you had better present me!"

"By what name shall I have that honor, sir?" discreetly inquired the nomenclator.

"Clifford!" answered the stranger; "Captain Clifford!"

Upon this, the prim master of the ceremonies, threading his path through the now fast-filling room, approached towards Lucy to obey Mr. Clifford's request. Meanwhile, that gentleman, before he followed the steps of the tutelary spirit of the place, paused, and said to his friends, in a tone careless, yet not without command, "Hark ye, gentlemen, oblige me by being as civil and silent as ye are able, and don't thrust yourselves upon me, as you are accustomed to do, whenever you see *no* opportunity of indulging me with that honor with the least show of propriety!" So saying, and waiting no reply, Mr. Clifford hastened after the master of the ceremonies.

"Our friend grows mighty imperious!" said Long Ned, whom our readers have already recognized in the tall stranger.

"'Tis the way with your rising geniuses," answered the moralizing Augustus Tomlinson. "Suppose we go to the card-room, and get up a rubber!"

"Well thought of," said Ned, yawning,—a thing he was very apt to do in society; "and I wish nothing worse to those who try our *rubbers*, than that they be well cleaned by them." Upon this witticism the Colossus of Roads, glancing towards the glass, strutted off, arm-in-arm with his companion to the card-room.

During this short conversation the re-introduction of Mr. Clifford (the stranger of the Rectory and deliver of Dr. Slopperton) to Lucy Brandon had been effected, and the hand of

the heiress was already engaged (according to the custom of that time) for the *two* ensuing dances.

It was about twenty minutes after the above presentation had taken place, that Lord Mauleverer and William Brandon entered the rooms; and the buzz created by the appearance of the noted peer and the distinguished lawyer had scarcely subsided, before the royal personage expected to grace the "festive scene" (as the newspapers say of a great room with plenty of miserable-looking people in it) arrived. The most attractive persons in Europe may be found among the royal family of England, and the great personage then at Bath, in consequence of certain political intrigues, wished, at that time especially, to make himself as popular as possible. Having gone the round of the old ladies, and assured them, as the *Court Journal* assures the old ladies at this day, that they were "morning stars," and "swan-like wonders," the Prince espied Brandon, and immediately beckoned to him with a familiar gesture. The smooth but saturnine lawyer approached the royal presence with the manner that peculiarly distinguished him, and which blended, in no ungraceful mixture, a species of stiffness, that passed with the crowd for native independence, with a supple insinuation, that was usually deemed the token of latent benevolence of heart. There was something, indeed, in Brandon's address that always pleased the great; and they liked him the better, because, though he stood on no idle political points, mere differences in the view taken of a hair-breadth, —such as a corn law, or a Catholic bill; alteration in the church, or a reform in parliament; yet he invariably talked so like a man of honor (except when with Mauleverer), that his urbanity seemed attachment to individuals; and his concessions to power, sacrifices of private opinion for the sake of obliging his friends.

"I am very glad, indeed," said the royal personage, "to see Mr. Brandon looking so much better. Never was the crown in greater want of his services; and, if rumor speak true, they will soon be required in another department of his profession."

Brandon bowed, and answered:—

"So, please your royal highness, they will always be at the command of a king from whom I have experienced such kindness, in any capacity for which his Majesty may deem them fitting."

"It *is* true, then!" said his royal highness, significantly. "I congratulate you! The quiet dignity of the bench must seem to you a great change after a career so busy and restless?"

"I fear I shall feel it so at first, your royal highness," answered Brandon, "for I like even the toil of my profession; and at this moment, when I am in full practice, it more than ever —but (checking himself at once) his Majesty's wishes, and my satisfaction in complying with them, are more than sufficient to remove any momentary regret I might otherwise have felt in quitting those toils which have now become to me a second nature."

"It is possible," rejoined the Prince, "that his Majesty took into consideration the delicate state of health which, in common with the whole public, I grieve to see the papers have attributed to one of the most distinguished ornaments of the bar."

"So, please your royal highness," answered Brandon, coolly, and with a smile which the most piercing eye could not have believed the mask to the agony then gnawing at his nerves, "it is the interest of my rivals to exaggerate the little ailments of a weak constitution. I thank Providence that I am now entirely recovered; and at no time of my life have I been less unable to discharge—so far as my *native* and *mental* incapacities will allow—the duties of any occupation, however arduous. Nay, as the brute grows accustomed to the mill, so have I grown wedded to business; and even the brief relaxation I have now allowed myself seems to me rather irksome than pleasurable."

"I rejoice to hear you speak thus," answered his royal highness, warmly; "and I trust for many years, and," added he, in a lower tone, "in the highest chamber of the senate, that we may profit by your talents. The times are those in which many occasions occur, that oblige all true friends of the constitution to quit minor employment for that great constitutional one that concerns us all, the highest and the meanest; and (the royal voice sank still lower) I feel justified in assuring you, that the office of chief justice alone is not considered by his Majesty as a sufficient reward for your generous sac-

rifice of present ambition to the difficulties of government."

Brandon's proud heart swelled, and that moment the veriest pains of hell would scarcely have been felt.

While the aspiring schemer was thus agreeably engaged, Mauleverer, sliding through the crowd with that grace which charmed every one, old and young, and addressing to all he knew some lively or affectionate remark, made his way to the dancers, among whom he had just caught a glimpse of Lucy. "I wonder," he thought, "whom she is dancing with. I hope it is that ridiculous fellow, Mossop, who tells a good story against himself; or that handsome ass, Belmont, who looks at his own legs, instead of seeming to have eyes for no one but his partner. Ah! if Tarquin had but known women as well as I do, he would have had no reason to be rough with Lucretia. 'Tis a thousand pities that experience comes, in women, as in the world, just when it begins to be no longer of use to us!"

As he made these moral reflections, Mauleverer gained the dancers, and beheld Lucy listening, with dowcast eyes and cheeks that *evidently* blushed, to a young man, whom Mauleverer acknowledged at once to be one of the best-looking fellows he had ever seen. The stranger's countenance, despite an extreme darkness of complexion, was, to be sure, from the great regularity of the features, rather effeminate; but, on the other hand his figure, though slender and graceful, betrayed to an experienced eye an extraordinary proportion of sinew and muscle: and even the dash of effeminacy in the countenance was accompanied by so manly and frank an air, and was so perfectly free from all coxcombry or self-conceit, that it did not in the least decrease the prepossessing effect of his appearance. An angry and bitter pang shot across that portion of Mauleverer's frame which the earl thought fit, for want of another name, to call his heart. "How cursedly pleased she looks!" muttered he. "By heaven! that stolen glance under the left eyelid, dropped as suddenly as it is raised! and *he*—ha!—how firmly he holds that little hand. I think I see him paddle with it; and then the dog's earnest, intent look—and she all blushes! though she dare not look up to meet his gaze, feeling it by intuition. Oh! the demure, modest, shamefaced hypocrite! How silent she is!—she can prate enough to *me!* I would give my promised garter if she would but talk to him. Talk—talk—laugh—prattle—only simper, in God's name, and I shall be happy! But that bashful, blushing silence—it is insupportable. Thank Heaven, the dance is over! Thank Heaven, again! I have not felt such pains since the last nightmare I had, after dining with her father!"

With a face all smiles, but a mien in which more dignity than he ordinarily assumed was worn, Mauleverer now moved towards Lucy, who was leaning on her partner's arm, The earl, who had ample tact where his consummate selfishness did not warp it, knew well how to act the lover, without running ridiculously into the folly of seeming to play the hoary dangler. He sought rather to be lively than sentimental; and beneath the wit to conceal the suitor.

Having, paid, then, with a careless gallantry, his first compliments, he entered into so animated a conversation, interspersed with so many *naïve* yet palpably just observations on the characters present, that perhaps he had never appeared to more brilliant advantage. At length, as the music was about to recommence, Mauleverer, with a careless glance at Lucy's partner, said, "Will Miss Brandon now allow me the agreeable duty of conducting her to her father?"

"I believe," answered Lucy, and her voice suddenly became timid, "that, according to the laws of the rooms, I am engaged to this genteman for another dance."

Clifford, in an assured and easy tone, replied in assent.

As he spoke, Mauleverer honored him with a more accurate survey than he had hitherto bestowed on him; and whether or not there was any expression of contempt or superciliousness in the survey, it was sufficient to call up the indignant blood to Clifford's cheek. Returning the look with interest, he said to Lucy, "I believe, Miss Brandon, that the dance is about to begin;" and Lucy, obeying the hint, left the aristocratic Mauleverer to his own meditations. At that moment the master of the ceremonies came bowing by, half afraid to address so great a person as Mauleverer, but willing to show his respect by the profoundness of his salutation.

"Aha! my dear Mr. ——!" said the earl, holding out both his hands to the Lycurgus of the rooms; "how are you? Pray can you inform me who that young—*man* is, now dancing with Miss Brandon?"

"It is—let me see—Oh! it is a Captain Clifford, my lord! a very fine young man, my lord! Has your lordship never met him?"

"Never! who is he? One under your more especial patronage?" said the earl, smiling.

"Nay, indeed!" answered the master of the ceremonies, with a simper of gratification; "I scarcely know who he is yet; the captain only made his appearance here to-night for the first time. He came with two other gentlemen—ah! there they are!" and he pointed the earl's scrutinizing attention to the elegant forms of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson and Mr. Ned Pepper, just emerging from the card-rooms. The swagger of the latter gentleman was so peculiarly important, that Mauleverer, angry as he was, could scarcely help laughing. The master of the ceremonies noted the earl's countenance, and remarked, that "that fine-looking man seemed disposed to give himself *airs!*"

"Judging from the gentleman's appearance," said the earl, drily (Ned's face, to say truth, did betoken his affection for the bottle), "I should imagine that he was much more accustomed to give himself *thorough draughts!*"

"Ah!" renewed the *arbiter elegan tiarum*, who had not heard Mauleverer's observation, which was uttered in a very low voice,—"Ah! they seem real dashers!"

"Dashers!" repeated Mauleverer: "true, *haberdashers!*"

Long Ned now, having in the way of his profession acquitted himself tolerably well at the card-table, thought he had purchased the right to parade himself through the rooms, and show the ladies what stuff a Pepper could be made of.

Leaning with his left hand on Tomlinson's arm, and employing the right in fanning himself furiously with his huge *chapeau bras*, the lengthy adventurer stalked slowly along,—now setting out one leg jauntily—now the other, and ogling "the ladies" with a kind of Irish look, viz., a look between a wink and a stare.

Released from the presence of Clifford, who kept a certain check on his companions, the apparition of Ned became glaringly conspicuous; and wherever he passed, a universal whisper succeeded.

"Who can he be?" said the widow Matemore; "'tis a droll creature: but what a head of hair!"

"For my part," answered the spinster Sneerall, "I think he is a linen-draper in disguise; for I heard him talk to his companion of 'tape.'"

"Well, well," thought Mauleverer, "it would be but kind to seek out Brandon, and hint to him in what company his niece seems to have fallen!" And, so thinking, he glided to the corner where, with a grey-haired old politician, the astute lawyer was conning the affairs of Europe.

In the interim, the second dance had ended, and Clifford was conducting Lucy to her seat, each charmed with the other, when he found himself abruptly tapped on the back, and, turning round in alarm,—for such taps were not unfamiliar to him,—he saw the cool countenance of Long Ned, with one finger sagaciously laid beside the nose.

"How now?" said Clifford, between his ground teeth, "did I not tell thee to put that huge bulk of thine as far from me as possible?"

"Humph!" grunted Ned, "if these are my thanks, I may as well keep my kindness to myself; but know you, my kid, that lawyer Brandon is here, peering through the crowd, at this very moment, in order to catch a glimpse of that woman's face of thine."

"Ha!" answered Clifford, in a very quick tone, "begone, then! I will meet you without the rooms immediately."

Clifford now turned to his partner, and bowing very low, in reality to hide his face from those sharp eyes which had once seen it in the court of Justice Burnflat, said, "I trust, madam, I shall have the honor to meet you again;—is it, if I may be allowed to ask, with your celebrated uncle that you are staying, or——"

"With my father," answered Lucy, concluding the sentence Clifford had left unfinished; "but my uncle has been with us, though I fear he leaves us to-morrow."

Clifford's eyes sparkled; he made no answer, but bowing again, receded into the crowd, and disappeared. Several times that night did the brightest eyes in Somersetshire rove anx-

iously around the rooms in search of our hero; but he was seen no more.

It was on the stairs that Clifford encountered his comrades; taking an arm of each, he gained the door without any adventure worth noting—save that, being kept back by the crowd for a few moments, the moralizing Augustus Tomlinson, who honored the moderate Whigs by enrolling himself among their number, took up, *pour passer le temps*, a tall gold-headed cane, and, weighing it across his finger with a musing air, said, "Alas! among our supporters we often meet heads as heavy—but of what a different metal!" The crowd now permitting, Augustus was walking away with his companions, and, in that absence of mind characteristic of philosophers, unconsciously bearing with him the gold-headed object of his reflections, when a stately footman stepping up to him, said, "Sir, my cane!"

"Cane, fellow!" said Tomlinson. "Ah, I am so absent!—Here is thy cane.—Only think of my carrying off the man's cane, Ned! ha! ha!"

"Absent, indeed!" grunted a knowing chairman, watching the receding figures of the three gentlemen: "Body o' me! but it was *the cane* that was about to be absent!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Wackum.—"My dear rogues, dear boys, Bluster and Dingboy! you are the bravest fellows that ever scoured yet!" SHADWELL'S *Scourers*.

"Cato, the Thessalian, was wont to say, that some things may be done unjustly, that many things may be done justly."

LORD BACON (being a justification of every rascality).

ALTHOUGH our three worthies had taken unto themselves a splendid lodging in Milsom Street, which to please Ned was over a hair-dresser's shop; yet, instead of returning thither, or repairing to such taverns as might seem best befitting their fashion and garb, they struck at once from the gay parts of the town, and tarried not till they reached a mean-looking alehouse in a remote suburb.

The door was opened to them by an elderly lady; and Clifford, stalking before his companions into an apartment at the back of the house, asked if the other gentlemen were come yet.

"No," returned the dame. "Old Mr. Bags came in about ten minutes ago; but, hearing more work might be done, he went out again."

"Bring the lush and the pipes, old blone!" cried Ned, throwing himself on a bench; "we are never at a loss for company!"

"You, indeed, never can be, who are always inseparably connected with the object of your admiration," said Tomlinson drily, and taking up an old newspaper. Ned, who, though choleric, was a capital fellow, and could bear a joke on himself, smiled, and, drawing forth a little pair of scissors, began trimming his nails.

"Curse me," said he, after a momentary silence, "if this is not a devilish deal pleasanter than playing the fine gentleman in that great room with a rose in one's button-hole! What say you, Master Lovett?"

Clifford (as henceforth, despite his other aliases, *we* shall denominate our hero), who had thrown himself at full length on a bench at the far end of the room, and who seemed plunged into a sullen revery, now looked up for a moment, and then, turning round and presenting the dorsal part of his body to Long Ned, muttered, "Pish!"

"Harkye, Master Lovett!" said Long Ned, coloring. "I don't know what has come over you of late; but I would have you to learn that gentlemen are entitled to courtesy and polite behavior: and so, d'ye see, if you ride your high horse upon me, splice my extremities if I won't have satisfaction!"

"Hist, man, be quiet," said Tomlison, philosophically snuffing the candles—

"For companions to quarrel,
Is extremely immoral."

Don't you see that the captain is in a revery? what good man ever loves to be interrupted in his meditations?—Even Alfred the Great could not bear it! Perhaps, at this moment, with the true anxiety of a worthy chief, the captain is designing something for our welfare!"

"Captain, indeed!" muttered long Ned, darting a wrathful look at Clifford, who had not deigned to pay any attention to Mr. Pepper's threat; "for my part I cannot conceive what was the matter with us when we chose this green slip of the gallows-tree for our captain of the district. To be sure, he did very well at first, and that robbery of the old lord was not ill-planned—but lately——"

"Nay, nay," quoth Augustus, interrupting the gigantic grumbler, "the nature of man is prone to discontent. Allow that our present design of setting up the gay Lothario, and trying our chances at Bath for an heiress, is owing as much to Lovett's promptitude as to our invention."

"And what good will come of it?" returned Ned, as he lighted his pipe: "answer me that. Was I not dressed as fine as a lord—and did not I walk three times up and down that great room without being a jot the better for it?"

"Ah! but you know not how many secret conquests you may have made: you cannot win a prize by looking upon it,"

"Humph!" grunted Ned, applying himself discontentedly to the young existence of his pipe.

"As for the captain's partner," renewed Tomlinson, who maliciously delighted in exciting the jealousy of the handsome "tax-collector," for that was the designation by which Augustus thought proper to style himself and companions—"I will turn Tory if she be not already half in love with him; and did you hear the old gentleman who cut into our rubber say what a fine fortune she had? Faith, Ned, it is lucky for us two that we all agreed to go shares in our marriage speculations; I fancy the worthy captain will think it a bad bargain for himself."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Tomlinson," said Long Ned, sourly eyeing his comrade.

"Some women may be caught by a smooth skin and a showy manner, but *real* masculine beauty,—eyes, color, and hair,—Mr. Tomlinson, must ultimately make its way: so hand me the brandy and cease your jaw."

"Well, well," said Tomlinson, "I'll give you a toast—'The prettiest girl in England;'—and that's Miss Brandon!"

"You shall give no such toast, sir!" said Clifford, starting from the bench. "What the devil is Miss Brandon to you? And now, Ned,"—(seeing that the tall hero looked on him with an unfavorable aspect),—"here's my hand, forgive me if I was uncivil. Tomlinson will tell you, in a maxim, men are changeable. Here's to your health; and it shall not be my fault, gentleman, if we have not a merry evening!"

This speech, short as it was, met with great applause from the two friends; and Clifford, as president, stationed himself in a huge chair at the head of the table. Scarcely had he assumed this dignity, before the door opened, and half-a-dozen of the gentlemen confederates trooped somewhat noisily into the apartment.

"Softly, softly, messieurs," said the president, recovering all his constitutional gaiety, yet blending it with a certain negligent command—"respect for the chair, if you please! 'Tis the way with all assemblies where the public purse is a matter of deferential interest!"

"Hear him!" cried Tomlinson.

"What, my old friend Bags!" said the president: "you have not come empty-handed, I will swear; your honest face is like the table of contents to the good things in your pockets!"

"Ah, Captain Clifford," said the veteran, groaning, and shaking his reverend head, "I have seen the day when there was not a lad in England forked so largely, so comprehensively-like, as I did. But, as King Lear says at Common Garden, 'I be's old now!'"

"But your zeal is as youthful as ever, my fine fellow," said the captain, soothingly; "and if you do not clean out the public as thoroughly as heretofore, it is not the fault of your inclinations."

"No, that it is not!" cried the "tax-collectors" unanimously. "And if ever a pocket is to be picked neatly, quietly, and effectually," added the complimentary Clifford, "I do not know to this day, throughout the three kingdoms, a neater, quieter, and more effective set of fingers than Old Bag's!"

The veteran bowed disclaimingly, and took his seat among the heartfelt good wishes of the whole assemblage.

"And now, gentlemen," said Clifford, as soon as the revellers had provided themselves with their wonted luxuries, potatory and fumous, "let us hear your adventures, and rejoice our eyes with their produce. The gallant Attie shall begin—but first,—a toast,—'May those who leap from a hedge never leap from a tree!'"

This toast being drunk with enthusiastic applause, Fighting Attie began the recital of his little history.

"You sees, captain," said he, putting himself in a martial position, and looking Clifford

full in the face, "that I'm not addicted to much blarney. Little cry and much wool is my motto. At ten o'clock, A. M. saw the enemy—in the shape of a Doctor of Divinity. 'Blow me,' says I to Old Bags, 'but I'll do his reverence!'—'Blow me,' says Old Bags, 'but you shan't—you'll have us scragged if you touches the church.'—'My grandmother!' says I. Bags tells the pals—all in a fuss about it—what care I?—I puts on a decent dress, and goes to the doctor as a decayed soldier, *wot* supplies the shops in the turning line. His reverence—a fat jolly dog as ever you see—was at dinner over a fine roast pig. So I tells him I have some bargains at home for him. Splice me, if the doctor did not think he had got a prize! so he puts on his boots, and he comes with me to my house. But when I gets him into a lane, out come my pops. 'Give up, doctor,' says I; 'others must share the goods of the church now.' You has no idea what a row he made: but I did the thing, and there's an end on't."

"Bravo, Attie!" cried Clifford, and the word echoed round the board. Attie put a purse on the table, and the next gentleman was called to confession.

"It skills not, boots not," gentlest of readers, to record each of the narratives that now followed one another. Old Bags, in especial, preserved his well-earned reputation, by emptying six pockets, which had been filled with every possible description of petty valuables. Peasant and prince appeared alike to have come under his hands; and, perhaps, the good old man had done in one town more towards effecting an equality of goods among different ranks, than all the Reformers, from Cornwall to Carlisle. Yet so keen was his appetite for the sport, that the veteran appropriator absolutely burst into tears at not having "forked more."

"I love a warm-hearted enthusiasm," cried Clifford, handling the movables, while he gazed lovingly on the ancient purloiner:—"May new cases never teach us to forget Old Bags!"

As soon as this "sentiment" had been duly drunk, and Mr. Bagshot had dried his tears and applied himself to his favorite drink—which, by the way, was "blue ruin,"—the work of division took place. The discretion and impartiality of the captain in this arduous part of his duty attracted universal admiration; and each gentleman having carefully pouched his share, the youthful president hemmed thrice, and the society became aware of a purposed speech.

"Gentleman!" began Clifford,—and his main supporter, the sapient Augustus, shouted out "Hear!"—"Gentlemen, you all know that when, some months ago, you were pleased,—partly at the instigation of Gentleman George,—God bless him!—partly from the exaggerated good opinion expressed of me by my friends,—to elect me to the high honor of the command of this district, I myself was by no means ambitious to assume that rank, which I knew well was far beyond my merits, and that responsibility which I knew, with equal certainty, was too weighty for my powers. Your voices, however, overruled my own; and as Mr. Muddlepud, the great metaphysician, in that excellent paper 'The Asinæum' was wont to observe, 'the susceptibilities, innate, extensible, incomprehensible, and eternal,' existing in my bosom, were infinitely more powerful than the shallow suggestions of reason—that ridculous thing which all wise men and judicious Asinæans sedulously stifle."

"Plague take the man, what is he talking about?" said Long Ned, who we have seen was of an envious temper, in a whisper to Old Bags. Old Bags shook his head.

"In a word, gentlemen," renewed Clifford, "your kindness overpowered me; and despite my cooler inclinations, I accepted your flattering proposal. Since then I have endeavored, so far as I have been able, to advance your interests; I have kept a vigilant eye upon all of my neighbors; I have, from county to county, established numerous correspondents; and our exertions have been carried on with a promptitude that has ensured success."

"Gentlemen, I do not wish to boast, but on these nights of periodical meetings, when every quarter brings us to go halves—when we meet in private to discuss the affairs of the public—show our earnings, as it were, in privy council, and divide them amicably, as it were, in the cabinet—('Hear! hear!' from Mr. Tomlinson),—it is customary for your captain for the time being to remind you of his services, engage your pardon for his deficiencies, and your good wishes for his future exertions.—Gentlemen! has it ever been said of Paul Lovett

that he heard of a prize and forgot to tell you of his news?—('Never! never!' loud cheering.)—Has it ever been said of him that he sent others to seize the booty, and stayed at home to think how it should be spent?—('No! no!' repeated cheers.)—Has it ever been said of him that he took less share than his due of your danger, and more of your guineas?—(Cries in the negative, accompanied with vehement applause).—Gentleman, I thank you for these flattering and audible testimonials in my favor; but the points on which I have dwelt, however necessary to my honor, would prove but little for my merits; they might be worthy notice in your comrade, you demand more subtle duties in your chief. Gentleman! has it ever been said of Paul Lovett that he sent out brave men on forlorn hopes? that he hazarded your own heads by *rash* attempts in acquiring pictures of King George's? that zeal, in short, was greater in him than caution? or that his love of a *quid** ever made him neglectful of your just aversion to a *quod?*†—(Unanimous cheering.)

"Gentleman! since I have had the honor to preside over your welfare, Fortune, which favors the bold, has not been unmerciful to you! But three of our companions have been missed from our peaceful festivities. One, gentleman, I myself expelled from our corps for ungentlemanlike practices: he picked pockets of *fogles*‡—it was a vulgar employment. Some of you, gentleman, have done the same for amusement—Jake Littlefork did it for occupation. I expostulated with him in public and in private; Mr. Pepper cut his society; Mr. Tomlinson read him an essay on Real Greatness of Soul: all was in vain. He was pumped by the mob for the theft of a *bird's eye wipe*. The fault I had borne with—the detection was unpardonable: I expelled him.—Who's here so base as would be a *fogle-hunter?* If any, speak; for him have I offended! Who's here so rude as would not be a gentleman? If any, speak; for him have I offended! I pause for a reply! What, none! then none have I offended. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I may truly add, that I have done no more to Jack Littlefork than you should do to Paul Lovett! The next vacancy in our ranks was occasioned by the loss of Patrick Blunderbull. You know, gentlemen, the vehement exertions that I made to save that misguided creature, whom I had made exertions no less earnest to instruct. But he chose to swindle under the name of the 'Honorable Captain Smico;' the Peerage gave him the lie at once, his case was one of aggravation, and he was so remarkably ugly, that he 'created no interest.' He left us for a foreign exile; and if as a man, I lament him, I confess to you, gentlemen, as a 'tax-collector,' I am easily consoled.

"Our third loss must be fresh in your memory. Peter popwell, as bold a fellow as ever breathed, is no more! (A movement in the assembly.)—Peace be with him! He kied on the field of battle; shot dead by a Scotch colonel, whom poor Popwell thought to rob of nothing with an empty pistol. His memory, gentlemen—in solemn silence!

"These make the catalogue of our losses,"—(resumed the youthful chief, as soon as the "red cup had crowned the memory" of Peter Popwell),—"I am proud, even in sorrow, to think that the blame of those losses rests not with me. And now, friends and followers! Gentlemen of the Road, the Street, the Theatre, and the Shop! Prigs, Toby-men, and Squires of the Cross! According to the laws of our Society, I resign into your hands that power which for two quarterly terms you have confided to mine, ready to sink into your ranks as a comrade, nor unwilling to renounce the painful honor I have borne;—borne with much infirmity, it is true; but at least with a sincere desire to serve that cause with which you have intrusted me."

So saying the captain descended from his chair amidst the most uproarious applause; and as soon as the first burst had partially subsided, Agustus Tomlinson rising, with one hand in his breeches' pocket and the other stretched out, said:

"Gentlemen. I move that Paul Lovett be again chosen as our Captain for the ensuing term of three months.—(Deafening cheers.) Much might I say about his surpassing merits; but why dwell upon that which is obvious? Life is short! Why should speeches be long? Our lives, perhaps, are shorter than the lives of other men: why should not our harangues be of a suitable brevity? Gentlemen, I shall say but one word in favor of my

* Quid—a gunea. † Quod—a prison.
‡ Handkerchiefs.

excellent friend; of mine, say I? ay, of mine, of yours. He is a friend to all of us! A prime minister is not more useful to his followers, and more burthensome to the public than I am proud to say is—Paul Lovett!—(Loud plaudits.)—What I shall urge in his favor is simply this: the man whom opposite parties unite in praising must have supereminent merit. Of all your companions, gentlemen, Paul Lovett is the only man who to that merit can advance a claim.—(Applause.)—You all know, gentlemen, that our body has long been divided into two factions; each jealous of the other—each desirous of ascendancy—and each emulous which shall put the greatest number of fingers into the public pie. In the language of the vulgar, the one faction would be called 'swindlers,' and the other 'highwaymen.' I, gentlemen, who am fond of finding new names for things, and for persons, and am a bit of a politician, call the one *Whigs*, and the other *Tories*.—(Clamorous cheering.)—Of the former body, I am esteemed no uninfluential member; of the latter faction, Mr. Bags is justly considered the most shining ornament. Mr. Attie and Mr. Edward Pepper can scarcely be said to belong entirely to either: they unite the good qualities of both: 'British compounds' some term them: I term them *Liberal Aristocrats!*—(Cheers.)—I now call upon you all, Whig or Swindler; Tory or Highwayman; 'British Compounds' or Liberal Aristocrats; I call upon you all, to name me one man whom you will all agree to elect?"

All—"Lovett for ever!"

"Gentlemen!" continued the sagacious Augustus, "that shout is sufficient; without another word, I propose, as your Captain, Mr. Paul Lovett."

"And I seconds the motion!" said old Mr. Bags.

Our hero, being now, by the unanimous applause of his confederates, restored to the chair of office, returned thanks in a neat speech; and Scarlet Jem declared, with great solemnity, that it did equal honor to his head and heart.

The thunders of eloquence being hushed, *flashes of lightning*, or, as the vulgar says, "glasses of gin," gleamed about. Good old Mr. Bags stuck, however, to his blue ruin, and Attie to the bottle of bingo: some, among whom, were Clifford and the wise Augustus, called for wine; and Clifford, who exerted himself to the utmost in supporting the gay duties of his station, took care that the song should vary the pleasures of the bowl. Of the songs we have only been enabled to preserve two. The first is by Long Ned; and, though we confess we can see but little in it, yet (perhaps from some familiar allusion or another, with which we are necessarily unacquainted), it produced a prodigious sensation,—it ran thus:—

THE ROGUE'S RECIPE.

"Your honest fool a rogue to make,
As great as can be seen, sir,—
Two hackney'd rogues you first must take,
Then place your fool between, sir.

Virtue's a dunghill cock, ashamed
Of self when pair'd with game ones;
And wildest elephants are tamed
If stuck betwixt two tame ones."

The other effusion with which we have the honor to favor our readers is a very amusing duet which took place between Fighting Attie and a tall thin robber, who was a dangerous fellow in a mob, and was therefore called Mobbing Francis; it was commenced by the latter:—

MOBBING FRANCIS.

"The best of all robbers as ever I know'd,
Is the bold Fighting Attie, the pride of the road!—
Fighting Attie, my hero, I saw you to-day
A purse full of yellow boys seize;
And as, just at present, *I'm low in the lay*,
I'll borrow a *quid*, if you please.
Oh! bold Fighting Attie—the knowing—the natty—
By us all it must sure be confest,
Though your shoppers and snobbers are pretty good robbers,
A soldier is always the best."

FIGHTING ATTIE.

"*Stubble* your *whids*,*
You wants to trick I.
Lend you my *quids?*
Not one, by Dickey."

MOBBING FRANCIS.

"Oh, what a beast is a niggardly ruffler,
Nabbing—grabbing all for himself;
Hang it, old fellow, I'll hit you a muffler,
Since you won't give me a pinch of the pelf.
You has not a heart for the *general distress*,—
You cares not a mag if our party should fall,
And if Scarlet Jem were not good at a press,
By Goles, it would soon be all up with us all!—
Oh, Scarlet Jem, he is trusty and trim,
Like his wig to his poll sticks his conscience to him:

* Hold your tongue.

But I vows I despises the fellow who prizes
More his own ends than the popular stock, sir;
And the soldier as bones for himself and his crones,
Should be boned like a traitor himself at the block, sir."

This severe response of Mobbing Francis's did not in the least ruffle the constitutional calmness of Fighting Attie; but the wary Clifford, seeing that Francis had lost his temper, and watchful over the least sign of disturbance among the company, instantly called for another song, and Mobbing Francis sullenly knocked down Old Bags.

The night was far gone, and so were the wits of the honest tax gatherers; when the president commanded silence, and the convivialists knew that their chief was about to issue forth the orders for the ensuing term. Nothing could be better timed than such directions,—during merriment, and before oblivion.

"Gentlemen!" said the captain, "I will now, with your leave, impart to you all the plans I have formed for each. You, Attie, shall repair to London: be the Windsor road and the purlieus of Pimlico your especial care. Look you, my hero, to these letters; they will apprise you of much work: I need not caution you to silence. Like the oyster, you never open your mouth but for something.—Honest Old Bags, a rich grazier will be in Smithfield on Thursday; his name is Hodges, and he will have somewhat like a thousand pounds in his pouch. He is green, fresh, and avaricious; offer to assist him in defrauding his neighbors in a bargain, and cease not till thou hast *done* that with him which he wished to do to others. Be—excellent old man,—like the frog-fish, which fishes for other fishes with two horns that resemble baits; the prey dart at the horns, and are down the throat in an instant!—For thee, dearest Jem, these letters announce a prize:—fat is Parson Pliant! full is his purse; and he rides from Henley to Oxford on Friday—I need say no more! As for the rest of you, gentlemen, on this paper you will see your destinations fixed. I warrant you, ye will find enough work till we meet again this day three months. Myself, Augustus Tomlinson, and Ned Pepper, remain at Bath; we have business in hand, gentlemen, of paramount importance; should you by accident meet us, never acknowledge us—we are *incog.*; striking at high game, and putting on falcon's plumes to do it in character—you understand; but this accident can scarcely occur, for none of you will remain at Bath; by to-morrow night, may the road receive you. And now, gentlemen, speed the glass, and I'll give you a sentiment by way of a spur to it—

"'Much sweeter than honey
Is other men's money!'"

Our hero's maxim was received with all the enthusiasm which agreeable truisms usually create. And old Mr. Bags rose to address the chair; unhappily for the edification of the audience, the veteran's foot slipped before he had proceeded farther than "Mr. President," he fell to the earth with a sort of reel—

"Like shooting stars he fell to rise no more!"

His body became a capital footstool for the luxurious Pepper. Now Augustus Tomlinson and Clifford, exchanging looks, took every possible pains to promote the hilarity of the evening; and, before the third hour of morning had sounded, they had the satisfaction of witnessing the effects of their benevolent labors in the prostrate forms of all their companions. Long Ned, naturally more capacious than the rest, succumbed the last.

"As leaves of trees," said the chairman, waving his hand—

"As leaves of trees the race of man is found,
Now *fresh with dew*, now withering on the ground."

"Well said, my Hector of Highways!" cried Tomlinson; and then helping himself to the wine, while he employed his legs in removing the supine forms of Scarlet Jem and Long Ned, he continued the Homeric quotation, with a pompous and self-gratulatory tone,—

"So flourish *these* when *those* have passed away!"

"We managed to get rid of our friends," began Clifford—

"Like Whigs in place," interrupted the politician.

"Right, Tomlinson, thanks to the milder properties of our drink, and, perchance, to the stronger qualities of our heads; and now tell me, my friend, what think you of our chance of success? Shall we catch an heiress or not?"

"Why really," said Tomlinson, "women are like those calculations in arithmetic, which

one can never bring to an exact account; for my part, I shall stuff my calves, and look out for a widow. You, my good fellow, seem to stand a fair chance with Miss ——"

"Oh, name her not!" cried Clifford, coloring, even through the flush which wine had spread over his countenance. "Ours are not the lips by which her name should be breathed; and faith, when I think of her, I do it anonymously,"

"What, *have* you ever thought of her before this evening?"

"Yes, for months," answered Clifford. "You remember some time ago, when we formed the plan for robbing Lord Mauleverer, how, rather for frolic than profit, you robbed Dr. Slopperton, of Warlock, while I compassionately walked home with the old gentleman. Well, at the parson's house, I met Miss Brandon;—mind, if I speak of her by name, *you* must not; and, by Heaven!—but I won't swear.—I accompanied her home. You know, before morning we robbed Lord Mauleverer; the affair made a noise, and I feared to endanger you all if I appeared in the vicinity of the robbery. Since then, business diverted my thoughts; we formed the plan of trying a matrimonial speculation at Bath. I came hither —guess my surprise at seeing *her*——"

"And your delight," added Tomlinson, "at hearing she is as rich as she is pretty."

"No!" answered Clifford, quickly; "that thought gives me no pleasure—you stare. I will try and explain. You know, dear Tomlinson, I'm not much of a canter, and yet my heart shrinks when I look on that innocent face, and hear that soft, happy voice, and think that my love to her can be only ruin and disgrace; nay, that my very address is contamination, and my very glance towards her an insult."

"Hey-day!" quoth Tomlinson; "have you been under my instructions, and learned the true value of words? and can you have any scruples left on so easy a point of conscience? True, you may call your representing yourself to her as an unprofessional gentleman, and so winning her affections, deceit; but why call it deceit when a '*genius for intrigue*' is so much nearer a phrase: in like manner, by marrying the goung lady, if you say *you have ruined her*, you justly deserve to be annihilated; but why not say you have '*saved yourself*,' and then, my dear fellow, you will have done the most justifiable thing in the world."

"Pish, man!" said Clifford, peevishly; "none of thy sophisms and sneers!"

"By the soul of Sir Edward Coke, I am serious!—But look you, my friend, this is not a matter where it is *convenient* to have a tender-footed conscience. You see these fellows on the ground!—all d—d clever, and so forth; but you and I are of a different order. I have had a classical education, seen the world, and mixed in decent society; you, too, had not been long a member of our club, before you distinguished yourself above us all. Fortune smiled on your youthful audacity. You grew particular in horses and dress, frequented public haunts, and being a deuced good-looking fellow, with an inborn air of gentility, and some sort of education, you became sufficiently well received to acquire, in a short time, the manner and tone of a —— what shall I say,— a gentleman, and the taste to like suitable associates. This is my case too! Despite our labors for the public weal, the ungrateful dogs see that we are above them; a single envious breast is sufficient to give us to the hangman; we have agreed that we are in danger, we have agreed to make an honorable retreat! we cannot do so without money; you know the vulgar distich among our set. Nothing can be truer—

"'Hanging is 'nation
More nice than starvation!'"

You will not carry off some of the common stock, though I think you justly might, considering how much you have put into it. What, then, shall we do! Work we cannot! Beg we will not! And, between you and me, we are cursedly extravagant! What remains but marriage?"

"It is true!" said Clifford with a half sigh.

"You may well sigh, my good fellow; marriage is a lackadaisical proceeding at best; but there is no resource: and now, when you have got a liking to a young lady who is as rich as a she-Crœsus, and so gilded the pill as bright as a lord mayor's coach, what the devil have you to do with scruples?"

Clifford made no answer, and there was a long pause; perhaps he would not have spoken so frankly as he had done, if the wine had not opened his heart.

"How proud," renewed Tomlinson, "the good old matron at Thames Court will be if you marry a lady! You have not seen her lately?"

"Not for years," answered our hero. "Poor old soul! I believe that she is well in health, and I take care that she should not be poor in pocket."

"But why not visit her? Perhaps, like all great men, especially of a liberal turn of mind, you are ashamed of old friends, eh?"

"My good fellow, is that like me? Why, you know the beaux of our set look askant on me for not keeping up my dignity, robbing only in company with well-dressed gentleman, and swindling under the name of a lord's nephew; no, my reasons are these:—first, you must know, that the old dame had set her heart on my turning out an honest man."

"And so you have!" interrupted Augustus; "honest to your party: what more would you have from either prig or politician?"

"I believe," continued Clifford, not heeding the interruption, "that my poor mother, before she died, desired that I might be reared honestly; and, strange as it may seem to you, Dame Lobkins is a conscientious woman in her own way—it is not her fault if I have turned out as I have done. Now I know well that it would grieve her to the quick to see me what I am. Secondly, my friend, under my new names, various as they are,—Jackson and Howard, Russell and Pigwiggin, Villiers and Gotobed, Cavendish and Solomons,—you may well suppose that the good persons of the neighborhood of Thames Court have no suspicion that the adventurous and accomplished ruffler, at present captain of this district, under the new appellation of Lovett, is in reality no other than the obscure and surnameless Paul of the Mug. Now you and I, Augustus, have read human nature, though in the *black letter;* and I know well that were I to make my appearance in Thames Court, and were the old lady—(as she certainly would, not from unkindness, but insobriety, not that she loves me less, but heavy wet more)—to divulge the secret of that appearance——"

"You know well," interrupted the vivacious Tomlinson, "that the identity of your former meanness with your present greatness would be easily traced; the envy and jealousy of your early friends aroused; a hint of your whereabout and your aliases given to the police, and yourself grabbed, with a slight possibility of a hempen consummation."

"You conceive me exactly!" answered Clifford; "the fact is, that I have observed in nine cases out of ten our bravest fellows have been taken off by the treachery of some early sweetheart or the envy of some boyish friend. My destiny is not yet fixed; I am worthy of better things than a ride in the cart with a nosegay in my hand; and though I care not much about death in itself, I am resolved, if possible, not to die a highwayman: hence my caution, and that prudental care for secrecy and safe asylums, which men, less wise than you, have so often thought an unnatural contrast to my conduct on the road."

"Fools!" said the philosophical Tomlinson; "what has the bravery of a warrior to do with his insuring his house from fire?"

"However," said Clifford, "I send my good nurse a fine gift every now and then to assure her of my safety; and thus, notwithstanding my absence, I show my affection by my *presents;*—excuse a pun."

"And have you never been detected by any of your quondam associates?"

"Never!—remember in what a much more elevated sphere of life I have been thrown; and who could recognize the scamp Paul with a fustian jacket in gentleman Paul with a laced waistcoat? Besides, I have diligently avoided every place where I was likely to encounter those who saw me in childhood. You know how little I frequent flash houses, and how scrupulous I am in admitting new confederates into our band; you and Pepper are the only two of my associates—(save my *protégé*, as you express it, who never deserts the cave)—that possess a knowledge of my identity with the lost Paul; and as ye have both taken that dread oath to silence, which to disobey, until, indeed, I be in the gaol or on the gibbet, is almost to be assassinated, I consider my secret is little likely to be broken, save with my own consent."

"True," said Augustus, nodding; "one more glass, and to bed, Mr. Chairman."

"I pledge you, my friend; our last glass shall be philanthropically quaffed;—'All fools, and may their money soon be parted!'"

"All fools!" cried Tomlinson, filling a bumper; "but I quarrel with the wisdom of

your toast;—may fools be rich, and rogues will never be poor! I would make a better livelihood of a rich fool than a landed estate."

So saying, the contemplative and ever-sagacious Tomlinson tossed off his bumper; and the pair, having kindly rolled by pedal applications the body of Long Ned into a safe and quiet corner of the room, mounted the stairs, arm-in-arm, in search of somnambular accommodations.

CHAPTER XVII.

"That contrast of the hardened and mature,
The calm brow brooding o'er the project dark,
With the clear loving heart, and spirit pure
Of youth—I love—yet, hating, love to mark!"
H. FLETCHER.

On the forenoon of the day after the ball, the carriage of William Brandon, packed and prepared, was at the door of his abode at Bath; meanwhile, the lawyer was closeted with his brother. "My dear Joseph," said the barrister, "I do not leave you without being fully sensible of your kindness evinced to me, both in coming hither, contrary to your habits, and accompanying me every where, despite of your tastes."

"Mention it not, my dear William," said the kind-hearted squire, "for your delightful society is to me the most agreeable—(and that's what I can say of very few people like you; for, for my own part, I generally find the cleverest men *the most unpleasant*)—*in the world!* And I think lawyers in particular—(very different, indeed, from your tribe *you are!*)—*perfectly intolerable!*"

"I have now," said Brandon, who with his usual nervous quickness of action was walking with rapid strides to and fro the apartment, and scarcely noted his brother's compliment—"I have now another favor to request of you.—Consider this house and these servants yours, for the next month or two at least. Don't interrupt me—it is no compliment—I speak for our family benefit." And then seating himself next to his brother's arm-chair, for a fit of the gout made the squire a close prisoner, Brandon unfolded to his brother his cherished scheme of marrying Lucy to Lord Mauleverer. Notwithstanding the constancy of the earl's attentions to the heiress, the honest squire had never dreamt of their papable object; and he was overpowered with surprise when he heard the lawyer's expectations.

"But, my dear brother," he began, "so great a match for my Lucy, the Lord-Lieutenant of the Coun——"

"And what of that?" cried Brandon proudly, and interrupting his brother; "is not the race of Brandon, which has matched its scions with royalty, far nobler than that of the upstart stock of Mauleverer?—What is there presumptuous in the hope that the descendant of the Earls of Suffolk should regild a faded name with some of the precious dust of the quondam silversmiths of London?—Besides," he continued, after a pause, "Lucy will be rich—very rich—and before two years my rank may possibly be of the same order as Mauleverer's!"

The squire stared; and Brandon, not giving him time to answer, resumed.—It is needless to detail the conversation; suffice it to say, that the artful barrister did not leave his brother till he had gained his point—till Joseph Brandon had promised to remain at Bath in possession of the house and establishment of his brother; to throw no impediment on the suit of Mauleverer; to cultivate society as before; and, above all, not to alarm Lucy, who evidently did not yet favor Mauleverer exclusively, by hinting to her the hopes and expectations of her uncle and father. Brandon, now taking leave of his brother, mounted to the drawing room in search of Lucy.

He found her leaning over the gilt cage of one of her feathered favorites, and speaking to the little inmate in that pretty and playful language in which all thoughts, innocent, yet fond, should be clothed. So beautiful did Lucy seem, as she was thus engaged in her girlish and caressing employment, and so utterly unlike one meet to be the instrument of ambitious designs, and the sacrifice of worldly calculations, that Brandon paused, suddenly smitten at heart, as he beheld her: he was not, however, slow in recovering himself; he approached. "Happy he," said the man of the world, "for whom caresses and words like these are reserved!"

Lucy turned. "It is ill!" she said, pointing to the bird, which sat with its feathers stiff and erect, mute and heedless even of that voice which was as musical as its own.

"Poor prisoner!" said Brandon; "even gilt cages and sweet tones cannot compensate to thee for the loss of the air and the wild woods!"

"But," said Lucy, anxiously, "it is not confinement which makes it ill! If you think so, I will release it instantly."

"How long have you had it?" asked Brandon.

"For three years!" said Lucy.

"And is it your *chief* favorite?"

"Yes; it does not sing so prettily as the other—but it is far more sensible, and *so* affectionate."

"Can you release it then?" asked Brandon, smiling. "Would it not be better to see it die in your custody, than to let it live and to see it no more?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Lucy, eagerly; "when I love any one—any thing—I wish that to be happy, not me!"

As she said this, she took the bird from the cage; and bearing it to the open window, kissed it, and held it on her hand in the air. The poor bird turned a languid and sickly eyd around it, as if the sight of the crowdeg houses and busy streets presented nothing familiar or inviting; and it was not till Lucy, with a tender courage, shook it gently from her, that it availed itself of the proffered liberty. It flew first to an opposite balcony; and then recovering from a short, and, as it were, surprised pause, took a brief circuit above the houses; and after disappearing for a few minutes, flew back, circled the window, and re-entering, settled once more on the fair form of its mistress and nestled into her bosom.

Lucy covered it with kisses. "You see it will not leave me!" said she.

"Who can?" said the uncle, warmly, charmed for the moment from every thought, but that of kindness for the young and soft creature before him—"Who can," he repeated with a sigh, "but an old and withered ascetic like myself? I must leave you indeed; see, my carriage is at the door! Will my beautiful niece, among the gaieties that surround her, condscend now and then to remember the crabbed lawyer, and assure him by a line of her happiness and health? Though I rarely write any notes but those upon cases, *you*, at least, may be sure of an answer. And tell me, Lucy, if there be in all this city one so foolish as to think that these idle gems, useful only as a vent for my pride in you, can add a single charm to a beauty above all ornament?"

So saying, Brandon produced a leathern case; and touching a spring, the imperial flash of diamonds, which would have made glad many a patrician heart, broke dazzlingly on Lucy's eyes.

"No thanks, Lucy," said Brandon, in answer to his niece's disclaiming and shrinking gratitude; "I do honor to myself, not you; and now bless you, dear girl. Farewell! Should any occasion present itself in which you require an immediate adviser, at once kind and wise, I beseech you, my dearest Lucy, as a parting request, to have no scruples in consulting Lord Mauleverer. Besides his friendship for me, he is much interested in you, and you may consult him with the more safety and assurance, because (and the lawyer smiled) he is perhaps the only man in the world whom my Lucy could not make in love with her. His gallantry may appear adulation, but it is never akin to love. Promise me, that you will not hesitate in this?"

Lucy gave the promise readily, and Brandon continued in a careless tone—"I hear that you danced last night with a young gentleman whom no one knew, aud whose companions bore a very strange appearance. In a place like Bath, society is too mixed not to render the greatest caution in forming acquaintances absolutely necessary. You must pardon me, my dearest niece, if I remark that a young lady owes it not only to herself, but to her relations, to observe the most rigid circumspection of conduct. This is a wicked world, and the peach-like bloom of character is easily rubbed away. In these points Mauleverer can be of great use to you. His knowledge of character—his penetration into men—and his tact in manners—are unerring. Pray, be guided by him: whomsoever he warns you against, you may be sure he is unworthy of your acquaintance. God bless you! you *will* write to me often and frankly, dear Lucy; tell me all that happens to you—all that interests, nay, all that displeases."

Brandon then, who had seemingly disregarded the blushes with which, during his speech, Lucy's cheeks had been spread, folded his niece in his arms, and hurried, as if to

hide his feelings, into his carriage. When the horses had turned the street, he directed the postilions to stop at Lord Mauleverer's. "Now," said he to himself, "if I can get this clever cox-comb to second my schemes, and play according to my game, and not according to his own vanity, I shall have a knight of the garter for my nephew-in law!"

Meanwhile Lucy, all in tears, for she loved her uncle greatly, ran down to the squire to show him Brandon's magnificent present.

"Ah!" said the squire, with a sigh, "few men were born with more good, generous, and great qualities—(pity only that his chief desire was to get on in the world; for my part, I think *no motive makes greater and more cold-hearted rogues*)—*than my brother William!*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Why did she love him?—Curious fool be still!
Is human love the growth of human will!
To her he might be gentleness!"—LORD BYRON.

IN three weeks from the time of his arrival, Captain Clifford was the most admired man in Bath. It is true, the gentlemen, who have a quicker tact as to the respectability of their own sex than women, might have looked a little shy upon him, had he not himself especially shunned appearing intrusive, and indeed rather avoided the society of men than courted it; so that after he had fought a duel with a baronet (the son of a shoemaker), who called him *one* Clifford; and had exhibited a flea-bitten horse, allowed to be the finest in Bath, he rose insensibly into a certain degree of respect with the one sex as well as popularity with the other. But what always attracted and kept alive suspicion, was his intimacy with so peculiar and *dashing* a gentleman as Mr. Edward Pepper. People could get over a certain frankness in Clifford's address, but the most lenient were astounded by the swagger of Long Ned. Clifford, however, not insensible to the ridicule attached to his acquaintances, soon managed to pursue his occupations alone; nay, he took a lodging to himself, and left Long Ned and Augustus Tomlinson (the latter to operate as a check on the former) to the quiet enjoyment of the hairdresser's apartments. He himself attended all public gaieties; and his mien, and the appearance of wealth which he maintained, procured him access into several private circles, which pretended to be exclusive: as if people who had daughters ever could be exclusive!

Many were the kind looks, nor few the inviting letters, which he received; and if his sole object had been to marry an heiress, he would have found no difficulty in attaining it. But he devoted himself entirely to Lucy Brandon; and to win one glance from her, he would have renounced all the heiresses in the kingdom. Most fortunately for him, Mauleverer, whose health was easily deranged, had fallen ill the very day William Brandon left Bath: and his lordship was thus rendered unable to watch the movements of Lucy, and undermine, or totally prevent the success of her lover. Miss Brandon, indeed, had at first, melted by the kindness of her uncle, and struck with the sense of his admonition (for she was no self-willed young lady, who was determined to be in love), received Captain Clifford's advances with a coldness which, from her manner the first evening they had met at Bath, occasioned him no less surprise than mortification. He retreated and recoiled on the squire, who, patient and bold, as usual, was sequestered in his favorite corner.

By accident, Clifford trod on the squire's gouty digital; and in apolizing for the offence, was so struck by the old gentleman's good nature and peculiarity of expressing himself, that without knowing who he was, hs entered into conversation with him. There was an off-hand sort of liveliness and candor, not to say wit, about Clifford, which always had a charm for the elderly, who generally like frankness above all the cardinal virtues; the squire was exceedingly pleased with him. The acquaintance, once begun, was naturally continued without difficulty when Clifford ascertained who was his new friend; and next morning, meeting in the pump-room, the squire asked Clifford to dinner. The *entrée* to the house thus gained, the rest was easy. Long before Mauleverer recovered his health, the mischief effected by his rival was almost beyond redress; and the heart of the pure, the simple, the affectionate Lucy Brandon, was more than half lost to the lawless and vagrant cavalier who officiates as the hero of this tale.

One morning, Clifford and Augustus strolled

out together. "Let us," said the latter, who was in a melancholy mood, "leave the busy streets, and indulge in a philosophical conversation on the nature of man, while we are enjoying a little fresh air in the country." Clifford assented to the proposal, and the pair slowly sauntered up one of the hills that surround the city of Bladud.

"There are certain moments," said Tomlinson, looking pensively down at his kerseymere gaiters, "when we are like the fox in the nursery rhyme, 'The fox had a wound, he could not tell where'—we feel extremely unhappy, and we cannot tell *why!*—a dark and sad melancholy grows over us—we shun the face of man—we wrap ourselves in our thoughts like silkworms—we mutter fag-ends of dismal songs—tears come into our eyes—we recall all the misfortunes that have ever happened to us—we stoop in our gait, and bury our hands in our breeches-pockets—we say 'what is life?—a stone to be shied into a horsepond!' We pine for some congenial heart—and have an itching desire to talk prodigiously about ourselves: all *other* subjects seem weary, stale, and unprofitable—we feel as if a fly could knock us down, and are in a humor to fall in love, and make a very sad piece of business of it. Yet with all this weakness we have, at these moments, a finer opinion of ourselves than we ever had before. We call our megrims the melancholy of a sublime soul—the yearnings of an indigestion we denominate yearnings after immortality—nay, sometimes 'a proof of the nature of the soul!' May I find some biographer who understands such sensations well, and may he style those melting emotions, the offspring of the poetical character,* which, in reality, are the offspring of—a mutton-chop!"

"You jest pleasantly enough on your low spirits," said Clifford; "but I have a cause for mine."

"What then?" cried Tomlinson. "So much the easier is it to cure them. The mind can cure the evils that spring *from* the mind; it is only a fool, and a quack, and a driveller, when it professes to heal the evils that spring from the body:—*my* blue devils spring from the body—consequently, my mind, which, as you know, is a particularly wise mind, wrestles not against them. Tell me frankly," renewed Augustus, after a pause "do you ever repent? Do you ever think, if you had been a shop-boy with a white apron about your middle, that you would have been a happier and a better member of society than you now are?"

"Repent!" said Clifford, fiercely; and his answer opened more of his secret heart, its motives, its reasonings, and its peculiarities, than were often discernible. "Repent—that is the idlest word in our language. No,—the moment I repent, that moment I reform! Never can it seem to me an atonement for crime merely to regret it—my mind would lead me not to regret, but to repair!—Repent!—no, not yet. The older I grow, the more I see of men and of the callings of social life—the more I, an open knave, sicken at the glossed and covert dishonesties around. I acknowledge no allegiance to society. From my birth to this hour, I have received no single favor from its customs or its laws;—openly I war against it, and patiently will I meet its revenge. This may be crime; but it looks light in my eyes when I gaze around, and survey on all sides the masked traitors who acknowledge large debts to society,—who profess to obey its laws—adore its institutions—and, above all—oh, how righteously!—attack all those who attack it, and who yet lie, and cheat, and defraud, and peculate,—publicly reaping all the comforts, privately filching all the profits. Repent!—of what? I come into the world friendless and poor—I find a body of laws hostile to the friendless and the poor! To those laws hostile to me, then, I acknowledge hostility in my turn. Between us are the conditions of war. Let them expose a weakness—I insist on my right to seize the advantage: let them defeat me, and I allow their right to destroy." *

"Passion," said Augustus coolly, "is the

* Vide Moore's *Life of Byron*. In which it is satisfactorily shown that, if a man fast forty-eight hours, then eat three lobsters, and drink Heaven knows how many bottles of claret—if, when he wake the next morning, he sees himself abused as a demon by half the periodicals of the country—if, in a word, he be broken in his health, irregular in his habits, unfortunate in his affairs, unhappy in his home—and if then he should be so extremely eccentric as to be low-spirited and misanthropical, the low spirits and the misanthropy are by no means to be attributed to the above agreeable circumstances, but—God wot—to the poetical character!"

* The author need not, he hopes, observe, that these sentiments are Mr. Paul Clifford's—not his.

usual enemy of reason—in your case it is the friend!"

The pair had now gained the summit of a hill which commanded a view of the city below. Here Augustus, who was a little short-winded, paused to recover breath. As soon as he had done so, he pointed with his forefinger to the scene beneath, and said enthusiastically—"What a subject for contemplation!"

Clifford was about to reply, when suddenly the sound of laughter and voices was heard behind—"Let us fly!" cried Augustus; "on this day of spleen man delights me not—nor woman either!"

"Stay!" said Clifford, in a trembling accent; for among those voices he recognized one which had already acquired over him an irresistible and bewitching power. Augustus sighed, and reluctantly remained motionless. Presently a winding in the road brought into view a party of pleasure, some on foot, some on horseback, others in the little vehicles which even at that day haunted watering-places, and called themselves "Flies" or "Swallows."

But among the gay procession Clifford had only eyes for one! Walking with that elastic step which so rarely survives the first epoch of youth, by the side of the heavy chair in which her father was drawn, the fair beauty of Lucy Brandon threw, at least in the eyes of her lover, a magic and a lustre over the whole group. He stood for a moment, stilling the heart that leaped at her bright looks and the gladness of her innocent langh; and then recovering himself, he walked slowly, and with a certain consciousness of the effect of his own singularly handsome person, towards the party. The good squire received him with his usual kindness, and informed him, according to that *lucidus ordo* which he so especially favored, of the whole particulars of their excursion. There was something worthy of an artist's sketch in the scene at that moment—the old squire in his chair, with his benevolent face turned towards Clifford, and his hands resting on his cane—Clifford himself bowing down his stately head to hear the details of the father;—the beautiful daughter on the other side of the chair, her laugh suddenly stilled, her gait insensibly more composed, and blush chasing blush over the smooth and peach-like loveliness of her cheek;—the party, of all sizes, ages, and attire, affording ample scope for the caricaturist; and the pensive figure of Augustus Tomlinson (who, by the by, was exceedingly like Liston) standing apart from the rest, on the brow of the hill where Clifford had left him, and moralizing on the motley procession, with one hand hid in his waistcoat, and the other caressing his chin, which slowly and pendulously with the rest of his head moved up and down.

As the party approached the brow of the hill, the view of the city below was so striking, that there was a general pause for the purpose of survey. One young lady, in particular, drew forth her pencil, and began sketching, while her mamma looked complacently on, and abstractly devoured a sandwich. It was at this time, in the general pause, that Clifford and Lucy found themselves—Heaven knows how!—next to each other, and at a sufficient distance from the squire and the rest of the party to feel, in some measure, alone. There was a silence in both which neither dared to break; when Lucy, after looking at and toying with a flower that she had brought from the place which the party had been to see, accidently dropped it; and Clifford and herself stopping at the same moment to recover it, their hands met. Involuntarily, Clifford detained the soft fingers in his own; his eyes, that encountered hers, so spell-bound and arrested them that for once they did not sink beneath his gaze; his lips moved, but many and vehement emotions so suffocated his voice that no sound escaped them.

But all the heart was in the eyes of each; that moment fixed their destinies. Henceforth there was an era from which they dated a new existence; a nucleus around which their thoughts, their remembrances, and their passions, clung. The great gulf was passed: they stood on the same shore; and felt, that though still apart and disunited, on that shore was no living creature but themselves! Meanwhile, Augustus Tomlinson, on finding himself surrounded by persons eager to gaze and to listen, broke from his moodiness and reserve. Looking full at his next neighbor, and flourishing his right hand in the air, till he suffered it to rest in the direction of the houses and chimneys below, he repeated that moral exclamation which had been wasted on Clifford, with

a more solemn and less passionate gravity than before—

"What a subject, ma'am, for contemplation!"

"Very sensibly said, indeed, sir," said the lady addressed, who was rather of a serious turn.

"I never," resumed Augustus in a louder key, and looking round for auditors,—"I never see a great town from the top of a hill, without thinking of an apothecary's shop?"

"Lord, sir!" said the lady. Tomlinson's end was gained:—struck with the quaintness of the notion, a little crowd gathered instantly around, to hear it farther developed.

"Of an apothecary's shop, ma'am!" repeated Tomlinson. "There lie your simples, and your purges, and your cordials, and your poisons; all things to heal, and to strengthen, and to destroy. There are drugs enough in that collection to save you, to cure you all; but none of you know how to use them, nor what medicines to ask for, nor what portions to take; so that the greater part of you swallow a wrong dose, and die of the remedy!"

"But if the town be the apothecary's shop, what, in the plan of your idea, stands for the apothecary?" asked an old gentleman, who perceived at what Tomlinson was driving.

"The apothecary, sir," answered Augustus, stealing his notion from Clifford, and sinking his voice, lest the true proprietor should overhear him—Clifford was otherwise employed—"The apothecary, sir, is the LAW! It is the law that stands behind the counter, and dispenses to each man the dose he should take. To the poor, it gives bad drugs gratuitously; to the rich, pills to stimulate the appetite: to the latter, premiums for luxury; to the former, only speedy refuges from life! Alas! either your apothecary is but an ignorart quack, or his science itself is but in its cradle. He blunders as much as you would do if left to your own selection. Those who have recourse to him seldom speak gratefully of his skill. He relieves you, it is true—but of your money, not your malady; and the only branch of his profession in which he is an adept, is that which enables him to *bleed* you!—O Mankind!" continued Augustus," "what noble creatures you ought to be! You have keys to all sciences, all arts, all mysteries, but one! You have not a notion how you ought to be governed!—you cannot frame a tolerable law for the life and soul of you! You make yourselves as uncomfortable as you can by all sorts of galling and vexatious institutions, and you throw the blame upon 'Fate.' You lay down rules it is impossible to comprehend, much less to obey; and you call each other monsters, because you cannot conquer the impossibility!"

You invent all sorts of vices, under pretence of making laws for preserving virtue; and the anomalous artificialities of conduct yourselves produce, you say you are born with;—you make a machine by the perversest art you can think of, and you call it with a sigh, 'Human Nature.' With a host of good dispositions struggling at your breasts, you insist upon libelling the Almighty, and declaring that He meant you to be wicked. Nay, you even call the man mischievous and seditious who begs and implores you to be one jot better than you are.—O Mankind! you are like a nosegay bought at Covent Garden. The flowers are lovely, the scent delicious;—mark that glorious hue! contemplate that bursting petal!—how beautiful, how redolent of health, of nature, of the dew and breath and blessing of Heaven, are you all! But as for the dirty piece of string that ties you together, one would think you had picked it out of the kennel!"

So saying, Tomlinson turned on his heel, broke away from the crowd, and solemnly descended the hill. The party of pleasure slowly followed; and Clifford, receiving an invitation from the squire to partake of his family dinner, walked by the side of Lucy, and felt as if his spirit were drunk with the airs of Eden.

A brother squire, who, among the gaieties of Bath, was almost as forlorn as Joseph Brandon himself, partook of the Lord of Warlock's hospitality. When the three gentlemen adjourned to the drawing-room, the two elder sat down to a game at backgammon, and Clifford was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of Lucy's conversation. She was sitting by the window when Clifford joined her. On the table by her side were scattered books, the charm of which (they were chiefly poetry) she had only of late learned to discover; *there* also were strewn various little masterpieces of female ingenuity, in which the fairy fingers of

Lucy Brandon were especially formed to excel. The shades of evening were rapidly darkening over the empty streets; and in the sky, which was cloudless and transparently clear, the stars came gradually out one by one, until,

"As water does a sponge, so *their soft light*
Fill'd the void, hollow, universal air."

Beautiful Evening! (if we, as well as Augustus Tomlinson, may indulge in an apostrophe)—Beautiful Evening! For thee all poets have had a song, and surrounded thee with rills, and waterfalls, and dews, and flowers, and sheep, and bats, and melancholy, and owls; yet we must confess that to us, who in this very sentimental age are a bustling. worldly, hard-minded person, jostling our neighbors, and thinking of the main chance; —to us, thou art never so charming, as when we meet thee walking in thy gray hood, through the emptying streets, and among the dying sounds of a city. We love to feel the stillness, where all, two hours back, was clamor. We love to see the dingy abodes, of Trade and Luxury, those restless patients of earth's constant fever, contrasted and canopied by a heaven full of purity, and quietness, and peace. We love to fill our thought with speculations on man,—even though the man be the muffin-man,—rather than with inanimate objects—hills and streams—things to dream about, not to meditate on.

Man is the subject of far nobler contemplation, of far more glowing hope, of a far purer and loftier vein of sentiment, than all the "floods and fells" in the universe;—and that, sweet Evening! is one reason why we like that the earnest and tender thoughts thou excitest within us, should be rather surrounded by the labors and tokens, of our species, than by sheep, and bats, and melancholy, and owls. But whether, most blessed Evening! thou delightest us in the country or in the town, thou equally disposest us to make and to feel love! —thou art the cause of more marriages, and more divorces, than any other time in the twenty-four hours. Eyes, that were common eyes to us before, touched by thy enchanting and magic shadows, become inspired, and preach to us of heaven. A softness settles on features that were harsh to us while the sun shone; a mellow "light of love" reposes on the complexion, which by day we would have steeped "full fathom five" in a sea of Mrs. Gowland's lotion.—What, then, thou modest hypocrite! to those who *already* and deeply love—what, then, of danger and of paradise dost thou bring?

Silent, and stilling the breath which heaved in both quick and fitfully, Lucy and Clifford sat together. The streets were utterly deserted, and the loneliness, as they looked below, made them feel the more intensely not only the emotions which swelled within them, but the undefined and electric sympathy which, in uniting them, divided them from the world. The quiet around was broken by a distant strain of rude music; and as it came nearer, two forms of no poetical order grew visible: the one was a poor blind man, who was drawing from his flute tones in which the melancholy beauty of the air compensated for any deficiency (the deficiency was but slight) in the execution. A woman much younger than the musician, and with something of beauty in her countenance, accompanied him, holding a tattered hat, and looking wistfully up at the windows of the silent street. We said two forms—we did the injustice of forgetfulness to another—a rugged and simple friend, it is true, but one that both minstrel and wife had many and moving reasons to love. This was a little wiry terrier, with dark piercing eyes, that glanced quickly and sagaciously in all quarters from beneath the shaggy covert that surrounded them; slowly the animal moved onward, pulling gently against the string by which he was held, and by which he guided his master. Once his fidelity was tempted: another dog invited him to play; the poor terrier looked anxiously and doubtingly round, and then uttering a low growl of denial, pursued

"The noiseless tenor of his way."

The little procession stopped beneath the window where Lucy and Clifford sat; for the quick eye of the women had perceived them, and she laid her hand on the blind man's arm, and whispered him. He took the hint, and changed his air into one of love. Clifford glanced at Lucy—her cheek was dyed in blushes. The air was over,—another succeeded—it was of the same kind; a third—the burthen was still unaltered; and then Clifford threw into the street a piece of money, and the dog wagged his abridged and dwarfed tail,

and darting forward, picked it up in his mouth; and the woman (she had a kind face!) patted the officious friend, even before he thanked the donor, and then she dropped the money with a cheering word or two into the blind man's pocket, and the three wanderers moved slowly on. Presently they came to a place where the street had been mended, and the stones lay scattered about. Here the woman no longer trusted to the dog's guidance, but anxiously hastened to the musician, and led him with evident tenderness and minute watchfulness over the rugged way. When they had passed the danger, the man stopped; and before he released the hand which had guided him, he pressed it gratefully, and then both the husband and wife stooped down and caressed the dog. This little scene—one of those rough copies of the loveliness of human affections, of which so many are scattered about the highways of the world—both the lovers had involuntarily watched; and now as they withdrew their eyes—those eyes settled on each other—Lucy's swam in tears.

"To be loved and tended by the one I love," said Clifford, in a low voice, "I would walk blind and bare foot over the whole earth!"

Lucy sighed very gently; and placing her pretty hands (the one clasped over the other) upon her knee, looked down wistfully on them, but made no answer. Clifford drew his chair nearer, and gazed on her as she sat; the long dark eyelash drooping over her eyes, and contrasting the ivory lids; her delicate profile half turned from him, and borrowing a more touching beauty from the soft light that dwelt upon it; and her full yet still scarcely developed bosom heaving at thoughts which she did not analyse, but was content to feel at once vague and delicious: he gazed and his lips trembled—he longed to speak—he longed to say but those words which convey what volumes have endeavored to express, and have only weakened by detail—"*I love.*" How he resisted the yearnings of his heart, we know not—but he did resist; and Lucy, after a confused and embarassed pause, took up one of the poems on the table, and asked him some questions about a particular passage in an old ballad which he had once pointed to her notice. The passage related to a border chief, one of the Armstrongs of old, who, having been seized by the English and condemned to death, vented his last feelings in a passionate address to his own home—his rude tower—and his newly wedded bride. "Do you believe," said Lucy, as their conversation began to flow, "that one so lawless, and eager for bloodshed and strife, as this robber is described to be, could be so capable of soft affections?"

"I do," said Clifford; "because he was not sensible that he was as criminal as you esteem him. If a man cherish the idea that his actions are not evil, he will retain at his heart all its better and gentler sensations as much as if he had never sinned. The savage murders his enemy, and when he returns home is not the less devoted to his friend, or the less anxious for his children. To harden and embrute the kindly dispositions, we must not only indulge in guilt, but feel that we are guilty. Oh! many that the world load with their opprobrium are capable of acts—nay, have committed acts, which in others the world would reverence and adore. Would you know whether a man's heart be shut to the power of love; ask what he is—not to his foes, but to his friends! Crime, too," continued Clifford, speaking fast and vehemently, while his eyes flashed and the dark blood rushed to his cheek—"Crime—what is crime? Men embody their worst prejudices, their most evil passions, in a heterogeneous and contradictory code, and whatever breaks this code they term a crime. When they make no distinction in the penalty—that is to say, in the estimation—awarded both to murder aud to a petty theft imposed on the weak will by famine, we ask nothing else to convince us that they are ignorant of the very nature of guilt, and that they make up in ferocity for the want of wisdom."

Lucy looked in alarm at the animated and fiery countenance of the speaker. Clifford recovered himself after a moment's pause, and rose from his seat, with the gay and frank laugh which made one of his peculiar characteristics. "There is a singularity in politics, Miss Brandon," said he, "which I dare say you have often observed, viz. that those who are least important, are always most noisy; and that the chief people who lose their temper, are those who have nothing to gain in return."

As Clifford spoke, the doors were thrown open, and some visitors to Miss Brandon were announced. The good squire was still immersed in the vicissitudes of his game, and the sole task of receiving and entertaining "the company," as the chambermaids have it, fell, as usual, upon Lucy. Fortunately for her, Clifford was one of those rare persons who possess eminently the talents of society. There was much in his gay and gallant temperament, accompanied as it was with sentiment and ardor, that resembled our *beau idéal* of those chevaliers, ordinarily peculiar to the Continent—heroes equally in the drawing-room and the field. Observant, courteous, witty, and versed in the various accomplishments that combine (that most unfrequent of all unions)! vivacity with grace, he was especially formed for that brilliant world from which his circumstances tended to exclude him.

Under different auspices, he might have been —— Pooh! We are running into a most pointless commonplace;—what might any man be under auspices different from those by which his life has been guided? Music soon succeeded to conversation, and Clifford's voice was of necessity put into requisition. Miss Brandon had just risen from the harpsichord, as he sat down to perform his part; and she stood by him with the rest of the group while he sung. Only twice his eye stole to that spot which her breath and form made sacred to him; once when he began, and once when he concluded his song. Perhaps the recollection of their conversation inspired him; certainly it dwelt upon his mind at the moment—threw a richer flush over his brow, and infused a more meaning and heartfelt softness into his tone.

STANZAS.

"When I leave thee, oh! ask not the world what that heart
Which adores thee to others may be!
I know that I sin when from thee I depart,
But my guilt shall not light upon thee!

My life is a river which glasses a ray
That hath deign'd to descend from above;
Whatever the banks that o'ershadow its way,
It mirrors the light of thy love.

Though the waves may run high when the night wind awakes,
And hurries the stream to its fall;
Though broken and wild be the billows it makes,
Thine image still trembles on all!"

While this ominous love between Clifford and Lucy was thus finding fresh food in every interview and every opportunity, the unfortunate Mauleverer, firmly persuaded that his complaint was a relapse of what he termed the "Warlock dyspepsia," was waging dire war with the remains of the beef and the pudding, which he tearfully assured his physicians "were lurking in his constitution." As Mauleverer, though complaisant—like most men of unmistakable rank—to all his acquaintances, whatever might be their grade,—possessed but very few friends intimate enough to enter his sick chamber, and none of that few were at Bath, it will readily be perceived that he was in blissful ignorance of the growing fortunes of his rival; and to say the exact truth, illness, which makes a man's thoughts turn very much upon himself, banished many of the most tender ideas usually floating in his mind around the image of Lucy Brandon. His pill superseded his passion; and he felt that there are draughts in the world more powerful in their effects than those in the phials of Alcidonis.*

He very often thought, it is true, how pleasant it would be for Lucy to smooth his pillow, and Lucy to prepare that mixture; but then Mauleverer had an excellent valet who hoped to play the part enacted by Gil Blas towards the honest Licentiate; and to nurse a legacy while he was nursing his master. And the earl, who was tolerably good-tempered, was forced to confess that it would be scarcely possible for any one "to know his ways better than Smoothson." Thus, during his illness, the fair form of his intended bride little troubled the peace of the noble adorer. And it was not till he found himself able to eat three good dinners consecutively, with a tolerable appetite, that Mauleverer recollected that he was violently in love. As soon as this idea was fully reinstated in his memory, and he had been permitted by his doctor to allow himself "a little cheerful society," Mauleverer resolved to go to the rooms for an hour or two.

It may be observed that most great personages have some favorite place, some cherished Baiæ, at which they love to throw off their state, and to play the amiable instead of the splendid; and Bath, at that time, from its gaiety, its ease, the variety of character to be

* See Marmontel's pretty tale of *Les Quatres Flacons*.

found in its haunts, and the obliging manner in which such characters exposed themselves to ridicule, was exactly the place calculated to please a man like Mauleverer, who loved at once to be admired and to satirize. He was therefore an idolized person at the city of Bladud; and as he entered the rooms he was surrounded by a whole band of imitators and sycophants, delighted to find his lordship looking so much better and declaring himself so convalescent. As soon as the earl had bowed and smiled and shaken hands sufficiently to sustain his reputation, he sauntered towards the dancers in search of Lucy.

He found her not only exactly in the same spot in which he had last beheld her, but dancing with exactly the same partner who had before provoked all the gallant nobleman's jealousy and wrath. Mauleverer, though not by any means addicted to preparing his compliments beforehand, had just been conning a delicate speech for Lucy; but no sooner did the person of her partner flash on him than the whole flattery vanished at once from his recollection. He felt himself grow pale; and when Lucy turned, and seeing him near, addressed him in the anxious and soft tone which she thought due to her uncle's friend on his recovery, Mauleverer bowed, confused and silent; and that green-eyed passion, which would have convulsed the *mind* of a true lover, altering a little the course of its fury, effectually disturbed the *manner* of the courtier.

Retreating to an obscure part of the room, where he could see all without being conspicuous, Mauleverer now employed himself in watching the motions and looks of the young pair. He was naturally a penetrating and quick observer, and in this instance jealousy sharpened his talents; he saw enough to convince him that Lucy was already attached to Clifford; and being, by that conviction, fully persuaded that Lucy was necessary to his own happiness, he resolved to lose not a moment in banishing Captain Clifford from her presence, or at least, in instituting such inquiries into that gentleman's relatives, rank, and respectability, as would, he hoped, render such banishment a necessary consequence of the research.

Fraught with this determination, Mauleverer repaired at once to the retreat of the squire, and engaging him in conversation, bluntly asked him, "Who the deuce Miss Brandon was dancing with?"

The squire, a little piqued at this *brusquerie*, replied by a long eulogium on Paul; and Mauleverer, after hearing it throughout with the blandest smile imaginable, told the squire, very politely, that he was sure Mr. Brandon's good nature had misled him. "Clifford!" said he, repeating the name,—"Clifford! It is one of those names which are particularly selected by persons nobody knows; first, because the name is good, and, secondly, because it is common. My long and dear friendship with your brother makes me feel peculiarly anxious on any point relative to his niece; and, indeed, my dear William, overrating, perhaps, my knowledge of the world, and my influence in society,—but not my affection for him,—besought me to assume the liberty of esteeming myself a friend, nay, even a relation of yours and Miss Brandon's; so that I trust you do not consider my caution impertinent."

The flattered squire assured him that he was particularly honored, so far from deeming his lordship—(which never could be the case with people so distinguished as *his lordship was, especially!*)—*impertinent.*

Lord Mauleverer, encouraged by this speech, artfully renewed, and succeeded, if not in convincing the squire that the handsome captain was a suspicious character, at least in persuading him that common prudence required that he should find out exactly who the handsome captain was, especially as he was in the habit of dining with the squire thrice a-week, and dancing with Lucy every night.

"See," said Mauleverer, "he approaches you; I will retreat to the chair by the fireplace, and you shall cross-examine him—I have no doubt you will do it with the utmost delicacy."

So saying, Mauleverer took possession of a seat where he was not absolutely beyond hearing (slightly deaf as he was) of the ensuing colloquy, though the position of his seat screened him from sight. Mauleverer was esteemed a man of the most punctilious honor in private life, and he would not have been seen in the act of listening to other people's conversation for the world.

Hemming with an air and resettling himself as Clifford approached, the squire thus skilfully commenced the attack: "Ah, ha! my

good Captain Clifford, and how do you do? I saw you—(and I am *very glad, my friend, as every one else is, to see you*)—*at a distance.* And where have you left my daughter?"

"Miss Brandon is dancing with Mr. Muskwell, sir," answered Clifford.

"Oh! she is!—Mr. Muskwell—humph!—Good family the Muskwells—came from Primrose Hall. Pray, Captain,—not that I want to know for my own sake, for I am a strange, odd person, I believe, and I am thoroughly convinced—(some people are censorious, and others, thank God, are not)!—of your respectability,—what family do you come from? You won't think my—my caution impertinent?" added the shrewd old gentleman, borrowing that phrase which he thought so friendly in the mouth of Lord Mauleverer.

Clifford colored for a moment, but replied with a quiet archness of look, "Family! oh, my dear sir, I come from an old family,—a very old family indeed."

"So I always thought; and in what part of the world?"

"Scotland, sir—all our family come from Scotland; viz. all who live long do—the rest die young."

"Ay, particular air does not agree with particular constitutions. I, for instance, could not live in all countries; not—you take me—in the North!"

"Few honest men *can* live there," said Clifford, drily.

"And," resumed the squire, a little embarrassed by the nature of his task, and the cool assurance of his young friend—

"And pray, Captain Clifford, what regiment do you belong to?"

"Regiment?—oh the Rifles!" answered Clifford. ("Deuce is in me," muttered he—"if I can resist a jest, though I break my neck over it.")

"A very gallant body of men!" said the squire.

"No doubt of that, sir!" rejoined Clifford.

"And do you think, Captain Clifford," renewed the squire, "that it is a good corps for getting on?"

"It is rather a bad one for getting off," muttered the Captain, and then aloud, "Why, we have not much interest at court, sir."

"Oh! but then there is a wider scope, as my brother the lawyer says—and no man knows better—for merit. I dare say you have seen many a man elevated from the ranks?"

"Nothing more common, sir, than such elevation; and so great is the virtue of our corps, that I have also known not a few willing to transfer the honor to their comrades."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the squire, opening his eyes at such disinterested magnanimity.

"But," said Clifford, who began to believe he might carry the equivoque too far, and who thought, despite of his jesting, that it was possible to strike out a more agreeable vein of conversation—"but, sir, if you remember, you have not yet finished that youthful hunting adventure of yours, when the hounds lost at Burnham Copse."

"Oh, very true," cried the squire, quite forgetting his late suspicions; and forthwith he began a story that promised to be as long as the chase it recorded. So charmed was he when he had finished it, with the character of the gentleman who had listened to it so delightedly, that on rejoining Mauleverer, he told the earl, with an important air, that he had strictly examined the young captain, and that he had fully convinced himself of the excellence of his family, as well as the rectitude of his morals. Mauleverer listened with a countenance of polite incredulity; he had heard but little of the conversation that had taken place between the pair; but on questioning the squire upon sundry particulars of Clifford's birth, parentage, and property, he found him exactly as ignorant as before. The courtier, however, seeing further expostulation was in vain, contented himself with patting the squire's shoulder, and saying, with a mysterious urbanity, "Ah, sir, you are too good!"

With these words he turned on his heel, and, not yet despairing, sought the daughter. He found Miss Brandon just released from dancing, and, with a kind of paternal gallantry, he offered his arm to parade the apartments. After some preliminary flourish, and reference, for the thousandth time, to his friendship for William Brandon, the earl spoke to her about that "fine-looking young man, who called himself Captain Clifford.

Unfortunately for Mauleverer, he grew a little too unguarded, as his resentment against the interference of Clifford warmed with his language, and he dropped in his anger one or

two words of caution, which especially offended the delicacy of Miss Brandon.

"Take care how I encourage, my lord!" said Lucy, with glowing cheeks, repeating the words which had so affronted her, "I really must beg you——"

"You mean, dear Miss Brandon," interrupted Mauleverer, squeezing her hand with respectful tenderness, "that you must beg me to apologize for my inadvertent expression. I do most sincerely. If I had felt less interest in your happiness, believe me, I should have been more guarded in my language."

Miss Brandon bowed stiffly, and the courtier saw, with secret rage, that the country beauty was not easily appeased, even by an apology from Lord Mauleverer. "I have seen the time," thought he, "when young unmarried ladies would have deemed *an affront* from *me* an honor! They would have gone into hysterics at an *apology!*" Before he had time to make his peace, the squire joined them; and Lucy taking her father's arm, expressed her wish to return home. The squire was delighted at the proposition. It would have been but civil in Mauleverer to offer his assistance in those little attentions preparatory to female departure from balls. He hesitated for a moment—"It keeps one so long in those cursed thorough draughts," thought he, shivering. "Besides, it is just possible that I may not marry her, and it is no good risking a cold (above all, at the beginning of winter) for nothing!" Fraught with this prudential policy, Mauleverer then resigned Lucy to her father, and murmuring in her ear that "her displeasure made him the most wretched of men," concluded his adieu by a bow penitentially graceful.

About five minutes afterwards, he himself withdrew. As he was wrapping his corporeal treasure in his *roquelaire* of sables, previous to immersing himself in his chair, he had the mortification of seeing Lucy, who with her father, from some cause or other, had been delayed in the hall, handed to the carriage by Captain Clifford. Had the earl watched more narrowly than in the anxious cares due to himself he was enabled to do, he would, to his consolation, have noted that Lucy gave her hand with an averted and cool air, and that Clifford's expressive features bore rather the aspect of mortification than triumph.

He did not, however, see more than the action; and as he was borne homeward with his flambeaux and footmen preceding him, and the watchful Smoothson by the side of the little vehicle, he muttered his determination of writing by the very next post to Brandon, all his anger for Lucy, and all his jealousy of her evident lover.

While this doughty resolve was animating the great soul of Mauleverer, Lucy reached her own room, bolted the door, and throwing herself on her bed, burst into a long and bitter paroxysm of tears. So unusual were such visitors to her happy and buoyant temper, that there was something almost alarming in the earnestness and obstinacy with which she now wept.

"What!" said she, bitterly, "have I placed my affections upon a man of uncertain character! and is my infatuation so clear, than an acquaintance dare hint at its imprudence? And yet his manner—his tone! No, no, there can be no reason for shame in loving him!" And as she said this, her heart smote her for the coldness of her manner towards Clifford, on his taking leave of her for the evening. "Am I," she thought, weeping yet more vehemently than before—"am I so worldly, so base, as to feel altered towards him the moment I hear a syllable breathed against his name? Should I not, on the contrary, have clung to his image with a greater love, if he were attacked by others? But my father, my dear father, and my kind, prudent uncle, something is due to them; and they would break their hearts if I loved one whom they deemed unworthy. Why should I not summon courage, and tell him of the suspicions respecting him? One candid word would dispel them. Surely it would be but kind in me towards him, to give him an opportunity of disproving all false and dishonoring conjectures. And why this reserve, when so often, by look and hint, if not by open avowal, he has declared that he loves me, and knows—he *must* know—that he is not indifferent to me? Why does he never speak of his parents, his relations, his home?"

And Lucy, as she asked this question, drew from a bosom whose hue and shape might have rivalled hers who won Cymon to be wise,*

* See Dryden's poem of *Cymon and Iphigenia.*

a drawing which she herself had secretly made of her lover, and which, though inartificially and even rudely done, yet had caught the inspiration of memory, and breathed the very features and air that were stamped already ineffaceably upon a heart too holy for so sullied an idol. She gazed upon the portrait as if it could answer her question of the original; and as she looked, her tears slowly ceased, and her innocent countenance relapsed gradually into its usual and eloquent serenity. Never, perhaps, could Lucy's own portrait have been taken at a more favorable moment. The unconscious grace of her attitude; her dress loosened; the modest and youthful voluptuousness of her beauty; the tender cheek to which the virgin bloom, banished for awhile, was now all glowingly returning; the little white soft hand on which that cheek leaned, while the other contained the picture upon which her eyes fed; the half smile just conjured to her full, red, dewy lips, and gone the moment after, yet again restored; all made a picture of such enchanting loveliness, that we question whether Shakespeare himself could have fancied an earthly shape more meet to embody the vision of a Mirando or a Viola. The quiet and maiden neatness of the apartment gave effect to the charm; and there was a poetry even in the snowy furniture of the bed, the shutters partly unclosed and admitting a glimpse of the silver moon, and the solitary lamp just contending with the purer ray of the skies, and so throwing a mixed and softened light around the chamber.

She was yet gazing on the drawing, when a faint stream of music stole through the air beneath her window, and it gradually rose till the sound of a guitar became distinct and clear, suiting with, not disturbing, the moonlit stillness of the night. The gallantry and romance of a former day, though at the time of our story subsiding, were not quite dispelled; and nightly serenades under the casements of a distinguished beauty were by no means of unfrequent occurrence. But Lucy, as the music floated upon her ear, blushed deeper and deeper, as if it had a dearer source to her heart than ordinary gallantry; and raising herself on one arm from her incumbent position, she leaned forward to catch the sound with a greater and more unerring certainty.

After a prelude of some moments, a clear and sweet voice accompanied the instrument, and the words of the song were as follows:—

CLIFFORD'S SERENADE.

"There is a world where every night
My spirit meets and walks with thine;
And hopes—I dare not tell thee—light
Like stars of Love—that world of mine!

Sleep!—to the waking world my heart
Hath now, methinks, a stranger grown:
Ah, sleep! that I may feel thou art
Within *one* world that is my own."

As the music died away, Lucy sank back once more, and the drawing which she held was pressed (with cheeks glowing, though unseen, at the act) to her lips. And though the character of her lover was uncleared, though she herself had come to no distinct resolution even to inform him of the rumors against his name, yet so easily restored was her trust in him, and so soothing the very thought of his vigilence and his love, that before an hour had passed, her eyes were closed in sleep; the drawing was laid, as a spell against grief, under her pillow; and in her dreams she murmured *his* name, and unconscious of reality and the future, smiled tenderly as she did so!

CHAPTER XIX.

Come, the plot thickens! and another fold
Of the warm cloak of mystery wraps us around.
* * * *
* * * *
And for their loves?
Behold the seal is on them!"
—*Tanner of Tyburn.*

We must not suppose that Clifford's manner and tone were towards Lucy Brandon such as they seemed to others. Love refines every roughness; and that truth which nurtures tenderness is never barren of grace. Whatever the habits and comrades of Clifford's life, he had at heart many good and generous qualities. They were not often perceptible it is true—first-because he was of a gay and reckless turn; secondly, because he was not easily affected by any external circumstances; and thirdly, because he had the policy to affect among his comrades only such qualities as were likely to give him influence with them. Still, however,

his better genius broke out whenever an opportunity presented itself. Though no "Corsair," romantic and unreal, an Ossianic shadow becoming more vast in proportion as it recedes from substance; though no grandly-imagined lie to the fair proportions of human nature, but an erring man in a very prosaic and homely world: Clifford still mingled a certain generosity and chivalric spirit of enterprise even with the practices of his profession. Although the name of Lovett, by which he was chiefly known, was one peculiarly distinguished in the annals of the adventurous, it had never been coupled with rumors of cruelty or outrage; and it was often associated with anecdotes of courage, courtesy, good humor, or forbearance.

He was one whom a real love was peculiarly calculated to soften and to redeem. The boldness the candor, the unselfishness of his temper, were components of nature upon which affection invariably takes a strong and deep hold. Besides, Clifford was of an eager and aspiring turn; and the same temper and abilities which had in a very few years raised him in influence and popularity far above all the chivalric band with whom he was connected, when once inflamed and elevated by a higher passion, were likely to arouse his ambition from the level of his present pursuits, and reform him, ere too late, into a useful, nay, even an honorable member of society. We trust that the reader has already perceived that, despite his early circumstances, his manner and address were not such as to unfit him for a lady's love. The comparative refinement of his exterior is easy of explanation, for he possessed a natural and inborn gentility, a quick turn for observation, a ready sense both of the ridiculous and the graceful; and these are materials which are soon and lightly wrought from coarseness into polish. He had been thrown, too, among the leaders and heroes of his band; many not absolutely low in birth, nor debased in habit.

He had associated with the Barringtons of the day: gentlemen who were admired at Ranelagh, and made speeches worthy of Cicero when they were summoned to trial. He had played his part in public places; and, as Tomlinson was wont to say after his classic fashion, "the triumphs accomplished in the field had been planned in the ball-room." In short, he was one of those accomplished and elegant highwaymen of whom we yet read wonders, and by whom it would have been delightful to have been robbed: and the aptness of intellect which grew into wit with his friends, softened into sentiment with his mistress. There is something, too, in beauty (and Clifford's person, as we have before said, was possessed of even uncommon attractions) which lifts a beggar into nobility: and there was a distinction in his gait and look which supplied the air of rank, and the tone of courts. Men, indeed, skilled like Mauleverer in the subtleties of manner, might perhaps have easily detected in him the want of that indescribable essence possessed only by persons reared in good society; but that want being shared by so many persons of indisputable birth and fortune, conveyed no particular reproach.

To Lucy, indeed, brought up in seclusion, and seeing at Warlock none calculated to refine her taste in the fashion of an air or phrase to a very fastidious standard of perfection, this want was perfectly imperceptible: she remarked in her lover only a figure everywhere unequalled—an eye always eloquent with admiration—a step from which grace could never be divorced—a voice that spoke in a silver key, and uttered flatteries delicate in thought and poetical in word:—even a certain originality of mind, remark, and character occasionally approaching to the *bizarre*, yet sometimes also to the elevated, possessed a charm for the imagination of a young and not unenthusiastic female, and contrasted favorably, rather than the reverse, with the dull insipidity of those she ordinarily saw. Nor are we sure that the mystery thrown about him, irksome as it was to her, and discreditable as it appeared to others, was altogether ineffectual in increasing her love for the adventurer; and thus Fate, which transmutes in her magic crucible all opposing metals into that one which she is desirous to produce, swelled the wealth of an ill-placed and ominous passion by the very circumstances which should have counteracted and destroyed it.

We are willing, by what we have said, not to defend Clifford, but to redeem Lucy in the opinion of our readers for loving so unwisely; and when they remember her youth, her education, her privation of a mother, of all female friendship, even of the vigilant and unrelaxing care of some protector of the opposite sex, we

do not think that what was so natural will be considered by any inexcusable.

Mauleverer woke the morning after the ball in better health than usual, and, consequently, more in love than ever. According to his resolution the night before, he sat down to write a long letter to William Brandon; it was amusing and witty as usual; but the wily nobleman succeeded, under the cover of wit, in conveying to Brandon's mind a serious apprehension lest his cherished matrimonial project should altogether fail. The account of Lucy and of Captain Clifford, contained in the epistle, instilled, indeed, a double portion of sourness into the professionally acrid mind of the lawyer; and as it so happened that he read the letter just before attending the court upon a case in which he was counsel to the crown, the witnesses on the opposite side of the question felt the full effects of the barrister's ill-humor.

The case was one in which the defendant had been engaged in swindling transactions to a very large amount; and, amongst his agents and assistants, was a person of the very lowest orders—but who, seemingly enjoying large connections, and possessing natural acuteness and address, appeared to have been of great use in receiving and disposing of such goods as were fraudulently obtained. As a witness against the latter person appeared a pawnbroker, who produced certain articles that had been pledged to him at different times by this humble agent. Now, Brandon, in examining the guilty go-between, became the more terribly severe, in proportion as the man evinced that semblance of unconscious stolidity which the lower orders can so ingeniously assume, and which is so peculiarly adapted to enrage and to baffle the gentlemen of the bar. At length, Brandon entirely subduing and quelling the stubborn hypocrisy of the culprit, the man turned towards him a look between wrath and beseechingness, muttering:—

"Aha!—*if* so be, Counsellor Prandon, you knew vat I knows, you vould not go for to bully *I* so!"

"And pray, my good fellow, what is it that you know that should make me treat you as if I thought you an honest man?"

The witness had now relapsed into sullenness, and only answered by a sort of grunt. Brandon, who knew well how to sting a witness into communicativeness, continued his questioning, till the witness re-aroused into anger, and, it may be, into indiscretion, said, in a low voice,—

"Hax Mr. Swoppem (the pawn-broker) what I sold 'im on the 15th hof February, exactly twenty-three years ago?"

Brandon started back, his lips grew white, he clenched his hands with a convulsive spasm; and while all his features seemed distorted with an earnest, yet fearful intensity of expectation, he poured forth a volley of questions, so incoherent and so irrelevant, that he was immediately called to order by his learned brother on the opposite side. Nothing farther could be extracted from the witness. The pawnbroker was re-summoned: he appeared somewhat disconcerted by an appeal to his memory so far back as twenty-three years; but after taking some time to consider, during which the agitation of the usually cold and possessed Brandon was remarkable to all the court, he declared that he recollected no transaction whatsoever with the witness at that time. In vain were all Brandon's efforts to procure a more elucidatory answer. The pawnbroker was impenetrable, and the lawyer was compelled reluctantly to dismiss him. The moment the witness left the box, Brandon sunk into a gloomy abstraction—he seemed quite to forget the business and the duties of the court; and so negligently did he continue to conclude the case, so purposeless was the rest of his examination and cross-examination, that the cause was entirely marred, and a verdict "Not guily" returned by the jury.

The moment he left the court, Brandon repaired to the pawnbroker's; and after a conversation with Mr. Swoppem, in which he satisfied that honest tradesman that his object was rather to reward than intimidate, Swoppem confessed that, twenty-three years ago, the witness had met him at a public-house in Devereux Court, in company with two other men, and sold him several articles in plate, ornaments, etc. The great bulk of these articles had, of course, long left the pawnbroker's abode; but he still thought a stray trinket or two—not of sufficient worth to be re-set or re-modelled, nor of sufficient fashion to find a ready sale—lingered in his drawers. Eagerly, and with trembling hands, did Brandon toss over the motley contents of the ma-

hogany reservoirs which the pawnbroker now submitted to his scrutiny. Nothing on earth is so melancholy a prospect as a pawnbroker's drawer! Those little, quaint, valueless ornaments,—those true-lovers'-knots, those oval lockets, those battered rings, girdled by initials, or some brief inscription of regard or of grief,—what tales of past affections, hopes, and sorrows, do they not tell! But no sentiment of so general a sort ever saddened the hard mind of William Brandon, and now less than at any time could such reflections have occurred to him. Impatiently he threw on the table, one after another, the baubles once hoarded, perchance, with the tenderest respect, till, at length, his eyes sparkled, and with a nervous gripe he seized upon an old ring, which was inscribed with letters, and circled a heart containing hair. The inscription was simply, "W. B. to Julia."

Strange and dark was the expression that settled on Brandon's face as he regarded this seemingly worthless trinket. After a moment's gaze, he uttered an inarticulate exclamation, and thrusting it into his pocket, renewed his search. He found one or two other trifles of a similar nature: one was an ill-done miniature set in silver, and bearing at the back sundry half-effaced letters, which Brandon construed at once (though no other eye could) into "Sir John Brandon, 1635, Ætat. 28;" the other was a seal stamped with the noble crest of the house of Brandon, 'A bull's head, ducally crowned and armed, Or.' As soon as Brandon had possessed himself of these treasures, and arrived at the conviction that the place held no more, he assured the conscientious Swoppem of his regard for that person's safety, rewarded him munificently, and went his way to Bow street for a warrant against the witness who had commended him to the pawnbroker. On his road thither, a new resolution occurred to him: "Why make all public," he muttered to himself, "if it *can* be avoided? and it *may* be avoided!" He paused a moment,—then retraced his way to the pawnbroker's, and, after a brief mandate to Mr. Swoppem, returned home. In the course of the same evening, the witness we refer to was brought to the lawyer's house by Mr. Swoppem, and there held a long and private conversation with Brandon; the result of this seemed a compact to their mutual satisfaction, for the man went away safe, with a heavy purse and a light heart, although sundry shades and misgivings did certainly ever and anon cross the latter; while Brandon flung himself back in his seat, with the triumphant air of one who has accomplished some great measure, and his dark face betrayed in every feature a joyousness and hope which were unfrequent guests, it must be owned, either to his countenance or his heart.

So good a man of business, however, was William Brandon, that he allowed not the event of that day to defer beyond the night his attention to his designs for the aggrandizement of his niece and house. By daybreak the next morning, he had written to Lord Mauleverer, to his brother, and to Lucy. To the last, his letter, couched in all the anxiety of fondness, and the caution of affectionate experience, was well calculated to occasion that mingled shame and soreness which the wary lawyer rightly judged would be the most effectual enemy to an incipient passion. "I have accidentally heard," he wrote, "from a friend of mine, just arrived from Bath, of the glaring attentions paid to you by a Captain Clifford; I will not, my dearest niece, wound you by repeating what also I heard of your manner in receiving them. I know the ill-nature and the envy of the world; and I do not for a moment imagine that my Lucy, of whom I am so justly proud, would countenance, from a petty coquetry, the advances of one whom she could never marry, or evince to any suitor partiality unknown to her relations, and certainly placed in a quarter which could never receive their approbation. I do not credit the reports of the idle, my dear niece; but if I discredit, you must not slight them. I call upon your prudence, your delicacy, your discretion, your sense of right, at once, and effectually, to put a stop to all impertinent rumors: dance with this young man no more; do not let him be of your party in any place of amusement, public or private; avoid even seeing him if you are able, and throw in your manner towards him that decided coldness which the world cannot mistake."

Much more did the skilful uncle write, but all to the same purpose, and for the futherance of the same design. His letter to his brother was no less artful. He told him at once that Lucy's preference of the suit of a handsome

fortune-hunter was the public talk, and besought him to lose not a moment in quelling the rumor. "You may do so easily," he wrote, "by avoiding the young man; and should he be very importunate, return at once to Warlock; your daughter's welfare must be dearer to you than any thing."

To Mauleverer, Brandon replied by a letter which turned first on public matters, and then slid carelessly into the subject of the earl's information.

Among the admonitions which he ventured to give Mauleverer, he dwelt, not without reason, on the want of tact displayed by the earl, in not manifesting that pomp and show which his station in life enabled him to do. "Remember," he urged, "you are not among your equals, by whom unnecessary parade begins to be considered an ostentatious vulgarity. The surest method of dazzling our inferiors is by splendor—not taste. All young persons—all women in particular, are caught by show, and enamoured of magnificence. Assume a greater state, and you will be more talked of; and notoriety wins a woman's heart more than beauty or youth. You have, forgive me, played the boy too long; a certain dignity becomes your manhood: women will not respect you if you suffer yourself to 'become stale and cheap to vulgar company.'

"You are like a man who has fifty advantages, and uses only one of them to gain his point, when you rely on your conversation and your manner, and throw away the resources of your wealth and your station. Any private gentleman may be amiable and witty; but any private gentleman cannot call to his aid the Aladdin's lamp possessed in England by a wealthy peer. Look to this, my dear lord; Lucy at heart is vain, or she is not a woman. Dazzle her, then,—dazzle! Love may be blind, but it must be made so by excess of light. You have a country-house within a few miles of Bath. Why not take up your abode there instead of in a paltry lodging in the town? Give sumptuous entertainments,—make it necessary for all the world to attend them,—exclude, of course, this Captain Clifford; you will then meet Lucy without a rival. At present, excepting only your title, you fight on a level ground with this adventurer, instead of an eminence from which you could in an instant sweep him away. Nay, he is stronger than you; he has the opportunities afforded by a partnership in balls where you cannot appear to advantage; he is, you say, in the first bloom of youth,—he is handsome. Reflect!—your destiny, so far as Lucy is concerned, is in your hands. I turn to other subjects," etc.

As Brandon re-read, ere he signed, this last letter, a bitter smile sat on his harsh, yet handsome features. "If," said he, mentally, "I can effect this object; if Mauleverer does marry this girl, why so much the better that she has another, a fairer, and a more welcome lover. By the great principle of scorn within me, which has enabled me to sneer at what weaker minds adore, and make a footstool of that worldly honor which fools set up as a throne, it would be to me more sweet than fame—ay, or even than power—to see this fine-spun lord a gibe in the mouths of men,—a cuckold—a cuckold!" and as he said the last word Brandon laughed outright. "And he thinks, too," added he, "that he is sure of my fortune; otherwise, perhaps, he, the goldsmith's descendant, would not dignify our house with his proposals; but he may err there—he may err there;"—and finishing his soliloquy, Brandon finished also his letter by—"Adieu, my dear lord, your most affectionate friend!"

It is not difficult to conjecture the effect produced upon Lucy by Brandon's letter: it made her wretched; she refused for days to go out; she shut herself up in her apartment, and consumed the time in tears and struggles with her own heart. Sometimes, what she conceived to be her duty conquered, and she resolved to forswear her lover; but the night undid the labor of the day: for at night, every night, the sound of her lover's voice, accompanied by music, melted away her resolution and made her once more all tenderness and trust. The words, too, sung under her window, were especially suited to affect her; they breathed a melancholy which touched her the more from its harmony with her own thoughts. One while they complained of absence, at another they hinted at neglect; but there was always in them a tone, of humiliation, not reproach: they bespoke a sense of unworthiness in the lover, and confessed that even the love was a crime: and in proportion as they owned the want of desert, did Lucy

more firmly cling to the belief that her lover was deserving.

The old squire was greatly disconcerted by his brother's letter. Though impressed with the idea of self-consequence, and the love of tolerably pure blood, common to most country squires, he was by no means ambitious for his daughter. On the contrary, the same feeling which at Warlock had made him choose his companions among the inferior gentry, made him averse to the thought of a son-in-law from the peerage. In spite of Mauleverer's good nature, the very case of the earl annoyed him, and he never felt at home in his society. To Clifford he had a great liking; and having convinced himself that there was nothing to suspect in the young gentleman, he saw no earthly reason why so agreeable a companion should not be an agreeable son-in-law. "If he be poor," thought the squire, "though he does not seem so, Lucy is rich!" And this truism appeared to him to answer every objection. Nevertheless, William Brandon possessed a remarkable influence over the weaker mind of his brother; and the squire, though with great reluctance, resolved to adopt his advice.

He shut his doors against Clifford, and when he met him in the streets, instead of greeting him with his wonted cordiality, he passed him with a hasty "Good day, captain!" which, after the first day or two, merged into a distant bow. Whenever very good-hearted people are rude, and unjustly so, the rudeness is in the extreme. The squire felt it so irksome to be less familiar than heretofore with Clifford, that his only remaining desire was now to drop him altogether; and to this consummation of acquaintance the gradually cooling salute appeared rapidly approaching. Meanwhile, Clifford, unable to see Lucy, shunned by her father, and obtaining in answer to all inquiry rude looks from the footman, whom nothing but the most resolute command over his muscles prevented him from knocking down, began to feel, perhaps, for the first time in his life, that an equivocal character is at least no equivocal misfortune. To add to his distress, "the earnings of his previous industry"—we use the expression cherished by the wise Tomlinson—waxed gradually less and less, beneath the expenses of Bath; and the murmuring voices of his two comrades began already to reproach their chief for his inglorious idleness, and to hint at the necessity of a speedy exertion.

CHAPTER XX.

"*Whackum.* Look you there, now! Well all Europe cannot show a knot of finer wits and braver gentlemen.

Dingboy. Faith, they are pretty smart men."

SHADWELL'S *Scourers.*

THE world of Bath was of a sudden delighted by the intelligence that Lord Mauleverer had gone to Beauvale (the beautiful seat possessed by that nobleman in the neighborhood of Bath), with the intention of there holding a series of sumptuous entertainments.

The first persons to whom the gay earl announced his "hospitable purpose" were Mr. and Miss Brandon: he called at their house, and declared his resolution of not leaving it till Lucy (who was in her own room) consented to gratify him with an interview, and a promise to be the queen of his purposed festival. Lucy, teased by her father, descended to the drawing-room spiritless and pale; and the earl, struck by the alteration of her appearance, took her hand, and made his inquiries with so interested and feeling a semblance of kindness, as prepossessed the father, for the first time, in his favor, and touched even the daughter. So earnest, too, was his request that she would honor his festivities with her presence, and with so skilful a flattery was it conveyed, that the squire undertook to promise the favor in her name; and when the earl, declaring he was not contented with that promise from another, appealed to Lucy herself, her denial was soon melted into a positive, though a reluctant assent.

Delighted with his success, and more struck with Lucy's loveliness, refined as it was by her paleness, that he had ever been before, Mauleverer left the house, and calculated, with greater accuracy than he had hitherto done, the probable fortune Lucy would derive from her uncle.

No sooner were the cards issued for Lord Mauleverer's *fête*, than nothing else was talked of among the circles which, at Bath, people were pleased to term "the World."

But, in the interim, caps are making, and

talk flowing, at Bath; and when it was found that Lord Mauleverer—the good-natured Lord Mauleverer!—the obliging Lord Mauleverer!—was really going to be exclusive, and out of a thousand acquaintances to select only eight hundred, it is amazing how his popularity deepened into respect. Now, then, came anxiety and triumph; she who was asked turned her back upon her who was not,—old friendships dissolved,—Independance wrote letters for a ticket,—and, as England is the freest country in the world, all the Mistresses Hodges and Snodges begged to take the liberty of bringing their youngest daughters.

Leaving the enviable Mauleverer—the godlike occasion of so much happiness and woe, triumph and dejection, ascend with us, O reader, into those elegant apartments over the hair-dresser's shop, tenanted by Mr. Edward Pepper and Mr. Augustus Tomlinson:—the time was that of evening; Captain Clifford had been dining with his two friends; the cloth was removed, and conversation was flowing over a table graced by two bottles of port, a bowl of punch for Mr. Pepper's especial discussion, two dishes of filberts, another of devilled biscuits, and a fourth of three Pomarian crudities, which nobody touched.

The heart was swept clean, the fire burned high and clear, the curtains were let down, and the light excluded. Our three adventurers and their room seemed the picture of comfort. So thought Mr. Pepper; for, glancing round the chamber, and putting his feet upon the fender, he said,—

"Were my portrait to be taken, gentlemen, it is just as I am now that I would be drawn!"

"And," said Tomlinson, cracking his filberts—Tomlinson was fond of filberts—"were I to choose a home, it is in such a home as this that I would be always quartered."

"Ah! gentlemen," said Clifford, who had been for some time silent, "it is more than probable that both your wishes may be heard, and that ye may be drawn, quartered, and something else, too, in the very place of your *desert!*"

"Well!" said Tomlinson, smiling gently, "I am happy to hear you jest again, captain, though it be at our expense."

"Expense!" echoed Ned; "Ay! there's the rub! Who the deuce is to pay the expense of our dinner?"

"And our dinners for the last week?" added Tomlinson:—"this empty nut looks ominous; it certainly has one grand feature, strikingly resembling my pockets."

"Heigho!" sighed Long Ned—turning his waistcoat commodities inside-out with a significant gesture, while the accomplished Tomlinson, who was fond of plaintive poetry, pointed to the disconsolate vacua, and exclaimed,—

"E'en while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart desponding asks if *this* be joy!"

"In truth, gentlemen," added he, solemnly depositing his nut-crackers on the table, and laying, as was his wont, when about to be luminous, his right finger on his sinister palm—"in truth, gentlemen, affairs are growing serious with us, and it becomes necessary forthwith to devise some safe means of procuring a decent competence."

"I am dunned confoundedly," cried Ned.

"And," continued Tomlinson, "no person of delicacy likes to be subjected to the importunity of vulgar creditors; we must, therefore, raise money for the liquidation of our debts. Captain Lovett, or Clifford, whichever you be styled, we call upon you to assist us in so praiseworthy a purpose."

Clifford turned his eyes first on one, and then on the other, but made no answer.

"*Imprimis*," said Tomlinson, "let us each produce our stock in hand: for my part, I am free to confess—for what shame is there in that poverty which our exertions are about to relieve?—that I have only two guineas, four shillings, and threepence half-penny!".

"And I," said Long Ned, taking a China ornament from the chimney-piece, and emptying its contents in his hand, "am in a still more pitiful condition. See, I have only three shillings and a bad guinea. I gave the guinea to the waiter at the White Hart, yesterday; the dog brought it back to me to-day, and I was forced to change it with my last shiner. Plague take the thing; I bought it of a Jew for four shillings, and have lost one pound five by the bargain!"

"Fortune frustrates our wisest schemes!" rejoined the moralizing Augustus. "Captain, will *you* produce the scanty wrecks of your wealth?"

Clifford, still silent, threw a purse on the table; Augustus carefully emptied it, and

counted out five guineas; an expression of grave surprise settled on Tomlinson's contemplative brow, and extending the coins towards Clifford, he said in a melancholy tone,—

——"'All your pretty ones?
Did you say all?'"

A look from Clifford answered the interesting interrogatory.

"These, then," said Tomlinson, collecting in his hand the common wealth—"these, then, are all our remaining treasures!"—As he spoke, he jingled the coins mournfully in his palm, and gazing upon them with a parental air, exclaimed,—

"Alas! regardless of their doom, the little victims play!"

"Oh, d—— it!" said Ned, "no sentiment! Let us come to business at once. To tell you the truth, I, for one, am tired of this heiress-hunting, and a man may spend a fortune in the chase before he can win one."

"You despair then, positively, of the widow you have courted so long?" asked Tomlinson.

"Utterly!" rejoined Ned, whose addresses had been limited solely to the dames of the middling class, and who had imagined himself at one time, as he punningly expressed it, sure of a *dear rib* from *Cheapside*. "Utterly; she was very civil to me at first, but when I proposed, asked me, with a blush, for my 'references.'—'References?' said I; 'why, I want the place of your husband, my charmer, not your footman!'—The dame was inexorable, said she could not take me without a character, but hinted that I might be the lover instead of the bridegroom; and when I scorned the suggestion, and pressed for the parson, she told me point blank, with her unlucky city pronunciation, 'that she would never accompany me to the *h*alter!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Tomlinson, laughing. "One can scarcely blame the good lady for that. Love rarely brooks such permanent *ties*. But have you no other lady in your eye?"

"Not for matrimony:—all roads but those to the church!"

While this dissolute pair were thus conversing, Clifford, leaning against the wainscot, listened to them with a sick and bitter feeling of degradation, which, till of late days, had been a stranger to his breast. He was at length aroused from his silence by Ned, who bending forward, and placing his hand upon Clifford's knee, said abruptly,—

"In short, captain, you must lead us once more to glory. We have still our horses, and I keep my mask in my pocket-book, together with my comb. Let us take the road to-morrow night, dash across the country towards Salisbury, and after a short visit in that neighborhood to a band of old friends of mine—bold fellows, who would have stopped the devil himself when he was at work upon Stonehenge,—make a tour by Reading and Henley, and end by a plunge into London."

"You have spoken well, Ned!" said Tomlinson, approvingly. "Now, noble captain, your opinion?"

"Messieurs," antwered Clifford, "I highly approve of your intended excursion, and I only regret that I cannot be your companion."

"Not! and why?" cried Mr. Pepper, amazed.

"Because I have business here that renders it impossible; perhaps, before long, I may join you in London."

"Nay," said Tomlinson, "there is no necessity for our going to London, if you wish to remain here; nor need we at present recur to so desperate an expedient as the road—a little quiet business at Bath will answer our purpose; and for my part, as you well know, I love exerting my wits in some scheme more worthy of them than the highway;—a profession meeter for a bully than a man of genius. Let us then, captain, plan a project of enrichment on the property of some credulous tradesman! why have recourse to rough measures, so long as we can find easy fools?"

Clifford shook his head. "I will own to you fairly," said he, "that I cannot at present take a share in your exploits: nay, as your chief, I must lay my positive commands on you to refrain from all exercise of your talents at Bath. Rob, if you please; the world is before you; but this city is sacred."

"Body o' me!" cried Ned, coloring, "but this is too good. I will not be dictated to in this manner."

"But, sir," answered Clifford, who had learned in his oligarchical profession the way to command, "but, sir, you shall; or if you

mutiny, you leave our body, and then will the hangman have no petty chance of your own. Come! come! ingrate as you are, what would you be without me? How many times have I already saved that long carcass of thine from the rope, and now would you have the baseness to rebel? Out on you!"

Though Mr. Pepper was still wroth, he bit his lip in moody silence, and suffered not his passion to have its way; while Clifford rising, after a short pause, continued: "Look you, Mr. Pepper, you know my commands; consider them peremptory. I wish you success, and plenty! Farewell, gentlemen!"

"Do you leave us already?" cried Tomlinson. "You are offended."

"Surely not!" answered Clifford, retreating to the door. "But an engagement elsewhere, you know!"

"Ay, I take you!" said Tomlinson, following Clifford out of the room, and shutting the door after him.

"Ay I take you!" added he, in a whisper, as he arrested Clifford at the head of the stairs. "But tell me, how do you get on with the heiress?"

Smothering that sensation at his heart which made Clifford, reckless as he was, enraged and ashamed, whenever, through the lips of his comrades, there issued any allusion to Lucy Brandon, the chief replied, "I fear, Tomlinson, that I am already suspected by the old squire! All of a sudden, he avoids me, shuts his door against me; Miss Brandon goes nowhere: and even if she did, what could I expect from her after this sudden change in the father?"

Tomlinson looked blank and disconcerted. "But," said he, after a moment's silence, "why not put a good face on the matter? walk up to the squire, and ask him the reason of his unkindness?"

"Why, look you, my friend; I am bold enough with all others, but this girl has made me as bashful as a maid in all that relates to herself. Nay, there are moments when I think I can conquer all selfish feeling, and rejoice for her sake that she has escaped me. Could I but see her once more—I could—yes! I feel—I feel I could—resign her for ever!"

"Humph!" said Tomlinson; "and what is to become of *us?* Really, my captain, your sense of duty should lead you to exert yourself; your friends starve before your eyes, while you are shilly-shallying about your mistress. Have you no bowels for friendship?"

"A truce with this nonsense!" said Clifford angrily.

"It is sense,—sober sense,—and sadness too," rejoined Tomlinson. "Ned is discontented, our debts are imperious. Suppose now,—just suppose,—that we take a mooonlight flitting from Bath, will that tell well for you whom we leave behind? Yet this we must do, if you do not devise some method of refilling our purses. Either, then, consent to join us in a scheme meet for our wants, or pay our debts in this city, or fly with us to London, and dismiss all thoughts of that love which is so seldom friendly to the projects of ambition."

Notwithstanding the manner in which Tomlinson made this threefold proposition, Clifford could not but acknowledge the sense and justice contained in it; and a glance at the matter sufficed to show how ruinous to his character, and, therefore, to his hopes, would be the flight of his comrades and the clamor of their creditors.

"You speak well, Tomlinson," said he hesitating; "and yet for the life of me I cannot aid you in any scheme which may disgrace us by detection. Nothing can reconcile me to the apprehension of Miss Brandon's discovering who and what was her suitor."

"I feel for you," said Tomlinson, "but give me and Pepper at least permission to shift for ourselves; trust to my known prudence for finding some method to raise the wind without creating a dust: in other words—(this cursed Pepper makes one so vulgar!)—of preying on the public without being discovered."

"I see no alternative," answered Clifford, reluctantly, "but, if possible, be quiet for the present; bear with me for a few days longer, give me only sufficient time once more to see Miss Brandon, and I will engage to extricate you from your difficulties!"

"Spoken like yourself, frankly and nobly!" replied Tomlinson: "no one has a greater confidence in your genius, once exerted, than I have!"

So saying, the pair shook hands and parted. Tomlinson rejoined Mr. Pepper.

"Well, have you settled anything?" quoth the latter.

"Not exactly; and though Lovett has promised to exert himself in a few days, yet as the

poor man is in love, and his genius under a cloud, I have little faith in his promises."

"And I have none!" said Pepper; "besides, time presses! A few days!—a few devils! We are certainly scented here, and I walk about like a barrel of beer at Christmas, under hourly apprehension of being *tapped!*"

"It is very strange," said the philosophic Augustus; "but I think there is an instinct in tradesmen by which they can tell a rogue at first sight; and I can get (dress I ever so well) no more credit with my laundress than my friends the Whigs can with the people."

"In short, then," said Ned, "we must recur at once to the road; and on the day after to-morrow there will be an excellent opportunity: the old earl with the hard name gives a breakfast, or feast, or some such mummery. I understand people will stay till after nightfall; let us watch our opportunity, we are famously mounted, and some carriage later than the general string may furnish us with all our hearts can desire!"

"Bravo!" cried Tomlinson, shaking Mr. Pepper heartily by the hand; "I give you joy of your ingenuity, and you may trust to me to make our peace aftewards with Lovett. Any enterprise that seems to him gallant he is always willing enough to forgive; and as he never practises any other branch of the profession than that of the road,—(for which I confess I think him foolish),—he will be more ready to look over our exploits in that line than in any other more subtle but less heroic."

"Well, I leave it to you to propitiate the cove or not as you please, and now that we have settled the main point, let us finish the lush!"

"And," added Augustus, taking a pack of cards from the chimney-piece, "we can in the meanwhile have a quiet game at cribbage for shillings."

"Done!" cried Ned, clearing away the desert.

If the redoubted hearts of Mr. Edward Pepper, and that Ulysses of robbers, Augustus Tomlinson, beat high as the hours brought on Lord Mauleverer's *fête*, their leader was not without anxiety and expectation for the same event. He was uninvited, it is true, to the gay scene; but he had heard in public that Miss Brandon, recovered from her late illness, was certainly to be there; and Clifford, torn with suspense, and eager once more, even if for the last time, to see the only person who had ever pierced his soul with a keen sense of his errors, or crimes, resolved to risk all obstacles, and meet her at Mauleverer's.

"My life," said he, as he sat alone in his apartment, eyeing the falling embers of his still and lethargic fire, "may soon approach its termination; it is, indeed, out of the chances of things that I can long escape the doom of my condition; and when as a last hope to raise myself from my desperate state into respectability and reform, I came hither, and meditated purchasing independence by marriage, I was blind to the cursed rascality of the action! Happy, after all, that my intentions were directed against one whom I so soon and so adoringly learned to love! Had I wooed one whom I loved less, I might not have scrupled to deceive her into marriage. As it is!—well!—it is idle in me to think thus of my resolution, when I have not even the option to choose; when her father, perhaps, has already lifted the veil from my assumed dignities, and the daughter already shrinks in horror from my name. Yet I will see her! I will look once more upon that angel face—I will hear from her own lips the confession of her scorn—I will see that bright eye flash hatred upon me, and I can then turn once more to my fatal career, and forget that I have ever repented that it was begun. Yet, what else could have been my alternative? Friendless, homeless, nameless—an orphan, worse than an orphan—the son of a harlot, my father even unknown! Yet cursed with early asprings and restlessness, and a half glimmering of knowledge, and an entire lust of whatever seemed enterprise—what wonder that I chose anything rather than daily labor and perpetual contumely? After all, the fault is in fortune, and the world, not me! Oh, Lucy! had I but been born in your sphere, had I but possessed the claim to merit you, what would I have not done, and dared, and conquered, for your sake!"

Such, or similar to these, were the thoughts of Clifford during the interval between his resolution of seeing Lucy and the time of effecting it. The thoughts were of no pleasing, though of an exciting nature; nor were they greatly soothed by the ingenious occupation of cheating himself into the belief that, if he

was a highwayman, it was altogether the fault of the highways.

CHAPTER XXI.

"*Dream.*—Let me but see her, dear Leontius."
Humorous Lieutenant.

"*Hempskirke.*—It was the fellow, sure.
Wolfort.—What are you, sirrah?"
Beggar's Bush.

O THOU divine spirit, that burnest in every breast, inciting each with the sublime desire to be *fine!* that stirrest up the great to become little in order to seem greater, and that makest a duchess woo insult for a voucher! Thou that delightest in so many shapes, multifarious, yet the same; spirit that makest the high despicable, and the lord meaner than his valet! equally great whether thou cheatest a friend, or cuttest a father! lackering all thou touchest with a bright vulgarity, that thy votaries imagine to be gold!—thou that sendest the few to fashionable balls and the many to fashionable novels;—that smitest even Genius as well as Folly, making the favorites of the Gods boast an acquaintance they have not with the graces of a mushroom peerage, rather than the knowledge they have of the Muses of an eternal Helicon!—thou that leavest in the great ocean of our manners no dry spot for the foot of independence;—that pallest on the jaded eye with a moving and girdling panorama of daubed vilenesses, and fritterest away the souls of free-born Britons into a powder smaller than the angels which dance in myriads on a pin's point. Whether, O spirit! thou callest thyself Fashion, or Ton, or Ambition, or Vanity, or Cringing, or Cant, or any title equally lofty and sublime—would that from thy wings we could, gain but a single plume! Fain would we, in fitting strain, describe the festivities of that memorable day, when the benevolent Lord Mauleverer received and blessed the admiring universe of Bath.

But to be less poetical, as certain writers say, when they have been writing nonsense—but to be less poetical, and more exact, the morning, though in the depth of winter, was bright and clear, and Lord Mauleverer found himself in particularly good health. Nothing could be better planned than the whole of his arrangements: unlike those which are ordinarily chosen for the express reason of being as foreign as possible to the nature of our climate, all at Lord Mauleverer's were made suitable to a Greenland atmosphere. The temples and summerhouses, interspersed through the grounds, were fitted up, some as Esquimaux huts, others as Russian pavilions; fires were carefully kept up; the musicians, Mauleverer took care should have as much wine as they pleased; they were set skilfully in places where they were unseen, but where they could be heard. One or two temporary buildings were erected for those who loved dancing; and as Mauleverer, miscalculating on the principles of human nature, thought *gentlemen* might be averse from ostentatious exhibition, he had hired persons to skate minuets and figures of eight upon his lakes, for the amusement of those who were fond of skating. All people who would be kind enough to dress in strange costumes, and make odd noises, which they called singing, the earl had carefully engaged, and planted in the best places for making them look still stranger than they were.

There was also plenty to eat, and more than plenty to drink. Mauleverer knew well that our countrymen and countrywomen, whatever be their rank, like to have their spirits exalted. In short, the whole *déjeûner* was so admirably contrived, that it was probable the guests would not look much more melancholy during the amusements, than they would have done had they been otherwise engaged at a funeral.

Lucy and the squire was among the first arrivals.

Mauleverer, approaching the father and daughter with his most courtly manner, insisted on taking the latter under his own escort, and being her cicerone through the round of preparations.

As the crowd thickened, and it was observed how gallant were the attentions testified towards Lucy by the host, many and envious were the whispers of the guests! Those good people, naturally angry at the thought that two individuals should be married, divided themselves into two parties; one abused Lucy, and the other Lord Mauleverer; the former vituperated *her* art, the latter *his* folly. "I thought she would play her cards well—de-

ceitful creature!" said the one. "January and May," muttered the other; "the man's sixty!" It was noticeable that the party against Lucy was chiefly composed of ladies, that against Maulever of men; that conduct must indeed be heinous which draws down the indignation of one's own sex!

Unconscious of her crimes, Lucy moved along, leaning on the arm of the gallant earl, and languidly smiling, with her heart far away, at his endeavors to amuse her. There was something interesting in the mere contrast of the pair; so touching seemed the beauty of the young girl, with her delicate cheek, maiden form, drooping eyelid, and quiet simplicity of air, in comparison to the worldly countenance and artificial grace of her companion.

After some time, when they were in a sequestered part of the grounds, Mauleverer, observing that none were near, entered a rude but; and so fascinated was he at that moment by the beauty of his guest, and so meet to him seemed the opportunity of his confession, that he with difficulty suppressed the avowal rising to his lips, and took the more prudent plan of first sounding and preparing, as it were, the way.

"I cannot tell you, my dear Miss Brandon," said he slightly pressing the beautiful hand leaning on his arm, "how happy I am to see you the guest—the queen, rather—of my house! Ah! could the bloom of youth return with its feelings! Time is never so cruel as when, while stealing from us the power to please, he leaves us in full vigor the unhappy privilege to be charmed!"

Mauleverer expected at least a blushing contradiction to the implied application of a sentiment so affectingly expressed: he was disappointed. Lucy, less alive than usual to the sentimental, or its reverse, scarcely perceived his meaning, and answered simply, "That it was very true." "This comes of being, like my friend Burke, too refined for one's audience," thought Mauleverer, wincing a little from the unexpected reply. "And yet!" he resumed, "I would not forego my power to admire, futile—nay, painful as it is. Even now while I gaze on you, my heart tells me that the pleasure I enjoy, it is at your command, at once, and for ever, to blight into misery; but while it tells me, I gaze on!"

Lucy raised her eyes, and something of her natural archness played in their expression.

"I believe, my lord," said she, moving from the hut, "That it would be better to join your guests: walls have ears; and what would be the gay Lord Mauleverer's self-reproach, if he heard again of his fine compliments to ——?"

"The most charming person in Europe!" cried Mauleverer vehemently, and the hand which he before touched he now clasped; at that instant Lucy saw opposite to her, half hid by a copse of evergreens, the figure of Clifford. His face, which seemed pale and wan, was not directed towards the place where she stood; and he evidently did not perceive Mauleverer or herself, yet so great was the effect that the glimpse of him produced on Lucy, that she trembled violently, and unconsciously uttering a faint cry, snatched her hand from Mauleverer.

The earl started, and, catching the expression of her eyes, turned instantly towards the spot to which her gaze seemed rivited. He had not heard the rustling of the boughs, but he saw, with his habitual quickness of remark, that they still trembled, as if lately displaced; and he caught through their interstices the glimpse of a receding figure. He sprang forward with an agility very uncommon to his usual movements; but before he gained the copse, every vestige of the intruder had vanished.

What slaves we are to the moment! As Mauleverer turned back to rejoin Lucy, who, agitated almost to fainting, leaned against the rude wall of the hut, he would as soon have thought of flying as of making that generous offer of self, etc., which the instant before he had been burning to render Lucy. The vain are always sensitively jealous, and Mauleverer, remembering Clifford, and Lucy's blushes in dancing with him, instantly accounted for her agitation and its cause. With a very grave air he approached the object of his late adoration, and requested to know if it were not some abrupt intruder that had occasioned her alarm. Lucy, scarcely knowing what she said, answered in a low voice, "That it was, indeed!" and begged instantly to rejoin her father. Mauleverer offered his arm with great dignity, and the pair passed into the frequented part of the grounds, where Mauleverer once

more brightened into smiles and courtesy to all around him.

"He is certainly accepted!" said Mr. Shrewd to Lady Simper.

"What an immense match for the girl!" was Lady Simper's reply.

Amidst the music, the dancing, the throng, the noise, Lucy found it easy to recover herself: and disengaging her arm from Lord Mauleverer, as she perceived her father, she rejoined the squire, and remained a patient listener to his remarks till, late in the noon, it became an understood matter that people were expected to go into a long room in order to eat and drink. Mauleverer, now alive to the duties of his situation, and feeling exceedingly angry with Lucy, was more reconciled than he otherwise might have been to the *equitette* which obliged him to select for the object of his hospitable cares an old dowager duchess, instead of the beauty of the *fête;* but he took care to point out to the squire the places appointed for himself and daughter, which were, though at some distance from the earl, under the providence of his vigilant survey.

While Mauleverer was deifying the Dowager Duchess, and refreshing his spirits with a chicken, and a medicinal glass of Madeira, the conversation near Lucy turned, to her infinite dismay, upon Clifford. Some one had seen him in the grounds, booted, and in a riding undress,—(in *that* day people seldom rode and danced in the same conformation of coat),—and as Mauleverer was a precise person about those little matters of *etiquette*, this negligence of Clifford's made quite a subject of discussion. By degrees the conversation changed into the old inquiry as to who this Captain Clifford was; and just as it had reached that point, it reached also the gently deafened ears of Lord Mauleverer.

"Pray, my lord," said the old duchess, "since he is one of your guests, you, who know who and what every one is, can possibly inform us of the real family of this beautiful Mr. Clifford?"

"One of my guests, did you say?" answered Mauleverer, irritated greatly beyond his usual quietness of manner: "really, your grace does me wrong. He may be a guest of my valet, but he assuredly is not mine; and should I encounter him, I shall leave it to my valet to give him his *congé* as well as his invitation!"

Mauleverer, heightening his voice as he observed athwart the table an alternate paleness and flush upon Lucy's face, which stung all the angrier passions, generally torpid in him, into venom, looked round, on concluding, with a haughty and sarcastic air: so loud had been his tone, so pointed the insult, and so dead the silence at the table while he spoke, that every one felt the affront must be carried at once to Clifford's hearing, should he be in the room. And after Mauleverer had ceased, there was an universal nervous and indistinct expectation of an answer and a scene; all was still, and it soon became certain that Clifford was not in the apartment. When Mr. Shrewd had fully convinced himself of this fact—(for there was a daring spirit about Clifford which few wished to draw upon themselves),—that personage broke the pause by observing that no man, who pretended to be a gentleman, would intrude himself, unasked and unwelcome, into any society; and Mauleverer, catching up the observation, said—(drinking wine at the same time with Mr. Shrewd),—that undoubtedly such conduct fully justified the rumors respecting Mr. Clifford, and utterly excluded him from that rank to which it was before more than suspected he had no claim.

So luminous and satisfactory an opinion from such an authority, once broached, was immediately and universally echoed; and, long before the repast was over, it seemed to be tacitly agreed that Captain Clifford should be sent to Coventry, and if he murmured at the exile, he would have no right to insist upon being sent thence to the devil.

The good old squire, mindful of his former friendship for Clifford, and not apt to veer, was about to begin a speech on the occasion, when Lucy, touching his arm, implored him to be silent: and so ghastly was the paleness of her cheek while she spoke, that the squire's eyes, obtuse as he generally was, opened at once to the real secret of her heart. As soon as the truth flashed upon him, he wondered, recalling Clifford's great personal beauty and marked attentions, that it had not flashed upon him sooner; and leaning back on his chair, he sunk into one of the most unpleasant reveries he had ever conceived.

At a given signal the music for the dancers

recommenced, and, at a hint to the effect from the host, persons rose without ceremony to repair to other amusements, and suffer such guests as had hitherto been excluded from eating to occupy the place of the relinquishers. Lucy, glad to escape, was one of the first to resign her situation, and with the squire she returned to the grounds. During the banquet, evening had closed in, and the scene now really become fairy-like and picturesque; lamps hung from many a tree, reflecting the light through the richest and softest hues,—the music itself sounded more musically than during the day,—gipsy-tents were pitched at wild corners and copses, and the bright wood-fires burning in them blazed merrily upon the cold yet cheerful air of the increasing night. The view was really novel and inviting; and as it had been an understood matter that ladies were to bring furs, cloaks, and boots, all those who thought they looked well in such array made little groups, and scattered themselves about the grounds and in the tents. They, on the contrary, in whom "the purple light of love" was apt by the frost to be propelled from the cheeks to the central ornament of the face, or who thought a fire in a room quite as agreeable as a fire in a tent, remained within, and contemplated the scene through the open windows.

Lucy longed to return home, nor was the squire reluctant; but, unhappily, it wanted an hour to the time at which the carriage had been ordered, and she mechanically joined a group of guests, who had persuaded the good-natured squire to forget his gout, and venture forth to look at the illuminations. Her party was soon joined by others, and the group gradually thickened into a crowd; the throng was stationary for a few minutes before a little temple, in which fireworks had just commenced an additional attraction to the scene. Opposite to this temple, as well as in its rear, the walks and trees had been purposely left in comparative darkness, in order to heighten the effect of the fireworks.

"I declare," said Lady Simper, glancing down one of the alleys which seemed to stretch away into blackness—"I declare it seems quite a lover's walk! how kind in Lord Mauleverer!—such a delicate attention——"

"To your ladyship!" added Mr. Shrewd, with a bow.

While, one of this crowd, Lucy was vacantly eyeing the long trains of light which ever and anon shot against the sky, she felt her hand suddenly seized, and at the same time a voice whispered, "For God's sake, read this now and grant my request!"

The voice, which seemed to rise from the very heart of the speaker, Lucy knew at once; she trembled violently, and remained for some minutes with eyes which did not dare to look from the ground. A note she felt had been left in her hand, and the agonized and earnest tone of that voice, which was dearer to her ear than the fulness of all music, made her impatient yet afraid to read it. As she recovered courage she looked around, and seeing that the attention of all was bent upon the fireworks, and that her father, in particular, leaning on his cane, seemed to enjoy the spectacle with a child's engrossed delight, she glided softly away, and entering unperceived one of the alleys, she read, by a solitary lamp that burned at its entrance, the following lines written in pencil and in a hurried hand apparently upon a leaf torn from a pocket-book:—

"I implore—I entreat you, Miss Brandon, to see me, if but for a moment. I purpose to tear myself away from the place in which you reside—to go abroad—to leave even the spot hallowed by your footstep. After this night, my presence, my presumption, will degrade you no more. But this night, for mercy's sake, see me, or I shall go mad! I will but speak to you one instant: this is all I ask. If you grant me this prayer, the walk to the left where you stand, at the entrance to which there is one purple lamp, will afford an opportunity to your mercy. A few yards down that walk I will meet you—none can see or hear us. Will you grant this? I know not—I dare not think: but under any case, your name shall be the last upon my lips.

"P. C."

As Lucy read this hurried scrawl, she glanced towards the lamp above her, and saw that she had accidentally entered the very walk indicated in the note. She paused—she hesitated;—the impropriety—the singularity of the request, darted upon her at once; on the other hand, the anxious voice still ringing in her ear, the incoherent vehemence of the note, the risk, the opprobrium Clifford had incurred, solely—her heart whispered—to see her, all aided her simple temper, her kind feelings, and her love for the petitioner, in inducing her to consent. She cast one glance behind,—all seemed occupied with far other thoughts than that of notice towards her; she

looked anxiously before,—all looked gloomy and indistinct; but suddenly, at some little distance, she descried a dark figure in motion. She felt her knees shake under her, her heart beat violently; she moved onward a few paces, again paused, and looked back; the figure before her moved as in approach, she resumed courage, and advanced—the figure was by her side.

"How generous, how condescending, is this goodness in Miss Brandon!" said the voice, which so struggled with secret and strong emotion, that Lucy scarcely recognized it as Clifford's. "I did not dare to expect it; and now—now that I meet you——" Clifford paused, as if seeking words; and Lucy, even through the dark, perceived that her strange companion was powerfully excited; she waited for him to continue, but observing that he walked on in silence, she said, though with a trembling voice, "Indeed, Mr. Clifford, I fear that it is very, very improper in me to meet you thus; nothing but the strong expressions in your letter—and—and—in short, my fear that you meditated some desperate design, at which I could not guess, caused me to yield to your wish for an interview." She paused, and Clifford, still preserving silence, she added, with some little coldness in her tone, "If you have really aught to say to me, you must allow me to request that you speak it quickly. This interview, you must be sensible, ought to end almost as soon as it begins."

"Hear me then!" said Clifford, mastering his embarrassment, and speaking in a firm and clear voice—"is that true, which I have but just heard,—is it true that I have been spoken of in your presence in terms of insult and affront?"

It was now for Lucy to feel embarrassed; fearful to give pain, and yet anxious that Clifford should know, in order that he might disprove, the slight and the suspicion which the mystery around him drew upon his name, she faltered between the two feelings, and, without satisfying the latter, succeeded in realizing the fear of the former.

"Enough!" said Clifford, in a tone of deep mortification, as his quick ear caught and interpreted, yet more humiliating than the truth, the meaning of her stammered and confused reply. "Enough! I see that it is true, and that the only human being in the world to whose good opinion I am not indifferent has been a witness of the insulting manner in which others have dared to speak of me!"

"But," said Lucy, eagerly, "why give the envious or the idle any excuse? Why not suffer your parentage and family to be publicly known? Why are you here"—(and her voice sunk into a lower key)—"this very day, unasked, and therefore subject to the cavils of all who think the poor distinction of an invitation an honor? Forgive me, Mr. Clifford, perhaps I offend,—I hurt you by speaking thus frankly; but your good name rests with yourself, and your friends cannot but feel angry that you should trifle with it."

"Madam!" said Clifford, and Lucy's eyes, now growing accustomed to the darkness, perceived a bitter smile upon his lips, "my name, good or ill, is an object of little care to me. I have read of philosophers who pride themselves in placing no value in the opinions of the world. Rank me among that sect—but I am, I own I am, anxious that you alone, of all the world, should not despise me;—and now that I feel you do—that you must—every thing worth living or hoping for is past!"

"Despise you!" said Lucy, and her eyes filled with tears—"indeed you wrong me and yourself. But listen to me, Mr. Clifford: I have seen, it is true, but little of the world, yet I have seen enough to make me wish I could have lived in retirement for ever; the rarest quality among either sex, though it is the simplest, seems to me, good-nature; and the only occupation of what are termed fashionable people appears to be speaking ill of one another: nothing gives such a scope to scandal as mystery; nothing disarms it like openness. I know—your friends know, Mr. Clifford, that your character can bear inspection; and I believe, for my own part, the same of your family. Why not, then, declare who and what you are?"

"That candor would indeed be my best defender," said Clifford, in a tone which ran displeasingly through Lucy's ear; "but in truth, madam, I repeat, I care not one drop of this worthless blood what men say of me; that time has passed, and for ever: perhaps it never keenly existed for me—no matter. I came hither, Miss Brandon, not wasting a thought on these sickening fooleries, or on the hoary idler by whom they are given! I came hither,

only once more to see you—to hear you speak —to watch you move—to tell you—(and the speaker's voice trembled, so as to be scarcely audible)—to tell you, if any reason for the disclosure offered itself, that I have had the boldness—the crime to love—to love—O God ! to adore you ! and then to leave you for ever ! "

Pale, trembling, scarcely preserved from falling by the tree against which she leaned, Lucy listened to this abrupt avowal.

" Dare I touch this hand," continued Clifford, as he knelt and took it, timidly and reverently: " you know not, you connot dream, how unworthy is he who thus presumes—yet, not all unworthy, while he is sensible of so deep, so holy a feeling as that which he bears to you. God bless you, Miss Brandon !—Lucy, God bless you !—And if, hereafter, you hear me subjected to still blacker suspicion, or severer scrutiny, than that which I now sustain—if even your charity and goodness can find no defence for me,—if the suspicion become certainty, and the scrutiny end in condemnation, believe, at least, that circumstances have carried me beyond my nature; and that under fairer auspices I might have been other than I am ! " Lucy's tear dropped upon Clifford's hand, as he spoke; and while his heart melted within him as he felt it, and knew his own desperate and unredeemed condition, he added,—

" Every one courts you—the proud, the rich, the young, the high-born, all are at your feet ! You will select one of that number for your husband; may he watch over you as I would have done !—love you as I do he *cannot !* Yes, I repeat it ! " continued Clifford, vehemently, " he *cannot !* None amidst the gay, happy, silken crowd of your equals and followers *can* feel for you that single and overruling passion, which makes you to me what all combined—country, power, wealth, reputation, an honest name, peace, common safety, the quiet of the common air, alike the least blessing and the greatest—are to all others ! Once more, may God in heaven watch over you and preserve you ! I tear myself, on leaving you, from all that cheers, or blesses, or raises, or might have saved me !—Farewell ! "

The hand which Lucy had relinquished to her strange suitor was pressed ardently to his lips, dropped in the same instant, and she knew that she was once more alone.

But Clifford, hurrying rapidly through the trees, made his way towards the nearest gate which led from Lord Mauleverer's domain; when he reached it, a crowd of the more elderly guests occupied the entrance, and one of these was a lady of such distinction, that Mauleverer, in spite of his aversion to any superfluous exposure to the night air, had obliged himself to conduct her to her carriage. He was in a very ill humor with this constrained politeness, especially as the carriage was very slow in relieving him of his charge, when he saw, by the lamplight, Clifford passing near him, and winning his way to the gate. Quite forgetting his worldly prudence which should have made him averse to scenes with any one, especially with a flying enemy, and a man with whom, if he believed aright, little glory was to be gained in conquest, much less in contest; and only remembering Clifford's rivalship, and his own hatred towards him for the presumption, Mauleverer, uttering a hurried apology to the lady on his arm, stepped forward, and, opposing Clifford's progress, said, with a bow of tranquil insult, " Pardon me, sir, but is it at *my* invitation, or that of one of my servants, that you have honored me with your company this day ? "

Clifford's thoughts at the time of this interruption were of that nature before which all petty misfortunes shrink into nothing; if, therefore, he started for a moment at the earl's address, he betrayed no embarrassment in reply, but bowing with an air of respect, and taking no notice of the affront implied in Mauleverer's speech, he answered,—

" Your lordship has only to deign a glance at my dress, to see that I have not intruded myself on your grounds with the intention of claiming your hospitality. The fact is, and I trust to your lordship's courtesy to admit the excuse, that I leave this neighborhood tomorrow, and for some length of time. A person whom I was very anxious to see before I left was one of your lordship's guests; I heard this, and knew that I should have no other opportunity of meeting the person in question before my departure; and I must now throw myself on the well-known politeness of Lord Mauleverer, to pardon a freedom originating in a business very much approaching to a necessity ! "

Lord Mauleverer's address to Clifford had

congregated an immediate crowd of eager and expectant listeners, but so quietly respectful and really gentlemanlike were Clifford's air and tone in excusing himself, that the whole throng were smitten with a sudden disappointment.

Lord Mauleverer himself, surprised by the temper and deportment of the unbidden guest, was at a loss for one moment; and Clifford was about to take advantage of that moment and glide away, when Mauleverer, with a second bow, more civil than the former one, said:

"I cannot but be happy, sir, that my poor place has afforded you any convenience; but, if I am not very impertinent, will you allow me to inquire the name of my guest with whom you required a meeting?"

"My lord," said Clifford, drawing himself up, and speaking gravely and sternly, though still with a certain deference—"I need not surely point out to your lordship's good sense and good feeling, that your very question implies a doubt, and, consequently, an affront, and that the tone of it is not such as to justify that concession on my part which the farther explanation you require would imply!"

Few spoken sarcasms could be so bitter as that silent one which Mauleverer could command by a smile, and, with this complimentary expression on his thin lips and raised brow, the earl answered: "Sir, I honor the skill testified by your reply; it must be the result of a profound experience in these affairs. I wish you, sir, a very good night; and the next time you favor me with a visit, I am quite sure that your motives for so indulging me will be no less creditable to you than at present."

With these words, Maulever turned to rejoin his fair charge. But Clifford was a man who had seen in a short time a great deal of the world, and knew tolerably well the theories of society, if not the practice of its minutiæ; moreover, he was of an acute and resolute temper, and these properties of mind, natural and acquired, told him that he was now in a situation in which it had become more necessary to defy than to conciliate. Instead therefore of retiring he walked deliberately up to Mauleverer, and said:

"My lord, I shall leave it to the judgment of your guests to decide whether you have acted the part of a nobleman and a gentleman in thus, in your domains, insulting one who has given you such explanation of his trespass as would fully excuse him in the eyes of all considerate or corteous persons. I shall also leave it to them to decide whether the tone of your inquiry allowed me to give you any farther apology. But I shall take it upon *myself*, my lord, to demand from *you* an immediate explanation of your last speech."

"Insolent!" cried Mauleverer, coloring with indignation, and almost for the first time in his life losing absolute command over his temper; "do you bandy words with me?—Begone, or I shall order my servants to thrust you forth!"

"Begone, sir!—begone!" cried several voices in echo to Mauleverer, from those persons who deemed it now high time to take part with the powerful.

Clifford stood his ground, gazing around with a look of angry and defying contempt, which, joined to his athletic frame, his dark and fierce eye, and a heavy riding-whip, which as if mechanically, he half raised, effectually kept the murmurers from proceeding to violence.

"Poor pretender to breeding and to sense!" said he, disdainfully turning to Mauleverer; "with one touch of this whip I could shame you for ever, or compel you to descend from the level of your rank to that of mine, and the action would be but a mild return to your language. But I love rather to teach you than to correct. According to my creed, my lord, he conquers most in good breeding who forbears the most—*scorn* enables *me* to forbear!—Adieu!"

With this, Clifford turned on his heel and strode away. A murmur, approaching to a groan, from the younger or sillier part of the parasites (the mature and the sensible have no extra emotion to throw away), followed him as he disappeared.

CHAPTER XXII.

"*Outlaw.*—Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you!
Val.—Ruffians, forego that rude, uncivil touch!"
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

On leaving the scene in which he had been so unwelcome a guest, Clifford hastened to

the little inn where he had left his horse. He mounted and returned to Bath. His thoughts were absent, and he unconsciously suffered the horse to direct its course whither it pleased. This was naturally towards the nearest halting-place which the animal remembered; and this halting-place was at that illustrious tavern, in the suburbs of the town, in which we have before commemorated Clifford's re-election to the dignity of chief. It was a house of long-established reputation; and here news of any of the absent confederates was always to be obtained.

This circumstance, added to the excellence of its drink, its ease, and the electric chain of early habits, rendered it a favorite haunt, even despite their present gay and modish pursuits, with Tomlinson and Pepper; and here, when Clifford sought the pair at unseasonable hours, was he for the most part sure to find them. As his meditations were interrupted by the sudden stopping of his horse beneath the well-known sign, Clifford, muttering an angry malediction on the animal, spurred it onward in the direction of his own home. He had already reached the end of the street, when his resolution seemed to change, and muttering to himself, "Ay, I might as well arrange this very night for our departure!" he turned his horse's head backward, and was once more at the tavern door. He threw the bridle over an iron railing, and knocking with a peculiar sound at the door, was soon admitted.

"Are——and——here?" asked he of the old woman as he entered, mentioning the cant words by which, among friends, Tomlinson and Pepper were usually known. "They are both gone on the sharps to-night," replied the old lady, lifting her unsnuffed candle to the face of the speaker with an intelligent look; "Oliver* is sleepy and the lads will take advantage of his nap."

"Do you mean," answered Clifford, replying in the same key, which we take the liberty to paraphrase, "that they are out on any actual expedition?"

"To be sure," rejoined the dame. "They who lag late on the road may want money for supper!"

"Ha! which road?"

"You are a pretty fellow for captain!" rejoined the dame, with a good-natured sarcasm in her tone. "Why, Captain Gloak, poor fellow! knew every turn of his men to a hair, and never needed to ask what they were about. Ah, he *was* a fellow! none of your girl-faced mudgers, who make love to ladies, forsooth—a pretty woman need not look far for a kiss when he was in the room, I warrant, however coarse her duds might be; and lauk! but the captain was a sensible man, and liked a cow as well as a calf."

"So, so! on the road are they?" cried Clifford, musingly, and without heeding the insinuated attack on his decorum. "But answer me, what is the plan?—Be quick."

"Why," replied the dame, "there's some swell cove of a lord gives a blow-out to-day, and the lads, dear souls! think to play the queer on some straggler."

Without uttering a word, Clifford darted from the house, and was remounted before the old lady had time to recover her surprise.

"If you want to see them," cried she, as he put spurs to his horse, "they ordered me to have supper ready at ——" The horse's hoofs drowned the last words of the dame, and carefully rebolting the door, and muttering an invidious comparison between Captain Clifford and Captain Gloak, the good landlady returned to those culinary operations destined to rejoice the hearts of Tomlinson and Pepper.

Return we ourselves to Lucy. It so happened that the squire's carriage was the last to arrive; for the coachman, long uninitiated among the shades of Warlock into the dissipation of fashionable life, entered on his *début* at Bath, with all the vigorous heat of his matured passions for the first time released, into the festivities of the ale-house, and having a milder master than most of his comrades, the fear of displeasure was less strong in his aurigal bosom than the love of companionship; so that during the time this gentleman was amusing himself, Lucy had ample leisure for enjoying all the thousand-and-one reports of the scene between Mauleverer and Clifford, which regaled her ears. Nevertheless, whatever might have been her feelings at these pleasing recitals, a certain vague joy predominated over all. A man feels but slight comparative happiness in being loved, if he know that it is in vain. But to a woman that simple

* The moon.

knowledge is sufficient to destroy the memory of a thousand distresses, and it is not till she has told her heart again and again that she is loved, that she will even begin to ask if it be in vain.

It was a partially starlit, yet a dim and obscure night, for the moon had for the last hour or two been surrounded by mist and cloud, when at length the carriage arrived; and Mauleverer, for the second time that evening playing the escort, conducted Lucy to the vehicle. Anxious to learn if she had seen or been addressed by Clifford, the subtle earl, as he led her to the gate, dwelt particularly on the intrusion of that person, and by the trembling of the hand which rested on his arm, he drew no delicious omen for his own hopes. "However," thought he, "the man goes to-morrow, and then the field will be clear; the girl's a child yet, and I forgive her folly." And with an air of chivalric veneration, Mauleverer bowed the object of his pardon into her carriage.

As soon as Lucy felt herself alone with her father, the emotions so long pent within her forced themselves into vent, and leaning back against the carriage, she wept, though in silence, tears, burning tears, of sorrow, comfort, agitation, anxiety.

The good old squire was slow in perceiving his daughter's emotion; it would have escaped him altogether, if, actuated by a kindly warming of the heart towards her, originating in his new suspicion of her love for Clifford, he had not put his arm round her neck; and this unexpected caress so entirely unstrung her nerves, that Lucy at once threw herselr upon her father's breast, and her weeping, hitherto so quiet, became distinct and audible.

"Be comforted, my dear, dear child!" said the squire, almost affected to tears himself; and his emotion, arousing him from his usual mental confusion, rendered his words less involved and equivocal than they were wont to be. "And now I do hope that you won't vex yourself; the young man is indeed—and, I do assure you, I always thought so—a very charming gentleman, there's no denying it. But what can we do? You see what they all say of him, and it really was—we must allow that—very improper in him to come without being asked. Moreover, my dearest child, it is very wrong, very wrong, indeed, to love any one, and not know who he is; and—and—but don't cry, my dear love, don't cry so; all will be very well, I am sure—quite sure!"

As he said this, the kind old man drew his daughter nearer him, and feeling his hand hurt by something she wore unseen which pressed against it, he inquired, with some suspicion that the love might have proceeded to love-gifts, what it was.

"It is my mother's picture," said Lucy, simply, and putting it aside.

The old squire had loved his wife tenderly, and when Lucy made this reply, all the fond and warm recollections of his youth rushed upon him: he thought, too, how earnestly on her death-bed that wife had recommended to his vigilant care their only child now weeping on his bosom; he remembered how, dwelling on that which to all women seems the grand epoch of life, she had said, "Never let her affections be trifled with,—never be persuaded by your ambitious brother to make her marry where she loves not, or to oppose her, without strong reason, where she does: though she be but a child now, I know enough of her to feel convinced that if ever she love, she will love too well for her own happiness, even with all things in her favor." These words, these recollections, joined to the remembrance of the cold-hearted scheme of William Brandon, which he had allowed himself to favor, and of his own supineness towards Lucy's growing love for Clifford, till resistance became at once necessary and too late, all smote him with a remorseful sorrow, and fairly sobbing himself, he said, "Thy mother, child! ah, would that she were living, she would never have neglected thee as I have done!"

The squire's self-reproach made Lucy's tears cease on the instant, and, as she covered her father's hand with kisses, she replied only by vehement accusations against herself, and praises of his too great fatherly fondness and affection. This little burst, on both sides, of honest and simple-hearted love, ended in a silence full of tender and mingled thoughts: and as Lucy still clung to the breast of the old man, uncouth as he was in temper, below even mediocrity in intellect, and altogether the last person in age, or mind, or habit, that seemed fit for a confidant in the love of a young and enthusiastic girl, she felt the old homely truth, that under all disadvantages there are, in this

hollow world, few in whom trust can be so safely reposed, few who so delicately and subtilely respect the confidence, as those from whom we spring.

The father and daughter had been silent for some minutes, and the former was about to speak, when the carriage suddenly stopped. The squire heard a rough voice at the horses' heads; he looked forth from the window to see, through the mist of the night, what could possibly be the matter, and he encountered in this action, just one inch from his forehead, the protruded and shining barrel of a horse-pistol. We may believe, without a reflection on his courage, that Mr. Brandon threw himself back into his carriage with all possible despatch; and at the same moment the door was opened, and a voice said, not in a threatening, but a smooth accent, "Ladies and gentleman, I am sorry to disturb you, but want is imperious: oblige me with your money, your watches, your rings, and any other little commodities of a similar nature!"

So delicate a request the squire had not the heart to resist, the more especially as he knew himself without any weapons of defence; accordingly he drew out a purse, not very full it must be owned, together with an immense silver hunting-watch, with a piece of black riband attached to it: "There, sir," said he, with a groan, "don't frighten the young lady."

The gentle applicant, who indeed was no other than the specious Augustus Tomlinson, slid the purse into his waistcoat-pocket, after feeling its contents with a rapid and scientific finger. "Your watch, sir," quoth he, and as he spoke he thrust it carelessly into his coat-pocket, as a school-boy would thrust a peg-top, "is heavy; but trusting to experience, since an accurate survey is denied me, I fear it is more valuable from its weight than its workmanship: however, I will not wound your vanity by affecting to be fastidious. But surely the young lady, as you call her,—(for I pay you the compliment of believing your word as to her age, inasmuch as the night is too dark to allow me the happiness of a personal inspection),—the young lady has surely some little trinket she can dispense with; 'Beauty when unadorned,' you know, etc."

Lucy, who, though greatly frightened, lost neither her senses nor her presence of mind, only answered by drawing forth a little silk purse, that contained still less than the leathern convenience of the squire; to this she added a gold chain; and Tomlinson, taking them with an affectionate squeeze of the hand, and a polite apology, was about to withdraw, when his sagacious eyes were suddenly stricken by the gleam of jewels. The fact was, that in altering the position of her mother's picture, which had been set in the few hereditary diamonds possessed by the Lord of Warlock, Lucy had allowed it to hang on the outside of her dress, and bending forward to give the robber her other possessions, the diamonds at once came in full sight, and gleamed the more invitingly from the darkness of the night.

"Ah, madam!" said Tomlinson stretching forth his hand, "you would play me false, would you? Treachery should never go unpunished. Favor me instantly with the little ornament round your neck!"

"I cannot—I cannot!" said Lucy grasping her treasure with both her hands,—"it is my mother's picture and my mother is dead!"

"The wants of others, madam, returned Tomlinson, who could not for the life of him *rob immorally*, "are ever more worthy your attention than family prejudices. Seriously, give it, and that instantly; we are in a hurry, and your horses are plunging like devils: they will break your carriage in an instant—despatch!"

The squire was a brave man on the whole, though no hero, and the nerves of an old fox-hunter soon recover from a little alarm. The picture of his buried wife was yet more inestimable to him than it was to Lucy and at this new demand his spirit was roused within him.

He clenched his fists, and advancing himself, as it were, on his seat, he cried in a loud voice;—

"Begone, fellow!—I have given you—for my own part I think so—too much already; and by G—d you shall not have the picture!"

"Don't force me to use violence!" said Augustus, and putting one foot on the carriage-step, he brought his pistol within a few inches of Lucy's breast, rightly judging, perhaps, that the show of danger to her would be the best method to intimidate the squire. At that instant the valorous moralist found himself suddenly seized with a powerful gripe on the shoulder, and a low voice, trembling with passion, hissed in his ear. Whatever might

be the words that startled his organs, they operated as an instantaneous charm; and to their astonishment the squire and Lucy beheld their assailant abruptly withdraw. The door of the carriage was clapped to, and scarcely two minutes had elapsed before, the robber having remounted, his comrade—(hitherto stationed at the horses' heads)—set spurs to his own steed, and the welcome sound of receding hoofs smote upon the bewildered ears of the father and daughter.

The door of the carriage was again opened, and a voice, which made Lucy paler than the preceding terror, said,—

"I fear, Mr. Brandon, the robbers have frightened your daughter. There is now, however, nothing to fear—the ruffians are gone."

"God bless me!" said the squire; "why is that Captain Clifford?"

"It is! and he conceives himself too fortunate to have been of the smallest service to Mr. and Miss Brandon."

On having convinced himself that it was indeed to Mr. Clifford that he owed his safety, as well as that of his daughter, whom he believed to have been in a far more imminent peril than she really was,—(for to tell thee the truth, reader, the pistol of Tomlinson was rather calculated for show than use, having a peculiarly long bright barrel with nothing in it,)—the squire was utterly at a loss how to express his gratitude; and when he turned to Lucy to beg she would herself thank their gallant deliverer, he found that overpowered with various emotions, she had, for the first time in her life, fainted away.

"Good Heavens!" cried the alarmed father, "she is dead,—my Lucy—my Lucy—they have killed her!"

To open the door nearest to Lucy, to bear her from the carriage in his arms, was to Clifford the work of an instant; utterly unconscious of the presence of any one else—unconscious even of what he said, he poured forth a thousand wild, passionate, yet half audible expressions; and as he bore her to a bank by the roadside, and, seating himself, supported her against his bosom, it would be difficult, perhaps, to say, whether something of delight—of burning and thrilling delight—was not mingled with his anxiety and terror. He chafed her small hands in his own—his breath, all trembling and warm, glowed upon her cheek, and once, and but once, his lips drew nearer, and breathing aside the dishevelled richness of her tresses, clung in a long and silent kiss to her own.

Meanwhile, by the help of his footman, who had now somewhat recovered his astonished senses, the squire descended from his carriage, and approached with faltering steps the place where his daughter reclined. At the instant that he took her hand, Lucy began to revive, and the first action, in the bewildered unconsciousness of awaking, was to throw her arm around the neck of her supporter.

Could all the hours and realities of hope, joy, pleasure, in Clifford's previous life have been melted down and concentrated into a single emotion, that emotion would have been but tame to the rapture of Lucy's momentary and innocent caress! And at a later, yet no distant, period, when in the felon's cell the grim visage of Death scowled upon him, it may be questioned whether his thoughts dwelt not far more often on the remembrance of that delightful moment, than on the bitterness and ignominy of an approaching doom!

"She breathes—she moves—she wakes!" cried the father; and Lucy, attempting to rise, and recognizing the squire's voice, said faintly, "Thank God, my dear father, you are not hurt! And are they really gone?—and where—where are *we?*"

The squire, relieving Clifford of his charge, folded his child in his arms, while in his own elucidatory manner he informed her where she was, and with whom. The lovers stood face to face to each other, but what delicious blushes did the night, which concealed all but the outline of their forms, hide from the eyes of Clifford!

The honest and kind heart of Mr. Brandon was glad of a release to the indulgent sentiments it had always cherished towards the suspected and maligned Clifford, and turning now from Lucy, it fairly poured itself forth upon her deliverer. He grasped him warmly by the hand, and insisted upon his accompanying them to Bath in the carriage, and allowing the footman to ride his horse. This offer was still pending, when the footman, who had been to see after the health and comfort of his fellow-servant, came to inform the party in a dolorous accent, of something which, in the confusion and darkness of the night, they had not

yet learned,—namely, that the horses and coachman were—gone!

"Gone!" said the squire—"gone!—why the villains can't—(for my part, I never believe, though I have heard such wonder of, those sleights of hand)—have bagged them!"

Here a low growl was audible, and the footman, sympathetically guided to the spot whence it emanated, found the huge body of the coachman safely deposited, with its face downwards, in the middle of the kennel. After this worthy had been lifted to his legs, and had shaken himself into intelligence, it was found that when the robber had detained the horses, the coachman, who required very little to conquer his more bellicose faculties, had—(he himself said, by a violent blow from the ruffian, though, perhaps, the cause lay nearer home)—quitted the coach-box for the kennel, the horses grew frightened, and after plunging and rearing till he cared no longer to occupy himself with their arrest, the highwayman had very quietly cut the traces, and by the time present, it was not impossible that the horses were almost at the door of their stables at Bath.

The footman who had apprised the squire of of this misfortune was, unlike most news-tellers, the first to offer consolation.

"There be an excellent public," quoth he, "about half a mile on, where your honor could get horses; or, mayhap, if Miss Lucy, poor heart, be faint you may like to stop for the night."

Though a walk of half a mile in a dark night, and under other circumstances, would not have seemed a grateful proposition, yet, at present, when the squire's imagination had only pictured to him the alternatives of passing the night in the carriage, or of crawling on foot to Bath, it seemed but a very insignificant hardship. And tucking his daughter's arm under his own, while in a kind voice he told Clifford "to support her on the other side," the squire ordered the footman to lead the way with Clifford's horse, and the coachman to follow or be d—d, which ever he pleased.

In silence Clifford offered his arm to Lucy, and silently she accepted the courtesy. The squire was the only talker, and the theme he chose was not ungratetul to Lucy, for it was the praise of her lover. But Clifford scarcely listened, for a thousand thoughts and feelings contested within him; and the light touch of Lucy's hand upon his arm would alone have been sufficient to distract and confuse his attention. The darkness of the night, the late excitement, the stolen kiss that still glowed upon his lips, the remembrance of Lucy's flattering agitation in the scene with her at Lord Mauleverer's, the yet warmer one of that unconscious embrace, which still tingled through every nerve of his frame, all conspired with the delicious emotion which he now experienced at her presence and her contact to intoxicate and inflame him. Oh, those burning moments in love, when romance has just mellowed into passion, and without losing any thing of its luxrious vagueness, mingles the enthusiasm of its dreams with the ardent desires of reality and earth!

That is the exact time, when love has reached its highest point,—when all feelings, all thoughts, the whole soul, and the whole mind, are seized and engrossed,—when every difficulty weighed in the opposite scale seems lighter than dust,—when to renounce the object beloved is the most deadly and lasting sacrifice,—and when in so many breasts, where honor, conscience, virtue, are far stronger than we can believe them ever to have been in a criminal like Clifford, honor, conscience, virtue, have perished at once and suddenly into ashes before that mighty and irresistible fire.

The servant, who had previous opportunities of ascertaining the topography of the "public" of which he spake, and who was perhaps tolerably reconciled to his late terror in the anticipation of renewing his intimacy with the "spirits of the past," now directed the attention of our travellers to a small inn just before them. Mine host had not yet retired to repose, and it was not necessary to knock twice before the door was opened.

A bright fire, an officious landlady, a commiserate landlord, a warm potation and the promise of excellent beds, all appeared to our squire to make ample amends for the intelligence that the inn was not licensed to let post-horses; and mine host having promised forthwith to send two stout fellows, a rope, and a cart-horse, to bring the carriage under shelter (for the squire valued the vehicle *because* it was twenty years old), and, moreover, to have the harness repaired, and the horses ready by an early hour next day, the good humor of

Mr. Brandon rose into positive hilarity. Lucy retired under the auspices of the landlady to bed, and the squire having drunk a bowl of bishop, and discovered a thousand new virtues in Clifford, especially that of never interrupting a good story, clapped the captain on the shoulder, and making him promise not to leave the inn till he had seen him again, withdrew also to the repose of his pillow.

Clifford remained below, gazing abstractedly on the fire for some time afterwards; nor was it till the drowsy chambermaid had thrice informed him of the prepared comforts of his bed, that he adjourned to his chamber. Even then it seems that sleep did not visit his eyelids, for a wealthy grazier, who lay in the room below, complained bitterly the next morning of some person walking overhead "in all manner of strides, just for all the world like a happarition in boots."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"*Viola.*—And dost thou love me?
Lysander. . . . Love thee, Viola?
Do I not fly thee when my being drinks
Light from thine eyes?—that flight is all my answer!"
The Bride, Act ii., Scene I

The curtain meditations of the squire had not been without the produce of a resolve. His warm heart at once reopened to the liking he had formerly conceived for Clifford; he longed for an opportunity to atone for his past unkindness, and to testify his present gratitude; moreover, he felt at once indignant at, and ashamed of, his late conduct in joining the popular, and, as he now fully believed, the causeless prepossession against his young friend, and before a more present and a stronger sentiment his habitual deference for his brother's counsels faded easily away. Coupled with these favorable feelings towards Clifford were his sagacious suspicions, or rather certainty, of Lucy's attachment to her handsome deliverer; and he had at least sufficient penetration to perceive that she was not likely to love him the less for the nights adventure. To all this was added the tender recollection of his wife's parting words; and the tears and tell-tale agitation of Lucy in the carriage were sufficient to his simple mind, which knew not how lightly maiden's tears are shed and dried, to confirm the prediction of the dear deceased. Nor were the squire's more generous and kindly feelings utterly unmixed with selfish considerations.

Proud, but not the least *ambitious*, he was always more ready to confer an honor than receive one, and at heart he was secretly glad at the notion of exchanging, as a son-in-law, the polished and *unfamiliar* Mauleverer for the agreeable and social Clifford. Such, in "admired disorder," were the thoughts which rolled through the teeming brain of Joseph Brandon, and before he had turned on his left side, which he always did preparatory to surrendering himself to slumber, the squire had fully come to a determination most fatal to the schemes of the lawyer and the hopes of the earl.

The next morning as Lucy was knitting

"The loose train of her amber-dropping hair,"

before the little mirror of her chamber, which even through its dimmed and darkened glass gave back a face which might have shamed a Grecian vision of Aurora, a gentle tap at her door announced her father. There was in his rosy and comely countenance that expression generally characteristic of a man pleased with himself, and persuaded that he is about to give pleasure.

"My dear child," said the squire, fondly stroking down the luxuriance of his Lucy's hair, and kissing her damask cheek, "I am come to have some little conversation with you: sit down now, and (for my part, I love to talk at my ease; and, by the by, shut the window, my love, it is an easterly wind) I wish that we may come to a clear and distinct understanding. Hem!—give me your hand, my child,—I think on there matters one can scarcely speak too precisely and to the purpose; although I am well aware—(for, for my own part, I always wish to act to every one, to you especially, my dearest child, with the greatest consideration)—that we must go to work with as much delicacy as conciseness. You know this Captain Clifford,—'tis a brave youth, is it not?—well—nay, never blush so deeply, there is nothing (for in these matters one can't have all one's wishes,—one can't have *everything*) *to be ashamed of!* Tell me now, child, dost think he is in love with thee?"

If Lucy did not immediately answer by words, her pretty lips moved as if she could readily reply; and, finally, they settled into so sweet and so assured a smile, that the squire, fond as he was of "precise" information, was in want of no fuller answer to his question.

"Ay, ay, young lady," said he, looking at her with all a father's affection, "I see how it is. And, come now,—what do you turn away for? Dost think if, as I believe, though there are envious persons in the world, as there always are when a man's handsome, or clever, or brave; though, by the way, which is a very droll thing in my eyes, they don't envy, at least not ill-naturedly, a man for being a lord, or rich; but, quite on the contrary, rank and money seem to make them think one has all the cardinal virtues. Humph!—If, I say this Mr. Clifford should turn out to be a gentleman of family,—for you know that is essential, since the Brandons have, as my brother has probably told you, been a great race many centuries ago;—dost think, my child, that thou couldst give up (the cat is out of the bag) this old lord, and marry a simple gentleman?"

The hand which the squire had held was now with an arch tenderness applied to his mouth, and when he again seized it Lucy hid her glowing face in his bosom; and it was only by a whisper, as if the very air was garrulous, that he could draw forth (for now he insisted on a verbal reply) her happy answer.

We are not afraid that our reader will blame us for not detailing the rest of the interview between the father and daughter: it did not last above an hour longer; for the squire declared that, for his own part, he hated more words than were necessary. Mr. Brandon was the first to descend to the breakfast, muttering as he descended the stairs, "Well now, hang me if I am not glad that's off (for I do not like to think much of so silly a matter) my mind. And as for my brother, I sha'n't tell him till it's all over and settled. And if he is angry, he and the old lord may, though I don't mean to be unbrotherly, go to the devil together!"

When the three were assembled at the breakfast-table, there could not, perhaps, have been found any where a stronger contrast than that which the radiant face of Lucy bore to the haggard and worn expression that disfigured the handsome features of her lover. So marked was the change that one night seemed to have wrought upon Clifford, that even the squire was startled and alarmed at it. But Lucy, whose innocent vanity pleased itself with accounting for the alteration, consoled herself with the hope of soon witnessing a very different expression on the countenance of her lover; and though she was silent, and her happiness lay quiet and deep within her, yet in her eyes and lip there was that which seemed to Clifford an insult to his own misery, and stung him to the heart. However, he exerted himself to meet the conversation of the squire, and to mask as well as he was able the evidence of the conflict which still raged within him.

The morning was wet and gloomy; it was that drizzling and misty rain which is so especially nutritious to the growth of blue devils, and the jolly squire failed not to rally his young friend upon his feminine susceptibility to the influences of the weather. Clifford rereplied jestingly, and the jest, if bad, was good enough to content the railer. In this facetious manner passed the time, till Lucy, at the request of her father, left the room to prepare for their return home.

Drawing his chair near to Clifford's, the squire then commenced in real and affectionate earnest his operations—these he had already planned—in the following order: they were first, to inquire into, and to learn, Clifford's rank, family, and prospects; secondly, having ascertained the proprieties of the outer man, they were to examine the state of the inner one; and, thirdly, should our skilful inquirer find his guesses at Clifford's affection for Lucy confirmed, they were to expel the modest fear of a repulse, which the squire allowed was natural enough, and to lead the object of the inquiry to a knowledge of the happiness that, Lucy consenting, might be in store for him. While, with his wonted ingenuity, the squire was pursuing his benevolent designs, Lucy remained in her own room, in such meditation and such dreams as were natural to a heart so sanguine and enthusiastic.

She had been more than half-an-hour alone, when the chambermaid of the hosterly knocked at her door, and delivered a message from the squire, begging her to come down to him in the parlor. With a heart that beat so violently it almost seemed to wear away its very life, Lucy slowly, and with tremulous steps, de-

scended to the parlor. On opening the door she saw Clifford standing in the recess of the window: his face was partly turned from her, and his eyes downcast. The good old squire sat in an elbow-chair, and a sort of puzzled and half-satisfied complacency gave expression to his features.

"Come hither, child," said he, clearing his throat; "Captain Clifford—a-hem !—has done you the honor—to—and I dare say you will be very much surprised—not that, for my own part, I think there is much to wonder at in it, but such may be my partial opinion (and *it is certainly very natural in me*)—*to make you a declaration of love.* He declares, moreover, that he is the most miserable of men, and that he would die sooner than have the presumption to hope. Therefore you see, my love, I have sent for you, to give him permission to destroy himself in any way he pleases; and I leave him to show cause why (it is a fate that sooner or later happens to all his fellow-men) sentence of death should not be passed against him." Having delivered this speech with more propriety of word than usually fell to his share, the squire rose hastily and hobbled out of the room.

Lucy sank into the chair her father had quitted, and Clifford, approaching towards her, said, in a hoarse and low voice,—

"Your father, Miss Brandon, says rightly, that I would die rather than lift my eyes in hope to you. I thought yesterday that I had seen you for the last time; chance, not my own folly or presumption, has brought me again before you; and even the few hours I have passed under the same roof with you have made me feel as if my love—my madness—had never reached its height till now. Oh, Lucy !" continued Clifford, in a more impassioned tone, and, as if by a sudden and irresistible impulse, throwing himself at her feet; "if I *could* hope to merit you—if I could hope to raise myself—if I could—but no—no—no ! I am cut off from all hope, and for ever !"

There was so deep, so bitter, so heartfelt an anguish and remorse in the voice with which these last words were spoken, that Lucy, hurried off her guard, and forgetting every thing in wondering sympathy and compassion, answered, extending her hand towards Clifford, who, still kneeling, seized and covered it with kisses of fire,—

"Do not speak thus, Mr. Clifford; do not accuse yourself of what I am sure, quite sure, you cannot deserve. Perhaps,—forgive me,—your birth, your fortune, are beneath your merits; and you have penetrated into my father's weakness on the former point; or, perhaps, you yourself have not avoided all the errors into which men are hurried; perhaps you have been imprudent or thoughtless; perhaps you have (fashion is contagious) played beyond your means, or incurred debts: these are faults, it is true, and to be regretted, yet not surely irreparable."

For that instant can it be wondered that all Clifford's resolution and self-denial deserted him, and lifting his eyes, radiant with joy and gratitude, to the face which bent in benevolent innocence towards him he, exclaimed, "No, Miss Brandon !—no, Lucy!—dear, angel Lucy! —my faults are less venial than these, but perhaps they are no less the consequence of circumstances and contagion; perhaps it may not be too late to repair them. Would you—you indeed deign to be my guardian, I might not despair of being saved !"

"If," said Lucy, blushing deeply, and looking down, while she spoke quick and eagerly, as if to avoid humbling him by her offer,—"if, Mr. Clifford, the want of wealth has in any way occasioned you any uneasiness, or—or error, do believe me—I mean *us*—so much your friends as not for an instant to scruple in relieving us of some little portion of our last night's debt to you."

"Dear, noble girl !" said Clifford, while there writhed upon his lips one of those smiles of powerful sarcasm that sometimes distorted his features, and thrillingly impressed upon Lucy a resemblance to one very different in reputation and character to her lover,—"Do not attribute my misfortunes to so petty a source; it is not money that I shall want while I live, though I shall to my last breath remember this delicacy in you, and compare it with certain base remembrances in my own mind. Yes ! all past thoughts and recollections will make me hereafter worship you even more than I do now; while in your heart they will—unless Heaven grant me one prayer—make you scorn and detest me !"

"For mercy's sake do not speak thus !" said Lucy, gazing in indistinct alarm upon the dark and working features of her lover.

"Scorn, detest, you! impossible! How could I, after the remembrance of last night?"

"Ay! of last night," said Clifford, speaking through his ground teeth: "there is much in that remembrance to live long in both of us; but you—*you*—fair angel (and all harshness and irony vanishing at once from his voice and countenance, yielded to a tender and deep sadness, mingled with a respect that bordered on reverence),—"*you* never could have dreamed of more than pity for one like me,—you never could have stooped from your high and dazzling purity to know for me one such thought as that which burns at my heart for you,—you—yes, withdraw your hand, I am not worthy to touch it!" And clasping his own hands before his face, he became abruptly silent; but his emotions were but ill concealed, and Lucy saw the muscular frame before her heaved and convulsed by passions which were more intense and rending because it was only for a few moments that they conquered his self-will and struggled into vent.

If afterwards,—but *long* afterwards, Lucy recalling the mystery of his words, confessed to herself that they betrayed guilt, she was then too much affected to think of any thing but her love and his emotion. She bent down, and with a girlish and fond self-abandonment, which none could have resisted, placed both her hands on his: Clifford started, looked up, and in the next moment he had clasped her to his heart; and while the only tears he had shed since his career of crime fell fast and hot upon her countenance, he kissed her forehead, her cheek, her lips, in a passionate and wild transport. His voice died within him, he could not trust himself to speak; only one thought, even in that seeming forgetfulness of her and of himself, stirred and spoke at his breast—*flight*. The more he felt he loved,—the more tender and the more confiding the object of his love, the more urgent became the necessity to leave her. All other duties had been neglected, but he loved with a real love; and love, which *taught* him *one* duty, *bore* him triumphantly through its bitter ordeal.

"You will hear from me to-night," he muttered; "believe that I am mad, accursed, criminal, but not utterly a monster! I ask no more merciful opinion!" he drew himself from his perilous position, and abruptly departed.

When Clifford reached his home, he found his worthy coadjutors waiting for him with alarm and terror on their countenances. An old feat, in which they had signalized themselves, had long attracted the rigid attention of the police, and certain officers had now been seen at Bath, and certain inquiries had been set on foot, which portended no good to the safety of the sagacious Tomlinson and the valorous Pepper. They came, humbly and penitentially demanding pardon for their unconscious aggression of the squire's carriage, and entreating their captain's instant advice. If Clifford had before wavered in his disinterated determination,—if visions of Lucy, of happiness, and reform, had floated in his solitary ride too frequently and too glowingly before his eyes, the sight of these men, their conversation, their danger, all sufficed to restore his resolution. "Merciful God!" thought he, "and is it to the comrade of such lawless villains, to a man, like them, exposed hourly to the most ignominous of deaths, that I have for one section of a moment dreamed of consigning the innocent and generous girl, whose trust or love is the only crime that could deprive her of the most brilliant destiny?"

Short were Clifford's instructions to his followers, and so much do we do mechanically, that they were delivered with his usual forethought and precision. "You will leave the town instantly; go not, for your lives to, London, or to rejoin any of your comrades. Ride for the Red Cave; provisions are stored there, and, since our late alteration of the interior, it will afford ample room to conceal your horses. On the night of the second day from this I will join you. But be sure that you enter the cave at night, and quit it upon no account till I come!"

"Yes!" said he, when he was alone, "I will join you again, but only to quit you. One more offence against the law, or at least one sum wrested from the swollen hands of the rich sufficient to equip me for a foreign army, and I quit the country of my birth and my crimes. If I cannot deserve Lucy Brandon, I will be somewhat less unworthy. Perhaps (why not?) I am young, my nerves are not weak, my brain is not dull; perhaps I may in some field of honorable adventure win a name, that before my death-bed I may not blush to acknowledge to her!"

While this resolve beat high within Clifford's breast, Lucy sadly and in silence was continuing with the squire her short journey to Bath. The latter was very inquisitive to know why Clifford had gone, and what he had avowed; and Lucy, scarcely able to answer, threw every thing on the promised letter of the night.

"I am glad," muttered the squire to her, "that he is going to write; for, somehow or other, though I questioned him very tightly, he slipped through my cross examination, and bursting out at once as to his love for you, left me as wise about himself as I was before; no doubt (for my own part I don't see what should prevent his being a great man *incog.*) this letter will explain all!"

Late that night the letter came; Lucy, fortunately for her, was alone in her own room; she opened it and read as follows:—

CLIFFORD'S LETTER.

"I have promised to write to you, and I sit down to perform that promise. At this moment the recollection of your goodness, your generous consideration, is warm within me; and while I must choose calm and common words to express what I ought to say, my heart is alternately melted and torn by thoughts which would ask words, oh how different! Your father has questioned me often of my parentage and birth,—I have hitherto eluded his interrogatories. Learn now who I am. In a wretched abode, surrounded by the inhabitants of poverty and vice, I recall my earliest recollections. My father is unknown to me as to every one; my mother, to *you* I dare not mention who or what she was,—she died in my infancy. Without a name, but not without an inheritance (my inheritance was large—it was infamy!), I was thrown upon the world: I had received by accident some education, and imbibed some ideas, not natural to my situation; since then I have played many parts in life: books and men I have not so neglected, but that I have gleaned at intervals some little knowledge from both. Hence, if I have seemed to you better than I am, you will perceive the cause; circumstances made me soon my own master; they made me also one whom honest men do not love to look upon; my deeds have been, and my character is, of a par with my birth and my fortunes. I came, in the noble hope to raise and redeem myself by gilding my fate with a wealthy marriage, to this city: I saw you, whom I had once before met. I heard you were rich. Hate me, Miss Brandon, hate me!—I resolved to make your ruin the cause of my redemption. Happily for you, I scarcely knew you before I loved you; that love deepened,—it caught something pure and elevated from yourself. My resolution forsook me; even now I could throw myself oh my knees and thank God that you—you, dearest and noblest of human beings—are not my wife. Now, is my conduct clear to you?—If not, imagine me all that is villanous, save in one point, where *you* are concerned, and not a shadow of mystery will remain. Your kind father, over-rating the paltry service I rendered you, would have consented to submit my fate to your decision. I blush indignantly for him—for you—that any living man should have dreamed of such profanation for Miss Brandon. Yet I myself was carried away and intoxicated by so sudden and so soft a hope—even I dared to lift my eyes to you, to press you to this guilty heart, to forget myself, and to dream that you might be mine! Can you forgive me for this madness? And hereafter, when in your lofty and glittering sphere of wedded happiness, can yon remember my presumption and check your scorn? Perhaps you think that by so *late* a confession I have already deceived you. Alas! you know not what it costs me *now* to confess! I had only one hope in life,—it was that you might still, long after you had ceased to see me, fancy me not utterly beneath the herd with whom you live. This burning yet selfish vanity I tear from me, and now I go where no hope can pursue me. No hope for myself, save one which can scarcely deserve the name, for it is rather a rude and visionary wish than an expectation:—it is, that under another name, and under different auspices, you may hear of me at some distant time; and when I apprise you that under that name you may recognize one who loves you better than all created things, you may feel *then* at least, no cause for shame at your lover. What will *you* be then? A happy wife—a mother—the centre of a thousand joys—beloved, admired—blest when the eye sees you and the ear hears! And this is what I ought to hope; this is the consolation that ought to cheer me;—perhaps a little time hence it will. Not that I shall love you less; but that I shall love you less burningly, and therefore less selfishly. I have now written to you all that it becomes you to receive from me. My horse waits below to bear me from this city, and for ever from your vicinity. For ever!—ay, you are the only blessing *for ever* forbidden me. Wealth I may gain—a fair name—even glory I may perhaps aspire to!—to Heaven itself I may find a path: but of *you* my very dreams cannot give me the shadow of a hope. I do not say, if you could pierce my soul while I write that you would pity me. You may think it strange, but I would not have your *pity* for worlds; I think I would even rather have your hate, pity seems so much like contempt. But if you knew what an effort has enabled me to tame down my language, to curb my thoughts, to prevent me from embodying that which now makes my brain whirl, and my hand feel as if the living fire consumed it; if you knew what has enabled me to triumph over the madness at my heart, and spare you what, if writ or spoken, would seem like the ravings of insanity, you would not, and you could not, despise me, though you might abhor.

"And now, Heaven guard and bless you! Nothing on *earth* could injure you. And even the wicked who have looked upon you learn to pray—*I* have prayed for you!"

Thus (abrupt and signatureless) ended the expected letter. Lucy came down the next morning at her usual hour, and except that she was very pale, nothing in her appearance seemed to announce past grief or emotion. The squire asked her if she had received the promised letter? She answered in a clear, though faint voice, that she had—that Mr. Clifford had confessed himself of too low an

origin to hope for marriage with Mr. Brandon's family; that she trusted the squire would keep his secret; and that the subject might never again be alluded to by either. If, in this speech, there was something alien to Lucy's ingenuous character, and painful to her mind, she felt it, as it were, a duty to her former lover not to betray the whole of that confession so bitterly wrung from him. Perhaps, too, there was in that letter a charm which seemed to her too sacred to be revealed to any one. And mysteries were not excluded even from a love so ill-placed, and seemingly so transitory, as hers.

Lucy's answer touched the squire in his weak point. "A man of decidedly low origin," he confessed, "was utterly out of the question; nevertheless the young man showed a great deal of candor in his disclosure." He readily promised never to broach a subject necessarily so unpleasant: and though he sighed as he finished his speech, yet the extreme quiet of Lucy's manner reassured him, and when he perceived that she resumed, though languidly, her wonted avocations, he felt but little doubt of her soon overcoming the remembrance of what, he hoped, was but a girlish and a fleeting fancy. He yielded, with avidity, to her proposal to return to Warlock; and in the same week as that in which Lucy had received her lover's mysterious letter, the father and daughter commenced their journey home.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"*Butler.*—What are these, sir?
Yeoman.—And of what nature—to what use?
Latroc.—Imagine."—*The Tragedy of Rollo.*

"*Quickly.*—He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom."—*Henry V.*

THE stream of our narrative now conducts us back to William Brandon. The law-promotions previously intended were completed; and, to the surprise of the public, the envied barrister, undergoing the degradation of knighthood, had, at the time we return to him, just changed his toilsome occupations for the serene dignity of the bench. Whatever regret this wily and aspiring schemer might otherwise have felt at an elevation considerably less distinguished than he might reasonably have expected, was entirely removed by the hopes afforded to him of a speedy translation to a more brilliant office: it was whispered among those not unlikely to foresee such events, that the interest of the government required his talents in the house of peers. Just at this moment, too, the fell disease, whose ravages Brandon endeavored, as jealously as possible, to hide from the public, had appeared suddenly to yield to the skill of a new physician; and by the administration of medicines, which a man less stern or resolute might have trembled to adopt (so powerful, and for the most part, deadly was their nature), he passed from a state of almost insufferable torture to an elysium of tranquillity and ease: perhaps, however, the medicines which altered also decayed his constitution: and it was observable, that in two cases, where the physician had attained a like success by the same means, the patients had died suddenly, exactly at the time when their cure seemed to be finally completed.

However, Sir William Brandon appeared very little anticipative of danger. His manner became more cheerful and even than it had ever been before; there was a certain lightness in his gait, a certain exhilaration in his voice and eye, which seemed the tokens of one from a heavy burden had been suddenly raised, and who was no longer prevented from the eagerneess of hope by the engrossing claims of a bodily pain. He had always been bland in society, but now his courtesy breathed less of artifice,—it took a more hearty tone. Another alteration was discernible in him, and that was precisely the reverse of what might have been expected. He became more *thrifty*, —more attentive to the expenses of life than he had been. Though a despiser of show and ostentation, and far too *hard* to be luxurious, he was too scientific an architect of the weakness of others not to haxe maintained during his public career an opulent appearance and a hospitable table. The profession he had adopted requires, perhaps, less of externals to aid it than any other; still Brandon had affected to preserve parliamentary as well as legal importance; and, though his house was situated in a quarter entirely professional, he had been accustomed to assemble around his hospitable board all who were eminent, in his political party, for rank or for talent.

Now, however, when hospitality, and a cer-

tain largeness of expenses, better became his station, he grew closer and more exact in his economy. Brandon never could have degenerated into a *miser;* money, to one so habitually wise as he was, could never have passed from means into an object; but he had, evidently, for some canse or another, formed the resolution to save. Some said it was the result of returning health, and the hope of a prolonged life, to which many objects for which wealth is desirable might occur. But when it was accidentally ascertained that Brandon had been making several inquiries respecting a large estate in the neighborhood of Warlock, formerly in the possession of his family, the gossips (for Brandon was a man to be gossiped about) were no longer in want of a motive, false or real, for the judge's thrift.

It was shortly after his elevation to the bench, and ere these signs of change had become noticeable, that the same strange ragamuffin whom we have mentioned before, as introduced by Mr. Swoppem to a private conference with Brandon, was admitted to the judge's presence.

"Well," said Brandon, impatiently, the moment the door was closed, "your news?"

"Vy, your oner," said the man, bashfully, twirling a thing that stood proxy for a hat, "I thinks as ow I shall be hable to satisfy your vorship's oner." Then approaching the judge, and assuming an important air, he whispered,—

"'Tis as ow I thought!"

"My God!" cried Brandon, with vehemence. "And he is alive?—and where?"

"I believes," answered the seemly confidant of Sir William Brandon, "that he be's alive; and if he be's alive, may I flash my ivories in a glass case, if I does not ferret him out; but as to saying vhere he be at this nick o' the moment, smash me if I can!"

"Is he in this country?" said Brandon; "or do you believe that he has gone abroad?"

"Vy, much of one and not a little of the other!" said the euphonious confidant.

"How! speak plain, man—what do you mean?"

"Vy, I means, your oner, that I can't say vhere he is,"

"And this," said Brandon, with a muttered oath,—"this is your boasted news, is it? Dog! damned, damned dog! if you trifle with me, or play me false, I will hang you,—by the living G—, I will!"

The man shrunk back involuntarily from Brandon's vindictive forehead and kindled eyes; but with the cunning peculiar to low voice answered, though in an humbler tone,—

"And vot good vill that do your onor? If so be as ow you scrags I, vill that put your vorship in the vay of finding *he?*"

Never was there an obstacle in grammar through which a sturdy truth could not break; and Brandon, after a moody pause, said in a milder voice,—"I did not mean to frighten you! Never mind what I said; but you can surely guess whereabouts he is, or what means of life he pursues? perhaps"—and a momentary paleness crossed Brandon's swarthy visage:—"perhaps he may have been driven into dishonesty in order to maintain himself!"

The informant replied with great *naïveté*, that "such a thing was not unpossible!" And Brandon then entered into a series of seemingly careless but artful cross-questionings, which either the ignorance or the craft of the man enabled him to battle. After some time, Brandon, disappointed and dissatisfied, gave up his professional task; and, bestowing on the man many sagacious and minute instructions, as well as a very liberal donation, he was forced to dismiss his mysterious visitor, and to content himself with an assured assertion, that if the object of his inquiries should not already be gone to the devil, the strange gentlemen employed to discover him would certainly, sooner or latter, bring him to the judge.

This assertion, and the interview preceding it, certainly inspired Sir William Brandon with a feeliug like complacency, although it was mingled with a considerable alloy.

"I do not," thought he, concluding his meditations when he was left alone,—"I do not see what else I can do! since it appears that the boy had not even a name when he set out alone from his wretched abode, I fear that an advertisement would have but little chance of even designating, much less of finding him, after so long an absence. Besides it might make me the prey to impostors; and, in all probability, he has either left the country, or adopted some mode of living which would prevent his daring to disclose himself!" This thought plunged the soliloquist into a

gloomy abstraction, which lasted several minutes, and from which he started, muttering aloud,—

"Yes, yes! I dare to believe, to hope it.—Now for the minister, and the peerage!" And from that time the root of Sir William Brandon's ambition spread with a firmer and more extended grasp over his mind.

We grieve very much that the course of our story should now oblige us to record an event which we would willingly have spared ourselves the pain of narrating. The good old Squire of Warlock Manor-House had scarcely reached his home on his return from Bath. before William Brandon received the following letter from his brother's grey-headed butler:—

"HONNURED SUR,

"I send this with all speede, thof with a hevy hart, to axquainte you with the sudden (and it is feered by his loving friends and well-wishers, which latter, to be sur, is all as knows him) dangeros ilness of the Squire.* He was seezed, poor deer gentleman (for God never made a bettler, no offence to your Honnur), the moment he set footing in his Own Hall, and what has hung rond me like a mill-ston ever sin, is that instead of his saying—'How do you do, Sampson?' as was his wont, whenever he returned from forren parts, sich as Bath, Lunnun, and the like; he said, 'God bless you, Sampson!' which makes me think sumhow that it will be his last wurds; for he has never spoke sin, for all Miss Lucy be by his bedside contin*al*. She poor deer, don't take on at all, in regard of crying and such woman's wurk, but looks nevertheless. for all the wurld, just like a copse. I sends Tom the postilion with this hexpress, nowing he is a good hand at a gallop, having, not sixteen years ago, beat some o' the best on un at a racing. Hoping as yer honnur will lose no time in coming to this 'hous of mourning,'

"I remane, with all respect,
"Your Honnur's humble sarvant to command,
"JOHN SAMPSON."

Sir William Brandon did not give himself time to re-read this letter, in order to make it more intelligible, before he wrote to one of his professional compeers, requesting him to fill his place during his unavoidable absence, on the melancholy occasion of his brother's expected death; and having so done, he immediately set off for Warlock. Inexplicable even to himself was that feeling, so nearly approaching to real sorrow, which the worldly lawyer felt at the prospect of losing his guileless and unspeculating brother. Whether it be that turbulent and ambitious minds, in choosing for their wavering affections the very opposites of themselves, feel (on losing the fellowship of those calm, fair characters that have never crossed their rugged path) as if they lost, in losing them, a kind of haven for their own restless thoughts and tempest-worn designs!—be this as it may, certain it is, that when William Brandon arrived at his brother's door, and was informed by the old butler who, for the first time, was slow to greet him, that the squire had just breathed his last, his austere nature forsook him at once, and he felt the shock with a severity perhaps still keener than that which a more genial and affectionate heart would have experienced.

As soon as he had recovered his self-possession, Sir William made question of his niece; and finding that after an unrelaxing watch during the whole of the squire's brief illness, nature had failed her at his death, and she had been borne senseless from his chamber to her own, Brandon walked with a step far different from his usual stately gait to the room where his brother lay. It was one of the oldest apartments in the house, and much of the ancient splendor that belonged to the mansion ere its size had been reduced, with the fortunes of its successive owners, still distinguished the chamber. The huge mantel-piece ascending to the carved ceiling in grotesque pilasters, and scroll-work of the blackest-oak, with the quartered arms of Brandon and Saville escutcheoned in the centre,—the panelled walls of the same dark wainscot,—the *armoire* of ebony,—the high-backed chairs, with their tapestried seats,—the lofty bed, with its hearse-like plumes and draperies of crimson damask that seemed, so massy was the substance, and so prominent the flowers, as if it were rather a carving than a silk,—all conspired with the size of the room to give it a feudal solemnity, not perhaps suited to the rest of the house, but well calculated to strike a gloomy awe into the breast of the worldly and proud man who now entered the death-chamber of his brother.

Silently Willam Brandon motioned away the attendants, and silently he seated himself by the bed, and looked long and wistfully upon the calm and placid face of the deceased. It is difficult to guess at what passed within him during the space of time in which he remained

* The reader, who has doubtless noticed how invariably servants of long standing acquire a certain tone from that of their master, may observe that honest John Sampson had caught from the squire the habit of parenthetical composition.

alone in that room. The apartment itself he could not, at another period, have tenanted without secret emotion. It was that in which, as a boy, he had himself been accustomed to sleep; and, even then a schemer and an aspirant, the very sight of the room sufficed to call back all the hopes and visions, the restless projects and the feverish desires, which had now brought him to the envied state of an acknowledged celebrity and a shattered frame. There must have been something awful in the combination of those active remembrances with the cause which had led him to that apartment; and there was a homily in the serene countenance of the dead, which preached more effectually to the heart of the living than William Brandon would have cared to own. He had been more than an hour in the room, and the evening had already begun to cast deep shadows through the small panes of the half-closed window, when Brandon was startled by a slight noise. He looked up, and beheld Lucy opposite to him. She did not see him; but throwing herself upon the bed, she took the cold hand of the deceased, and, after a long silence, burst into a passion of tears.

"My father!" she sobbed,—"my kind, good father! who will love me now?"

"I!" said Brandon, deeply affected; and, passing round the bed, he took his niece in his arms: "I will be your father, Lucy, and you—the last of our race—shall be to me as a daughter!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"Falsehood in him was not the useless lie
Of boasting pride or laughing vanity:
It was the gainful—the persuading art," etc.
* * * * *
—CRABBE.

"On with the horses—off to Canterbury,
Tramp—tramp o'er pebble, and splash—splash thro' puddle;
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!
* * * * *
* * * * *
'Here laws are all inviolate; none lay
Traps for the traveller; every highway's clear;
Here ——' he was interrupted by a knife,
With 'D—— your eyes!—your money or your life!'"
—*Don Juan.*

MISFORTUNES are like the creations of Cadmus—they destroy one another! Roused from the torpor of mind occasioned by the loss of her lover at the sudden illness of the squire, Lucy had no thought for herself—no thought for any one—for any thing but her father, till long after the earth had closed over his remains. The very activity of the latter grief was less dangerous than the quiet of the former; and when the first keenness of sorrow passed away, and her mind gradually and mechanically returned to the remembrance of Clifford, it was with an intensity less strong, and less fatal to her health and happiness than before. She thought it unnatural and criminal to allow any thing else to grieve her, while she had so sacred a grief as that of her loss; and her mind, once aroused into resistance to passion, betrayed a native strength little to have been expected from her apparent character. Sir William Brandon lost no time in returning to town after the burial of his brother. He insisted upon taking his niece with him; and, though with real reluctance, she yielded to his wishes and accompanied him. By the squire's will, indeed, Sir William was appointed guardian to Lucy, and she yet wanted more than a year of her majority.

Brandon, with a delicacy very uncommon to him where women (for he was a confirmed woman-hater) were concerned, provided every thing that he thought could in any way conduce to her comfort. He ordered it to be understood in his establishment that she was its mistress. He arranged and furnished, according to what he imagined to be her taste, a suite of apartments for her sole accommodation; a separate carriage and servants were appropriated to her use; and he sought, by perpetual presents of books, or flowers, or music, to occupy her thoughts, and atone for the solitude to which his professional duties obliged him so constantly to consign her. These attentions, which showed this strange man in a new light, seemed to bring out many little latent amiabilities, which were usually imbedded in the callosities of his rocky nature; and, even despite her causes for grief and the deep melancholy which consumed her, Lucy was touched with gratitude at kindness doubly soothing in one who, however urbane and polished, was by no means addicted to the little attentions that are considered so gratifying by women, and yet for which they so often despise, while they like, him who affords them.

There was much in Brandon that wound

itself insensibly around the heart. To one more experienced than Lucy, this involuntary attraction might not have been incompatible with suspicion, and could scarcely have been associated with esteem; and yet for all who knew him intimately, even for the penetrating and selfish Manœuverer, the attraction existed; unprincipled, crafty, hypocritical, even base when it suited his purpose; secretly sneering at the dupes he made, and knowing no code save that of interest and ambition; viewing men only as machines, and opinions only as ladders,—there was yet a tone of powerful feeling sometimes elicited from a heart that could at the same moment have sacrificed a whole people to the pettiest personal object: and sometimes with Lucy the eloquence or irony of his conversation deepened into a melancholy—a half-suppressed gentleness of sentiment, that accorded with the state of *her own* mind and interested her kind feelings powerfully in *his*. It was these peculiarities in his converse which made Lucy love to hear him; and she gradually learned to anticipate with a gloomy pleasure the hour in which, after the occupations of the day, he was accustomed to join her.

"You look unwell, uncle, to-night," she said, when one evening he entered the room with looks more fatigued than usual; and, rising, she leaned tenderly over him, and kissed his forehead.

"Ay!" said Brandon, utterly unwon by, and even unheeding, the caress; "our way of life soon passes into the sear and yellow leaf; and when Macbeth grieved that he might not look to have that which should accompany old age, he had grown doting, and grieved for what was worthless."

"Nay, uncle, 'honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,'—*these* surely were worth the sighing for?"

"Pooh! not worth a single sigh! The foolish wishes we form in youth have something noble, and something *bodily* in them; but those of age are utter shadows, and the shadows of pigmies! Why, what is honor, after all? What is this good name among men?—Only a sort of heathenish idol, set up to be adored by one set of fools, and scorned by another. Do you not observe, Lucy, that the man you hear most praised by the party you meet to-day, is most abused by that which you meet to-morrow? Public men are only praised by their party; and their party, sweet Lucy, are such base minions, that it moves one's spleen to think one is so little as to be useful to them. Thus a good name is only the good name of a sect, and the members of that sect are only marvellous proper knaves."

"But posterity does justice to those who really deserve fame."

"Posterity! Can you believe that a man who knows what life is, cares for the penny whistles of grown children after his death? Posterity, Lucy—no! Posterity is but the same perpetuity of fools and rascals; and even were justice desirable at their hands, they could *not* deal it. Do men agree whether Charles Stuart was a liar or a martyr? For how many ages have we believed Nero a monster! A writer now asks, as if demonstrating a problem, what real historian could doubt that Nero was a paragon? The patriarchs of Scripture have been declared by modern philosophy to be a series of astronomical hieroglyphs; and, with greater show of truth, we are assured that the patriot Tell never existed! Posterity! the word has gulled men enough without *my* adding to the number. I, who loathe the living, can scarcely venerate the unborn. Lucy, believe me, that no man can mix largely with men in political life, and not despise every thing that in youth he adored! Age leaves us only one feeling—contempt!"

"Are you belied, then?" said Lucy, pointing to a newspaper, the organ of the party opposed to Brandon: "Are you belied when you are here called 'ambitious?' When they call you 'selfish' and 'grasping' I know they wrong you; but I confess that I *have* thought you ambitious; yet can he who despises men desire their good opinion?"

"Their good opinion!" repeated Brandon, mockingly: "Do we want the bray of the asses we ride?—No!" he resumed, after a pause. "It is *power*, not *honor;* it is the hope of elevating oneself in every respect, in the world without, as well as in the world of one's own mind: it is this hope which makes me labor where I might rest, and will continue the labor to my grave. Lucy," continued Brandon, fixing his keen eyes on his niece, "have you no ambition? have power, and pomp, and place, no charm for your mind?"

"None!" said Lucy, quietly and simply.

"Indeed! yet there are times when I have thought I recognized my blood in your veins. You are sprung from a once noble, but a fallen race. Are you ever susceptible in the weakness of ancestral pride?"

"You say," answered Lucy, "that we should care not for those who live after us; much less, I imagine, should we care for those who have lived ages before!"

"Prettily answered," said Brandon, smiling. "I will tell you at one time or another what effect that weakness you despise already once had, long after your age, upon me. You are early wise on some points—profit by my experience, and be so on *all*."

"That is to say, in despising all men and all things!" said Lucy, also smiling.

"Well, never mind my creed; you may be wise after your own: but trust one, dearest Lucy, who loves you purely and disinterestedly, and who has weighed with scales balanced to a hair all the advantages to be gleaned from an earth, in which I verily think the harvest was gathered before we were put into it;—trust me, Lucy, and never think love—that maiden's dream—so valuable as rank and power: pause well before you yield to the former; accept the latter the moment they are offered you. Love puts you at the feet of another, and that other a tyrant; rank puts others at your feet, and all those thus subjected are your slaves!"

Lucy moved her chair (so that the new position concealed her face) and did not answer; and Brandon, in an altered tone, continued,—

"Would you think, Lucy, that I once was fool enough to imagine that love was a blessing, and to be eagerly sought for? I gave up my hopes, my chances of wealth, of distinction, all that had burned from the years of boyhood into my very heart. I chose poverty, obscurity, humiliation,—but I chose also love. What was my reward? Lucy Brandon, I was deceived—deceived!"

Brandon paused, and Lucy took his hand affectionately, but did not break the silence. Brandon resumed:—

"Yes, I was deceived! But I in my turn had a revenge,—and a fitting revenge; for it was not the revenge of hatred, but" (and the speaker laughed sardonically) "of contempt. Enough of this, Lucy! What I wished to say to you is this—grown men and women know more of the truth of things than ye young persons think for. Love is a mere bauble, and no human being ever exchanged for it one solid advantage without repentance. Believe this; and if rank ever puts itself under those pretty feet, be sure not to spurn the footstool."

So saying, with a slight laugh, Brandon lighted his chamber candle, and left the room for the night.

As soon as the lawyer reached his own apartment, he indited to Lord Mauleverer the following epistle:—

"Why, dear Mauleverer, do you not come to town? I want you,—your party wants you; perhaps the K—g wants you; and certainly, if you are serious about my niece, the care of your own love-suit should induce you yourself to want to come hither. I have paved the way for you; and I think, with a little management, you may anticipate a speedy success: but Lucy is a strange girl; and perhaps, after all, though you ought to be on the spot, you had better leave her as much as possible in my hands. I know human nature, Mauleverer, and that knowledge is the engine by which I will work your triumph. As for the young lover, I am not quite sure whether it be not better for our sake that Lucy should have experienced a disappointment on that score; for when a woman has once loved, and the love is utterly hopeless, she puts all vague ideas of other lovers altogether out of her head; she becomes contented with a husband *whom she can esteem!* Sweet canter! But *you*, Mauleverer want Lucy *to love you!* And so she will—after you have married her! She will love you partly from the advantages she derives from you, partly from familiarty (to say nothing of your good qualities).

"For my part, I think demesticity goes so far, that I believe a woman always inclined to be affectionate to a man whom she has once seen in his nightcap. However, you should come to town; my poor brother's recent death allows us to see no one,—the coast will be clear from rivals; grief has softened my niece's heart;—in a word, you could not have a better opportunity. Come!

"By the way, you say one of the reasons which made you think ill of this Captain Clifford was, your impression that, in the

figure of one of his comrades, you recognized something that appeared to you to resemble one of the fellows who robbed you a few months ago. I understand that, at this moment, the police are in active pursuit of three most accomplished robbers; nor should I be at all surprised if in this very Clifford were to be found the leader of the gang, viz. the notorious Lovett.

"I hear that the said leader is a clever and a handsome fellow, of a gentlemanlike address, and that his general associates are two men of the exact stamp of the worthies you have so amusingly described to me. I heard this yesterday from Nabbem, the police-officer, with whom I once scraped acquaintance on a trial; and in my grudge against your rival, I hinted at my suspicion that he, Captain Clifford, might not impossibly prove this Rinaldo Rinaldini of the roads. Nabbem caught at my hint at once; so that, if it be founded on a true guess, I may flatter my conscience, as well as my friendship, by the hope that I have had some hand in hanging this Adonis of my niece's. Whether my guess be true or not, Nabbem says he is sure of this Lovett; for one of his gang has promised to betray him. Hang these aspiring dogs! I thought treachery was confined to politics; and that thought makes me turn to public matters,—in which all people are turning with the most edifying celerity."

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Sir William Brandon's epistle found Mauleverer in a fitting mood for Lucy and for London. Our worthy peer had been not a little chagrined by Lucy's sudden departure from Bath; and while in doubt whether or not to follow her, the papers had informed him of the squire's death. Mauleverer, being then fully aware of the impossibility of immediately urging his suit, endeavored, like the true philosopher he was, to reconcile himself to his hope deferred. Few people were more easily susceptible of consolation than Lord Mauleverer. He found an agreeable lady, of a face more unfaded than her reputation, to whom he intrusted the care of relieving his leisure moments from *ennui;* and being a lively woman, the *confidante* discharged the trust with great satisfaction to Lord Mauleverer, for the space of a fortnight, so that he naturally began to feel his love for Lucy gradually wearing away, by absence and other ties; but just as the triumph of time over passion was growing decisive, the lady left Bath in company with a tall guardsman, and Mauleverer received Brandon's letter. These two events recalled our excellent lover to a sense of his allegiance; and there being now at Bath no particular attraction to counterbalance the ardor of his affection, Lord Mauleverer ordered the horses to his carriage, and, attended only by his valet, set out for London.

Nothing, perhaps, could convey a better portrait of the world's spoiled darling than a sight of Lord Mauleverer's thin, fastidious features, peering forth through the closed window of his luxurious travelling chariot; the rest of the outer man being carefully enveloped in furs, half-a-dozen novels strewing the seat of the carriage, and a lean French dog, exceedingly like its master, sniffing in vain for the fresh air, which, to the imagination of Mauleverer, was peopled with all sorts of asthmas and catarrhs! Mauleverer got out of his carriage at Salisbury, to stretch his limbs, and to amuse himself with a cutlet. Our nobleman was well known on the roads; and, as nobody could be more affable, he was equally popular. The officious landlord bustled into the room, to wait himself upon his lordship, and to tell all the news of the place.

"Well, Mr. Cheerly," said Mauleverer, bestowing a penetrating glance on his cutlet, "the bad times, I see, have not ruined your cook."

"Indeed, my lord, your lordship is very good, and the times, indeed, are very bad—very bad indeed. Is there enough gravy? Perhaps your lordship will try the pickled onions?"

"The what?—Onions!—oh!—ah! nothing can be better; but I never touch them. So, are the roads good?"

"Your lordship has, I hope, found them good to Salisbury?"

"Ah! I believe so. Oh! to be sure, excellent to Salisbury. But how are they to London? We have had wet weather lately, I think!"

"No, my lord. *Here*, the weather has been as dry as a bone."

"Or a cutlet!" muttered Mauleverer, and the host continued,—

"As for the roads themselves, my lord—so far as the roads are concerned—they are pretty good, my lord; but I can't say as how there is not something about them that might be mended."

"By no means improbable!—You mean the inns and the turnpikes?" rejoined Mauleverer.

"Your lordship is pleased to be facetious;—no! I meant something worse than them."

"What! the cooks?"

"No, my lord,—the highwaymen!"

"The highwaymen!—indeed!" said Mauleverer anxiously; for he had with him a case of diamonds, which at that time were, on grand occasions, often the ornaments of a gentleman's dress, in the shape of buttons, buckles, etc.; he had also a tolerably large sum of ready money about him, a blessing he had lately begun to find very rare:—"By the way, the rascals robbed me before on this very road. My pistols shall be *loaded* this time.—Mr. Cheerly, you had better order the horses; one may as well escape the night-fall."

"Certainly, my lord—certainly.—Jem, the horses immediately!—Your lorship will have another cutlet?"

"Not a morsel!"

"A tart?"

"A dev—! not for the world!"

"Bring the cheese, John!"

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Cheerly, but I have dined; and if I have not done justice to your good cheer, thank yourself and the highwaymen.—Where do these highwaymen attack one?"

"Why, my lord, the neighborhood of Reading is, I believe, the worst part; but they are very troublesome all the way to Salthill.

"Damnation!—the very neighborhood in which the knaves robbed me before!—You may well call them *troublesome!* Why the deuce don't the police clear the county of such a movable species of trouble?"

"Indeed, my lord, I don't know: but they say as how Captain Lovett, the famous robber, be one of the set; and nobody can catch him, I fear!"

"Because, I suppose, the dog has the sense to bribe as well as bully.—What is the general number of these ruffians?"

"Why, my lord, sometimes one, sometimes two, but seldom more than three."

Mauleverer drew himself up. "My dear diamonds, and my pretty purse!" thought he; "I may save you yet!"

"Have you been long plagued with the fellows?" he asked, after a pause, as he was paying his bill."

"Why, my lord, we have and we nave not. I fancy as how they have a sort of haunt near Reading, for sometimes they are intolerable just about there, and sometimes they are quiet for months together! For instance, my lord, we thought them all gone some time ago; but lately they have regularly stopped every one, though I hear as how they have cleared no great booty as yet."

Here the waiter announced the horses, and Mauleverer slowly re-entered his carriage, among the bows and smiles of the charmed spirits of the hostelry.

During the daylight, Mauleverer, who was naturally of a gallant and fearless temper, thought no more of the highwaymen,—a species of danger so common at that time, that men almost considered it disgraceful to suffer the dread of it to be a cause of delay on the road. Travellers seldom deemed it best to lose time in order to save money; and they carried with them a stout heart and a brace of pistols, instead of sleeping all night on the road. Mauleverer, rather a *preux chevalier*, was precisely of this order of wayfarers; and a night at an inn, when it was possible to avoid it, was to him, as to most rich Englishmen, a tedious torture zealously to be shunned. It never, therefore, entered into the head of our excellent nobleman, despite his experience, that his diamonds and his purse might be saved from all danger, if he would consent to deposit them, with his own person, at some place of hospitable reception; nor, indeed, was it till he was within a stage of Reading, and the twilight had entirely closed in, that he troubled his head much on the matter. But while the horses were putting to, he summoned the postboys to him; and, after regarding their countenances with the eye of a man accustomed to read physiognomies, he thus eloquently addressed them:—

"Gentleman,—I am informed that there is some danger of being robbed between this town and Salthill. Now, I beg to inform you, that I think it next to impossible for four horses, properly directed, to be stopped by

less than four men. To that number I shall probably yield; to a less number I shall most assuredly give nothing but bullets. You understand me?"

The postboys grinned, touched their hats, and Mauleverer slowly continued,—

"If, therefore,—mark me!—one, two, or three men stop your horses, and I find that the use of your whips and spurs are ineffectual in releasing the animals from the hold of the robbers, I intend with these pistols—you observe them!—to shoot at the gentlemen who detain you; but as, though I am generally a dead shot, my eyesight wavers a little in the dark, I think it very possible that I may have the misfortune to shoot *you*, gentlemen, instead of the robbers! You see the rascals will be close by you, sufficiently so to put you in jeopardy, unless, indeed, you knock them down with the butt-end of your whips. I merely mention this, that you may be prepared. Should such a mistake occur, you need not be uneasy beforehand, for I will take every possible care of your widows; should it not, and should we reach Salthill in safety, I intend to testify my sense of the excellence of your driving by a present of ten guineas a-piece! Gentlemen, I have done with you. I give you my honor, that I am serious in what I have said to you. Do me the favor to mount."

Mauleverer then called his favorite servant, who sat in the dickey in front (rumble-tumbles not being then in use).

"Smoothson," said he, "the last time we were attacked on this very road, you behaved damnably. See that you do better this time, or it may be the worse for you. *You* have pistols to-night about you, eh? Well! that's right! And you are sure they're loaded? Very well! Now, then, if we are stopped, don't lose a moment. Jump down, and fire one of your pistols at the first robber. Keep the other for a *sure* aim. One shot is to intimidate, the second to slay. You comprehend? *My* pistols are in excellent order, I suppose. Lend me the ramrod. So, so! No trick this time!"

"They would kill a fly, my lord, provided your lordship fired straight upon it."

"I do not doubt you," said Mauleverer; "light the lanterns, and tell the postboys to drive on."

It was a frosty and tolerably clear night. The dusk of the twilight had melted away beneath the moon which had just risen, and the hoary rime glittered from the bushes and the sward, breaking into a thousand diamonds as it caught the rays of the stars. On went the horses briskly, their breath steaming against the fresh air, and their hoofs sounding cheerily on the hard ground. The rapid motion of the carriage—the bracing coolness of the night—and the excitement occasioned by anxiety and the forethought of danger, all conspired to stir the languid blood of Lord Mauleverer into a vigorous and exhilarated sensation, natural in youth to his character, but utterly contrary to the nature he had imbided from the customs of his manhood."

He felt his pistols, and his hands trembled a little as he did so;—not the least from fear, but from that restlessness and eagerness peculiar to nervous persons placed in a new situation.

"In this country," said he to himself, "I have been only once robbed in the course of my life. It was then a little my fault; for before I took to my pistols, I should have been certain they were loaded. To-night, I shall be sure to avoid a similar blunder; and my pistols have an eloquence in their barrels which is exceedingly moving. Humph, another milestone! These fellows drive well; but we are entering a pretty-looking spot for Messieurs the disciples of Robin Hood!"

It was, indeed, a picturesque spot by which the carriage was now rapidly whirling. A few miles from Maidenhead, on the Henley Road, our readers will probably remember a small tract of forestlike land, lying on either side of the road. To the left, the green waste bears away among trees and bushes; and one skilled in the country may pass from that spot, through a landscape as little tenanted as green Sherwood was formerly, into the chains of wild common and deep beech-woods which border a certain portion of Oxfordshire, and contrast so beautifully the general characteristics of that county.

At the time we speak of, the country was even far wilder than it is now; and just on that point where the Henley and the Reading roads unite was a spot (communicating then with the waste land we have described), than which, perhaps, few places could be more adapted to

the purposes of such true men as have recourse to the primary law of nature. Certain it was that at this part of the road Mauleverer looked more anxiously from his window than he had hitherto done, and apparently the increased earnestness of his survey was not altogether without meeting its reward.

About a hundred yards to the left, three dark objects were just discernible in the shade; a moment more, and the objects emerging grew into the forms of three men, well mounted, and riding at a brisk trot.

"*Only* three!" thought Mauleverer, "that is well," and leaning from the front-window with a pistol in either hand, Mauleverer cried out to the postboys in a stern tone, "Drive on, and recollect what I told you!—Remember!" he added to his servant. The postboys scarcely looked round; but their spurs were buried in their horses, and the animals flew on like lightning.

The three strangers made a halt, as if in conference: their decision was prompt. Two wheeled round from their comrade, and darted at full galop by the carriage. Mauleverer's pistol was already protruded from the front-window, when to his astonishment, and to the utter baffling of his ingenious admonition to his drivers, he beheld the two postboys knocked from their horses one after the other with a celerity that scarcely allowed him an exclamation; and before he had recovered his self-possession, the horses taking fright (and their fright being skilfully taken advantage of by the highwaymen), the carriage was fairly whirled into a ditch on the right side of the road, and upset. Meanwhile, Smoothson had leaped from his station in the front: and having fired, though without effect, at the third robber, who approached menacingly towards him, he gained the time to open the carriage door, and extricate his master.

The moment Mauleverer found himself on *terra firma*, he prepared his courage for offensive measures, and he and Smoothson standing side by side in front of the unfortunate vehicle, presented no unformidable aspect to the enemy. The two robbers who had so decisively rid themselves of the postboys acted with no less determination towards the horses. One of them dismounted, cut the traces, and suffered the plunging quadrupeds to go whither they listed. This measure was not, however, allowed to be taken with impunity; a ball from Mauleverer's pistol passed through the hat of the highwayman with an aim so slightly erring, that it whizzed among the locks of the astounded hero with a sound that sent a terror to his heart, no less from a love of his head than from anxiety for his hair. The shock staggered him for a moment; and a second shot from the hands of Mauleverer would have probably finished his earthly career, had not the third robber, who had hitherto remained almost inactive, thrown himself from his horse, which, tutored to such docility, remained perfectly still, and advancing with a bold step and a levelled pistol toward Mauleverer and his servant, said in a resolute voice, "Gentlemen, it is useless to struggle; we are well armed, and resolved on effecting our purpose; your persons shall be safe if you lay down your arms, and also such part of your property as you may particularly wish to retain. But if you resist, I cannot answer for your lives!"

Mauleverer had listened patiently to this speech in order that he might have more time for adjusting his aim: his reply was a bullet, which grazed the side of the speaker and tore away the skin, without inflicting any more dangerous wound. Muttering a curse upon the error of his aim, and resolute to the last when his blood was once up, Mauleverer backed one pace, drew his sword, and threw himself into the attitude of a champion well skilled in the use of the instrument he wore.

But that incomparable personage was in a fair way of ascertaining what happiness in the world to come is reserved for a man who has spared no pains to make himself comfortable in this. For the two first and most active robbers having finished the achievement of the horses, now approached Mauleverer, and the taller of them, still indignant at the late peril to his hair, cried out in a stentorian voice,—

"By Jove! you old fool, if you don't throw down your toasting-fork, I'll be the death of you!"

The speaker suited the action to the word, by cocking an immense pistol. Mauleverer stood his ground; but Smoothson retreated, and stumbling against the wheel of the carriage fell backward; the next instant, the second highwayman had possessed himself of the valet's pistols, and, quietly seated on the fallen man's stomach, amused himself by inspecting

the contents of the domestic's pockets. Mauleverer was now alone, and his stubbornness so enraged the tall bully that his hand was already on his trigger, when the third robber, whose side Mauleverer's bullet had grazed, thrust himself between the two.—"Hold, Ned!" said he, pushing back his comrade's pistol.—"And you, my lord, whose rashness ought to cost you your life, learn that men can rob generously." So saying, with one dexterous stroke from the robber's riding-whip, Mauleverer's sword flew upwards, and alighted at the distance of ten yards from its owner.

"Approach now," said the victor to his comrades. "Rifle the carriage, and with all despatch!"

The tall highwayman hastened to execute this order; and the lesser one having satisfactorily finished the inquisition into Mr. Smoothson's pockets, drew forth from his own pouch a tolerably thick rope; with this he tied the hands of the prostrate valet, moralizing as he wound the rope round and round the wrists of the fallen man, in the following edifying strain:—

"Lie still, sir—lie still, I beseech you! All wise men are fatalists; and no proverb is more pithy than that which says, 'what can't be cured must be endured.' Lie still, I tell you! Little, perhaps, do you think that you are performing one of the noblest functions of humanity: yes, sir, you are filling the pockets of the destitute; and by my present action I am securing you from any weakness of the flesh likely to impede so praiseworthy an end, and so hazard the excellence of your action. There, sir, your hands are tight,—lie still and reflect."

As he said this, with three gentle applications of his feet, the moralist rolled Mr. Smoothson into the ditch, and hastened to join his lengthy comrades in his pleasing occupation.

In the interim, Mauleverer and the third robber (who, in the true spirit of government, remained dignified and inactive while his followers plundered what *he* certainly designed to share, if not to monopolize) stood within a few feet of each other, face to face.

Mauleverer had now convinced himself that all endeavor to save his property was hopeless, and he had also the consolation of thinking he had done his best to defend it. He, therefore, bade all his thoughts return to the care of his person. He adjusted his fur collar around his neck with great *sang froid*, drew on his gloves, and, patting his terrified poodle, who sat shivering on its haunches with one paw raised, and nervously trembling, he said,—

"You, sir, seem to be a civil person, and I really should have felt quite sorry if I had had the misfortune to wound you. You are not hurt, I trust. Pray, if I may inquire, how am I to proceed? My carriage is in the ditch, and my horses by this time are probably at the end of the world."

"As for that matter," said the robber, whose face, like those of his comrades, was closely masked in the approved fashion of highwaymen of that day, "I believe you will have to walk to Maidenhead,—it is not far, and the night is fine!"

"A very trifling hardship, indeed!" said Mauleverer, ironically; but his new acquaintance made no reply, nor did he appear at all desirous of entering into any farther conversation with Mauleverer.

The earl, therefore, after watching the operations of the other robbers for some moments, turned on his heel, and remained humming an opera tune with dignified indifference ugtil the pair had finished rifling the carriage, and, seizing Mauleverer, proceeded to rifle *him*.

With a curled lip and a raised brow, that supreme personage suffered himself to be, as the taller robber expressed it "cleaned out." His watch, his rings, his purse, and his snuff-box, all went. It was long since the rascals had captured such a booty.

They had scarcely finished when the postboys, who had now begun to look about them, uttered a simultaneous cry, and at some distance a wagon was seen heavily approaching. Mauleverer really wanted his money, to say nothing of his diamonds; and so soon as he perceived assistance at hand, a new hope darted within him. His sword still lay on the ground; he sprang towards it—seized it, uttered a shout for help, and threw himself fiercely on the highwayman who had disarmed him; but the robber, warding off the blade with his whip, retreated to his saddle, which he managed, despite of Mauleverer's lunges, to regain with impunity.

The other two had already mounted, and

within a minute afterwards not a vestige of the trio was visible. "This is what may fairly be called *single blessedness!*" said Mauleverer, as, dropping his useless sword, he thrust his hands into his pockets.

Leaving our peerless peer to find his way to Maidenhead on foot, accompanied (to say nothing of the poodle) by one wagoner, two postboys, and the released Mr. Smoothson, all four charming him with their condolences, we follow with our story the steps of the three *alieni appetentes*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"The rogues were very merry on their booty. They said a thousand things that showed the wickedness of their morals."—*Gil Blas.*

"They fixed on a spot where they made a cave, which was large enough to receive them and their horses. This cave was enclosed within a sort of thicket of bushes and brambles. From this station they used to issue," etc.—*Memoirs of Richard Turpin.*

It was not for several minutes after their flight had commenced that any conversation passed between the robbers. Their horses flew on like wind, and the country through which they rode presented to their speed no other obstacle than an occasional hedge, or a short cut through the thicknesses of some leafless beechwood. The stars lent them a merry light, and the spirits of two of them at least were fully in sympathy with the exhilaration of the pace and the air. Perhaps, in the third, a certain presentiment that the present adventure would end less merrily than it had begun, conspired, with other causes of gloom, to check that exaltation of the blood which generally follows a successful exploit.

The path which the robbers took wound by the sides of long woods, or across large tracts of uncultivated land. Nor did they encounter any thing living by the road, save now and then a solitary owl, wheeling its gray body around the skirts of the bare woods, or occasionally troops of conies, pursuing their sports and enjoying their midnight food in the fields.

"Heavens!" cried the tall robber, whose incognito we need no longer preserve, and who, as our readers are doubtless aware, answered to the name of Pepper,—"Heavens!" cried he, looking upward at the starry skies in a sort of ecstacy, "What a jolly life this is! Some fellows like hunting; d—— it! what hunting is like the road? If there be sport in hunting down a nasty fox, how much more is there in hunting down a nice clean nobleman's carriage! If there be joy in getting a brush, how much more is there in getting a purse! If it be pleasant to fly over a hedge in the broad daylight, hang me if it be not ten times finer sport to skim it by night,—here goes! Look how the hedges run away from us! and the silly old moon dances about, as if the sight of us put the good lady in spirits! Those old maids are always glad to have an eye upon such fine dashing young fellows.'

"Ay," cried the more erudite and sententious Augustus Tomlinson, roused by success from his usual philosophical sobriety; "no work is so pleasant as night-work, and the witches our ancestors burnt were in the right to ride out on their broomsticks, with the owls and the stars. We are their successors *now*, Ned. We are your true fly-by-nights!"

"Only," quoth Ned, "we are a cursed deal more clever than they were; for they played their game without being a bit the richer for it, and we—I say, Tomlinson, where the devil did you put that red morocco case?"

"Experience never enlightens the foolish!" said Tomlinson; "or you would have known, without asking, that I had put it in the very safest pocket in my coat. 'Gad, how heavy it is!"

"Well!" cried Pepper, "I can't say I wish it were lighter! Only think of our robbing my lord twice, and on the same road too!"

"I say, Lovett," exclaimed Tomlinson, "was it not odd that we should have stumbled upon our Bath friend so unceremoniously? Lucky for us that we are so strict in robbing in masks! He would not have thought the better of Bath company if he had seen our faces."

Lovett, or rather Clifford, had hitherto been silent. He now turned slowly in his saddle, and said,—"As it was, the poor devil was very nearly despatched. Long Ned was making short work with him—if I had not interposed!"

"And why did you?" asked Ned.

"Because I will have no killing: it is the curse of the noble art of our profession to have passionate professors like thee."

"Passionate!" repeated Ned: "well, I am

a little choleric, I own it; but that is not so great a fault on the road as it would be in house-breaking. I don't know a thing that requires so much coolness and self-possession as cleaning out a house from top to bottom, quietly and civilly, mind you !"

"That is the reason, I suppose, then," said Augustus, "that you altogether renounced *that* career. Your first adventure was house-breaking, I think I have heard you say. I confess it was a vulgar *début*—not worthy of you !"

"No !—Harry Cook seduced me; but the specimen I saw that night disgusted me of picking locks; it brings one in contact with such low companions: only think, there was a merchant—a rag-merchant, one of the party !"

"Faugh !" said Tomlinson, in solemn disgust.

"Ay, you may well turn up your lip: I never broke into a house again."

"Who were your other companions ?" asked Augustus.

"Only Harry Cook,* and a very singular woman——"

Here Ned's narrative was interrupted by a dark defile through a wood, allowing room for only one horseman at a time. They continued this gloomy path for several minutes, until at length it brought them to the brink of a large dell, overgrown with bushes, and spreading around somewhat in the form of a rude semi-circle. Here the robbers dismounted, and led their reeking horses down the descent. Long Ned, who went first, paused at a cluster of bushes, which seemed so thick as to defy intrusion, but which yielding, on either side, to the experienced hand of the robber, presented what appeared the mouth of a cavern. A few steps along the passage of this gulf brought them to a door, which, even seen by torch-light, would have appeared so exactly similar in color and material to the rude walls on either side, as to have deceived any unsuspecting eye, and which, in the customary darkness brooding over it, might have remained for centuries undiscovered. Touching a secret latch, the door opened, and the robbers were in the secure precincts of the "Red Cave !" It may be remembered that among the early studies of our exemplary hero, the memoirs of Richard Turpin had formed a conspicuous portion; and it may also be remembered that, in the miscellaneous adventures of that gentleman, nothing had more delighted the juvenile imagination of the student than the description of the forest cave in which the gallant Turpin had been accustomed to conceal himself, his friend, his horse,

"And that sweet saint who lay by Turpin's side;"

or, to speak more domestically, the respectable Mrs. Turpin. So strong a hold, indeed, had that early reminiscence fixed upon our hero's mind, that, no sooner had he risen to eminence among his friends, than he had put the project of his childhood into execution. He had selected for the scene of his ingenuity an admirable spot. In a thinly-peopled country, surrounded by commons and woods, and yet (as Mr. Robbins would say, if he had to dispose of it by auction) "within an easy ride" of populous and well-frequented roads, it possessed all the advantages of secrecy for itself, and convenience for depredation. Very few of the gang, and those only who had been employed in its construction, were made acquainted with the secret of this cavern; and as our adventurers rarely visited it, and only on occasions of urgent want or secure concealment, it had continued for more than two years undiscovered and unsuspected.

The cavern, originally hollowed by nature, owed but little to the decoration of art; nevertheless, the roughness of the walls was concealed by a rude but comfortable arras of matting. Four or five of such seats as the robbers themselves could construct were drawn around a small but bright wood fire, which, as there was no chimney, spread a thin volume of smoke over the apartment. The height of the cave, added to the universal reconciler—custom—prevented, however, this evil from being seriously unpleasant; and, indeed, like the tenants of an Irish cabin, perhaps the inmates attached a degree of comfort to a circumstance which was coupled with their dearest household associations.

A table, formed of a board coarsely planed, and supported by four legs of irregular size, made equal by the introduction of blocks or wedges between the legs and the floor, stood warming its uncouth self by the fire. At one corner, a covered cart made a conspicuous article of furniture, no doubt useful in either conveying plunder or provisions; beside the

* A noted highwayman.

wheels were carelessly thrown two or three coarse carpenter's tools, and the more warlike utilities of a blunderbuss, a rifle, and two broad-swords. In the other corner was an open cupboard, containing rows of pewter platters, mugs, etc. Opposite the fire-place, which was to the left of the entrance, an excavation had been turned into a dormitory; and fronting the entrance was a pair of broad, strong, wooden steps, ascending to a large hollow about eight feet from the ground. This was the entrance to the stables; and as soon as their owners released the reins of the horses, the docile animals proceded one by one leisurely up the steps, in the manner of quadrupeds educated at the public seminary of Astley's, and disappeared within the aperture.

These steps, were drawn up—which, however, from their extreme clumsiness, required the united strength of two ordinary men, and was not that instantaneous work which it should have been,—made the place above a tolerably strong hold, for the wall was perfectly perpendicular and level, and it was only by placing his hands upon the ledge, and so lifting himself gymnastically upward, that an active assailant could have reached the eminence; a work which defenders equally active, it may easily be supposed, would not be likely to allow.

This upper cave—for our robbers paid more attention to their horses than themselves, as the nobler animals of the two species—was evidently fitted up with some labor. The stalls were rudely divided, the litter of dry fern was clean, troughs were filled with oats, and a large tub had been supplied from a pond at a little distance. A cart-harness, and some old wagoners' frocks, were fixed on pegs to the wall. While at the far end of these singular stables was a door strongly barred, and only just large enough to admit the body of a man. The confederates had made it an express law never to enter their domain by this door, or to use it, except for the purpose of escape, should the cave ever be attacked; in which case, while one or two defended the entrance from the inner cave, another might unbar the door, and as it opened upon the thickest part of the wood, through which with great ingenuity a labyrinthine path had been cut, not easily tracked by ignorant pursuers, these precautions of the highwaymen had provided a fair hope of at least a temporary escape from any invading enemies.

Such were the domestic arrangements of the Red Cave; and it will be conceded that at least some skill had been shown in the choice of the spot, if there were a lack of taste in its adornments.

While the horses were performing their nightly ascent, our three heroes, after securing the door, made at once to the fire. And there, O reader! they were greeted in welcome by one,—an old and revered acquaintance of thine,—whom in such a scene it will equally astound and wound thee to re-behold.

Know, then,—but first we will describe to thee the occupation, and the garb of the august personage to whom we allude. Bending over a large gridiron, daintily bespread with steaks of the fatted rump, the INDIVIDUAL stood; —with his right arm bared above the elbow, and his right hand grasping that mimic trident known unto gastronomers by the monosyllable "fork." His wigless head was adorned with a cotton night-cap. His upper vestment was discarded, and a whitish apron flowed gracefully down his middle man. His stockings were ungartered, and permitted between the knee and the calf interesting glances of the rude carnal. One list shoe and one of leathern manufacture cased his ample feet. Enterprise, or the noble glow of his present culinary profession, spread a yet rosier blush over a countenance early tinged by generous libations, and from beneath the curtain of his pallid eyelashes his large and rotund orbs gleamed dazzlingly on the new-comers. Such, O reader! was the aspect and the occupation of the venerable man whom we have long since taught thee to admire; such—alas for the mutabilities of earth!—was—a new chapter only can contain the name.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Caliban.—"Hast thou not dropped from Heaven?"
—*Tempest.*

PETER MAC GRAWLER ! ! ! ! !

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

"God bless our King and Parliament,
And send he may make such knaves repent!"
—*Loyal Songs against the Rump Parliament.*

"Ho, treachery! my guards, my cimetar!"—BYRON.

WHEN the irreverent Mr. Pepper had warmed his hands sufficiently to be able to transfer them from the fire, he lifted the right palm, and, with an indecent jocularity of spirits, accosted the *ci-devant* ornament of "The Asinæum" with a sounding slap on his back—or some *such* part of his conformation.

"Ah, old boy!" said he, "is this the way you keep house for us? A fire not large enough to roast a nit, and a supper too small to fatten him beforehand! But how the deuce should you know how to provender for gentlemen? You thought you were in Scotland, I'll be bound!"

"Perhaps he did, when he looked upon you, Ned!" said Tomlinson, gravely; "'tis but rarely out of Scotland that a man can see so big a rogue in so little a compass!"

Mr. Mac Grawler, into whose eyes the palmistry of Long Ned had brought tears of sincere feeling, and who hitherto been rubbing the afflicted part, now grumbled forth,—

"You may say what you please, Mr. Pepper, but it is not often in my country that men of genius are seen performing the part of cook to robbers!"

"No!" quoth Tomlinson, "they are performing the more profitable part of robbers to cooks, eh!"

"Dammee, you're out," cried Long Ned; "for in that country, there are either no robbers, because there is nothing to rob; or the inhabitants are all robbers, who have plundered one another, and made away with the booty!"

"May the de'il catch thee!" said Mac Grawler, stung to the quick,—for, like all Scots, he was a patriot; much on the same principle as a woman who has the worst children makes the best mother.

"The de'il!" said Ned, mimicking the "silver sound," as Sir W. Scott has been pleased facetiously to call the 'mountain tongue,'—the Scots in general seem to think it *is* silver they keep it so carefully "The de'il—*Mac Deil*, you mean,—sure the gentleman must have been a Scotchman!"

The sage grinned in spite; but remembering the patience of Epictetus when a slave, and mindful also of the strong arm of Long Ned, he curbed his temper, and turned the beafsteaks with his fork.

"Well, Ned," said Augustus, throwing himself into a chair which he drew to the fire, while he gently patted the huge limbs of Mr. Pepper, as if to admonish him that they were not so transparent as glass—let us look at the fire; and, by the by, it is your turn to see to the horses."

"Plague on it!" cried Ned, "it is always my turn, I think. Holla, you Scot of the pot! can't you prove that I groomed the beasts last? I'll give you a crown to do it."

The wise Mac Grawler pricked up his ears.

"A crown!" said he,—"a crown! do you mean to insult me, Mr. Pepper? But, to be sure, you did see to the horses last, and this worthy gentleman, Mr. Tomlinson, must remember it too."

"How, I!" cried Augustus; "you are mistaken, and I'll give you half a guinea to prove it."

Mac Grawler opened his eyes larger and larger, even as you may see a small circle in the water widen into enormity, if you disturb the equanimity of the surface by the obtrusion of a foreign substance.

"Half a guinea!" said he; "nay, nay, you joke: I'm not mercenary,—you think I am! Pooh, pooh! you are mistaken; I'm a man who means *weel*, a man of veracity, and will speak the truth in spite of all the half guineas in the world. But certainly, now I begin to think of it, Mr. Tomlinson did see to the creatures last,—and Mr. Pepper, it *is* your turn."

"A very Daniel!" said Tomlinson, chuckling in his usual dry manner, "Ned, don't you hear the horses neigh?"

"Oh, hang the horses!" said the volatile Pepper, forgetting every thing else, as he thrust his hands in his pockets, and felt the gains of the night; let us first look to our winnings!"

So saying, he marched towards the table, and emptied his pockets thereon: Tomlinson, nothing loath, followed the example. Heavens! what exclamations of delight issued from the scoundrels' lips, as, one by one, they inspected their new acquisitions.

"Here's a magnificient creature!" cried

Ned, handling that superb watch studded with jewels which the poor earl had once before unavailingly redeemed: "a repeater, by Jove!"

"I hope not," said the phlegmatic Augustus; "repeaters will not tell well for your conversation, Ned! But, powers that be! look at this ring,—a diamond of the first water!"

"Oh, the sparkler! it makes one's mouth water as much as itself. 'Sdeath, here's a precious box for a sneezer!—a picture inside, and rubies outside. The old fellow had excellent taste! it would charm him to see how pleased we are with his choice of jewellery!"

"Talking of jewellery!" said Tomlinson, "I had almost forgotten the morocco case; between you and me, I imagine we have a prize there: it looks like a jewel casket!"

So saying, the robber opened that case which on many a gala day had lent lustre to the polished person of Mauleverer. O reader, the burst of rapture that ensued! imagine it! we cannot express it! Like the Grecian painter, we drop a veil over emotions too deep for words.

"But here," said Pepper, when they had almost exhausted their transports at sight of the diamonds, "here's a purse—fifty guineas! And what's this? notes, by Jupiter! We must change them to-morrow before they are stopped. Curse those fellows at the Bank! they are always imitating us; we stop their money, and they don't lose a moment in stopping it too. Three hundred pounds! Captain what say you to our luck?"

Clifford had sat gloomily looking on, during the operations of the robbers; he now, assuming a correspondent cheerfulness of manner, made a suitable reply, and after some general conversation, the work of division took place.

"We are the best arithmeticians in the world!" said Augustus, as he pouched his share: "addition, subtraction, division, reduction,—we have them all as pat as 'the Tutor's Assistant;' and, what is better, we make them all applicable to the *Rule of Three*."

"You have left out multiplication!" said Clifford, smiling.

"Ah! because that works differently; the other rules apply to the specie-s of the kingdom; but as for multiplication, we multiply, I fear, no species but our own!"

"Fie, gentlemen!" said Mac Grawler, austerely,—for there is a wonderful decorum in your true Scotsmen. Actions are trifles; nothing can be cleaner than their *words!*

"Oh, you thrust in *your* wisdom, do you?" said Ned. "I suppose you want your part of the booty!"

"Part!" said the subtilizing Tomlinson. "He has nine times as many parts as we have already. Is he not a critic, and has he not the parts of speech at his finger's end?"

"Nonsense!" said Mac Grawler, instinctively holding up his hand, with the fork dropping between the out-stretched fingers of the right palm.

"Nonsense yourself," cried Ned; "*you* have a share in what you never took! A pretty fellow, truly! Mind your business, Mr. Scot, and fork nothing but the beefsteaks!"

With this Ned turned to the stables, and soon disappeared among the horses; but Clifford, eyeing the disappointed and eager face of the culinary sage, took ten guineas from his own share, and pushed them towards his quondam tutor.

"There!" said he, emphatically.

"Nay, nay," grunted Mac Grawler; "I don't want the money,—it is my way to scorn such dross!" So saying, he pocketed the coins, and turned, muttering to himself, to the renewal of his festive preparations.

Meanwhile a whispered conversation took place between Augustus and the captain, and continued till Ned returned.

"And the night's viands smoked along the board!"

Souls of Don Raphael and Ambrose Lamela, what a charming thing it is to be a rogue for a little time! How merry men are when they have cheated their brethren! Your innocent milk-sops never made so jolly a supper as did our heroes of the way. Clifford, perhaps, acted a part, but the hilarity of his comrades was unfeigned. It was a delicious contrast,—the boisterous "ha, ha!" of Long Ned, and the secret, dry, calculating chuckle of Augustus Tomlinson. It was Rabelais against Voltaire. They united only in the objects of their jests, and foremost of those objects (wisdom is ever the butt of the frivolous!) was the great Peter Mac Grawler.

The graceless dogs were especially merry

upon the subject of the sage's former occupation.

"Come, Mac, you carve this ham," said Ned; "you have had practice in cutting up."

The learned man whose name was thus disrespectfully abbreviated proceeded to perform what he was bid. He was about to sit down for that purpose, when Tomlinson slily subtracted his chair,—the sage fell.

"No jests at Mac Grawler," said the malicious Augustus; "whatever be his faults as a critic, you see that he is well grounded, and he gets at once to the botton of a subject.—Mac, suppose your next work be entitled *a Tail* of Woe!"

Men who have great minds are rarely flexible; they do not take a jest readily; so it was with Mac Grawler. He rose in a violent rage; and had the robbers been more penetrating than they condescended to be, they might have noticed something dangerous in his eye. As it was, Clifford, who had often before been the protector of his tutor, interposed in his behalf, drew the sage a seat near to himself, and filled his plate for him. It was interesting to see this deference from Power to Learning! It was Alexander doing homage to Aristotle!

"There is only one thing I regret," cried Ned, with his mouthful, "about the old lord,—it was a thousand pities we did not make him dance! I remember the day, captain, when you would have insisted on it. What a merry fellow you were once! Do you recollect, one bright moonlight night, just like the present, for instance, when we were doing duty near Staines, how you swore every person we stopped, above fifty years old, should dance a minuet with you?"

"Ay!" added Augustus, "and the first was a bishop in a white wig. Faith, how stiffly his lordship jigged it! And how gravely Lovett bowed to him, with his hat off, when it was all over, and returned him his watch and ten guineas,—it was worth the sacrifice!"

"And the next was an old maid of quality," said Ned, "as lean as a lawyer. Don't you remember how she curvetted?"

"To be sure," said Tomlinson; "and you very wittily called her a *hop*-pole!"

"How delighted she was with the captain's suavity! When he gave her back her earrings and *aigrette*, she bade him with a tender sigh keep them for her sake,—ha! ha!"

"And the third was a beau!" cried Augustus; "and Lovett surrendered his right of partnership to me. Do you recollect how I danced his beaushiip into the ditch?—Ah! we were mad fellows then; but we get sated—*blasés*, as the French say—as we grow older!"

"We look only to the main chance now," said Ned.

"Avarice supersedes enterprise," added the sententious Augustus.

"And our captain takes to wine with an *h* after the *w!*" continued the metaphorical Ned.

"Come, we are melancholy," said Tomlinson, tossing off a bumper. "Methinks we are *really* growing old, we shall repent soon, and the next step will be—hanging!"

"'Fore Gad!" said Ned, helping himself, "don't be so croaking. There are two classes of maligned gentry, who should always be particular to avoid certain colors in dressing: I hate to see a true boy in black, or a devil in blue. But here's my last glass to-night! I am confoundedly sleepy, and we rise early to-morrow."

"Right, Ned," said Tomlinson; "give us a song before you retire, and let it be that one which Lovett composed the last time we were here."

Ned, always pleased with an opportunity of displaying himself, cleared his voice and complied.

A DITTY FROM SHERWOOD.

1.

"Laugh with us at the prince and the palace,
In the wild wood-life there is better cheer;
Would you hoard your mirth from your neighbor's malice,
Gather it up in our garners here.
Some kings their wealth from their subjects wring,
While by their foes they the poorer wax;
Free go the men of the wise wood-king,
And it is only our foes we tax.
Leave the cheats of trade to the shrewd gude-wife:
Let the old be knaves at ease;
Away with the tide of that dashing life
Which is stirred by a constant breeze!

2.

Laugh with us when you hear deceiving
And solemn rogues tell you what knaves we be;
Commerce and law have a method of thieving
Worse than a stand at the outlaw's tree.
Say, will the maiden we love despise
Gallants at least to each other true?
I grant that we trample on legal ties,
But I have heard that Love scorns them too.

Courage, then,—courage, ye jolly boys,
Whom the fool with the knavish rates:
Oh! who that is loved by the world enjoys
Half as much as the man it hates?"

"Bravissimo, Ned!" cried Tomlinson, rapping the table; bravissimo! your voice is superb to-night, and your song admirable. Really, Lovett, it does your poetical genius great credit; quite philosophical, upon my honor."

"Bravissimo!" said Mac Grawler, nodding his head awfully. "Mr. Pepper's voice is as sweet as a bagpipe!—Ah! such a song would have been invaluable to 'The Asinæum,' when I had the honor to——"

"Be Vicar of *Bray* to that establishment," interrupted Tomlinson. "Pray, Mac Grawler, why do they call Edinburg the Modern Athens?"

"Because of the learned and great men it produces," returned Mac Grawler, with conscious pride.

"Pooh! pooh!—you are thinking of *ancient* Athens. Your city is called the *modern* Athens, because you are all so like the modern Athenians,—the greatest scoundrels imaginable, unless travellers belie them."

"Nay," interrupted Ned, who was softened by the applause of the critic, "Mac is a good fellow, spare him. Gentlemen, your health. I am going to bed, and I suppose you will not tarry long behind me."

"Trust us for that," answered Tomlinson; "the captain and I will cousult on the business of the morrow, and join you in the twinkling of a bedpost, as it has been shrewdly expressed."

Ned yawned his last "good night," and disappeared within the dormitory. Mac Growler yawning also, but with a graver yawn, as became his wisdom, betook himself to the duty of removing the supper paraphernalia: after bustling soberly about for some minutes, he let down a press-bed in the corner of the cave (for he did not sleep in the robbers' apartment), and undressing himself, soon appeared buried in the bosom of Morpheus. But the chief and Tomlinson, drawing their seats nearer to the dying embers, defied the slothful god, and entered with low tones into a close and anxious commune.

"So then," said Augustus, "now that you have realized sufficient funds for your purpose, you will really desert us,—have you well weighed the *pros* and *cons*? Remember, that nothing is so dangerous to our state as reform; the moment a man grows honest, the gang forsake him; the magistrate misses his fee; the informer peaches; and the recusant hangs."

"I have well weighed all this," answered Clifford, "and have decided on my course. I have only tarried till my means could assist my will. With my share of our present and late booty, I shall betake myself to the Continent. Prussia gives easy trust, and ready promotion to all who will enlist in her service. But this language, my dear friend, seems strange from your lips. Surely you will join me in my separation from the *corps*? What! you shake your head! Are you not the same Tomlinson who at Bath agreed with me that we were in danger from the envy of our comrades, and that retreat had become necessary to our safety? Nay, was not this your main argument for our matrimonial expedition?

"Why, look you, dear Lovett," said Augustus, "we are all blocks of matter, formed from the atoms of custom;—in other words, we are a mechanism, to which habit is the spring. What could I do in an honest career? I am many years older than you. I have lived as a rogue till I have no other nature than roguery. I doubt if I should not be a coward were I to turn soldier. I am sure I should be the most consummate of rascals were I to affect to be honest. No: I mistook myself when I talked of separation. I must e'en jog on with my old comrades, and in my old ways, till I jog into the noose hempen—or, melancholy alternative, the noose matrimonial!"

"This is mere folly," said Clifford, from whose nervous and masculine mind habits were easily shaken. "We have not for so many years discarded all the servile laws of others, to be the abject slaves of our own weaknesses. Come, my dear fellow, rouse yourself. Heaven knows, were I to succumb to the feebleness of my own heart, I should be lost indeed. And perhaps, wrestle I ever so stoutly, I do not wrestle away that which clings within me, and will kill me, though by inches. But let us not be cravens, and suffer fate to drown us rather than swim. In a word, fly with me ere it be too late. A smuggler's vessel waits me off the coast of Dorset: in three days from this I sail. Be my com-

panion. We can both rein a fiery horse, and wield a good sword. As long as men make war one against another, those accomplishments will prevent their owner from starving, or——"

"If employed in the field, not the road," interrupted Tomlison, with a smile,—"from hanging. But it cannot be! I wish you all joy—all success in your career: you are young, bold, and able; and you always had a loftier spirit than I have! Knave I am, and knave I must be to the end of the chapter!"

"As you will," said Clifford, who was not a man of many words, but he spoke with reluctance: if so I must seek my fortune alone."

"When do you leave us?" asked Tomlinson.

"To-morrow, before noon. I shall visit London for a few hours, and then start at once for the coast!"

"London!" exclaimed Tomlinson; "what, the very den of danger?—Pooh! you do not know what you say: or, do you think it filial to caress Mother Lobkins before you depart?"

"Not that," answered Clifford. "I have already ascertained that she is above the reach of all want; and her days, poor soul! cannot, I fear, be many. In all probability, she would scarcely recognize me; for her habits cannot much have improved her memory. Would I could say as much for her neighbors! Were I to be seen in the purlieus of low thievery, you know, as well as I do, that some stealer of kerchiefs would turn in former against the notorious Captain Lovett."

"What, then, takes you to town! Ah!—you turn away your face.—I guess! Well! Love has ruined many a hero before; may you not be the worse for his godship!"

Clifford did not answer, and the conversation made a sudden and long pause; Tomlinson broke it.

"Do you know, Lovett," said he, "though I have as little heart as most men, yet I feel for you more than I could have thought it possible. I would fain join you; there is devilish good tobacco in Germany, I believe; and, after all, there is not so much difference between the life of a thief and of a soldier!"

"Do profit by so sensible a remark," said Clifford. Reflect how certain of destruction is the path you now tread: the gallows and the hulks are the only goals!"

"The prospects are not pleasing, I allow," said Tomlinson; "nor is it desirable to be preserved for another century in the immortality of a glass case in Surgeons' Hall, grinning from ear to ear, as if one had made the merriest finale imaginable.—Well! I will sleep on it, and you shall have my answer to-morrow;—but poor Ned?"

"Would he not join us?"

"Certainly not: his neck is made for a rope, and his mind for the Old Bailey. There is no hope for him; yet he is an excellent fellow. We must not even tell him of our meditated desertion."

"By no means. I shall leave a letter to our London chief: it will explain all. And now to bed;—I look to your companionship as settled."

"Humph!" said Augustus Tomlinson.

So ended the conference of the robbers. About an hour after it had ceased, and when no sound save the heavy breadth of Long Ned broke the stillness of the night, the intelligent countenance of Peter Mac Grawler slowly elevated itself from the lonely pillow on which it had reclined.

By degrees the back of the sage stiffened into perpendicularity, and he sat for a few moments erect on his seat of honor, apparently in listening deliberation. Satisfied with the deep silence that, save the solitary interruption we have specified, reigned around, the learned disciple of Vatel rose gently from the bed,—hurried on his clothes,—stole on tiptoe to the door,—unbarred it with a noiseless hand,—and vanished. Sweet reader! while thou art wondering at his absence, suppose we account for his appearance.

One evening, Clifford and his companion Augustus had been enjoying the rational amusement of Ranelagh, and were just leaving that celebrated place when they were arrested by a crowd at the entrance. That crowd was assembled round a pickpocket; and that pickpocket—O virtue!—O wisdom!—O Asinæum!—was Peter Mac Grawler! We have before said that Clifford was possessed of a good mien and an imposing manner, and these advantages were at that time especially effectual in preserving our Orbilius from the pump. No sooner did Clifford recognize the magisterial face of the sapient Scot, than he boldly thrust himself into the middle of the crowd, and collaring the enterprising citizen who had collared Mac Grawler,

declared *himself* ready to vouch for the honesty of the very respectable person whose identity had evidently been so grossly mistaken. Augustus, probably foreseeing some ingenious *ruse* of his companion's, instantly seconded the defence. The mob, who never descry any difference between impudence and truth, gave way; a constable came up—took part with the friend of two gentlemen so unexceptionably dressed—our friends walked off—the crowd repented of their precipitation, and, by way of amends, ducked the gentleman whose pockets had been picked. It was in vain for him to defend himself, for he had an impediment in his speech; and Messieurs the mob, having ducked him once for his guilt, ducked him a second time for his embarrassment.

In the interim, Clifford had withdrawn his quondam Mentor to the asylum of a coffee-house; and while Mac Grawler's soul expanded itself by wine, he narrated the causes of his dilemma. It seems that incomparable journal "The Asinæum," despite a series of most popular articles upon the writings of "Aulus Prudentius," to which were added an exquisite string of dialogues, written in a tone of broad humor, viz., broad Scotch (with Scotchmen it is all the same thing), despite these invaluable miscellanies, to say nothing of some glorious political articles, in which it was clearly proved to the satisfaction of the rich, that the less poor devils eat, the better for their constitutions,—despite, we say, these great acquisitions to British literature, "The Asinæum" tottered, fell, buried its bookseller, and crushed its author: Mac Grawler only—escaping, like Theodore from the enormous helmet of Otranto—Mac Grawler only survived. "Love," says Sir Philip Sidney, "makes a man see better than a pair of spectacles." Love of life has a very different effect on the optics,—it makes a man wofully dim of inspection, and sometimes causes him to see his own property in another man's purse! This *deceptio visûs*, did it impose upon Peter Mac Grawler? He went to Ranelagh. Reader, thou knowest the rest!

Wine and the ingenuity of the robbers having extorted this narrative from Mac Grawler, the barriers of superfluous delicacy were easily done away with.

Our heroes offered to the sage an introduction to their club; the offer was accepted; and Mac Grawler, having been first made drunk, was next made a robber. The gang engaged him in various little matters, in which we grieve to relate that, though his intentions were excellent, his success was so ill as thoroughly to enrage his employers; nay, they were about at one time, when they wanted to propitiate justice, to hand him over to the secular power, when Clifford interposed in his behalf. From a robber the sage dwindled; menial offices (the robbers, the lying rascals, declared that such offices were best fitted to the genius of his country!) succeeded to noble exploits, and the worst of robbers became the best of cooks. How vain is all wisdom but that of long experience! Though Clifford was a sensible and keen man,—though he knew our sage to be a knave, he never dreamed he could be a traitor. He thought him too indolent to be malicious, and—short-sighted humanity!—too silly to be dangerous. He trusted the sage with the secret of the cavern; and Augustus, who was a bit of an epicure, submitted, though forebodingly, to the choice, because of the Scotchman's skill in broiling.

But Mac Grawler, like Brutus, concealed a scheming heart under a stolid guise; the apprehension of the noted Lovett had become a matter of serious desire; the police was no longer to *be* bribed: nay, they were now eager to bribe;—Mac Grawler had watched his time sold his chief, and was now on the road to Reading, to meet and to guide to the cavern Mr. Nabbem of Bow Street and four of his attendants.

Having thus, as rapidly as we were able, traced the causes which brought so startlingly before your notice the most incomparable of critics, we now, reader, return to our robbers.

"Hist, Lovett!" said Tomlinson, half-asleep, "methought I heard something in the outer cave."

"It is the Scot, I suppose," answered Clifford: "you saw, of course, to the door?"

"To be sure!" muttered Tomlinson, and in two minutes more he was asleep.

Not so Clifford: many and anxious thoughts kept him waking. At one while, when he anticipated the opening to a new career, somewhat of the stirring and high spirit which still moved amidst the guilty and confused habits of his mind made his pulse feverish, and his limbs restless: at another time, an agonizing

remembrance—the remembrance of Lucy in all her charms, her beauty, her love, her tender and innocent heart,—Lucy all perfect, and lost to him for ever, banished every other reflection, and only left him the sick sensation of despondency and despair. "What avails my struggle for a better name?" he thought. "Whatever my future, *she* can never share it. My punishment is fixed,—it is worse than a death of shame; it is a life without hope! Every moment I feel, and shall feel to the last, the pressure of a chain that may never be broken or loosened! And yet, fool that I am! I cannot leave this country without seeing her again, without telling her, that I have *really* looked my last. But have I not *twice* told her that? Strange fatality! But twice have I spoken to her of love, and each time it was to tear myself from her at the moment of my confession. And even now something that I have no power to resist compels me to the same idle and weak indulgence. Does destiny urge me? Ay, perhaps to my destruction! Every hour a thousand deaths encompass me. I have now obtained all for which I seemed to linger. I have won, by a new crime, enough to bear me to another land, and to provide me there a soldier's destiny. I should not lose an hour in flight, yet I rush into the nest of my enemies, only for one unavailing word with her; and this, too, after I have already bade her farewell! *Is* this fate? if it be so, what matters it? I no longer care for a life which, after all, I should reform in vain, if I could not reform it for her: yet—yet, selfish, and lost that I am! will it be nothing to think hereafter that I have redeemed her from the disgrace of having loved an outcast and a felon? If I can obtain honor, will it not, in my own heart at least,—will it not reflect, however dimly and distantly, upon her?"

Such, bewildered, unsatisfactory, yet still steeped in the colors of that true love which raises even the lowest, were the midnight meditations of Clifford: they terminated, towards the morning, in an uneasy and fitful slumber. From this he was awakened by a loud yawn from the throat of long Ned, who was always the earliest riser of his set.

"Holla!" said he, it is almost daybreak; and if we want to cash our notes, and to move the old lord's jewels, we should already be on the start."

"A plague on you!" said Tomlinson, from under cover of his woollen nightcap; "it was but this instant that I was dreaming you were going to be hanged, and now you wake me in the pleasantest part of the dream!"

"You be shot!" said Ned, turning one leg out of bed; "by the by, you took more than your share last night, for you owed me three guineas for our last game at cribbage! You'll please to pay me before we part to-day: short accounts make long friends!"

"However true that maxim may be," returned Tomlinson, "I know one much truer, namely—long friends will make short accounts! You must ask Jack Ketch this day month if I'm wrong!"

"That's what *you* call wit, I suppose!" retorted Ned, as he now, struggling into his inexpressibles, felt his way into the outer cave.

"What, ho! Mac!" cried he as he went, "stir those bobbins of thine, which thou art pleased to call legs; strike a light, and be d——d to you!"

"A light for *you*," said Tomlinson, profanely, as he reluctantly left his couch, "will indeed be 'a light to lighten the Gentiles!'"

"Why, Mac—Mac!" shouted Ned, why don't you answer?—faith, I think the Scot's dead!"

"Seize your men!—yield, sirs!" cried a stern, sudden voice from the gloom; and that instant two dark lanterns were turned, and their light streamed full upon the astounded forms of Tomlinson and his gaunt comrade! In the dark shade of the background four or five forms were also distinctly visible; and the ray of the lanterns glimmered on the blades of cutlasses and the barrels of weapons still less easily resisted.

Tomlinson was the first to recover his self-possession. The light just gleamed upon the first step of the stairs leading to the stables, leaving the rest in shadow. He made one stride to the place beside the cart, where, we have said, lay some of the robbers' weapons: he had been anticipated—the weapons were gone. The next moment Tomlison had sprung up the steps.

"Lovett!—Lovett!—Lovett!" shouted he.

The captain, who had followed his comrades into the cavern, was already in the grasp of two men. From few ordinary mortals, however, could any two be selected as fearful

odds against such a man as Clifford; a man in whom a much larger share of sinews and muscle than is usually the lot even of the strong had been hardened, by perpetual exercise, into a consistency and iron firmness which linked power and activity into a union scarcely less remarkable than that immortalized in the glorious beauty of the sculptured gladiator. His right hand is upon the throat of one assailant, his left locks, as in a vice, the wrist of the other; you have scarcely time to breathe; the former is on the ground—the pistol of the latter is wrenched from his gripe—Clifford is on the step—a ball—another—whizzes by him!—he is by the side of the faithful Augustus!

"Open the secret door!" whispered Clifford to his friend; "I will draw up the steps alone!"

Scarcely had he spoken, before the steps were already, but slowly, ascending beneath the desperate strength of the robber. Meanwhile, Ned was struggling, as he best might, with two sturdy officers, who appeared loath to use their weapons without an absolute necessity, and who endeavored by main strength, to capture and detain their antagonist!"

"Look well to the door!" cried the voice of the principal officer, "and hang out more light!"

Two or three additional lanterns were speedily brought forward; and over the whole interior of the cavern a dim but sufficient light now rapidly circled, giving to the scene and to the combatants a picturesque and wild appearance!

The quick eye of the head officer descried in an instant the rise of the steps, and the advantage the robbers were thereby acquiring. He and two of his men threw themselves forward, seized the ladder, if so it may be called, dragged it once more to the ground, and ascended. But Clifford, grasping with both hands the broken shaft of a cart that lay in reach, received the foremost invader with a salute that sent him prostrate and senseless back among his companions. The second shared the same fate; and the stout leader of the enemy, who, like a true general, had kept himself in the rear, paused now in the middle of the steps, dismayed alike by the reception of his friends and the athletic form towering above, with raised weapon and menacing attitude. Perhaps that moment seemed to the judicious Mr. Nabbem more favorable to parley than to conflict. He cleared his throat, and thus addressed the foe:—

"You, sir, Captain Lovett, alias Howard, alias Jackson, alias Cavendish, alias Solomons, alias Devil, for I knows you well, and could swear to you with half an eye, in your clothes or without: you lay down your club there, and let me come alongside of you, and you'll find me as gentle as a lamb; for I've been used to gemmen all my life, and I knows how to treat 'em when I has 'em!"

"But if I will not let you 'come alongside of me,'—what then?"

"Why, I must send one of these here pops through your skull, that's all!"

"Nay, Mr. Nabbem, that would be too cruel! You surely would not harm one who has such an esteem for you? Don't you remember the manner in which I brought you off from Justice Burnflat, when you were accused, you know whether justly or——"

"You're a liar, captain!" cried Nabbem, furiously fearful that something not meet for the ears of his companions should transpire. "You knows you are! Come down, or let me mount; otherwise I won't be 'sponsible for the consequences!"

Clifford cast a look over his shoulder. A gleam of grey daylight already glimmered through a chink in the secret door, which Tomlinson had now unbarred, and was about to open.

"Listen to me, Mr. Nabbem," said he, "and perhaps I may grant what you require! What would you do with me if you had me?"

"You speaks like a sinsible man, now," answered Nabbem; "and that's after my own heart. Why, you sees, captain, your time has come, and you can't shilly-shally any longer. You have had your full swing; your years are up, and you must die like a man! But I gives you my honor, as a gemman, that if you surrenders, I'll take you to the justice folks as tenderly as if you were made of cotton."

"Give way one moment," said Clifford, "that I may plant the steps firmer for you."

Nabbem retreated to the ground, and Clifford, who had, good-naturedly enough, been unwilling unnecessarily to damage so valuable a functionary, lost not the opportunity now

afforded him. Down thundered the steps, clattering heavily among the other officers, and falling like an avalanche on the shoulder of one of the arresters of Long Ned.

Meanwhile, Clifford sprang after Tomlinson through the aperture, and found himself—in the presence of four officers, conducted by the shrewd Mac Grawler. A blow from a bludgeon on the right cheek and temple of Augustus felled that hero. But Clifford bounded over his comrade's body, dodged from the stroke aimed at himself, caught the blow aimed by another assailant in his open hand, wrested the bludgeon from the officer, struck him to the ground with his own weapon, and darting onward through the labyrinth of the wood, commenced his escape with a step too fleet to allow the hope of a successful pursuit.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"'In short, Isabella, I offer you myself!
Heavens!' cried Isabella, 'what do I hear? You, my lord?'"—*Castle of Otranto.*

A NOVEL is like a weatherglass, when the man appears out at one time, the woman at another. Variable as the atmosphere, the changes of our story now re-present Lucy to the reader.

That charming young person—who, it may be remarked, is (her father excepted) the only unsophisticated and unsullied character in the pages of a story in some measure designed to show, in the depravities of character, the depravities of that social state wherein characters are formed—was sitting alone in her apartment at the period in which we return to her. As time, and that innate and insensible fund of *healing*, which Nature has placed in the bosoms of the young, in order that her great law, the passing away of the old, may not leave too lasting and keen a wound, had softened her first anguish at her father's death, the remembrance of Clifford again resumed its ancient sway in her heart. The loneliness of her life,—the absence of amusement,—even the sensitiveness and languor which succeed to grief, conspired to invest the image of her lover in a tenderer and more impressive guise. She recalled his words, his actions, his letters, and employed herself whole hours, whole days and nights, in endeavoring to decipher their mystery. Who that has been loved will not acknowledge the singular and mighty force with which a girl, innocent herself, clings to the belief of innocence in her lover? In breasts young and unacquainted with the world, there is so pure a credulity in the existence of unmixed good, so firm a reluctance to think that where we love there can be that which we would not esteem, or where we admire there can be that which we ought to blame, that one may almost deem it an argument in favor of our *natural* power to attain a greater eminence in virtue, than the habits and arts of the existing world will allow us to reach. Perhaps it is not paradoxical to say that we could scarcely believe perfection in others, were not the germ of perfectibility in our own minds!

When a man has lived some years among the actual contests of faction, without imbibing the prejudice as well as the experience, how wonderingly he smiles at his worship of former idols!—how different a color does history wear to him!—how cautious is he now to praise!—how slow to admire!—how prone to cavil! Human nature has become the human nature of art; and he estimates it not from what it may be, but from what, in the corruptions of a semi-civilization, it is! But in the same manner as the young student clings to the belief that the sage or the minstrel, who has enlightened his reason or chained his imagination, is in character as in genius elevated above the ordinary herd, free from the passions, the frivolities, the little meannesses, and the darkening vices which ordinary flesh is heir to, does a woman, who loves for the first time, cling to the imagined excellence of him she loves! When Evelina is so shocked at the idea of an occasional fit of intoxication in her "noble, her unrivalled" lover, who does not acknowledge how natural were her feelings? Had Evelina been married six years, and the same lover, *then her husband*, been really guilty of what she suspected, who does not feel that it would have been very unnatural to have been shocked in the least at the occurrence? She would not have loved him less, nor admired him less, nor would he have been less "the noble and the unrivalled,"—he would have taken his glass too much, have joked the next morning on the event, and the gentle

Evelina would have made him a cup of tea: but that which would have been a matter of pleasantry in the husband would have been matter of damnation in the lover.—But to return to Lucy.

If it be so hard, so repellent to believe a a lover guilty even of a trivial error, we may readily suppose that Lucy never for a moment admitted the supposition that Clifford had been really guilty of gross error or wilful crime. True, that expressions in his letter were more than suspicious; but there is always a charm in the candor of self-condemnation. As it is difficult to believe the excellence of those who praise themselves, so it is difficult to fancy those criminal who condemn! What, too, is the process of a woman's reasoning? Alas! she is too credulous a physiognomist. The turn of a throat, with her, is the unerring token of nobleness of mind; and no one can be guilty of a sin who is blest with a beautiful forehead! How fondly, how fanatically Lucy loved! She had gathered together a precious and secret hoard;—a glove—a pen—a book—a withered rose-leaf;—treasures rendered inestimable because *he* had touched them: but more than all, had she the series of his letters, from the first formal note written to her father, meant for her, in which he answered an invitation, and requested Miss Brandon's acceptance of the music she had wished to have, to the last wild and, to her, inexplicable letter in which he had resigned her for ever. On these relics her eyes fed for hours; and as she pored over them, and over thoughts too deep not only for tears, but for all utterance or conveyance, you might have almost literally watched the fading of her rich cheek, and the pining away of her rounded and elastic form.

It was just in such a mood that she was buried when her uncle knocked at her door for admittance: she hurried away her treasures, and hastened to admit and greet him. "I have come," said he, smiling, "to beg the pleasure of your company for an old friend who dines with us to-day.—But stay, Lucy, your hair is ill-arranged. Do not let me disturb so important an occupation as your toilette: dress yourself, my love, and join us."

Lucy turned, with a suppressed sigh, to the glass. The uncle lingered for a few moments, surveying her with mingled pride and doubt; he then slowly left the chamber.

Lucy soon afterwards descended to the drawroom, and beheld, with a little surprise (for she had not had sufficient curiosity to inquire the name of the guest), the slendor form and comely features of Lord Mauleverer. The earl approached with the same grace which had, in his earlier youth, rendered him almost irresistible, but which now, from the contrast of years with manner, contained a *slight* mixture of the comic. He paid his compliments, and in paying them, declared that he must leave it to his friend, Sir William, to explain *all* the danger he had dared, for the sake of satisfying himself that Miss Brandon was no less lovely than when he had last beheld her.

"Yes, indeed," said Brandon, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "Lord Mauleverer has literally endured the moving accidents of flood and field—for he was nearly exterminated by a highwayman, and all but drowned in a ditch!"

"Commend me to a friend for setting one off to the best advantage," said Mauleverer, gaily. "Instead of attracting your sympathy, you see, Brandon would expose me to your ridicule: judge for yourself whether I deserve it;"—and Mauleverer proceeded to give, with all the animation which belonged to his character, the particulars of that adventure with which the reader is so well acquainted. He did not, we may be sure, feel any scruple in representing himself and his prowess in the most favorable colors.

The story was scarcely ended when dinner was announced. During that meal, Mauleverer exerted himself to be amiable with infinite address. Suiting his conversation, more than he had hitherto deigned to do, to the temper of Lucy, and more anxious to soften than to dazzle, he certainly never before appeared to her so attractive. We are bound to add, that the point of attraction did not reach beyond the confession that he was a very agreeable *old man*.

Perhaps, if there had not been a certain half-melancholy vein in his conversation, possibly less uncongenial to his lordship from the remembrance of his lost diamonds, and the impression that Sir William Brandon's cook was considerably worse than his own, he might not have been so successful in pleasing Lucy. As for himself, all the previous impressions she had made on him returned in colors yet more

vivid; even the delicate and subdued cast of beauty which had succeeded to her earlier brilliancy, was far more charming to his fastidious and courtly taste than her former glow of spirits and health. He felt himself very much in love during dinner; and after it was over, and Lucy had retired, he told Brandon with a passionate air, "that he *adored* his niece to distraction!"

The wily judge affected to receive the intimation with indifference; but knowing that too long an absence is injurious to a *grande passion*, he did not keep Mauleverer very late over his wine.

The earl returned rapturously to the drawing-room, and besought Lucy, in a voice in which affectation seemed swooning with delight, to indulge him with a song. More and more enchanted by her assent, he drew the music-stool to the harpsichord, placed a chair beside her, and presently appeared lost in transport. Meanwhile Brandon, with his back to the pair, covered his face with his handkerchief, and to all appearance, yielded to the voluptuousness of an after dinner repose.

Lucy's song-book opened accidentally at a song which had been praised by Clifford; and as she sang, her voice took a richer and more tender tone than in Mauleverer's presence it had ever before assumed.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLETS WHICH LOSE THEIR SCENT IN MAY.

1.

"In the shadow that falls from the silent hill
We slept, in our green retreats:
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets.

2.

And though we lay in a lowly bower
Yet all things loved us well,
And the waking bee left her fairest flower
With us to dwell.

3.

But the warm May came in his pride to woo
The wealth of our honied store;
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew
Their sweets no more!

4.

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot
Where we dwell, and it suns and showers
Bring balm to *our sisters'* hearts, but not—
Ah! not to *ours*.

5.

We live, we bloom, but for ever o'er
Is the charm of the earth and sky;
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore,
Or—bid us die!"

As with eyes suffused with many recollections, and a voice which melted away in an indescribable and thrilling pathos, Lucy ceased her song, Mauleverer, charmed out of himself, gently took her hand, and, holding the soft treasure in his own, scarcely less soft, he murmured,—

"Angel! sing on. Life would be like your own music, if I could breathe it away at your feet!"

There had been a time when Lucy would have laughed outright at this declaration; and even as it was, a suppressed and half-arch smile played in the dimples of her beautiful mouth, and bewitchingly contrasted the swimming softness of her eyes.

Drawing rather an erroneous omen from the smile, Mauleverer rapturously continued, still detaining the hand which Lucy endeavored to extricate.

"Yes, enchanting Miss Brandon! I who have for so many years boasted of my invulnerable heart, am subdued at last. I have long, very long, struggled against my attachment to you. Alas! it is in vain; and you behold me now utterly at your mercy. Make me the most miserable of men, or the most enviable. Enchantress, speak!"

"Really, my lord," said Lucy, hesitating, yet rising, and freeing herself from his hand, "I feel it difficult to suppose you serious; and, perhaps, this is merely a gallantry to me, by way of practice on others."

"Sweet Lucy, if I may so call you," answered Mauleverer with an ardent gaze, "do not, I implore you, even for a moment, affect to mistake me! do not for a moment jest at what, to me, is the bane or bliss of life! Dare I hope that my hand and heart, which I now offer you, are not deserving of your derision?"

Lucy gazed on her adorer with a look of serious inquiry; Brandon still appeared to sleep.

"If you are in earnest, my lord," said Lucy, after a pause, "I am truly and deeply sorry; for the friend of my uncle I shall always have esteem: believe that I am truly sensible of the honor you render me, when I add my regret,

that I can have no *other* sentiment than esteem."

A blank and puzzled bewilderment, for a moment, clouded the expressive features of Mauleverer; it passed away.

"How sweet is your rebuke!" said he. "Yes! I do not yet deserve any other sentiment than esteem: you are not to be won precipitately; a long trial,—a long course of attentions,—a long knowledge of my devoted and ardent love, alone will entitle me to hope for a warmer feeling in your breast. Fix then your own time of courtship, angelic Lucy! a week,—nay, a month!—till then, I will not even press you to appoint that day, which to me will be the whitest of my life!"

"My lord!" said Lucy smiling now no longer *half* archly, "you must pardon me for believing your proposal can be nothing but a jest; but here, I beseech you, let it rest for ever: do not mention this subject to me again."

"By heavens!" cried Mauleverer, "this is too cruel.—Brandon, intercede for me with your niece."

Sir William started, naturally enough, from his slumber, and Mauleverer continued,—

"Yes, intercede for me; you, my oldest friend, be my greatest benefactor! I sue to your niece,—she affects to disbelieve,—will you convince her of my truth, my devotion, my worship?"

"Disbelieve you!" said the bland judge, with the same secret sneer that usually lurked in the corners of his mouth. "I do not wonder that she is slow to credit the honor you have done her, and for which the noblest damsels in England have sighed in vain. Lucy, will you be cruel to Lord Mauleverer? Believe me, he has often confided to me his love for you; and if the experience of some years avails, there is not a question of his honor and his truth: I leave his fate in your hands."

Brandon turned to the door.

"Stay, dear sir," said Lucy, "and instead of interceding for Lord Mauleverer, intercede for me." Her look now settled into a calm and decided seriousness of expression. "I feel highly flattered by his lordship's proposal, which, as you say, I might well doubt to be gravely meant. I wish him all happiness with a lady of higher deserts; but I speak from an unalterable determination, when I say, that I can never accept the dignity with which he would invest me."

So saying, Lucy walked quickly to the door, and vanished, leaving the two friends to comment as they would, upon her conduct.

"You have spoilt all with your precipitation," said the uncle.

"Precipitation! d—n it, what would you have? I have been fifty years making up my mind to marry; and now, when I have not a day to lose, you talk of precipitation!" answered the lover, throwing himself into an easy chair.

"But you have not been fifty years making up your mind to marry my niece," said Brandon, dryly.

"To be refused—positively refused, by a country girl!" continued Mauleverer, soliloquizing aloud; "and that too at my age, and with all my experience!—a country girl without rank, *ton*, accomplishments! By heavens! I don't care if all the world heard it,—for not a soul in the world would ever believe it."

Brandon sat speechless, eyeing the mortified face of the courtier with a malicious complaceny, and there was a pause of several minutes. Sir William then mastering the strange feeling which made him always rejoice in whatever threw ridicule on his *friend*, approached, laid his hand kindly on Mauleverer's shoulder, and talked to him of comfort and of encouragement. The reader will believe that Mauleverer was not a man whom it was impossible to encourage.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Before he came, everything loved me, and I had more things to love than I could reckon by the hairs of my head. Now, I feel I can love but one, and that one has deserted me,

* * * * *

* * * * *

Well, be it so—let her perish, let her be anything but mine."—*Melmoth.*

Early the next morning, Sir William Brandon was closeted for a long time with his niece, previous to his departure to the duties of his office. Anxious and alarmed for the success of one of the darling projects of his ambition, he spared no art in his conversation with Lucy, that his great ingenuity of eloquence and wonderful insight into human

nature could suggest, in order to gain at least a foundation for the raising of his scheme. Among other resources of his worldly tact, he hinted at Lucy's love for Clifford; and (though darkly and subtly, as befitting the purity of the one he addressed) this abandoned and wily person did not scruple to hint also at the possibility of indulging that love *after* marriage; though he denounced, as the last of indecorums, the crime of encouraging it *before*. This hint, however, fell harmless upon the innocent ear of Lucy. She did not, in the remotest degree, comprehend its meaning; she only, with a glowing cheek and a pouting lip, resented the allusion to a love which she thought it insolent in any one even to suspect.

When Brandon left the apartment, his brow was clouded, and his eye absent and thoughtful: it was evident that there had been little in the conference with his niece to please or content him. Miss Brandon herself was greatly agitated: for there was in her uncle's nature that silent and impressive secret of influencing or commanding others, which almost so invariably, and yet so quietly, attains the wishes of its owner; and Lucy, who loved and admired him sincerely—not the less, perhaps, for a certain modicum of fear—was greatly grieved at perceiving how rooted in him was the desire of that marriage which she felt was a moral impossibility. But if Brandon possessed the secret of sway, Lucy was scarcely less singularly endowed with the secret of resistance. It may be remembered, in describing her character, we spoke of her as one who seemed, to the superficial, as of too yielding and soft a temper. But the circumstances gave the lie to manner, and proved that she eminently possessed a quiet firmness and latent resolution, which gave to her mind a nobleness and *trustworthy* power, that never would have been suspected by those who met her among the ordinary paths of life.

Brandon had not been long gone, when Lucy's maid came to inform her that a gentleman, who expressed himself very desirous of seeing her, waited below. The blood rushed from Lucy's cheek at this announcement, simple as it seemed. "What gentleman *could* be desirous of seeing her? Was it—was it Clifford!" She remained for some moments motionless, and literally unable to move; at length she summoned courage, and smiling with self-contempt at a notion which appeared to her *after* thoughts utterly absurd, she descended to the drawing-room. The first glance she directed towards the stranger, who stood by the fireplace with folded arms, was sufficient,—it was impossible to mistake, though the face was averted, the unequalled form of her lover. She advanced eagerly with a faint cry, checked herself, and sank upon the sofa.

Clifford turned towards her, and fixed his eyes upon her countenance with an intense and melancholy gaze, but he did not utter a syllable; and Lucy, after pausing in expectation of his voice, looked up, and caught, in alarm, the strange and peculiar aspect of his features. He approached her slowly, and still silent; but his gaze seemed to grow more earnest and mournful as he advanced.

"Yes," said he at last, in a broken and indistinct voice, "I see you once more, after all my promises to quit you for ever,—after my solemn farewell, after all that I have cost you; —for, Lucy, you love me,—you love me,— and I shudder while I feel it; after all I myself have borne and resisted, I once more come wilfully into your presence! How have I burnt and sickened for this moment! How have I said, 'Let me behold her once more—only once more, and Fate may then do her worst!' Lucy! dear, dear Lucy! forgive me for my weakness. It is now in bitter and stern reality the very last I can be guilty of!"

As he spoke, Clifford sank beside her. He took both her hands in his, and holding them, though without pressure, again looked passionately upon her innocent yet eloquent face. It seemed as if he were moved beyond all the ordinary feelings of reunion and of love. He did not attempt to kiss the hands he held; and though the touch thrilled through every vein and fibre of his frame, his clasp was as light as that in which the first timidity of a boy's love ventures to stamp itself!

"You are pale, Lucy," said he, mournfully, "and your cheek is much thinner than it was when I first saw you—when I first saw you! Ah! would for your sake that that had never been! Your spirits were light then, Lucy. Your laugh came from the heart,—your step spurned the earth. Joy broke from your eyes, every thing that breathed around you seemed full of happiness and mirth! and now,

look upon me, Lucy; lift those soft eyes, and teach them to flash upon me indignation and contempt! Oh, not thus, not thus! I could leave you happy,—yes, literally blest,—if I could fancy you less forgiving, less gentle, less angelic!"

"What have I to forgive?" said Lucy, tenderly.

"What! every thing for which one human being can pardon another. Have not deceit and injury been my crimes against you? Your peace of mind, your serenity of heart, your buoyancy of temper, have I marred *these* or not?"

"Oh, Clifford!" said Lucy, rising from herself and from all selfish thoughts, "why,—why will you not trust me? You do not know me, indeed you do not—you are ignorant even of the very nature of a woman, if you think me unworthy of your confidence! Do you believe I could betray it? or, do you think, that if you had done that for which all the world forsook you, *I* could forsake?"

Lucy's voice faltered at the last words; but it sank as a stone sinks into deep waters, to the very core of Clifford's heart. Transported from all resolution and all forbearance, he wound his arms around her in one long and impassioned caress; and Lucy, as her breath mingled with his, and her cheek drooped upon his bosom, did indeed feel as if the past could contain no secret powerful enough even to weaken the affection with which her heart clung to his. She was the first to extricate herself from their embrace. She drew back her face from his, and smiling on him through her tears, with a brightness that the smiles of her earliest youth had never surpassed, she said,—

"Llsten to me. Tell me your history or not, as you will. But believe me, a woman's wit is often no despicable counsellor. They who accuse themselves the most bitterly, are not often those whom it is most difficult to forgive; and you must pardon me, If I doubt the extent of the blame you would so lavishly impute to yourself. I am now alone in the world—(here the smile withered from Lucy's lips).—My poor father is dead. I can injure no one by my conduct; there is no one on earth to whom I am bound by duty. I am independent, I am rich. You *profess* to love me. I am foolish and vain, and I believe you. Perhaps, also, I have the fond hope which so often makes dupes of women—the hope, that, if you have erred, I may reclaim you; if you have been unfortunate, I may console you! I know, Mr. Clifford, that I am saying that for which many would despise me, and for which, perhaps, I ought to despise myself; but there are times when we speak only as if some power at our hearts constrained us, despite onrselves,—and it thus that I have now spoken to you."

It was with an air very unwonted to herself that Lucy had concluded her address, for her usual characteristic was rather softness than dignity; but, as if to correct the meaning of her words, which might otherwise appear unmaidenly, there was a chaste, a proud, yet not the less a tender and sweet propriety and dignified frankness in her look and manner; so that it would have been utterly impossible for one who heard her not to have done justice to the nobleness of her motives, or not to have felt both touched and penetrated, as much by respect as by any warmer or more familiar feeling.

Clifford, who had risen while she was speaking, listened with a countenance that varied at every word she uttered:—now all hope—now all despondency. As she ceased, the expression hardened into a settled and compulsive resolution.

"It is well!" said he, mutteringly. "I am worthy of this—very—very worthy! Generous, noble girl!—had I been an emperor, I would have bowed down to you in worship; but to debase, to degrade you—no! no!"

"Is there debasement in love?" murmured Lucy.

Clifford gazed upon her with a sort of enthusiastic and self-gratulatory pride; perhaps he felt to be thus loved, and by such a creature, *was* matter of pride, even in the lowest circumstances to which he could ever be exposed. He drew his breath hard, set his teeth, and answered,—

"You could love, then, an outcast, without birth, fortune, or character?—No! you believe this now, but you could not. Could you desert your country, your friends, and your home—all that you are born and fitted for?—Could you attend one over whom the sword hangs, through a life subjected every hour to discovery and disgrace?—Could you be subjected

yourself to the moodiness of an evil memory, and the gloomy silence of remorse?—Could you be the victim of one who has no merit but his love for you, and who, if that love destroy you, becomes utterly redeemed? Yes, Lucy, I was wrong—I will do you justice: all this, nay more, you *could* bear, and your generous nature would disdain the sacrifice? But am *I* to be all selfish, and *you* all devoted? Are *you* to yield every thing to me, and *I* to accept every thing and yield none?—Alas! I have but one good, one blessing to yield, and that is yourself. Lucy, I deserve you; I outdo you in generosity; all that you would desert for me is nothing—O God!—nothing to the sacrifice I make to you!—And now, Lucy, I have seen you, and I must once more bid you farewell: I am on the eve of quitting this country for ever. I shall enlist in a foreign service. Perhaps—(and Clifford's dark eyes flashed with fire)—you will yet hear of me, and not blush when you hear! But—(and his voice faltered, for Lucy, hiding her face with both hands, gave way to her tears and agitation)—but, in one respect, you have conquered. I had believed that you could never be mine—that my past life had *for ever* deprived me of that hope! I now begin, with a rapture that can bear me through all ordeals, to form a more daring vision. A soil may be effaced—an evil name may be redeemed—the past is not set and sealed, without the power of revoking what has been written. If I can win the right of meriting your mercy, I will throw myself on it without reserve; till then, or till death, you will see me no more!"

He dropped on his knee, left his kiss and his tears upon Lucy's cold hands; the next moment she heard his step on the stairs,—the door closed heavily and jarringly upon him,—and Lucy felt one bitter pang, and, for some time at least, she felt no more!

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Many things fall between the cup and the lip!
Your man does please me
With his conceit.
* * * *
Comes Chanon Hugh accoutred as you see
Disguised!
And thus am I to gull the constable?
Now have among you for a man at arms.
* * * *
High-constable was more, though
He laid Dick Tator by the heels."
—Ben Jonson: *Tale of a Tub.*

Meanwhile, Clifford strode rapidly through the streets which surrounded the judge's house, and, turning to an obscurer *quartier* of the town, entered a gloomy lane or alley. Here he was abruptly accosted by a man wrapped in a shaggy great-coat, and of somewhat a suspicious appearance:—

"Aha, captain!" said he, "you are beyond your time, but all's well!"

Attempting, with indifferent success, the easy self-possession which generally marked his address to his companions, Clifford, repeating the stranger's words, replied,—

"All's well!—what! are the prisoners released?"

"No, faith!" answered the man, with a rough laugh, "not yet; but all in good time; it is a little too much to expect the justices to do our work, though by the Lord Harry, we often do theirs!"

"What then?" asked Clifford, impatiently.

"Why, the poor fellows had been carried to the town of ——, and brought before the queer cuffin * ere I arrived, though I set off the moment you told me, and did the journey in four hours. The examination lasted all yesterday, and they were remanded till to-day;—let's see, it is not yet noon; we may be there before it's over."

"And this is what you call well!" said Clifford, angrily!

"No, captain, don't be glimflashey! you have not heard all yet!—It seems that the only thing buffed hard against them was by a stout grazier, who was cried 'Stand!' to some fifty miles off the town; so the queer cuffin thinks of sending the poor fellows to the jail of the county where they did the business!"

"Ah! that may leave some hopes for them!

* Magistrate.

—We must look sharp to their journey; if they once get to prison, their only chances are the file and the bribe. Unhappily, neither of them is so lucky as myself at that trade!"

"No, indeed, there is not a stone wall in England that the great Captain Lovett could not creep through, I'll swear!" said the admiring satellite.

"Saddle the horses and load the pistols!—I will join you in ten minutes. Have my farmer's dress ready, the false hair, etc. Choose your own trim. Make haste;—the Three Feathers is the house of meeting."

"And in ten minutes only, captain?"

"Punctually!"

"The stranger turned a corner, and was out of sight. Clifford, muttering—"Yes, I was the cause of their apprehension; it was I who was sought; it is but fair that I should strike a blow for their escape, before I attempt my own,"—continued his course till he came to the door of a public-house. The sign of a seaman swung aloft, portraying the jolly tar with a fine pewter pot in his hand, considerably huger than his own circumference. An immense pug sat at the door, lolling its tongue out, as if, having stuffed itself *to* the tongue, it was forced to turn that useful member out of its proper place. The shutters were half closed, but the sounds of coarse merriment issued jovially forth.

Clifford disconcerted the pug; and, crossing the threshold, cried, in a loud tone, "Janseen!"—"Here!" answered a gruff voice; and, Clifford, passing on, came to a small parlor adjoining the tap. There, seated by a round oak-table, he found mine host, a red, fierce, weather-beaten, but bloated-looking personage, like Dirk Hatteraick in a dropsy.

"How now, captain!" cried he, in a guttural accent, and interlarding his discourse with certain Dutch graces, which, with our reader's leave, we will omit, as being unable to spell them: "how now!—not gone yet!"

"No!—I start for the coast to-morrow; business keeps me to-day. I came to ask if Mellon may be fully depended on?"

"Ay—honest to the back-bone."

"And you are sure that, in spite of my late delays, he will not have left the village?"

"Sure!—what else can I be?—don't I know Jack Mellon these twenty years! He would lie like a log in a calm for ten months together, without moving a hair's breadth, if he was under orders."

"And his vessel is swift and well manned, in case of an officer's chase?"

"The Black Molly swift?—Ask your grandmother. The Black Molly would outstrip a shark."

"Then good by, Janseen; there is something to keep your pipe alight: we shall not meet within the three seas again, I think. England is as much too hot for me as Holland for you!"

"You are a capital fellow!" cried mine host, shaking Clifford by the hand; "and when the lads come to know their loss, they will know they have lost the bravest and truest gill that ever took to the toby; so, good-by, and be d—d to you!"

With this valedictory benediction, mine host released Clifford; and the robber hastened to his appointment at the Three Feathers.

He found all prepared. He hastily put on his disguise, and his follower led out his horse, a noble animal of the grand Irish breed, of remarkable strength and bone, and, save only that it was somewhat *sharp* in the quarters (a fault which they who look for speed as well as grace will easily forgive), of almost unequalled beauty in its symmetry and proportions. Well did the courser know, and proudly did it render obeisance to, its master; snorting impatiently, and rearing from the hand of the attendant robber, the sagacious animal freed itself of the rein, and, as it tossed its long mane in the breeze of the fresh air, came trotting to the place where Clifford stood.

"So ho, Robin!—so ho!—what, thou chafest that I have left thy fellow behind at the Red Cave. Him we may never see more. But, while I have life, I will not have *thee*, Robin!"

With these words, the robber fondly stroked the shining neck of his favorite steed; and as the animal returned the caress, by rubbing his head against the hands and the athletic breast of its master, Clifford felt at his heart somewhat of that old racy stir of the blood which had been once to him the chief charm of his criminal profession, and which, in the late change of his feelings, he had almost forgotten.

"Well, Robin, well," he renewed, as he kissed the face of his steed;—"well, we will

have some days like our old ones yet; thou shalt say, ha ! ha ! to the trumpet, and bear thy master along on more glorious enterprises than he has yet thanked thee for sharing. Thou wilt now be my only familiar,—my only friend, Robin; we two shall be strangers in a foreign land. But thou wilt make thyself welcome easier than thy lord, Robin; and *thou* wilt forget the old days, and thine old comrades, and thine old loves, when—ha !" and Clifford turned abruptly to his attendant, who addressed him, "It is late, you say; true ! look you, it will be unwise for us both to quit London together; you know the sixth milestone, join me there, and we can proceed in company !"

Not unwilling to linger for a parting-cup, the comrade assented to the prudence of the plan proposed; and, after one or two additional words of caution and advice, Clifford mounted and rode from the yard of the inn. As he passed through the tall wooden gates into the street, the imperfect gleam of the wintry sun falling over himself and his steed, it was scarcely possible, even in spite of his disguise and rude garb, to conceive a more gallant and striking specimen of the lawless and daring tribe to which he belonged; the height, strength, beauty, and exquisite *grooming* visible in the steed; the sparkling eye, the bold profile, the sinewy chest, the graceful limbs, and the careless and practised horsemanship of the rider.

Looking after his chief with a long and an admiring gaze, the robber said to the ostler of the inn, an aged and withered man, who had seen nine generations of highwayman rise and vanish,—

"There, Joe, when did you ever look on a hero like that ? The bravest heart, the frankest hand, the best judge of a horse, and the handsomest man that ever did honor to Hounslow !"

"For all that," returned the ostler, shaking his palsied head, and turning back to the taproom,—"For all that, master, his time be up. Mark my whids, Captain Lovett will not be over the year,—no !—nor mayhap the month!"

"Why, you old rascal, what makes you so wise ! You will not peach, I suppose !"

"I peach ! devil a bit ! But there never was the gemman of the road, great or small, knowing or stupid, as outlived his seventh year. And this will be the captain's seventh, come the 21st of next month; but he be a fine chap, and I'll go to his hanging !"

"Pish !" said the robber, peevishly,—he himself was verging towards the end of his sixth year,—"pish !"

"Mind, I tells it you, master; and somehow or other I thinks,—and I has experience in these things,—by the *fey* * of his eye, and the drop of his lip, that the captain's time will be up *to-day !*"

Here the robber lost all patience, and pushing the hoary boder of evil against the wall, he turned on his heel, and sought some more agreeable companion to share his stirrup-cup.

It was in the morning of the day following that in which the above conversations occurred, that the sagacious Augustus Tomlinson and the valorous Edward Pepper, handcuffed and feltered, were jogging along the road in a postchaise, with Mr. Nabbem squeezed in by the side of the former, and two other gentlemen in Mr. Nabbem's confidence mounted on the box of the chaise, and interfering sadly, as Long Ned growlingly remarked, with "the beauty of the prospect."

"Ah, well !" quoth Nobbem, unavoidably thrusting his elbow into Tomlinson's side, while he drew out his snuff-box, and helped himself largely to the intoxicating dust. "You had best prepare yourself, Mr. Pepper, for *a change* of prospects. I believes as how there is little to please you in *quod* (prison)."

"Nothing makes men so facetious as misfortune to others !" said Augustus, moralizing, and turning himself, as well as he was able, in order to deliver his body from the pointed elbow of Mr. Nabbem. "When a man is down in the world, all the bystanders, very dull fellows before, suddenly become wits !"

"You reflects on I," said Mr. Nabbem: "well, it does not sinnify a pin, for directly we does our duty, you chaps become howdaciously ungrateful !"

"Ungrateful !" said Pepper: "what a plague have we got to be grateful for? I suppose you think we ought to tell you, you are the best friend we have, because you have *scrouged* us, neck and crop, into this horrible hole, like turkeys fatted for Christmas. 'Sdeath ! one's hair is flatted down like a pancake; and as for

* A word difficult to translate; but the closest interpretation of which is perhaps "the ill omen."

one's legs, you had better cut them off at once than tuck them up in a place a foot square, —to say nothing of these blackguardly irons!"

"The only irons pardonable in your eyes, Ned," said Tomlinson, "are the curling-irons, eh?"

"Now if this is not too much!" cried Nabbem, crossly; "you objects to go in a cart like the rest of your profession; and when I puts myself out of the way to obleedge you with a shay, you slangs I for it!"

"Peace, good Nabbem!" said Augustus, with a sage's dignity; "you must allow a little bad humor in men so unhappily situated as we are."

The soft answer turneth away wrath. Tomlinson's answer softened Nabbem; and, by way of conciliation, he held his snuff-box to the nose of his unfortunate prisoner. Shutting his eyes, Tomlinson long and earnestly sniffed up the luxury, and as soon as, with his own kerchief of spotted yellow, the officer had wiped from the proboscis some lingering grains, Tomlinson thus spoke:—

"You see us now, Mr. Nabbem, in a state of broken-down opposition: but our spirits are not broken too. In our time we have had something to do with the administration; and our comfort at present, is the comfort of fallen ministers!"

"Oho! you were in the Methodist line before you took to the road?" said Nabbem.

"Not so!" answered Augustus, gravely. "We were the Methodists of politics, not of the church; viz., we lived upon our flock without a legal authority to do so, and that which the law withheld from us, our wits gave. But tell me, Mr. Nabbem, are you addicted to politics?"

"Why, they says I be," said Mr. Nabbem, with a grin; "and for my part, I thinks all who sarves the King should stand up for him, and take care of their little families!"

"You *speak* what others *think!*" answered Tomlinson, smiling also. "And I will now, since you like politics, point out to you what I dare say you have not observed before."

"What be that?" said Nabbem.

"A wonderful likeness between the life of the gentlemen adorning his Majesty's senate and the life of the gentlemen whom you are conducting to his Majesty's jail."

THE LIBELLOUS PARALLEL OF AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON.

"We enter our career, Mr. Nabbem, as your embryo ministers enter parliament,—by bribery and corruption. There is this difference, indeed, between the two cases:—*we* are enticed to enter by the bribery and corruption of *others*,—*they* enter spontaneously by dint of their *own*. At first, deluded by romantic visions, we like the glory of our career better than the profit, and in our youthful generosity we profess to attack the rich solely from consideration for the poor! By and by, as we grow more hardened, we laugh at these boyish dreams,—peasant or prince fares equally at our impartial hands; we grasp at the bucket, but we scorn not the thimble-full; we use the word glory only as a trap for proselytes and apprentices; our fingers, like an office door, are open for all that can possibly come into them: we consider the wealthy as our salary, the poor as our perquisites. What is this, but a picture of your member of parliament ripening into a minister,—your patriot mellowing into your placeman? And mark me, Mr. Nabbem! is not the very language of both as similar as the deeds? What is the phrase either of us loves to employ?—'To deliver.' What?—'The public.' And do we not both invariably deliver it of the same thing?—viz, its *purse!* Do we want an excuse for sharing the gold of our neighbors, or abusing them, if they resist? Is not our mutual—our pithiest plea—'Distress!' True, your patriot calls it 'distress of the country;' but does he ever, a whit more than we do, mean any distress but his own? When we are brought low, and our coats are shabby, do we not both shake our heads and talk of 'reform?' And when—oh! when we are up in the world, do we not both kick 'reform' to the devil?

"How often your parliament man 'vacates his seat,' only for the purpose of resuming it with a weightier purse! How often, dear Ned, have our seats been vacated for the same end. Sometimes, indeed, he *really* finishes his career by accepting the hundreds,—it is by 'accepting the hundreds' that ours may be finished too!—(Ned drew a long sigh.) —Note us now, Mr. Nabbem, in the zenith of our prosperity—we have filled our pockets, we have become great in the mouths of our party. Our pals admire us, and our blowens adore!

What do we in this short-lived summer! Save and be thrifty? Ah, no! we must give our dinners, and make light of our lush. We sport horses on the race-course, and look big at the multitude we have bubbled. Is not this your minister come into the office? Does not this remind you of *his* equipage, *his* palace, *his* plate? In both cases, lightly won, lavishily wasted; and the public, whose cash we have fingered, may at least have the pleasure of gaping at the figure we make with it! This, then, is our harvest of happiness; our foes, our friends, are ready to eat us with envy—yet what is so little enviable as our station? Have we not both our common vexations and our mutual disquietudes? Do we not both bribe—(Nabbem shook his head and buttoned his waistcoat)—our enemies, cajole our partisans, bully our dependants, and quarrel with our only friends, viz., ourselves?

"Is not the secret question with each—'It is all confoundedly fine; but how long will it last?' Now, Mr. Nabbem, note me,—reverse the portrait: we are fallen, our career is over—the road is shut to us, and new plunderers are robbing the carriages that once we robbed. Is not this the lot of—no, no! I deceive myself! Your ministers, your jobmen, for the most part milk the popular cow while there's a drop in the udder. Your chancellor declines on a pension,—your minister attenuates on a grant,—the feet of your great rogues may be gone from the treasury benches, but they have their little fingers in the treasury. Their past services are remembered by his Majesty,—ours only noted by the Recorder: they save themselves, for they hang by one another; we go to the devil, for we hang by ourselves: we have our little day of the public, and all is over; but it is *never* over with them. We both hunt the same fox; but we are your fair riders: they are your knowing ones—we take the leap, and our necks are broken: they sneak through the gates, and keep it up to the last!"

As he concluded, Tomlinson's head drooped on his bosom, and it was easy to see that painful comparisons, mingled perhaps with secret murmurs at the injustice of fortune, were rankling in his breast. Long Ned sat in gloomy silence; and even the hard heart of the severe Mr. Nabbem was softened by the affecting parallel to which he had listened. They had proceeded without speaking for two or three miles, when Long Ned, fixing his eyes on Tomlinson, exclaimed,—

"Do you know, Tomlinson, I think it was a a burning shame in Lovett to suffer us to be carried off like muttons, without attempting to rescue us by the way! It is all his fault that we are here! for it was he whom Nabbem wanted, not us!

"Very true," said the cunning policeman; "and if I were you, Mr. Pepper, hang me if I would not behave like a man of spirit, and show as little consarn for him as he shows for you! Why, Lord now, I doesn't want to 'tice you; but this I *does* know, the justices are very anxious to catch Lovett; and one who gives him up, and says a word or two about his cracter, so as to make conviction sartain, may himself be sartain of a free pardon for all sprees and so forth!"

"Ah!" said Long Ned, with a sigh, "that is all very well, Mr. Nabbem, but I'll go to the crap like a gentleman, and not peach of my comrades; and now I think of it, Lovett could scarcely have assisted us. One man alone, even Lovett, clever as he is, could not have forced us out of the clutches of you and your myrmidons, Mr. Nabbem! And when we were once at ——, they took excellent care of us. But tell me now, my dear Nabbem," and Long Ned's voice wheedled itself into something like softness;—"tell me, do you think the grazier will buff it home?"

"No doubt of that," said the unmoved Nabbem. Long Ned's face fell. "And what if he does?" said he; "they can but transport us!"

"Don't desave yourself, Master Pepper!" said Nabbem: "you 're too old a hand for the herring-pond. They're resolved to make gallows *apples* of all such numprels (*Nonpareils*) as you!"

Ned cast a sullen look at the officer.

"A pretty comforter you are!" said he. "I have been in a postchaise with a pleasanter fellow, I'll swear! You may call me an apple if you will, but, I take it, I am not an apple you'd like to see *peeled*.

With this pugilistic and menacing pun, the lengthy hero relapsed into meditative silence.

Our travellers were now entering a road skirted on one side by a common of some extent, and on the other, by a thick hedgerow, which through its breaks gave occasional

glimpses of woodland and fallow, interspersed with cross-roads and tiny brooklets.

"There goes a jolly fellow!" said Nabbem, pointing to an athletic-looking man, riding before the carriage, dressed in a farmer's garb, and mounted on a large and powerful horse of the Irish breed. "I day say he is well acquainted with *your* grazier. Mr. Tomlinson; he looks mortal like one of the same kidney; and here comes another chap,"—(as the stranger was joined by a short, stout, ruddy man in a carter's frock, riding on a horse less showy than his comrade's, but of the lengthy, reedy, lank, yet muscular race, which a knowing jockey would like to bet on).—"Now that's what I calls a comely lad!" continued Nabbem, pointing to the latter horseman; "none of your thin-faced, dark, strapping fellows like that Captain Lovett, as the blowens raves about, but a nice, tight, little body, with a face like a carrot! That's a beauty for my money! honesty's stamped on his face, Mr. Tomlinson! I dare says—(and the officer grinned, for he had been a lad of the cross in his own day)—I dare says, poor innocent booby, he knows none of the ways of Lunnun town; and if he has not as merry a life as some folks, mayhap he may have a longer.

"But a merry one for ever, for such lads as us, Mr. Pepper! I say, has you heard as how Bill Fang went to Scratchland (Scotland) and was stretched for smashing queer screens? (*i. e.* hung for utttering forged notes). He died 'nation game; for when his father, who was a grey-headed parson, came to see him after the sentence, he says to the governor, says he, 'Give us a tip, old 'un, to pay the expenses, and die dacently.' The parson forks him out ten shiners, preaching all the while like winkey. Bob drops one of the guineas between his fingers, and says, 'Holla, dad, you have only tipped us nine of the yellow boys; just now you said as how it was ten!' On this the parish-bull, who was as poor as if he'd been a mouse of the church instead of the curate, lugs out another; and Bob, turning round to the jailer, cries, 'Flung the governor out of a guinea, by G—d!'* Now, that's what I calls keeping it up to the last!"

Mr. Nabbem had scarcely finished this anecdote, when the farmer-like stranger, who had kept up by the side of the chaise, suddenly rode to the window, and, touching his hat, said in a Norfolk accent, "Were the gentlemen we met on the road belonging to your party? They were asking after a chaise and pair."

"No!" said Nabbem, "there be no gentlemen as belongs to our party!" So saying, he tipped a knowing wink at the farmer, and glanced over his shoulder at the prisoners.

"What! you are going all alone?" said the farmer.

"Ay, to be sure," answered Nabbem; "not much danger, I think, in the day time, with the sun out as big as a sixpence, which is as big as ever I see'd him in this country!"

At that moment, the shorter stranger, whose appearance had attracted the praise of Mr. Nabbem (that personage was himself very short and ruddy), and who had hitherto been riding close to the post-horses, and talking to the officers on the box, suddenly threw himself from his steed, and in the same instant that he arrested the horses of the chaise, struck the postilion to the ground with a short heavy bludgeon which he drew from his frock. A whistle was heard and answered, as if by a signal: three fellows, armed with bludgeons, leaped from the hedge; and in the interim the pretended farmer, dismounting, flung open the door of the chaise, and seizing Mr. Nabben by the collar, swung him to the ground with a celerity that became the circular rotundity of the policeman's figure, rather than the deliberate gravity of his dignified office.

Rapid and instantaneous as had been this work, it was not without a check. Although the policemen had not dreamed of a rescue in the very face of the day, and on the high road, their profession was not that which suffered them easily to be surprised. The two guardians of the dicky leaped nimbly to the ground; but before they had time to use their fire-arms, two of the new aggressors, who had appeared from the hedge, closed upon them, and bore them to the ground: while this scuffle took place, the farmer had disarmed the prostrate Nabbem, and giving him in charge to the remaining confederate, extricated Tomlinson and his comrade from the chaise.

"Hist!" said he, in a whisper, "beware my name; my disguise hides me at present—lean on me—only through the hedge, a cart waits there, and you are safe!"

* Fact.

With these broken words he assisted the robbers, as well as he could, in spite of their manacles, through the same part of the hedge from which the three allies had sprung. They were already through the barrier; only the long legs of Ned Pepper lingered behind; when at the far end of the road, which was perfectly straight, a gentleman's carriage became visible. A strong hand from the interior of the hedge seizing Pepper, dragged him through, and Clifford—for the reader need not be told who was the farmer—perceiving the approaching reinforcement, shouted at once for flight.

The robber who had guarded Nabbem, and who indeed was no other than old Bags, slow as he habitually was, lost not an instant in providing for himself; before you could say "Laudamus," he was on the other side of the hedge: the two men engaged with the police officers were not capable of an equal celerity; but Clifford, throwing himself into the contest and engaging the policemen, gave the robbers the opportunity for escape. They scrambled through the fence, the officers, tough fellows and keen, clinging lustily to them, till one was felled by Clifford, and the other catching against a stump, was forced to relinquish his hold; he then sprang back into the road and prepared for Clifford, who now, however, occupied himself rather in fugitive than warlike measures. Meanwhile, the moment the other rescuers had passed the Rubicon of the hedge, their flight, and that of the gentlemen who had passed before them, commenced. On this mystic side of the hedge was a cross-road, striking at once through an intricate and wooded part of the country, which allowed speedy and ample opportunities of dispersion. Here a light cart, drawn by two swift horses, in a tandem fashion, awaited the fugitives. Long Ned and Augustus were stowed down at the bottom of this vehicle; three fellows filed away at their irons, and a fourth, who had hitherto remained inglorious with the cart, gave the lash—and he gave it handsomely—to the coursers. Away rattled the equipage; and thus was achieved a flight, still memorable in the annals of the elect, and long quoted as one of the boldest and most daring exploits that illicit enterprise ever accomplished.

Clifford and his equestrian comrade only remained in the field, or rather the road; the former sprang at once on his horse,—the latter was not long in following the example. But the policeman, who, it has been said, baffled in detaining the fugitives of the hedge, had leaped back into the road, was not idle in the meanwhile. When he saw Clifford about to mount, instead of attempting to seize the enemy, he recurred to his pistol, which in the late struggle hand to hand he had been unable to use, and taking sure aim at Clifford, whom he judged at once to be the leader of the rescue, he lodged a ball in the right side of the robber, at the very moment he had set spurs in his horse and turned to fly. Clifford's head dropped to the saddle-bow. Fiercely the horse sprang on; the robber endeavored, despite his reeling senses, to retain his seat—once he raised his head—once he nerved his slackened and listless limbs—and then, with a faint groan, he fell to the earth. The horse bounded but one step more, and, true to the tutorship it had received, stopped abruptly. Clifford raised himself with great difficulty on one arm; with the other hand he drew forth a pistol; he pointed it deliberately towards the officer that had wounded him; the man stood motionless, cowering and spell-bound, beneath the dilating eye of the robber.

It was but for a moment that the man had cause for dread; for muttering between his ground teeth, "Why waste it on *an enemy?*" Clifford turned the muzzle towards the head of the unconscious steed, which seemed sorrowfully and wistfully to incline towards him. "Thou," he said, "whom I have fed and loved shalt never know hardship from another!" and with a merciful cruelty he dragged himself one pace nearer to his beloved steed, uttered a well-known word, which brought the docile creature to his side, and placing the muzzle of the pistol close to his ear he fired, and fell back senseless at the exertion. The animal staggered, and dropped down dead. Meanwhile Clifford's comrade, profiting by the surprise and sudden panic of the officer, was already out of reach, and darting across the common, he and his ragged courser speedily vanished.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Lose I not
With him what fortune could in life allot?
Lose I not hope, life's cordial?
* * * * *
In fact, the lessons he from prudence took
Were written in his mind as in a book.
There what to do he read, and what to shun,
And all commanded was with promptness done:
He seemed without a passion to proceed.
* * * * *
Yet some believed those passions only slept!"
—CRABBE.

* * * * *
* * * * *
"Relics of love and life's enchanted spring!"
—A. WATTS, *on burning a Packet of Litters.*

* * * * *
* * * * *
"Many and sad and deep
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast!
Thou, too, couldst watch and weep!"
—MRS. HEMANS.

WHILE Sir William Brandon was pursuing his ambitious schemes, and notwithstanding Lucy's firm and steady refusal of Lord Mauleverer, was still determined on that ill-assorted marriage; while Mauleverer himself, day after day, attended at the judge's house, and, though he spoke not of love, looked it with all his might; it became obvious to every one but the lover and the guardian, that Lucy herself was rapidly declining in appearance and health. Ever since the day she had last seen Clifford, her spirit, before greatly shattered, had refused to regain even a likeness to their naturally cheerful and happy tone. She became silent and abstracted; even her gentleness of temper altered at times into a moody and fretful humor. Neither to books nor music, nor any art by which time is beguiled, she recurred for a momentary alleviation of the bitter feelings at her heart, or for a transient forgetfulness of their sting. The whole world of her mind had been shaken. Her pride was wounded; her love galled; her faith in Clifford gave way at length to gloomy and dark suspicion. Nothing, she now felt, but a name as well as fortunes utterly abandoned, could have justified him for the stubbornness of heart in which he had fled and deserted her. Her own self-acquittal no longer consoled her in affliction.

She condemned herself for her weakness, from the birth of her ill-starred affection to the crisis it had now acquired. "Why did I not wrestle with it at first?" she said bitterly. "Why did I allow myself so easily to love one unknown to me, and equivocal in station, despite the cautions of my uncle and the whispers of the world?" Alas! Lucy did not remember, that at the time she was guilty of this weakness she had not learned to reason as she since reasoned. Her faculties were but imperfectly awakened; her experience of the world was utter ignorance. She scarcely knew that she loved, and she knew not at all that the delicious and excited sentiment which filled her being, could ever become as productive of evil and peril as it had done now; and even *had* her reason been more developed, and her resolutions more strong, does the exertion of reason and resolution always avail against the master passion? Love, it is true, is *not* unconquerable; but how few have ever, mind and soul, coveted the conquest! Disappointment makes a vow, but the heart records it not. Or in the noble image of one who has so tenderly and so truly portrayed the feelings of her own sex,—

——"We make
A ladder of our thoughts where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot!" *

Before Clifford had last seen her, we have observed that Lucy had (and it was a consolation) clung to the belief that, despite of appearances and his own confession, his past life had not been such as to place him without the pale of her just affections; and there were frequent moments when, remembering that the death of her father had removed the only being who could assert an unanswerable claim to the dictation of her actions, she thought that Clifford, hearing her hand was utterly at her own disposal, might again appear, and again urge a suit which she felt so few circumstances could induce her to deny. All this half-acknowledged yet earnest train of reasoning and hope vanished from the moment he had quitted her uncle's house. His words bore no misinterpretation. He had not yielded even to her own condescension, and her cheek burnt as she recalled it. Yet he loved her. She saw, she knew it in his every word and look! Bitter, then, and dark must be that remorse which could have conquered every argument but that which urged him to leave her, when

* "The History of the Lyre," by L. E. L.

he might have claimed her for ever. True, that when his letter formerly bade her farewell, the same self-accusing language was recurred to, the same dark hints and illusions to infamy or guilt; yet never till now had she interpreted them rigidly, and never till now had she dreamed how far their meaning could extend. Still, what crimes could he have committed? The true ones never occurred to Lucy. She shuddered to ask herself, and hushed her doubts in a gloomy and torpid silence!

But through all her accusations against herself, and through all her awakened suspicions against Clifford, she could not but acknowledge that something noble and not unworthy of her mingled in his conduct, and occasioned his resistance to her and to himself; and this belief, perhaps, irritated even while it touched her, and kept her feelings in a perpetual struggle and conflict, which her delicate frame and soft mind were little able to endure. When the nerves once break, how breaks the character with them! How many ascetics, withered and soured, do we meet in the world, who but for one shock to the heart and form might have erred on the side of meekness! Whether it come from woe or disease, the stroke which mars a single fibre plays strange havoc with the mind. Slaves we are to our muscles, and puppets to the spring of the capricious blood; and the great soul, with all its capacities, its solemn attributes, and sounding claims, is, while on earth, but a jest to this mountebank — the body — from the dream which toys with it for an hour, to the lunacy which shivers it into a driveller, laughing as it plays with its own fragments, and reeling benighted and blinded to the grave!

We have before said, that Lucy was fond both of her uncle and his society; and still, whenever the subject of Lord Mauleverer and his suit was left untouched, there was that in the conversation of Sir William Brandon which aroused an interest in her mind, engrossed and self-consuming as it had become. Sorrow, indeed, and sorrow's companion, reflection made her more and more capable of comprehending a very subtle and intricate character. There is no secret for discovering the human heart like affliction—especially the affliction which springs from passion. Does a writer startle you with his insight into your nature, be sure that he has mourned: such lore is the alchymy of tears. Hence the insensible and almost universal confusion of idea which confounds melancholy with depth, and finds but hollow inanity in the symbol of a laugh. Pitiable error! Reflection first leads us to gloom, but its next stage is to brightness. The Laughing Philosopher had reached the goal of Wisdom: Heraclitus whimpered at the starting-post. But enough for Lucy to gain even the vestibule of philosophy.

Notwithstading the soreness we naturally experience towards all who pertinaciously arouse an unpleasant subject, and in spite therefore of Brandon's furtherance of Mauleverer's courtship, Lucy felt herself incline strangely, and with something of a daughter's affection, towards this enigmatical being; in spite, too, of all the cold and measured vice of his character,—the hard and wintry greyness of heart with which he regarded the welfare of others, or the substances of Truth, Honor, and Virtue, —the callousness of his fossilized affections, which no human being softened but for a moment, and no warm and healthful impulse struck, save into an evanescent and idle flash; —in spite of this consummate obduracy and worldliness of temperament, it is not paradoxical to say that there was something in the man which Lucy found at times analagous to her own vivid and generous self. This was, however, only noticeable when she led him to talk over earlier days, and when by degrees the sarcastic lawyer forgot the present, and grew eloquent, not over the actions but the feelings of the past. He would speak to her for hours of his youthful dreams, his occupations, or his projects as a boy. Above all, he loved to converse with her upon Warlock, its remains of ancient magnificence, the green banks of the placid river that enriched its domains, and the summer pomp of wood and heath-land, amidst which his noon-day visions had been nursed.

When he spoke of these scenes and days, his countenance softened, and something in its expression, recalling to Lucy the image of one still dearer, made her yearn to him the more. An ice seemed broken from the mind, and streams of released and gentle feelings, mingled with kindly and generous sentiment, flowed forth. Suddenly, a thought, a word, brought

him back to the present—his features withered abruptly into their cold placidly or latent sneer: the seal closed suddenly on the broken spell, and, like the victim of a fairy-tale, condemned, at a stated hour, to assume another shape, the very being you had listened to seemed vanished, and replaced by one whom you startled to behold. But there was one epoch of his life on which he was always silent, and that was, his first onset into the actual world—the period of his early struggle into wealth and fame. All *that* space of time seemed as a dark gulf, over which he had passed, and become changed at once—as a traveller landing on a strange climate may adopt the moment he touches its shore, its costume and its language.

All *men*—the most modest—have a common failing, but it is one which often assumes the domino and mask—*pride!* Brandon was, however, proud to a degree very rare in men who have risen and flourished in the world. Out of the wrecks of all other feelings, this imperial survivor made one great palace for its residence, and called the fabric "Disdain." Scorn was the real essence of Brandon's nature: even in the blandest disguises, the smoothness of his voice, the insinuation of his smile, the popular and supple graces of his manners, an oily derision floated, rarely discernible, it is true, but proportioning its strength and quantum to the calm it produced.

In the interim, while his character thus displayed and contradicted itself in private life, his fame was rapidly rising in public estimation. Unlike many of his brethren, the brilliant lawyer had exceeded expectation, and shown even yet more conspicuously in the less adventitiously aided duties of the judge. Envy itself,—and Brandon's political virulence had, despite his personal affability, made him many foes,—was driven into acknowledging the profundity of his legal knowledge, and in admiring the manner in which the peculiar functions of his novel dignity were discharged. No juvenile lawyer browbeat, no hackneyed casuist puzzled, him; even his attention never wandered from the dullest case subjected to his tribunal. A painter, desirous of stamping on his canvass the portrait of an upright judge, could scarcely have found a finer realization for his *beau idéal* than the austere, collected, keen, yet majestic countenance of Sir William Brandon, such as it seemed in the trappings of office and from the seat of justice.

The newspapers were not slow in recording the singular capture of the notorious Lovett. The boldness with which he had planned and executed the rescue of his comrades, joined to the suspense in which his wound for some time kept the public, as to his escape from one death by the postern gate of another, caused a very considerable ferment and excitation in the popular mind; and, to feed the impulse, the journalists were little slothful in retailing every anecdote, true or false, which they could collect, touching the past adventures of the daring highwayman. Many a good story then came to light, which partook as much of the comic as the tragic; for not a single one of the robber's adventures was noted for cruelty or bloodshed; many of them betokened rather an hilarious and jovial spirit of mirthful enterprise. It seems as if he had thought the highway a capital arena for jokes, and only robbed for the sake of venting a redundant affection for jesting.

Persons felt it rather a sin to be severe with a man of so merry a disposition; and it was especially observable that not one of the ladies who had been despoiled by the robber could be prevailed on to prosecute; on the contrary, they always talked of the event as one of the most agreeable remembrances in their lives, and seemed to bear a provoking gratitude to the comely offender, rather than resentment. All the gentlemen were not, however, of so placable a temper; and two sturdy farmers, with a grazier to boot, were ready to swear, "through thick and thin," to the identity of the prisoner with a horseman who had civilly borne each of them company for an hour in their several homeward rides from certain fairs, and had carried the pleasure of his society, they very gravely asserted, considerably beyond a joke; so that the state of the prisoner's affairs took a very sombre aspect, and the counsel—an old hand—intrusted with his cause declared confidentially that there was not a chance. But a yet more weighty accusation, because it came from a much nobler quarter, awaited Clifford. In the robbers' cavern were found several articles answering exactly to the description of those valuables feloniously abstracted from the person of Lord Mauleverer. That nobleman

attended to inspect the articles, and to view the prisoner.

The former he found himself able to swear to, with a very tranquillized conscience; the latter he beheld feverish, attenuated, and in a moment of delirium, on the sick-bed to which his wound had brought him. He was at no loss, however, to recognize in the imprisoned felon the gay and conquering Clifford, whom he had once even honored with his envy. Although his former dim and vague suspicions of Clifford were thus confirmed, the good-natured peer felt some light compunction at appearing as his prosecutor: this compunction, however, vanished the moment he left the sick man's apartment; and, after a little patriotic conversation with the magistrates about the necessity of public duty—a theme which brought virtuous tears into the eyes of those respectable functionaries—he re-entered his carriage, returned to town, and, after a lively dinner *tête-à-tête* with an old *chère amie*, who, of all her charms, had preserved only the attraction of conversation and the capacity of relishing a *salmi*, Mauleverer, the very evening of his return, betook himself to the house of Sir William Brandon.

When he entered the hall, Barlow, the judge's favorite servant, met him, with rather a confused and mysterious air, and arresting him as he was sauntering into Brandon's library, informed him that Sir William was particularly engaged, but would join his lordship in the drawing-room. While Barlow was yet speaking, and Mauleverer was bending his right ear (with which he heard the best) towards him, the library-door opened, and a man in a very coarse and ruffianly garb awkwardly bowed himself out. "So this is the particular engagement," thought Mauleverer; "a strange Sir Pandarus: but those *old* fellows have droll tastes."

"I may go in now, my good fellow, I suppose?" said his lordship to Barlow; and, without waiting an answer, he entered the library. He found Brandon alone, and bending earnestly over some letters which strewed his table. Mauleverer carelessly approached, and threw himself into an opposite chair. Sir William lifted his head, as he heard the movement, and Mauleverer (reckless as was that personage) was chilled and almost awed by the expression of his friend's countenance.

Brandon's face was one which, however pliant, nearly always wore one pervading character—*calmness*: whether in the smoothness of social courtesy, or the austerity of his official station, or the bitter sarcasm which escaped him at no unfrequent intervals; still a certain hard and inflexible dryness stamped both his features and his air. But at this time a variety of feelings not ordinarily eloquent in the outward man struggled in his dark face, expressive of all the energy and passion of his powerful and masculine nature; there seemed to speak from his features and eyes something of shame, and anger, and triumph, and regret, and scorn. All these various emotions, which, it appears almost a paradox to assert, met in the same expression, nevertheless were so individually and almost fearfully stamped, as to convey at once their signification to the mind of Mauleverer. He glanced towards the letters, in which the writing seemed faint and discolored by time or damp; and then once more regarding the face of Brandon, said in rather an anxious and subdued tone,—

"Heavens, Brandon! are you ill? or has any thing happened?—you alarm me!"

"Do you recognize these locks?" said Brandon in a hollow voice; and from under the letters he drew some ringlets of an auburn hue, and pushed them with an averted face towards Mauleverer.

The earl took them up—regarded them for a few moments—changed color, but shook his head with a negative gesture, as he laid them once more on the table.

"This handwriting, then?" renewed the judge in a yet more impressive and painful voice; and he pointed to the letters.

Mauleverer raised one of them, and held it between his face and the lamp, so that whatever his features might have betrayed was hidden from his companion. At length he dropped the letter with an effected *nonchalance*, and said,—

"Ah, I know the writing even at this distance of time; this letter is directed to you!"

"It is,—so are all these," said Brandon, with the same voice of preternatural and strained composure. "They have come back to me after an absence of nearly twenty-five years; they are the letters she wrote to me in the days of our courtship—(here Brandon laughed scornfully)—she carried them away

with her, you know when; and (a pretty clod of consistency is woman!) she kept them, it seems, to her dying day!"

The subject in discussion, whatever it might be, appeared a sore one to Mauleverer; he turned uneasily on his chair, and said at length,—

"Well, poor creature! these are painful remembrances, since it turned out so unhappily; but it was not our fault, dear Brandon; we were men of the world,—we knew the value of—of—women, and treated them accordingly!"

"Right! right! right!" cried Brandon, vehemently, laughing in a wild and loud disdain; the intense force of which it would be in vain to attempt expressing.

"Right! and faith, my lord, I repine not, nor repent."

"So, so, that's well!" said Mauleverer, still not at his ease, and hastening to change the conversation. "But, my dear Brandon, I have strange news for you! You remember that fellow Clifford, who had the insolence to address himself to your adorable niece? I told you I suspected that long friend of his of having made my acquaintance somewhat unpleasantly, and I therefore doubted of Clifford himself. Well, my dear friend, this Clifford is—whom do you think?—no other than Mr. Lovett, of Newgate celebrity!"

"You do not say so!" rejoined Brandon, apathetically, as he slowly gathered his papers together, and deposited them in a drawer.

"Indeed it is true; and what is more, Brandon, this fellow is one of the very identical highwaymen who robbed me on my road from Bath. No doubt he did me the same kind office on my road to Mauleverer Park."

"Possibly," said Brandon, who appeared absorbed in a revery.

"Ay!" answered Mauleverer, piqued at this indifference. "But do you not see the consequences to your niece?"

"My niece!" repeated Brandon rousing himself.

"Certainly. I grieve to say it, my dear friend,—but she was young, very young, when at Bath. She suffered this fellow to address her too openly. Nay,—for I will be frank,—she was suspected of being in love with him!"

"She *was* in love with him," said Brandon dryly, and fixing the malignant coldness of his eye upon the suitor. "And, for aught I know," added he, "she is so at this moment."

'You are cruel!" said Mauleverer, disconcerted. "I trust not, for the sake of my continued addresses."

"My dear lord," said Brandon, urbanely taking the courtier's hand, while the *anguis in herbâ* of his sneer played around his compressed lips,—"my dear lord, we are old friends, and need not deceive each other. You wish to marry my niece, because she is an heiress of great fortune, and you suppose that my wealth will in all probability swell her own. Moreover, she is more beautiful than any other young lady of your acquaintance; and, polished by your example, may do honor to your taste as well as your prudence. Under these circumstances you will, I am quite sure, look with lenity on her girlish errors, and not love her the less because her foolish fancy persuades her that she is in love with another."

"Ahem!" said Mauleverer, "you view the matter with more sense than sentiment; but look you, Brandon, we must try, for both our sakes, if possible, to keep the indentity of Lovett with Clifford from being known. I do not see why it should be. No doubt he was on his guard while playing the gallant, and committed no atrocity at Bath. The name of Clifford is hitherto perfectly unsullied. No fraud, no violence are attached to the application; and if the rogue will but keep his own council, we may hang him out of the way without the secret transpiring."

"But, if I remember right," said Brandon, "the newspapers say that this Lovett will be tried some seventy or eighty miles only from Bath, and that gives a chance of recognition."

"Ay, but he will be devilishly altered, I imagine; for his wonnd has already been but a bad beautifier to his face: moreover, if the dog has any delicacy, he will naturally dislike to be known as the gallant of that gay city, where he shone so successfully, and will disguise himself as well as he is able. I hear wonders of his powers of self-transformation."

"But he may commit himself on the point between this and his trial," said Brandon.

"I think of ascertaining how far that is likely, by sending my valet down to him (you know one treats these gentlemen highwaymen with a certain consideration, and hangs them

with all due respect to their feelings), to hint that it will be doubtless very unpleasant to him, under his 'present unfortunate circumstances' (is not that the phrase?), to be known as the gentleman who enjoyed so deserved a popularity at Bath, and that, though 'the laws of my country compel me' to prosecute him, yet, should he desire it, he may be certain that I will preserve his secret.—Come, Brandon, what say you to that manœuvre? it will answer my purpose, and make the gentleman—for doubtless he is all sensibility—shed tears at my generous forbearance!"

"It is no bad idea," said Brandon. "I commend you for it. At all events, it is necessary that my niece should not know the situation of her lover. She is a girl of a singular turn of mind, and fortune has made her independent. Who knows but what she might commit some folly or another, write petitions to the King, and beg me to present them, or go—for she has a world of romance in her—to prison, to console him; or, at all events, she would beg my kind offices on his behalf—a request peculiarly awkward, as in all probability I shall have the honor of trying him."

"Ay, by the by, so you will. And I fancy the poor rogue's audacity will not cause you to be less severe than you usually are. They say you promise to make more human pendulums than any of your brethren."

"They do say that, do they?" said Brandon. "Well, I own I have a bile against my species; I loathe their folly and their half vices. '*Ridet et odit*' * is my motto; and I allow, that it is not the philosophy that makes men merciful!"

"Well, Juvenal's wisdom be yours!—mine be Horace's!" rejoined Mauleverer, as he picked his teeth; "but I am glad you see the absolute necessity of keeping this secret from Lucy's suspicion. She never reads the papers, I suppose?—Girls never do!"

"No! and I will take care not to have them thrown in her way; and as, in consequence of my poor brother's recent death, she sees nobody but us, there is little chance, should Lovett's right to the name of Clifford be discovered, that it should reach her ears!"

"But those confounded servants?"

"True enough! but consider, that before *they* know it, the newspapers will; so that, should it be needful, we shall have our own time to caution them. I need only say to Lucy's woman, 'A poor gentleman, a friend of the late squire's, whom your mistress used to dance with, and you must have seen—Captain Clifford—is to be tried for his life: it will shock her, poor thing! in her present state of health, to tell her of so sad an event to her father's friend; therefore be silent, as you value your place and ten guineas,'—and I may be tolerably sure of caution!"

"You ought to be chairman to the 'ways and means' committee!" cried Mauleverer, "My mind is now easy; and when once poor Clifford is gone—'*fallen from a high estate*,'—we may break the matter gently to her; and, as I intend thereon to be very respectful, very delicate, etc., she cannot but be sensible of my kindness and real affection!"

"And if a live dog be better than a dead lion," added Brandon, "surely a lord in existence will be better than a highwayman hanged!"

"According to ordinary logic," rejoined Mauleverer, "that syllogism is clear enough; and though I believe a girl may cling, now and then, to the memory of a departed lover, I do not think she will when the memory is allied with shame. Love is nothing more than vanity pleased; wound the vanity, and you destroy the love! Lucy will be forced, after having made so bad a choice of a lover, to make a good one in a husband,—in order to recover her self-esteem!"

"And therefore *you* are certain of her!" said Brandon, ironically.

"Thanks to my star—my garter—my ancestor, the first baron, and myself, the first earl—I hope I am," said Mauleverer, and the conversation turned. Mauleverer did not stay much longer with the judge; and Brandon, left alone, recurred once more to the perusal of his letters.

We scarcely know what sensations it would have occasioned in one who had known Brandon only in his later years, could he have read those letters, referring to so much earlier a date. There was in the keen and arid character of the man, so little that recalled any idea of courtship or youthful gallantry, that a correspondence of that nature would have appeared almost as unnatural as the loves of plants, or the amatory softenings of a mineral. The

* 'He laughs and hates.'

correspondence now before Brandon was descriptive of various feelings, but all appertaining to the same class: most of them were apparent answers to letters from him. One while they replied tenderly to expressions of tenderness, but intimated a doubt whether the writer would be able to constitute his future happiness, and atone for certain sacrifices of birth and fortune, and ambitous prospects, to which she alluded: at other times, a vein of latent coquetry seemed to pervade the style—an indescribable air of coolness and reserve contrasted former passages in the correspondence, and was calculated to convey to the reader an impression that the feelings of the lover were not altogether adequately returned. Frequently the writer, as if Brandon had expressed himself sensible of this conviction, reproached him for unjust jealousy and unworthy suspicion. And the tone of the reproach varied in each letter: sometimes it was gay and satirising; at others, soft and expostulatory, at others, gravely reasoning; and often, haughtily indignant. Still, throughout the whole correspondence, on the part of the mistress, there was a sufficient stamp of individuality to give a shrewd examiner some probable guess at the writer's character. He would have judged her, perhaps, capable of strong and ardent feeling, but ordinarily of a light and capricious turn, and seemingly prone to imagine and to resent offence.

With these letters were mingled others in Brandon's writing—of how different, of how impassioned a description! All that a deep, proud, meditative, exacting character could dream of love given, or require of love returned, was poured burningly over the pages; yet they were full of reproach, of jealousy, of a nice and torturing observation, as calculated to wound as the ardor might be fitted to charm; and often the bitter tendency to disdain that distinguished his temperament broke through the fondest enthusiasm of courtship, or the softest outpourings of love. "You saw me not yesterday," he wrote in one letter, "but I saw you; all day I was by you; you gave not a look which passed me unnoticed; you made not a movement which I did not chronicle in my memory. Julia, do you tremble when I tell you this? Yes, if you have a heart, *I know* these words would stab it to the core! You may affect to answer me indignantly! Wise dissembler!—it is very skilful—very, to assume anger when you have no reply. I repeat, during the whole of that party of pleasure—(pleasure! well, your tastes, it must be acknowledged, are exquisite!) which you enjoyed yesterday, and which you so faintly asked me to share, my eye was on you. You did not know that I was in the wood when you took the arm of the incomparable Digby, with so pretty a semblance of alarm at the moment the snake, which my foot disturbed, glided across your path.

"You did not know that I was within hearing of the tent where you made so agreeable a repast, and from which your laughter sent peals so merry and so numerous. Laughter! O, Julia, *can* you tell me that you love and yet be happy, even to mirth, when I am away? Love! O God, how different a sensation is mine! Mine makes my whole principle of life! Yours! I tell you, that I think, at moments, I would rather have your hate than the lukewarm sentiment you bear to me, and honor by the name of 'affection.' Pretty phrase! I have *no affection* for you! Give me not that sickly word; but try with me, Julia, to invent some expression that has never filtered a paltry meaning through the lips of another! Affection! why that is a sister's word—a girl's word to her pet squirrel! never was it made for that ruby and most ripe mouth! Shall I come to your house this evening? Your mother has asked me, and you—*you* heard her, and said nothing. Oh! but that was maiden reserve—was it? and maiden reserve caused you to take up a book the moment I left you, as if my company made but an ordinary amusement instantly to be replaced by another! When *I* have seen you, society, books, food, all are hateful to me; but *you*, sweet Julia, *you* can read, can you? Why, when *I* left you, I lingered by the parlor window for hours, till dusk, and you never once lifted your eyes, nor saw me pass and repass. At least I thought you would have watched my steps when I left the house; but I err, charming moralist! According to you, that vigilance would have been meanness."

In another part of the correspondence, a more grave, if not a deeper, gush of feeling struggled for expression.

"You say, Julia, that were you to marry one who thinks so much of what he surrenders

for you, and who requires from yourself so vast a return of love, you should tremble for the future happiness of both of us. Julia, the triteness of that fear proves that you love not at all. I do not tremble for our future happiness; on the contrary, the intensity of my passion for you makes me *know* that we never can be happy! never beyond the first rapture of our union. Happiness is a quiet and tranquil feeling. No feeling that I can possibly bear to you will ever receive those epithets,—I know that I shall be wretched and accursed when I am united to you. Start not; I will presently tell you why. But I do not dream of happiness, neither (could you fathom one drop of the dark and limitless ocean of my emotions) would you name to me that word. It is not the mercantile and callous calculation of chances for 'future felicity' (what homily supplied you with so choice a term?) that enters into the heart that cherishes an all-pervading love. Passion looks only to one object, to nothing beyond,—I thirst, I consume, not for happiness, but *you*. Were your possession inevitably to lead me to a gulf of anguish and shame, think you I should covet it one jot the less? If you carry one thought, one hope, one dim fancy, beyond the event that makes you mine, you may be more worthy of the esteem of others; but you are utterly undeserving of *my love*.

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"I will tell you now why I know we cannot be happy. In the first place, when you say that I am proud of birth, that I am morbidly ambitous, that I am anxious to shine in the great world, and that after the first intoxication of love has passed away I shall feel bitterness against one who has so humbled my pride and darkened my prospects, I am not sure that you wholly err. But I *am* sure that the instant remedy is in your power. Have you patience, Julia, to listen to a kind of history of myself, or rather of my feelings? if so perhaps it may be the best method of explaining all that I would convey. You will see, then, that my family pride and my worldly ambition are not founded altogether on those basements which move my laughter in another:—if my feelings thereon are really, however as you would insinuate, equal matter for derision, behold, my Julia, I can laugh equally at them! So pleasant a thing to me is scorn, that I would rather despise myself than have no one to despise;—but to my narrative! You must know that there are but two of us, sons of a country squire, of old family, which once possessed large possessions and something of historical renown.

"We lived in an old country place; my father was a convivial dog, a fox-hunter, a drunkard, yet in his way a fine gentleman,—and a very disreputable meember of society. The first feelings towards him that I can remember were those of shame. Not much matter of family pride here, you will say! True, and that is exactly the reason which made me cherish family pride elsewhere. My father's house was filled with guests, some high and some low,—they all united in the ridicule of the host. I soon detected the laughter, aud you may imagine that it did not please me. Meanwhile the old huntsman, whose family was about as ancient as ours, and whose ancestors had officiated in his capacity for the ancestors of his master time out of mind, told me story after story about the Brandons of yore. I turned from the stories to more legitimate history, and found the legends were tolerably true. I learned to glow at this discovery: the pride—humbled when I remembered my sire—revived when I remembered my ancestors; I became resolved to emulate them, to restore a sunken name, and vowed a world of nonsense on the subject. The habit of brooding over these ideas grew on me; I never heard a jest broken on my paternal guardian—I never caught the maudlin look of his reeling eyes, nor listened to some exquisite inanity from his besotted lips, but what my thoughts flew instantly back to Sir Charleses and the Sir Roberts of my race, and I comforted myself with the hope that the present degeneracy should pass away.

"Hence, Julia, my family pride; hence, too, another feeling you dislike in me,—disdain! I first learned to despise my father, the host, and I then despised my acquaintances, his guests; for I saw, while they laughed at him, that they flattered, and that their merriment was not the only thing suffered to feed at his expense, Thus contempt grew up with me, and I had nothing to check it; for when I looked around I saw not one living thing that I could respect. This father of mine had the

sense to think I was no idiot. He was proud (poor man!) of 'my talents,' viz., of prizes won at school, and congratulatory letters from my masters. He sent me to college: my mind took a leap there: I will tell you, prettiest, what it was! Before I went thither I had some fine vague visions about virtue. I thought to revive my ancestral honors by being good; in short, I was an embryo King Pepin. I awoke from this dream at the university. There, for the first time, I perceived the real consequence of rank.

"At school, you know, Julia, boys care nothing for a lord. A good cricketer, an excellent fellow, is worth all the earls in the peerage. But at college all *that* ceases: bats and balls sink into the nothingness in which corals and bells had sunk before. One grows manly, and worships coronets and carriages. I saw it was a fine thing to get a prize, but it was ten times a finer thing to get drunk with a peer. So, when I had done the first, my resolve to be worthy of my sires made me do the second—not, indeed, exactly; I never got *drunk;* my father disgusted me with that vice betimes. To his gluttony I owe my vegetable diet, and to his inebriety my addiction to water. No; I did not get drunk with peers; but I was just as agreeable to them as if I had been equally embruted. I knew intimately all the 'Hats'* in the university, and I was henceforth looked up to by the 'Caps,' as if my head had gained the height of every hat that I knew. But I did not do this immediately. I must tell you two little anecdotes, that first initiated me into the secret of real greatness. The first was this: I was sitting at dinner with some fellows of a college, grave men and clever; two of them, not knowing me, were conversing about me: they heard, they said, that I should never be so good a fellow as my father,—have such a cellar, or keep such a house.

"'I have met six earls there and a marquess,' quoth the other senior.

"'And his son,' returned the first don, 'only keeps company with sizars, I believe.'

"'So then,' said I to myself, 'to deserve the praise even of clever men, one must have good wines, know plenty of earls, and forswear sizars.'

"Nothing could be truer than my conclusion.

"Anecdote the second is this:—On the day I gained a high university prize, I invited my friends to dine with me; four of them refused, because they were engaged (they had been asked *since* I asked them)—to whom? the richest man at the university. These occurrences happening at the same time, threw me into a profound revery; I awoke, and became a man of the world. I no longer resolved to be virtuous, and to hunt after the glory of your Romans and your Athenians—I resolved to become rich, powerful, and of worldly repute.

"I abjured my honest sizars, and, as I said before, I courted some rich 'Hats.' Behold my first grand step in the world! I became the parasite and the flatterer. What! would my pride suffer this? Verily yes, my pride delighted in it; for it soothed my spirit of contempt to put these fine fellows to my use! it soothed me to see how easily I could cajole them, and to what a variety of purposes I could apply even the wearisome disgust of their acquaintance. Nothing is so foolish as to say the idle great are of no use; they can be put to any use whatsoever that a wise man is inclined to make of them! Well, Julia, lo! my character already formed; family pride, disdain, and worldly ambition,—there it is for you; after circumstances only strengthened the impression already made. I desired, on leaving college, to go abroad; my father had no money to give me. What signified that? I looked carelessly round for some wealthier convenience than the paternal hoard: I found it in a Lord Mauleverer; he had been at college with me, and I endured him easily as a companion, —for he had accomplishments, wit, and good nature; I made him wish to go abroad, and I made him think he should die of *ennui* if I did not accompany him.

"To his request to that effect, I *reluctantly* agreed, and saw everything in Europe, which he neglected to see, at his expense. What amused me the most was the perception that I, the parasite, was respected by him; and he, the patron, was ridiculed by me! It would not have been so if I had depended on 'my virtue.' Well, sweetest Julia, the world, as I

* At Cambridge the sons of noblemen, and the eldest sons of baronets, are allowed to wear hats instead of the academical cap.

have said, gave to my college experience a sacred authority. I returned to England, and my father died, leaving to me not a sixpence, and to my brother an estate so mortgaged that he could not enjoy it, and so restricted that he could not sell it. It was now the time for me to profit by the experience I boasted of. I saw that it was necessary I should take some profession. Professions are the masks to your pauper-rogue; they give respectability to cheating, and a diploma to feed upon others. I analyzed my talents, and looked to the customs of my country: the result was my resolution to take to the bar. I had an inexhaustible power of application; I was keen, shrewd, and audacious.

"All these qualities 'tell' at the courts of justice. I kept my legitimate number of terms,—I was called,—I went the circuit,—I obtained not a brief—not a brief, Julia! My health, never robust, gave way beneath study and irritation; I was ordered to betake myself to the country; I came to this village, as one both salubrious and obscure. I lodged in the house of your aunt,—you came thither daily,—I saw you,—you know the rest. But where, all this time, were my noble friends, you will say? 'Sdeath, since we had left college, they had learned a little of the wisdom I had *then* possessed; they were not disposed to give something for nothing; they had younger brothers, and cousins, and mistresses, and, for aught I know, children to provide for. Besides, they had their own expenses: the richer a man is, the less he has to give. One of them would have bestowed on me a living, if I had gone in the church; another, a commission, if I had joined his regiment. But I knew the day was past both for priest and soldier; and it was not merely to live, no, nor to live comfortably, but to enjoy power, that I desired; so I declined these offers.

"Others of my friends would have been delighted to have kept me in their house, feasted me, joked with me, rode with me, and nothing more! But I had already the sense to see, that if a man dances himself into distinction, it is never by the steps of attendance. One must receive favors and court patronage, but it must be with the air of an independent man. My old friends thus rendered useless, my legal studies forbade me to make new, nay, they even estranged me from the old; for people may say what they please about a similarity of opinions being necessary to friendship,—a similarity of habits is much more so. It is the man you dine, breakfast, and lodge with, walk, ride, gamble, or thieve with, that is your friend; not the man who likes Virgil as well as you do, and agrees with you in an admiration of Handel. Meanwhile, my chief prey, Lord Mauleverer, was gone; he had taken another man's dulcinea, and sought out a bower in Italy; from that time to this, I have never heard of him nor seen him; I know not even his address. With the exception of a few stray gleanings from my brother, who, good easy man! I could plunder more, were I not resolved not to ruin the family stock, I have been thrown on myself; the result is, that, though as clever as my fellows, I have narrowly shunned starvation: had my wants been less simple, there would have been no shunning in the case. But a man is not easily starved who drinks water and eats by the ounce. A more effectual fate might have befallen me: disappointment, wrath, baffled hope, mortified pride, all these, which gnawed at my heart, might have consumed it long ago; I might have fretted away as a garment which the moth eateth, had it not been for that fund of obstinate and iron hardness, which nature,—I beg pardon, there is no nature, — *circumstance* bestowed upon me. This has borne me up, and will bear me yet through time, and shame, and bodily weakness, and mental fever, until my ambition has won a certain height, and my disdain of human pettiness rioted in the external sources of fortune, as well as an inward fountain of bitter and self-fed consolation.

"Yet, oh, Julia! I know not if even this would have supported me, if at that epoch of life, when I was most wounded, most stricken in body, most soured in mind, my heart had not met and fastened itself to yours: I saw you, loved you and life became to me a new object. Even now, as I write to you, all my bitterness, my pride, vanish; everything I have longed for disappears; my very ambition is gone. I have no hope but for you, Julia: beautiful, adored Julia!—when I love you, I love even my kind. Oh, you know not the power you possess over me! Do not betray it: you can yet make me all that my boyhood once dreamed; or you can harden every thought, feeling, sensation, into tone.

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"I was to tell you why I look not for happiness in our union. You have now seen my nature. You have traced the history of my life, by tracing the history of my character. You see what I surrender in gaining you. I do not deny the sacrifice. I surrender the very essentials of my present mind and soul. I cease to be worldly. I cannot raise myself, I cannot revive my ancestral name: nay, I shall relinquish it for ever. I shall adopt a disguised appellation. I shall sink into another grade of life. In some remote village, by means of some humbler profession than that I now follow, we must earn our subsistence, and smile at ambition. I tell you frankly, Julia, when I close the eyes of my heart,—when I shut you from my gaze, this sacrifice appals me. But even then you force yourself before me, and I feel that one glance from your eye is more to me than all. If you could bear with me,—if you could soothe me,—if when a cloud is on me you could suffer it to pass away unnoticed, and smile on me the moment it is gone, oh, Julia! there would be then no extreme of poverty,—no abasement of fortune,—no abandonment of early dreams which would not seem to me rapture if coupled with the bliss of knowing that you are mine.

"Never should my lip—never should my eye tell you that there is that thing on earth for which I repine, or which I could desire. No, Julia, could I flatter my heart with this hope you would not find me dream of unhappiness and you united. But I tremble, Julia, when I think of your temper and my own; you will conceive a gloomy look from one never mirthful as an insult; and you will feel every vent of passion on Fortune or on others as a reproach to you. Then, too, you cannot enter into my nature; you cannot descend into its caverns; you cannot behold, much less can you deign to lull, the exacting and lynx-eyed jealousy that dwells there. Sweetest Julia! every breath of yours, every touch of yours, every look of yours I yearn for beyond all a mother's longing for the child that has been torn from her for years. Your head leaned upon an old tree (do you remember it near * * * ?), and I went every day, after seeing you, to kiss it. Do you wonder that I am jealous? How can I love you as I do and be otherwise? My whole being is intoxicated with you!

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"This, then, your pride and mine, your pleasure in the admiration of others, your lightness, Julia, make me foresee an eternal and gushing source of torture to my mind. I care not;—I care for nothing so that you are mine, if but for one hour."

It seems that, despite the strange, sometimes the unlover-like and fiercely selfish nature of these letters from Brandon, something of a genuine tone of passion,—perhaps their originality,—aided, no doubt, by some *uttered* eloquence of the writer, and some treacherous inclination on the part of the mistress, ultimately conquered; and that a union so little likely to receive the smile of a prosperous star was at length concluded. The letter which terminated the correspondence was from Brandon: it was written on the evening before the marriage, which, it appeared by the same letter, was to be private and concealed. After a rapturous burst of hope and joy, it continued thus:—

"Yes, Julia, I recant my words: I have no belief that you or I shall ever have cause hereafter for unhappiness. Those eyes that dwel: so tenderly on mine; that hand whose pressure lingers yet in every nerve of my frame; those lips turned so coyly, yet, shall I say, reluctantly? from me; all tell me that you love me; and my fears are banished. Love, which conquered my nature, will conquer the only thing I would desire to see altered in yours. Nothing could ever make *me* adore you less, though you affect to dread it; nothing but a knowledge that you are unworthy of me, that you have a thought for another,—then I should not hate you. No: the privilege of my past existence would revive; I should revel in a luxury of contempt, I should despise you, I should mock you, and I should be once more what I was before I knew you. But why do I talk thus? My bride, my blessing, forgive me!"

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In concluding our extracts from this correspondence, we wish the reader to note, first, that the love professed by Brandon seems of that vehement and corporeal nature, which, while it is often the least durable, is also the most sus-

ceptible of the fiercest extremes of hatred, or even of disgust. Secondly, that the character opened by this sarcastic candor evidently required in a mistress either an utter devotion or a skilful address. And thirdly, that we have hinted at such qualities in the fair correspondent as did not seem sanguinely to promise either of those essentials.

While with a curled, yet often with a quivering, lip the austere and sarcastic Brandon slowly compelled himself to the task of proceeding through these monuments of former folly and youthful emotion, the further elucidation of those events, now rapidly urging on a fatal and dread catastrophe, spreads before us a narrative occurring many years prior to the time at which we are at present arrived.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"*Clem.* Lift the dark veil of years!—behind—what waits?
A human heart. Vast city, where reside
All glories and all vilenesses!—while foul,
Yet silent, through the roar of passions rolls
The river of the Darling Sin—and bears
A life and yet a poison on its tide.
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"*Clem.* Thy *wife?*—
Vict. Avaunt! I've changed that word to 'scorn!'
Clem. Thy child?—
Vict. Ay, that strikes home—my child—my child!"
—*Love and Hatred, by* ——.

To an obscure town in * * * * shire, there came to reside a young couple, whose appearance and habits drew towards them from the neighboring gossips a more than ordinary attention. They bore the name of *Welford.* The man assumed the profession of a solicitor. He came without introduction or recommendation; his manner of life bespoke poverty; his address was reserved, and even sour; and despite the notice and scrutiny with which he was regarded, he gained no clients, and made no lawsuits. The want of all those decent *charlatanisms* which men of every profession are almost necessitated to employ, and the sudden and unushered nature of his coming were, perhaps, the cause of this ill-success. "His house was too small," people said, "for respectability." And little good could be got from a solicitor, the very rails round whose door were so sadly in want of repainting! Then, too, Mrs. Welford made a vast number of enemies. She was, beyond all expression, beautiful; and there was a certain coquetry in her manner which showed she was aware of her attractions. All the ladies of * * * * hated her. A few people called on the young couple. Welford received them coldly; their invitations were unaccepted, and, what was worse, they were never returned. The devil himself could not have supported an attorney under such circumstances. Reserved—shabby—poor—rude—introductionless—a bad house—an unpainted railing—and a beautiful wife!

Nevertheless, though Welford was not employed, he was, as we have said, watched. On their first arrival, which was in summer, the young pair were often seen walking together in the fields or groves which surrounded their home. Sometimes they walked affectionately together, and it was observed with what care Welford adjusted his wife's cloak or shawl around her slender shape, as the cool of the evening increased. But often his arm was withdrawn,—he lingered behind, and they continued their walk or returned homeward in silence and apart. By degrees whispers circulated throughout the town that the new-married couple lived by no means happily. The men laid the fault on the stern-looking husband; the women, on the minx of a wife. However, the solitary servant whom they kept declared, that though Mr. Welford did sometimes frown, and Mrs. Welford did sometimes weep, they were extremely attached to each other, and only quarrelled through love. The maid had had four lovers herself, and was possibly experienced in such matters. They received no visitors, near or from a distance; and the postman declared he had never seen a letter directed to either. Thus a kind of mystery hung over the pair, and made them still more gazed on and still more disliked—which is saying a great deal—than they would have otherwise been. Poor as Welford was, his air and walk eminently bespoke what common persons term *gentility.*

And in this he had greatly the advantage of his beautiful wife, who, though there was certainly nothing vulgar or plebeian in her aspect, altogether wanted the refinement of manner, look, and phrase, which characterized Welford. For about two years they lived in

this manner, and so frugally and tranquilly, that though Welford had not any visible means of subsistence, no one could well wonder in what manner they *did* subsist. About the end of that time, Welford suddenly embarked a small sum in a county speculation. In the course of this adventure, to the great surprise of his neighbors, he evinced an extraordinary turn for calculation, and his habits plainly bespoke a man both of business and ability. This disposal of capital brought a sufficient return to support the Welfords, if they had been so disposed, in rather a better style than heretofore. They remained, however, in much the same state; and the only difference that the event produced was the retirement of Mr. Welford from the profession he had embraced. He was no longer a solicitor! It must be allowed that he resigned no great advantages in this retirement. About this time some officers were quartered at * * * *; and one of them, a handsome lieutenant, was so struck with the charms of Mrs. Welford, whom he saw at church, that he lost no opportunity of testifying his admiration. It was maliciously, yet not unfoundedly, remarked, that though no absolute impropriety could be detected in the manner of Mrs. Welford, she certainly seemed far from displeased with the evident homage of the young lieutenant.

A blush tinged her cheek when she saw him; and the gallant coxcomb asserted that the blush was not always without a smile. Emboldened by the interpretations of his vanity, and contrasting, as every one else did, his own animated face and glittering garb with the ascetic and gloomy countenance, the unstudied dress, and austere gait, which destroyed in Welford the effect of a really handsome person, our lieutenant thought fit to express his passion by a letter, which he conveyed to Mrs. Welford's pew. Mrs. Welford went not to church that day; the letter was found by a good-natured neighbor, and enclosed anonymously to the husband.

Whatever, in the secrecy of domestic intercourse, took place on this event was necessarily unknown; but the next Sunday the face of Mr. Welford, which had never before appeared at church, was discerned by one vigilant neighbor—probably the anonymous friend,—not in the same pew with his wife, but in a remote corner of the sacred house. And once, when the lieutenant was watching to read in Mrs. Welford's face some answer to his epistle, the same obliging inspector declared that Welford's countenance assumed a sardonic and withering sneer that made his very blood to creep. However this be, the lieutenant left his quarters, and Mrs. Welford's reputation remained dissatisfactorily untarnished. Shortly after this the county speculation failed, and it was understood that the Welfords were about to leave the town, whither none knew,—some said to jail; but then, unhappily, no debts could be discovered. Their bills had been "next to nothing;" but, at least, they had been regularly paid. However, before the rumored emigration took place, a circumstance equally wonderful to the good people of * * * * occurred. One bright spring morning, a party of pleasure from a great house in the vicinity passed through that town. Most conspicuous of these was a young horseman, richly dressed, and of a remarkably showy and handsome appearance.

Not a little sensible of the sensation he created, this cavalier lingered behind his companions in order to eye more deliberately certain damsels stationed in a window, and who were quite ready to return his glances with interest. At this moment the horse, which was fretting itself fiercely against the rein that restrained it from its fellows, took fright at a knifegrinder, started violently to one side, and the graceful cavalier, who had been thinking, not of the attitude best adapted to preserve his equilibrium, but to display his figure was thrown with some force upon a heap of bricks and rubbish which had long, to the scandal of the neighborhood, stood before the paintless railings around Mr. Welford's house. Welford himself came out at the time, and felt compelled, for he was by no means one whose sympathetic emotions flowed easily, to give a glance to the condition of a man who lay motionless before his very door. The horseman quickly recovered his senses, but found himself unable to rise; one of his legs were broken. Supported in the arms of his groom he looked around, and his eye met Welford's. An instant recognition gave life to the face of the former, and threw a dark blush over the sullen features of the latter. "Heavens!" said the cavalier, "is that——"

"Hist, my lord!" cried Welford, quickly

interrupting him, and glancing round. "But you are hurt,—will you enter my house?"

The horseman signified his assent, and, between the groom and Welford, was borne within the shabby door of the ex-solicitor. The groom was then despatched with an excuse to the party, many of whom were already hastening around the house; and though one or two did force themselves across the inhospitable threshold yet so soon as they had uttered a few expletives, and felt their stare sink beneath the sullen and chilling asperity of the host, they satisfied themselves, that though it was d——d unlucky for their friend, yet they could do nothing for him at present; and promising to send to inquire after him the next day, they remounted and rode homeward, with an eye more attentive than usual to the motion of their steeds. They did not, however, depart till the surgeon of the town had made his appearance, and declared that the patient must not on any account be moved. A lord's leg was a windfall that did not happen every day to the surgeon of * * * *. All this while we may imagine the state of anxiety experienced in the town, and the agonized endurance of those rural nerves which are produced in scanty populations, and have so *Taliacotian* a sympathy with the affairs of other people. One day—two days—three days—a week—a forthnight, nay, a month, passed, and the lord was still the inmate of Mr. Welford's abode. Leaving the gossips to feed on their curiosity, —"Cannibals of their own hearts,"—we must give a glance towards the interior of the inhospitable mansion of the ex-solicitor.

It was towards evening, the sufferer was supported on a sofa, and the beautiful Mrs. Welford, who had officiated as his nurse, was placing the pillow under the shattered limb. He himself was attempting to seize her hand, which she coyly drew back, and uttering things sweeter and more polished than she had ever listened to before. At this moment Welford softly entered; he was unnoticed by either; and he stood at the door contemplating them with a smile of calm and self-hugging derision.—The face of Mephistophiles regarding Margaret and Faust might suggest some idea of the picture we design to paint; but the countenance of Welford was more lofty, as well as comelier, in character, though not less malignant in expression, than that which the incomparable Retsch has given to the mocking fiend. So utter, so congratulatory, so lordly was the contempt on Welford's dark and striking features, that though he was in that situation in which ridicule usually attaches itself to the husband, it was the gallant and the wife that would have appeared to the beholder in a humiliating and unenviable light.

After a momentary pause, Welford approahed with a heavy step,—the wife started; but, with a bland and smooth expression, which, since his sojourn in the town of * * * *, had been rarely visible in his aspect, the host joined the pair, smiled on the nurse, and congratulated the patient on his progress towards recovery. The nobleman, well learned in the usages of the world, replied easily and gaily; and the conversation flowed on cheerful enough till the wife, who had sat abstracted and apart, stealing over and anon timid glances towards her husband, and looks of a softer meaning towards the patient, retired from the room. Welford then gave a turn to the conversation: he reminded the nobleman of the pleasant days that had passed in Italy,—of the adventures they had shared, and the intrigues they had enjoyed; as the conversation warmed it assumed a more free and licentious turn, and not a little we ween, would the good folks of * * * *, have been amazed could they have listened to the gay jests and the libertine maxims which flowed from the thin lips of that cold and severe Welford, whose countenance gave the lie to mirth. Of women in general they spoke with that lively contempt which is the customary tone with men of the world,—only in Welford it assumed a bitterer, a deeper, and a more philosophical cast, than it did in his more animated yet less energetic guest.

The nobleman seemed charmed with his friend; the conversation was just to his taste; and when Welford had supported him up to bed, he shook that person cordially by the hand, and hoped he should soon see him in very different circumstances. When the peer's door was closed on Welford, he stood motionless for some moments; he then with a soft step ascended to his own chamber. His wife slept soundly; beside the bed was the infant's cradle. As his eyes fell on the latter, the rigid irony, now habitual to his features relaxed; he bent over the cradle long, and in deep silence. The mother's face, blended

with the sire's, was stamped on the sleeping and cherub countenance before him; and as at length, rousing from his revery, he kissed it gently, he murmured,—

"When I look on you I will believe that she once loved me.—Pah!" he said abruptly, and rising,—"this fatherly sentiment for a ——'s offering is exquisite in *me!*" So saying, without glancing towards his wife, who, disturbed by the loudness of his last words, stirred uneasily, he left the room, and descended into that where he had conversed with his guest. He shut the door with caution, and striding to and fro the humble apartment, gave vent to thoughts marshalled somewhat in the broken array in which they now appear to the reader.

"Ay, ay, she has been my ruin! and if I were one of your weak fools who make a gospel of the silliest and most mawkish follies of this social state, she would now be my disgrace; but, instead of my disgrace, I will make her my footstool to honor and wealth. And, then, to the devil with the footstool! Yes! two years I have borne what was enough to turn my whole blood into gall: inactivity, hopelessness—a wasted heart and life in myself, contumely from the world, coldness, bickering, ingratitude, from the one for whom—oh, ass that I was!—I gave up the most cherished part of my nature—rather my nature itself! Two years I have borne this, and now will I have my revenge;—I will sell her—sell her! God! I will sell her like the commonest beast of a market! And this paltry piece of false coin shall buy me—my world! Other men's vengeance comes from hatred—a base, rash, unphilosophical sentiment! mine comes from scorn—the only wise state for the reason to rest in. Other men's vengeance ruins themselves—mine shall save me! Hah!—how my soul chuckles when I look at this pitiful pair, who think that I see them not, and know that every movement they make is on a mesh of my web! Yet," and Welford paused slowly, —"yet I cannot but mock myself when I think of the arch gull that this boy's madness, love,—love, indeed!—the very word turns me sick with loathing,—made of me.

"Had that woman, silly, weak, automatal as she is, really loved me,—had she been sensible of the unspeakable sacrifice I had made to her (Antony's was nothing to it—he lost a real world only; mine was the world of imagination),—had she but condescended to learn my nature, to subdue the woman's devil at her own, I could have lived on in this babbling hermitage for ever, and fancied myself happy and resigned,—I could have become a different being. I fancy I could have become what your moralists (quacks!) call 'good.' But this fretting frivolity of heart,—this lust of fool's praise,—this peevishness of temper,—this sullenness in answer to the moody thought, which in me she neither fathomed nor forgave, —this vulgar, daily, hourly pining at the paltry pinches of the body's poverty, the domestic whine, the household complaint,—when I—I have not a thought for such pitiful trials of affection; and all this while my curses, my buried hope, and disguised spirit, and sunken name not thought of; the magnitude of my surrender to her not even comprehended; nay, her 'inconveniences,'—a dim hearth, I suppose, or a daintiless table,—compared, ay, absolutely compared with all which I abandoned for her sake! As if it were not enough,—had I been a fool, an ambitionless, soulless fool—the mere thought that I had linked my name to that of a tradesman—I beg pardon, a *retired* tradesman!—as if that knowledge,—a knowledge I would strangle my whole race, every one who has ever met, seen me, rather than they should penetrate,—were not enough when she talks of 'comparing,'—to make me gnaw the very flesh from my bones! No, no, no!

"Never was there so bright a turn in my fate as when this titled coxcomb, with his smooth voice and gaudy fripperies, came hither! I will make her a tool to carve my escape from this cavern wherein she has plunged me. I will foment 'my lord's' passion, till 'my lord' thinks the 'passion' (a butterfly's passion!) worth any price. I will then make my own terms, bind 'my lord' to secrecy, and get rid of my wife, my shame, and the obscurity of Mr. Welford, for ever. Bright, bright prospects! let me shut my eyes to enjoy you! But softly,—my noble friend calls himself a man of the world, skilled in human nature, and a derider of its prejudices; true enough, in his own little way—thanks not to enlarged views but a vicious experience —so he is! The book of the world is a vast miscellany; he is perfectly well acquainted, doubtless, with those pages that treat of the

fashions,—profoundly versed, I warrant, in the *Magasin des Modes* tacked to the end of the index. But shall I, even with all the mastership which my mind *must* exercise over his,—shall I be able utterly to free myself in this 'peer of the world's' mind from a degrading remembrance? Cuckold! cuckold! 'tis an ugly word; a convenient, willing cuckold, humph!—there is no grandeur, no philosophical varnish in the phrase.

"Let me see,—yes! I have a remedy for all that. I was married privately,—well! under disguised names,—well! it was a stolen marriage, far from her town,—well! witnesses unknown to her,—well! proofs easily secured to my possession,—excellent! the fool shall believe it a forged marriage, an ingenious gallantry of mine; I will wash out the stain cuckold with the water of another word; I will make market of a mistress, not a *wife*. I will warn him not to acquaint *her* with this secret; let me consider for what reason,—oh! my son's legitimacy *may* be convenient to me hereafter. He will understand that reason, and I will have his 'honor' thereon. And by the way, I do care for that legitimacy, and will guard the proofs; I love my child,—ambitious men do love their children; I may become a lord myself, and may wish for a lord to succeed me; and that son *is* mine; thank Heaven! I am sure on that point,—the only child, too, that ever shall arise to me. Never, I swear, will I again put myself beyond my own power! All my nature, save one passion, I have hitherto mastered; that passion shall henceforth be my slave, my only thought be ambition, my only mistress be the world!"

As thus terminated the revery of a man whom the social circumstances of the world were calculated, as if by system, to render eminently and basely wicked, Welford slowly ascended the stairs, and re-entered his chamber: his wife was still sleeping; her beauty was of the fair, and girlish, and harmonized order, which lovers and poets would express by the word "angelic;" and as Welford looked upon her face, hushed and almost hallowed by slumber, a certain weakness and irresolution might have been discernible in the strong lines of his haughty features. At that moment, as if for ever to destroy the return of hope or virtue to either, her lips moved, they uttered one word,—it was the name of Welford's courtly guest.

About three weeks from that evening, Mrs. Welford eloped with the young nobleman, and on the morning following that event, the distracted husband with his child disappeared for ever from the town of * * * *. From that day no tidings whatsoever respecting him ever reached the titillated ears of his anxious neighbors; and doubt, curiosity, discussion, gradually settled into the belief that his despair had hurried him into suicide.

Although the unfortunate Mrs. Welford was in reality of a light and frivolous turn, and, above all, susceptible to personal vanity, she was not without ardent affections and keen sensibilities. Her marriage had been one of love, that is to say, on her part, the ordinary love of girls, who love not through actual and natural feeling so much as forced predisposition. Her choice had fallen on one superior to herself in birth, and far above all, in person and address, whom she had habitually met. Thus her vanity had assisted her affection, and something strange and eccentric in the temper and mind of Welford had, though at times it aroused her fear, greatly contributed to inflame her imagination. Then, too, though uncourtly, he had been a passionate and a romantic lover. She was sensible that he gave up for her much that he had previously conceived necessary to his existence; and she stopped not to inquire how far this devotion was likely to last, or what conduct on her part might best perpetuate the feelings from which it sprung. She had eloped with him. She had consented to a private marriage. She had passed one happy month, and then delusion vanished! Mrs. Welford was not a woman who could give to reality, or find in it, the charm equal to delusion. She was perfectly unable to comprehend the intricate and dangerous character of her husband. She had not the key to his virtues, nor the spell for his vices.

Neither was the state to which poverty compelled them one well calculated for that tender meditation, heightened by absence, and cherished in indolence, which so often supplies one who loves with the secret to the nature of the one beloved. Though not equal to her husband in birth or early prospects, Mrs. Welford had been accustomed to certain comforts, often more felt by those who belong to

the inferior classes than by those appertaining to the more elevated, who, in losing one luxury, will often cheerfully surrender all. A fine lady can submit to more hardships than her woman; and every gentleman who travels smiles at the privations which agonize his valet. Poverty and its grim comrades made way for a whole host of petty irritations and peevish complaints; and as no guest or visitor ever relieved the domestic discontent, or broke on the domestic bickering, they generally ended in that moody sullenness which so often finds love a grave in repentance. Nothing makes people tire of each other like a familiarity that admits of carelessness in quarrelling and coarseness in complaining. The biting sneer of Welford gave acrimony to the murmur of his wife; aud when once each conceived the other the injurer, or him or herself the wronged, it was vain to hope that one would be more wary, or the other more indulgent.

They both exacted too much, and the wife in especial conceded too little. Mrs. Welford was altogether and emphatically what a libertine calls "a woman,"—*such as a frivolous education makes a woman*,—generous in great things, petty in small; vain, irritable, full of the littleness of herself and her complaints, ready to plunge into an abyss with her lover, but equally ready to fret away all love with reproaches when the plunge had been made. Of all men, Welford could bear this the least. A woman of a larger heart, a more settled experience, and an intellect capable of appreciating his character, and sounding all his qualities, might have made him perhaps an useful and a great man; and, at least, *her* lover for life. Amidst a harvest of evil feelings, the mere strength of his nature rendered him especially capable of intense feeling and generous emotion. One who relied on him was safe,—one who rebelled against him trusted only to caprice of his scorn. Still, however, for two years, love, though weakening with each hour, fought on in either breast, and could scarcely be said to be entirely vanquished in the *wife*, even when she eloped with her handsome seducer.

A French writer has said, pithily enough, "Compare for a moment the apathy of a husband with the attention, the gallantry, the adoration of a lover, and *can* you ask the result?" He was a *French* writer; but Mrs Welford had in her temper much of the Frenchwoman. A suffering patient, young, handsome, well versed in the arts of intrigue, contrasted with a gloomy husband whom she had never comprehended, long feared, and had lately doubted if she disliked;—ah! a much weaker contrast has made many a much better woman food for the lawyers! Mrs. Welford eloped; but she felt a revived tenderness for her husband on the very morning that she did so. She carried away with her his letters of love as well as her own, which when they first married she had in an hour of fondness collected together—*then* an inestimable hoard! and never did her new lover receive from her beautiful lips half so passionate a kiss as she left on the cheek of her infant. For some months she enjoyed with her paramour all for which she had sighed in her home. The one for whom she had forsaken her legitimate ties was a person so habitually cheerful, courteous, and what is ordinarily termed good-natured (though he had in him as much of the essence of selfishness as any nobleman can decently have), that he continued gallant to her without an effort long after he had begun to think it possible to tire even of so lovely a face.

Yet there were moments when the fickle wife recalled her husband with regret; and, contrasting him with her seducer, did not find all the colorings of the contrast flattering to the latter. There is something in a powerful and marked character which women, and all weak natures, feel themselves constrained to respect; and Welford's character thus stood in bold, and therefore advantageous though gloomy, relief when opposed to the levities and foibles of this guilty woman's present adorer. However this be, the die was cast; and it would have been policy for the lady to have made the best of her present game. But she who had murmured as a wife was not complaisant as a mistress. Reproaches made an interlude to caresses, which the noble lover by no means admired. He was not a man to retort, he was too indolent; but neither was he one to forbear. "My charming friend," said he one day, after a scene, "you weary of me,—nothing more natural! Why torment each other! You say I have ruined you; my sweet friend, let me make you reparation—become independent; I will settle an annuity upon

you; fly me—seek happiness elsewhere, and leave your unfortunate, your despairing lover to his fate."

"Do you taunt me, my lord?" cried the angry fair; "or do you believe that money can replace the rights of which you have robbed me? Can you make me again a wife—a happy, a respected wife? Do this, my lord, and you atone to me!"

The nobleman smiled and shrugged his shoulders. The lady yet more angrily repeated her question. The lover answered by an inuendo, which at once astonished and doubly enraged her. She eagerly demanded explanation; and his lordship, who had gone farther than he intended, left the room. But his words had sunk deep into the breast of this unhappy woman, and she resolved to procure an elucidation. Agreeably to the policy which stripped the fabled traveller of his cloak, she laid aside the storm, and preferred the sunshine: she watched a moment of tenderness, turned the opportunity to advantage, and, by little and little, she possessed herself of a secret which sickened her with shame, disgust and dismay. Sold! bartered! the object of a contemptuous huxtering to the purchaser and the seller; sold, too, with a lie that debased her at once into an object for whom even pity was mixed with scorn. Robbed already of the name and honor of a wife, and transferred as a harlot, from the wearied arms of one leman to the capricious caresses of another. Such was the image that rose before her; and, while it roused at one moment all her fiercer passions into madness, humbled, with the next, her vanity into the dust. She, who knew the ruling passion of Welford, saw, at a glance, the object of scorn and derision which she had become to him.

While she imagined herself the betrayer, she had been the betrayed; she saw vividly before her (and shuddered as she saw) her husband's icy smile—his serpent eye—his features steeped in sarcasm, and all his mocking soul stamped upon the countenance, whose lightest derision was so galling. She turned from this picture, and saw the courtly face of the purchaser—his subdued smile at her reproaches—his latent sneer at her claims to a station which he had been taught, by the arch plotter, to believe she had never possessed. She saw his early weariness of her attractions, expressed with respect indeed—an insulting respect,—but felt without a scruple of remorse. She saw in either—as around—only a recipro-cation of contempt. She was in a web of profound abasement. Even that haughty grief of conscience for crime committed to another, which if it stings, humbles not, was swallowed up in a far more agonizing sensation, to one so vain as the adulteress—the burning sense of shame at having herself while sinning, been the duped and deceived. Her very soul was appalled with her humiliation. The curse of Welford's vengeance was on her—and it was wreaked to the last! Whatever kindly sentiment she might have experienced towards her protector, was swallowed up at once by this discovery.

She could not endure the thought of meeting the eye of one who had been the gainer by this ignominious barter; the foibles and weaknesses of the lover assumed a despicable as well as hateful dye. And in feeling *herself* degraded, she loathed *him*. The day after she had made the discovery we have referred to, Mrs. Welford left the house of her protector, none knew whither. For two years from that date, all trace of her history was lost. At the end of that time, what was Welford?—A man rapidly rising in the world, distinguished at the bar, where his first brief had lifted him into notice, commencing a flattering career in the senate, holding lucrative and honorable offices, esteemed for the austere rectitude of his moral character, gathering the golden opinions of all men, as he strode onward to public reputation. He had re-assumed his hereditary name: his early history was unknown; and no one in the obscure and distant town of * * * * had ever guessed that the humble Welford was the William Brandon whose praise was echoed in so many journals, and whose rising genius was acknowledged by all. That asperity, roughness, and gloom which had noted him at * * * * and which, being natural to him, he deigned not to disguise in a station ungenial to his talents and below his hopes, were now glitteringly varnished over by an hypocrisy well calculated to aid his ambition.

So learnedly could this singular man fit himself to others, that few among the great met him as a companion, nor left him without the temper to become his friend. Through his

noble rival, that is (to make our reader's "surety doubly sure") through Lord Mauleverer, he had acquired his first lucrative office, a certain patronage from government, and his seat in parliament. If he had persevered at the bar, rather than given himself entirely to state intrigues, it was only because his talents were eminently more calculated to advance him in the former path to honor, than in the latter. So devoted was he become to public life, that he had only permitted himself to cherish one private source of enjoyment,—his son. As no one, not even his brother, knew he had been married—(during the two years of his disguised name, he had been supposed abroad),—the appearance of this son made the only piece of scandal whispered against the rigid morality of his fair fame; but he himself, waiting his own time for avowing a legitimate heir, gave out that it was the orphan child of a dear friend whom he had known abroad; and the puritan demureness not only of life, but manner, which he assumed, gained a pretty large belief to the statement. This son Brandon idolized. As we have represented himself to say,—ambitious men are commonly fond of their children, beyond the fondness of other sires. The perpetual reference which the ambitious make to posterity, is perhaps the main reason. But Brandon was also fond of children generally; philoprogenitiveness was a marked trait in his character, and would seem to belie the hardness and artifice belonging to that character, were not the same love so frequently noticeable in the harsh and the artificial. It seems as if a half-conscious but pleasing feeling, that *they* too were once gentle and innocent, makes them delight in reviving any sympathy with their early state.

Often after the applause and labor of the day, Brandon would repair to his son's chamber, and watch his slumber for hours; often before his morning toil commenced, he would nurse the infant in his arms with all a woman's natural tenderness and gushing joy. And often, as a graver and more characteristic sentiment stole over him, he would mentally say,—"You shall build up our broken name on a better foundation than your sire. I begin too late in life, and I labor up a painful and stony road; but I shall make the journey to Fame smooth and accessible for you. Never, too, while *you* aspire to honor, shall you steel you heart to tranquillity. For you, my child, shall be the joys of home and love, and a mind that does not sicken at the past, and strain, through mere fretfulness, towards a solitary and barren distinction for the future. Not only what your father gains you shall enjoy, but what has cursed him, his vigilance shall lead you to shun!"

It was thus not only that his softer feelings, but all the better and nobler ones, which, even in the worst and hardest bosom, find some root, turned towards his child; and that the hollow and vicious man promised to become the affectionate and perhaps the wise parent.

One night, Brandon was returning home, on foot, from a ministerial dinner. The night was frosty and clear, the hour was late, and his way lay through the longest and best-lighted streets of the metropolis. He was, as usual, buried in thought, when he was suddenly aroused from his revery by a light touch laid on his arm. He turned, and saw one of the unhappy persons who haunt the midnight streets of cities, standing right before his path. The gaze of each tell upon the other; and it was thus, for the first time since they laid their heads on the same pillow, that the husband met the wife. The skies were intensely clear, and the lamplight was bright and calm upon the faces of both. There was no doubt in the mind of either. Suddenly, and with a startled and ghastly consciousness, they recognized each other. The wife staggered, and clung to a post for support: Brandon's look was calm and unmoved. The hour that his bitter and malignant spirit had yearned for was come: his nerves expanded in a voluptuous calmness, as if to give him a deliberate enjoyment of his hope fulfilled. Whatever the words that, in that unwitnessed and almost awful interview, passed between them, we may be sure that Brandon spared not one atom of his power. The lost and abandoned wife returned home, and all her nature, embruted as it had become by guilt and vile habits, hardened into revenge,—that preternatural feeling which may be termed the hope of despair.

Three nights from that meeting, Brandon's house was broken into. Like the houses of many legal men, it lay in a dangerous and thinly-populated outskirt of the town, and was easily accessible to robbery. He was

awakened by a noise: he started and found himself in the grasp of two men. At the foot of the bed stood a female, raising a light, and her face, haggard with searing passions, and ghastly with the leprous whiteness of disease and approaching death, glared full upon him.

"It is now *my* turn," said the female, with a grin of scorn which Brandon himself might have envied; "You have cursed me, and I return the curse! You have told me that my child shall never name me but to blush. Fool! I triumph over you: *you* he shall never know to his dying day! You have told me, that to my child and my child's child (a long transmission of execration), my name—the name of the wife you basely sold to ruin and to hell, should be left as a legacy of odium and shame! Man, you shall teach that child no farther lesson whatever: you shall know not whether he live or die, or have children to carry on your boasted race; or whether, if he have, those children be not outcasts of the earth—the accursed of man and God—the fit offspring of the thing you have made me. Wretch! I hurl back on you the denunciation with which, when we met three nights since, you would have crushed the victim of your own perfidy. You shall tread the path of your ambition childless, and objectless, and hopeless. Disease shall set her stamp upon your frame. The worm shall batten upon your heart. You shall have honors and enjoy them not: you shall gain your ambition, and despair: you shall pine for your son, and find him not; or, if you find him, you shall curse the hour in which he was born. Mark me, man—I am dying while I speak—I know that I am a prophet in my curse. From this hour I am avenged, and *you* are my scorn!"

As the hardest natures sink appalled before the stony eye of the maniac, so, in the dead of the night, pinioned by ruffians, the wild and solemn voice (sharpened by passion and partial madness) of the ghastly figure before him curdling through his veins, even the haughty and daring character of William Brandon quailed! He uttered not a word. He was found the next morning, bound by strong cords to his bed. He spoke not when he was released, but went in silence to his child's chamber:—the child was gone! Several articles of property were also stolen: the desperate tools the mother had employed worked not perhaps without their own reward.

We need scarcely add, that Brandon set every engine and channel of justice in motion for the discovery of his son. All the especial shrewdness and keenness of his own character, aided by his professional experience, he employed for years in the same pursuit. Every research was wholly in vain: not the remotest vestige towards discovery could be traced, until were found (we have recorded when) some of the articles that had been stolen. Fate treasured in her gloomy womb, altogether undescried by man, the hour and the scene in which the most ardent wish of William Brandon was to be realized.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"O Fortuna, viris invida fortibus
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis,"
* * * *
—SENECA.

"And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew."
* * * *
"Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still."
—GOLDSMITH.

SLOWLY for Lucy waned the weeks of a winter, which, to her, was the most dreary portion of life she had ever passed. It became the time for the judge to attend one of those periodical visitations so fraught with dread and dismay to the miserable inmates of the dark abodes which the complex laws of this country so bounteously supply—those times of great hilarity and eating to the legal gentry,

"Who feed on crimes and fatten on distress,
And wring vile mirth from suffering's last excess."

Ah! excellent order of the world, which it is wicked to disturb! How miraculously beautiful must be that system which makes wine out of the scorching tears of guilt; and from the suffocating suspense, the agonized fear, the compelled and self-mocking bravery, the awful sentence, the despairing death pang of one man, furnishes the smirking expectation of fees, the jovial meeting, and the mercenary holiday to another! "Of Law, nothing less can be said, than that her seat is the bosom of God."* To be sure not; Richard Hooker,

* Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity.*

you are perfectly right. The divinity of a sessions, and the inspiration of the Old Bailey, are undeniable!

The care of Sir William Brandon had effectually kept from Lucy's ear the knowledge of her lover's ignominious situation. Indeed, in her delicate health, even the hard eye of Brandon, and the thoughtless glance of Mauleverer, perceived the danger of such a discovery. The earl now waiting the main attack on Lucy, till the curtain had forever dropped on Clifford, proceeded with great caution and delicacy in his suit to his purposed bride. He waited with the more patience, inasmuch as he had drawn in advance on his friend Sir William for some portion of the heiress' fortune; and he readily allowed that he could not, in the meanwhile, have a better advocate than he found in Brandon. So persuasive, indeed, and so subtle was the eloquence of this able sophist, that often, in his artful conversations with his niece, he left even on the unvitiated, and strong though simple, mind of Lucy an uneasy and restless impression, which time might have ripened into an inclination towards the worldly advantages of the marriage at her command. Brandon was no bungling mediator or violent persecutor. He seemed to acquiesce in her rejection of Mauleverer. He scarcely recurred to the event. He rarely praised the earl himself, save for the obvious qualities of liveliness and good-nature. But he spoke, with all the vivid colors he could infuse at will into his words. of the pleasures and the duties of rank and wealth.

Well could he appeal alike to all the prejudices and all the foibles of the human breast, and govern virtue through its weaknesses. Lucy had been brought up, like the daughters of most country gentlemen of ancient family, in an undue and idle consciousness of superior birth; and she was far from inaccessible to the warmth and even feeling (for *here* Brandon was sincere) with which her uncle spoke of the duty of raising a gallant name sunk into disrepute, and sacrificing our own inclination, for the redecorating the mouldered splendor of those who have gone before us. If the confusion of idea occasioned by a vague pomposity of phrase, or the infant inculcation of a sentiment that is mistaken for a virtue, so often makes fools of the wise on the subject of ancestry; if it clouded even the sarcastic and keen sense of Brandon himself, we may forgive its influence over a girl so little versed in the arts of sound rensoning as poor Lucy, who, it may be said, had never learned to think until she had learnt to love. However, the impression made by Brandon, in his happiest moments of persuasion, was as yet only transient; it vanished before the first thought of Clifford, and never suggested to her even a doubt as to the suit of Mauleverer.

When the day arrived for Sir William Brandon to set on the circuit, he called Barlow, and enjoined that acute and intelligent servant the strictest caution with respect to Lucy. He bade him deny her to every one, of whatever rank, and carefully to look into every newspaper that was brought to her, as well as to withhold every letter, save such as were addressed to her in the judge's own hand-writing. Lucy's maid Brandon had already won over to silence; and the uncle now pleased himself with thinking that he had put an effectual guard to every chance of discovery. The identity of Lovett with Clifford had not yet even been rumored, and Mauleverer had rightly judged of Clifford, when he believed the prisoner would himself take every precaution against the detection of that fact. Clifford answered the earl's note, and promise, in a letter couched in so affecting yet so manly a tone of gratitude, that even Brandon was touched when he read it. And since his confinement and partial recovery of health, the prisoner had kept himself closely secluded, and refused all visitors. Encouraged by this reflection, and the belief in the safety of his precautions, Brandon took leave of Lucy. "Farewell!" said he, as he embraced her affectionately. "Be sure that you write to me, and forgive me if I do not answer you punctually. Take care of yourself, my sweet niece, and let me see a fresher color on that soft cheek when I return!"

"Take care of yourself rather, my dear, dear uncle," said Lucy clinging to him and weeping, as of late her weakened nerves caused her to do at the least agitation. "Why may I not go with you? You have seemed to me paler than usual the last three or four days, and you complained yesterday. Do let me go with you; I will be no trouble, none at all; but I am sure you require a nurse."

"You want to frighten me, my pretty Lucy,"

said Brandon, shaking his head with a smile. "I am well, very well: I felt a strange rush of blood towards the head yesterday, it is true; but I feel to-day stronger and lighter than I have done for years. Once more, God bless you, my child!"

And Brandon tore himself away, and commenced his journey.

The wandering and dramatic course of our story now conducts us to an obscure lane in the metropolis, leading to the Thames, and makes us spectators of an affecting farewell between two persons, whom the injustice of fate, and the persecutions of men, were about perhaps for ever to divide.

"Adieu, my friend!" said Augustus Tomlinson, as he stood looking full on that segment of the face of Edward Pepper which was left unconcealed by a huge hat and a red belcher handkerchief. Tomlinson himself was attired in the full costume of a dignified clergyman. "Adieu, my friend, since you *will* remain in England,—adieu! I am, I exult to say, no less sincere a patriot than you. Heaven be my witness, how long I looked repugnantly on poor Lovett's proposal to quit my beloved country. But all hope of life *here* is now over: and really, during the last ten days, I have been so hunted from corner to corner, so plagued with polite invitations, similar to those given by a farmer's wife to her ducks, 'Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed!' that my patriotism has been prodigiously cooled, and I no longer recoil from thoughts of self-banishment. 'The earth,' my dear Ned, as a Greek sage has very well observed,—'the earth is the same every where!' and if I am asked for my home, I can point, like Anaxagoras, to heaven!"

"'Pon my soul, you affect me!" said Ned, speaking thick, either from grief or the pressure of the belcher handkerchief on his mouth; "it is quite beautiful to hear you talk!"

"Bear up, my dear friend," continued Tomlinson; "bear up against your present afflictions. What, to a man who fortifies himself by reason and by reflection on the shortness of life, are the little calamities of the body! What is imprisonment, or persecution, or cold, or hunger?—By the by, you did not forget to put the sandwiches into my coat-pocket!"

"Hush!" whispered Ned, and he moved on involuntarily; "I see a man at the other end of the street."

"Let us quicken our pace," said Tomlinson; and the pair proceeded towards the river.

"And now," began Ned, who thought he might as well say something about himself, for hitherto Augustus, in the ardor of his friendship, had been only discussing his own plans;—"and now,—that is to say, when I leave you,—I shall hasten to dive for shelter, until the storm blows over. I don't much like living in a cellar and wearing a smock-frock,—but those concealments have something interesting in them, after all! The safest and snuggest place I know of is the *Pays Bas*, about Thames Court; so I think of hiring an apartment under ground, and taking my meals at poor Lovett's old quarters, the Mug,—the police will never dream of looking in those vulgar haunts for a man of my fashion."

"You cannot then tear yourself from England?" said Tomlinson.

"No, hang it! the fellows are so cursed unmanly on the other side of the water. I hate their wine and their *parley woo*. Besides, there is no fun there,"

Tomlinson, who was absorbed in his own thoughts, made no comment on his friend's excellent reasons against travel, and the pair now approached the brink of the river. A boat was in waiting to receive and conduct to the vessel in which he had taken his place for Calais, the illustrious emigrant. But as Tomlinson's eye fell suddenly on the rude boatman and the little boat which were to bear him away from his native land: as he glanced too, across the blue waters, which a brisk wind wildly agitated, and thought how much rougher it would be at the sea, where "his soul invariably "sickened at the heaving wave," a whole tide of deep and sorrowful emotions rushed upon him.

He turned away:—the spot on which he stood was a piece of ground to be let (as a board proclaimed) upon a building lease; below, descended the steps which were to conduct him to the boat; around, the desolate space allowed him to see in far and broad extent the spires and domes, and chimneys of the great city whose inhabitants he might never plunder more. As he looked and looked, the tears started to his eyes, and with a gust of enthusiasm little consonant with his tem-

perate and philosophical character, he lifted his right had from his black breeches-pocket, and burst into the following farewell to the metropolis of his native shores:—

"Farewell, my beloved London, farewell! Where shall I ever find a city like you? Never, till now, did I feel how inexpressibly dear you were to me. You have been my father, and my brother, and my mistress, and my tailor, and my schoemaker, and my hatter, and my cook, and my wine-merchant! You and I never misunderstood each other. I did not grumble when I saw what fine houses and good strong boxes you gave to other men. No! I rejoiced at their prosperity. I delighted to see a rich man—my only disappointment was in stumbling on a poor one. You gave riches to my neighbors; but, O generous London, you gave those neighbors to me! Magnificent streets, all Christian virtues abide within you! Charity is as common as smoke! Where, in what corner of the habitable world, shall I find human beings with so many superfluities? Where shall I so easily decoy, from benevolent credulity, those superfluities to myself? Heaven only knows, my dear, dear, darling London, what I lose in you!

"O public charities!—O public institutions!—O banks that belie mathematical axioms and make lots out of nothing!—O ancient constitution always to be questioned!—O modern improvements that never answer!—O speculations!—O companies!—O usuary laws which guard against usurers, by making as many as possible!—O churches in which no one profits, save the parson, and the old women that let pews of an evening!—O superb theatres, too small for parks, too enormous for houses, which exclude comedy and comfort, and have a monopoly for performing nonsense gigantically!—O houses of plaster built in a day!—O palaces four yards high, with a dome in the middle, meant to be invisible!*—O shops worth thousands, and O shop-keepers not worth a shilling—O system of credit by which beggars are princes, and princes are beggars!—O imprisonment for debt, which lets the mare be stolen, and then locks up the bridle! O sharpers, bubbles, senators, beaux, taverns, brothels, clubs, houses private and public!—O LONDON, in a word, receive my my last adieu! Long may you flourish in peace and plenteousness! May your knaves be witty, and your fools be rich! May you alter only two things—your damnable tricks of transportation and hanging! Those are your sole faults; but for those I would never desert you.—Adieu!"

Here Tomlinson averted his head, and then hastily shaking the hand of Long Ned with a tremulous and warm grasp, he hurried down the stairs and entered the boat. Ned remained motionless for some moments, following him with his eyes as he sat at the end of the boat, waving a white pocket handkerchief. At length, a line of barges snatched him from the sight of the lingerer, and Ned slowly turning away, muttered—"Yes, I have always heard that Dame Lobkins's was the safest asylum for misfortune like mine. I will go forthwith in search of a lodging, and to-morrow I will make my breakfast at the Mug!"

Be it our pleasing task, dear reader, to *forestall* the good robber, and return, at the hour of sunrise on the day following Tomlinson's departure, to the scene at which our story commenced. We are now once more at the house of Mrs. Margery Lobkins.

The room which served so many purposes was still the same as when Paul turned it into the arena of his mischievous pranks. The dresser with its shelves of mingled delf and pewter, occupied its ancient and important station. Only it might be noticed that the pewter was more dull than of yore, and that sundry cracks made their erratic wanderings over the yellow surface of the delf. The eye of the mistress had become less keen than heretofore, and the care of the handmaid had, of necessity, relaxed. The tall clock still ticked in monotonous warning; the blanket-skreen, haply innocent of soap since we last described it, many-storied, and poly-balladed, still unfolded its ample leaves "rich with the spoils of time." The spit and the musket yet hung from the wall in amicable proximation. And the long smooth form, "with many a holy text *thereon bestrewn*," still afforded rest

* We must not suppose this apostrophe to be an anachronism! Tomlinson, of course, refers to some palace of *his* day; one of the boxes—Christmas boxes—given to the King by his economical nation of shop-keepers. We suppose it is either pulled down or blown down long ago: it is doubtless forgotten by this time, except by antiquaries. Nothing is so ephemeral as great houses built by the people. Your kings play the deuce with their playthings!

to the weary traveller, and an object to the vacant stare of Mrs. Margery Lobkins, as she lolled in her opposite seat and forgot the world. But poor Piggy Lobb! *there* was the alteration! The soul of the woman was gone! The spirit had evaporated from the human bottle! She sat with open mouth and glassy eye in her chair, sidling herself to and fro, with the low, peevish sound of fretful age and bodily pain; sometimes this querulous murmur sharpened into a shrill but unmeaning scold. "There now, you gallows bird! you has taken the swipes without chalking; you wants to cheat the poor widow: but I sees you, I does! Providence protects the aged and the innocent—oh, oh: these twinges will be the death o'me! Where's Martha? You jade, you! you wiperous hussey, bring the tape here: doesn't you see how I suffers! Has you no bowels, to let a poor Christin creatur perish for want o' help! That's the way with 'em, that's the way! No one cares for I now—no one has respect for the gray 'airs of the old!" And then the voice dwindled into the whimpering "tenor of its way." Martha, a strapping wench with red hair streaming over her "hills of snow," was not, however, inattentive to the wants of her mistress. "Who knows," said she to a man who sat by the hearth, drinking tea out of a blue mug, and toasting with great care two or three huge rounds of bread, for his own private and especial nutriment—"who knows," said she, "what we may come to ourselves?" And, so saying, she placed a glowing tumbler by her mistress's elbow. But in the sunken prostration of her intellect, the old woman was insensible even to her consolation: she sipped and drank, it is true; but as if the stream warmed not the benumbed region through which it passed, she continued muttering in a crazed and groaning key, "Is this your gratitude, you sarpent! why does not you bring the tape, I tells you? Am I of a age to drink water like a oss, you nasty thing! Oh, to think as ever I should lived to be desarted!"

Inattentive to these murmurs, which she felt unreasonable, the bouncing Martha now quitted the room, to repair to her "upper household" avocations. The man at the hearth was the only companion left to the widow. Gazing at her for a moment, as she sat whining, with a rude compassion in his eye, and slowly munching his toast which he had now buttered, and placed in a delf plate on the hob, the person thus soothingly began:—

"Ah, Dame Lobkins, if so be as ow little Paul vas a vith you, it would be a gallows comfort to you in your latter hend."

The name of Paul made the good woman incline her head towards the speaker; a ray of consciousness shot through her bedulled brain.

"Little Paul, eh, sirs! where is Paul? Paul, I say, my ben-cull, Alack! he's gone—left his poor old nurse to die like a cat in a cellar. Oh, Dummie, never live to be old, man! They leaves us to oursels, and then takes away all the lush with 'em! I has not a drop o' comfort in the varsal world!"

Dummie, who at this moment had his own reasons for soothing the dame, and was anxious to make the most of the opportunity of a conversation as unwitnessed as the present, replied tenderly; and with a cunning likely to promote his end, reproached Paul bitterly for never having informed the dame of his whereabouts and his proceedings. "But come, dame," he wound up, "come, I guess as how he is better nor all that, and that you need not beat your hold brains to think where he lies, or vot he's a doing. Blow me tight, mother Lob,—I ax pardon, Mrs. Margery, I should say,—if I vould not give five bob, ay, and five to the tail o' that, to know what the poor lad is about; I takes a mortal hinterest in that 'ere chap!"

"Oh! oh!" groaned the old woman, on whose palsied sense the astute inquiries of Dummie Dunnaker fell harmless; "my poor sinful carcass! what a way it be in!"

Artfully again did Dummie Dunnaker, nothing defeated, renew his attack; but fortune does not always favor the wise, and it failed Dummie now, for a twofold reason: first because it was not possible for the dame to comprehend him; secondly, because, even if it had been, she had nothing to reveal. *Some* of Clifford's pecuniary gifts had been conveyed anonymously, *all* without direction or date; and, for the most part they had been appropriated by the sage Martha, into whose hands they fell, to her own private uses. Nor did the dame require Clifford's grateful charity; for she was a woman tolerably well off in this world, considering how near she was waxing to another. Longer,

however, might Dummie have tried his unavailing way, had not the door of the inn creaked on its hinges, and the bulky form of a tall man in a smock-frock, but with a remarkably fine head of hair, darkened the threshold. He honored the dame, who cast on him a lack-lustre eye, with a sulky, yet ambrosial nod, seized a bottle of spirits and a tumbler, lighted a candle, drew a small German pipe and a tobacco-box from his pouch, placed these several luxuries on a small table, wheeled it to a far corner of the room, and throwing himself into one chair, and his legs into another, he enjoyed the result of his pains in a moody and supercilious silence. Long and earnestly did the meek Dummie gaze on the face of the gentleman before him. It had been some years since he had last beheld it; but it was one which did not easily escape the memory; and although its proprietor was a man who had risen in the world, and gained the height of his profession (a station far beyond the diurnal sphere of Dummie Dunnaker), and the humble purloiner was, therefore, astonished to encounter him in these lower regions; yet Dummie's recollection carried him back to a day when they had gone shares together without respect of persons, and been right jolly partners in the practical game of beggar my neighbor. While, however, Dummie Dannaker, who was a little inclined to be shy, deliberated as to the propriety of claiming acquaintanceship, a dirty boy, with a face which betokened the frost, as Dummie himself said, like a plum dying of the scarlet fever, entered the room, with a newspaper in his dexter paw. "Great news! —great news!" cried the urchin, imitating his vociferous originals in the streets; "all about the famous Captain Lovett, as large as life!"

"Old your blarney, you blatter gowl;" said Dummie, rebukingly, and seizing the journal.

"Master says as how he must have it to send to Clapham, and can't spare it for more than a 'our!" said the boy, as he withdrew.

"*I* 'members the day," said Dummie, with the zeal of a clansman, "when the Mug took a paper all to itsel' instead of 'iring it by the job like?"

Thereon he opened the paper with a fillip, and gave himself up to the lecture. But the tall stranger, half rising with a start, exclaimed, "Can't you have the manners to be communicative?—do you think nobody cares about Captain Lovett but yourself?"

On this, Dummie turned round on his chair, and, with a "blow me tight, you're welcome, I'm sure;" began as fellows:—(we copy the paper, not the diction of the reader).

"The trial of the notorious Lovett commences this day. Great exertions have been made by people of all classes to procure seats in the Town Hall, which will be full to a degree never before known in this peaceful province. No less than seven indictments are said to await the prisoner; it has been agreed that the robbery of Lord Mauleverer should be the first to come on. The principal witness in this case against the prisoner is understood to be the king's evidence. Mac Grawler. No news, as yet, have been circulated concerning the suspected accomplices, Augustus Tomlinson and Edward Pepper. It is believed that the former has left the country, and that the latter is among the low refuges of guilt with which the heart of the metropolis abounds. Report speaks highly of the person and manners of Lovett. He is also supposed to be a man of some talent, and was formerly engaged in an obscure periodical edited by Mac Grawler, and termed the Altenæum, or Asinæum. Nevertheless, we apprehend that his origin is remarkable low, and suitable to the nature of his pursuits. The prisoner will be most fortunate in a judge. Never did any one holding the same high office as Sir William Brandon earn an equal reputation in so short a time. The Whigs are accustomed to sneer at us, when we insist on the *private* virtues of our public men. Let them look to Sir William Brandon, and confess that the austerest morals may be linked with the soundest knowledge and the most brilliant genius. The opening address of the learned judge to the jury at * * * * is perhaps the most impressive and solemn piece of eloquence in the English language!" A cause for this eulogium might haply be found in another part of the paper, in which it was said, "Among the higher circles, we understand, the rumor has gone forth, that Sir William Brandon is to be recalled to his old parliamentary career in a more elevated scene. So highly are this gentleman's talents respected by his Majesty and the ministers, that they are, it is reported anxious to secure his assistance in the House of Lord's!"

When Dummie had spelt his "toilsome march" through the first of the above extracts, he turned round to the tall stranger, and eyeing him with a sort of winking significance, said,—

"So Mac Grawler peaches! blows the gaff on his pals, eh! Vel now, I always suspected that 'ere son of a gun! Do you know, he used to be at the Mug many's a day, a teaching our little Paul, and says I to Piggy Lobb, says I, 'Blow me tight, but that cove is a queer one! and if he does not come to be scragged,' says I, 'it vill only be because he'll turn a rusty, and scrag one of his pals!' So you sees—(here Dummie looked round, and his voice sank into a whisper)—so you sees, *Meester Pepper*, I vas no fool there!"

Long Ned dropped his pipe, and said sourly, and with a suspicious frown, "What! you know me?"

"To be sure and sartain I does," answered little Dummie, walking to the table where the robber sat. "Does not you know I?"

Ned regarded the interrogator with a sullen glance, which gradually brightened into knowledge. "Ah!" said he, with the air of a Brummel, "Mr. Bummie, or Dummie, I think, eh! Shake a paw—I'm glad to see you.—Recollect the last time I saw you, you rather affronted me. Never mind. I dare say you did not mean it." Encouraged by this affable reception from the highwayman, though a little embarrassed by Ned's allusion to former conduct on his part, which he felt was just, Dummie grinned, pushed a stool near Ned, sat himself down, and carefully avoiding any immediate answer to Ned's complaint, he rejoined:—

"Do you know, Meester Pepper, you struck I all of a heap. I could not have sposed as how you'd condescend nowadays to come to the Mug, vhere I never seed you but once afore. Lord love ye, they says as 'ow you go to all the fine places in ruffles with a pair of silver pops in your vaistcoat pocket! Vy, the boys hereabouts say that you and Meester Tomlinson, and this 'ere poor devil in quod, vere the finest gemmen in town; and, Lord, for to think of your ciwility to a pitiful rag-merchant, like I!"

"Ah!" said Ned, gravely, "there are sad principles afloat now. They want to do away with all distinctions in ranks,—to make a duke no better than his valet, and a gentleman highwayman class with a filcher of fogles.* But, dammee, if I don't think misfortune levels us all quite enough and misfortune brings me here, little Dummie!"

"Ah! you vants to keep out of the vay of the bulkies!"

"Right. Since poor Lovett was laid by the heels, which I must say was the fault of his own deuced gentlemanlike behavior to me and Augustus (you've heard of Guz, you say), the knot of us seems quite broken. One's own friends look inclined to play one false; and really, the queer cuffins hover so sharply upon us, that I thought it safe to duck for a time. So I have taken a lodging in a cellar, and I intend for the next three months to board at the Mug. I have heard that I may be sure of lying snug here;—Dummie, your health! Give us the baccy!"

"I say, Meester Pepper," said Dummie, clearing his throat," when he had obeyed the request, "can you tell I, if so be you as met in your travels our little Paul? Poor chap! You knows as ow and vy he vas sent to *quod* by Justice Burnflat. Vel, ven he got out, he vent to the devil, or summut like it, and ve have not eard a vord of him since. You 'members the lad—a 'nation fine cull, tall and straight as a harrow!"

"Why, you fool," said Ned, "don't you know,"—then checking himself suddenly,—"ah! by the by, that rigmarole oath!—I was not to tell; though now it's past caring for, I fear! It is no use looking after the seal when the letter's burnt."

"Blow me," cried Dunnaker, with, unaffected vehemence, "I sees as how you know vot's come of he! Many's the the good turn I'll do you, if you vill but tell I."

"Why, does he owe you a dozen *bobs:* † or what, Dummie?" said Ned.

"Not he—not he," cried Dummie.

"What then, you want to do him a mischief of some sort?"

"Do little Paul a mischief!" ejaculated Dummie; "vy I've known the cull ever since he was *that* high! No, but I vants to do him a great service, Meester Pepper, and myself too,—and you to boot, for aught that I know, Meester Pepper."

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* Pickpocket. † Shillings.

"Humph!" said Ned; "humph! what do you mean? I do, it is true, know where Paul is; but you must tell me first why you wish to know, otherwise you may ask your grandfather for me."

A long, sharp, wistful survey did Mr. Dummie Dunnaker cast around him before he rejoined. All seemed safe and convenient for confidential communication. The supine features of Mrs. Lobkins were hushed in a drowsy stupor; even the grey cat that lay by the fire was curled in the embrace of Morpheus. Nevertheless, it was in a close whisper that Dummie spoke.

"I dares be bound, Meester Pepper, that you 'members vel ven Harry Cook, the great highvayman,—poor fellow! he's gone vhere ve must all go,—brought you, then a quiet *gos-soon*,* for the first time, to the little back parlor at the Cock and Hen, Dewereux Court."

Ned nodded assent.

"And you 'members as how I met Harry and you there, and I vas all afeard at you—cause vy? I had never seen you afore, and ve vas going to *crack a swell's crib*.† And Harry spoke up for you, and said as ow, though you had just gone on the town, you was already prime up to gammon:—you 'members, eh?"

"Ay, I remember all," said Ned; "it was the first and only house I ever had a hand in breaking into. Harry was a fellow of low habits, so I dropped his acquaintance, and took solely to the road, or a chance ingenuity now and then. I have no idea of a gentleman turning *cracksman*."‡

"Vel, so you vent with us, and we slipped you through a pane in the kitchen vindow. You vas the least of us, big as you be now; and you vent round, and opened the door for us; and ven you had opened the door, you saw a voman had joined us, and you were a funked then, and stayed vithout the *crib*, to keep vatch vhile ve vent in."

"Well, well," cried Ned; "what the devil has all this rigmarole got to do with Paul?"

"Now don't be glimflashey, but let me go on smack right about. Vell, ven ve came out, you minds as ow the voman had a bundle in her arms, and you spake to her; and she answered you roughly, and left us all, and vent straight home; and ve vent and *fenced the swag** that wery night, and afterwards *napped the regulars*.† And sure you made us laugh artily, Meester Pepper, when you said, says you, 'That 'ere voman is a rum blowen?' So she vas, Meester Pepper!"

"O spare me," said Ned, affectedly, "and make haste; you keep me all in the dark. By the way I remember that you joked me about the bundle; and when I had asked what the woman had wrapped in it, you swore it was a child. Rather more likely that the girl, whoever she was, would have left a child behind her than carried one off!" The face of Dummie waxed big with conscious importance.

"Vell now, you would not believe us; but it vas all true; that 'ere bundle vas the voman's child, I spose an unnatural von by the gem-man: she let us into the ouse on condition we helped her off with it. And, blow me tight, but ve paid ourselves vel for our trouble. That 'ere vomam was a strange cretur; they say she had been a lord's blowen; but howsomever, she was as ot-eaded and hodd as if she had been. There vas hold Nick's hown row made on the matter, and the revard for our (de)tection vas so great, that as you vas not much tried yet, Harry thought it best for to take you vith im down to the country, and told you as ow it vas all a flam about the child in the bundle!"

"Faith," said Ned, "I believed him readily enough; and poor Harry was twisted shortly after, and I went into Ireland for safety, where I stayed two years,—and deuced good claret I got there!"

"So, vhiles you vas there," continued Dummie, "poor Judy, the voman, died,—she died in this wery ouse, and left the horphan to the (af)fection of Piggy Lob, who was 'nation fond of it sure*ly*! Oh! but I 'members vot a night it vas ven poor Judy died; the vind vistled like mad, and the rain tumbled about as if it had got a holyday; and there the poor creature lay raving just over ed of this room we sits in! Laus-a-me, vot a sight it vas!"

Here Dummie paused, and seemed to recall

* The reader has probably observed the use made by Dummie and Mrs. Lobkins of Irish phraseology or pronunciation. This is a remarkable trait in the dialect of the lowest orders in London, owing, we suppose, to their constant association with emigrants from "the first flower of the earth." Perhaps it is a modish affectation among the gentry of St. Giles's, just as we eke out our mother-tongue with French at Mayfair.

† Break into a gentleman's house.

‡ Burglar.

* Sold the booty. † Took our shares.

in imagination the scene he had witnessed; but over the mind of Long Ned a ray of light broke slowly.

"Whew!" said he, lifting up his fore-finger, "whew! I smell a rat; this stolen child, then, was no other than Paul. But, pray, to whom did the house belong? for that fact Harry never communicated to me. I only heard the owner was a lawyer, or parson, or *some such thing*."

"Vy now, I'll tell you, but don't be glim-flashey. So, you see, ven Judy died, and Harry was scragged, I vas the only von living who vas up to the secret; and vhen Mother Lob vas a taking a drop to comfort her vhen Judy vent off, I hopens a great box in which poor Judy kept her duds and rattletraps, and sure*ly* I finds at the bottom of the box hever so many letters and sich like,—for I knew as ow they vas there; so I vhips these off and carries 'em ome with me, and soon arter, Mother Lob sold me the box o' duds for two quids—'cause vy? I vas a rag marchant! So now, I 'solved, since the secret vas all in my hown keeping, to keep it as tight as vinkey: for first, you sees as ow I vas afeared I should be hanged if I vent for to tell,—'cause vy? I stole a vatch, and lots more, as vell as the hurchin; and next I vas afeared as ow the mother might come back and haunt me the same as Sall haunted Villy, for it vas a orrid night vhen her soul took ving. And hover and above this, Meester Pepper, I thought summut might turn hup by and by, in vhich it vould be best for I to keep my hown counsel and nab the revard, if I hever durst make myself known."

Here Dummie proceeded to narrate how frightened he had been lest Ned should discover all; when (as it may be remembered, Pepper informed Paul at the beginning of this history) he encountered that worthy at Dame Lobkins's house,—how this fear had induced him to testify to Pepper that coldness and rudeness which had so enraged the haughty highwayman, and how great had been his relief and delight at finding that Ned returned to the Mug no more. He next preceeded to inform his new confidant of his meeting with the father (the sagacious reader knows where and when), and what took place at the event. He said how, in his first negotiation with the father, prudently resolving to communicate drop by drop such information as he possessed, he merely, besides confessing to a share in the robbery, stated that *he thought* he knew the house, etc., to which the infant had been consigned,—and that, if so, it was still alive; but that he would inquire. He then related how the sanguine father, who saw that hanging Dummie for the robbery of his house might not be half so likely a method to recover his son as bribery and conciliation, not only forgave him his former outrage, but whetted his appetite to the search by rewarding him for his disclosure.

He then proceeded to state how, unable any where to find Paul, or any trace of him, he amused the sire from time to time with forged excuses;—how, at first, the sums he received made him by no means desirous to expedite a discovery that would terminate such satisfactory receipts;—how at length the magnitude of the proffered reward, joined to the threats of the sire, had made him become seriously anxious to learn the real fate and present "whereabout" of Paul:—how, the last time he had seen the father, he had, by way of propitiation and first fruit, taken to him all the papers left by the unhappy mother and secreted by himself; and how he was now delighted to find that Ned was acquainted with Paul's address. Since he despaired of finding Paul by his own exertions alone, he became less tenacious of his secret, and he now proffered Ned, on discovery of Paul, a third of that reward the whole of which he had once hoped to engross.

Ned's eyes and mouth opened at this proposition. "But the name,—the name of the father? you have not told me that yet!" cried he impatiently.

"Noa, noa!" said Dummie, archly, "I doesn't tell you all, till you tells I summut. Vhere's little Paul, I say, and vhere be us to get at him?"

Ned heaved a sigh.

"As for the oath," said he, musingly, "it would be a sin to keep it, now that to break it can do him no harm, and may do him good; especially as, in case of imprisonment or death, the oath is not held to be binding: yet I fear it is too late for the reward. The father will scarcely thank you for finding his son!—Know, Dummie, that Paul is in ——jail, and that he is one and the same person as Captain Lovett!"

Astonishment never wrote in more legible characters than she now displayed on the rough features of Dummie Dunnaker. So strong are the sympathies of a profession compared with all others, that Dummie's confused thought was *that of pride.* "The great Captain Lovett!" he faltered. "Little Paul at the top of the profession! Lord, lord!—I always said as how he'd the hambition to rise!"

"Well, well, but the father's name?"

At this question, the expression of Dummie's face fell,—a sudden horror struggled to his eyes—

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CHAPTER XXXV.

"Why is it that, at moments, there creeps over us an awe, a terror, overpowering but undefined? Why is it that we shudder without a cause, and feel the warm life-blood stand still in its courses? Are the dead too near?"—*Falkland.*

* * * * *

"Ha! sayest thou? Hideous thought, I feel it twine
O'er my iced heart, as curls around his prey
The sure and deadly serpent!

* * * * *
* * * * *

What! in the hush and in the solitude
Pass'd that dread soul away?"—*Love and Hatred.*

The evening prior to that morning in which the above conversation occurred, Brandon passed alone in his lodging at * * * *. He had felt himself too unwell to attend the customary wassail, and he sat indolently musing in the solitude of the old-fashioned chamber to which he was consigned. There, two wax-candles on the smooth, quaint table, dimly struggled against the gloom of heavy panels, which were relieved at unfrequent intervals by portraits in oaken frames, dingy, harsh, and important with the pomp of laced garments and flowing wigs. The predilection of the landlady for modern tastes had, indeed, on each side of the huge fire-place, suspended more novel master-pieces of the fine arts. In emblematic gorgeousness hung the pictures of the four Seasons, buxom wenches all, save Winter, who was deformedly bodied forth in the likeness of an aged carle. These were interspersed by an engraving of Lord Mauleverer, the lieutenant of the neighboring county, looking extremely majestical in his peer's robes; and by three typifications of Faith, Hope, and Charity—ladies with whom it may be doubted if the gay earl ever before cultivated so close an intimacy. Curtains, of that antique chintz in which fasces of stripes are alternated by rows of flowers, filled the interstices of three windows; a heavy sideboard occupied the greater portion of one side of the room; and on the opposite side, in the rear of Brandon, a vast screen stretched its slow length along, and relieved the unpopulated and, as it were, desolate comfort of the apartment.

Pale and imperfectly streamed the light upon Brandon's face, as he sat in his large chair, leaning his cheek on one hand, and gazing with the unconscious earnestness of abstraction on the clear fire. At that moment a whole phalanx of gloomy thought was sweeping in successive array across his mind. His early ambition, his ill-omened marriage, the causes of his after-rise in the wrong-judging world, the first dawn of his reputation, his rapid and flattering successes, his present elevation, his aspiring hope of far higher office, and more patrician honors—all these phantoms passed before him in chequered shadow and light: but ever with each stalked one disquieting and dark remembrance—the loss of his only son.

Weaving his ambition with the wish to revive the pride of his hereditary name, every acquisition of fortune or of fame rendered him yet more anxious to find the only one who could perpetuate these hollow distinctions to his race.

"I shall recover him yet!" he broke out suddenly and aloud. As he spoke, a quick—darting—spasmodic pain ran shivering through his whole frame, and then fixed for one instant on his heart with a gripe like the talons of a bird: it passed away, and was followed by a deadly sickness. Brandon rose, and filling himself a large tumbler of water, drank with avidity. The sickness passed off like the preceding pain; but the sensation had of late been often felt by Brandon, and disregarded,—for few person were less afflicted with the self-torture of hypochondria; but now, that night, whether it was more keen than usual, or

whether his thought had touched on the string that jars naturally on the most startling of human anticipations, we know not, but, as he resumed his seat, the idea of his approaching dissolution shot like an ice-bolt through his breast.

So intent was this scheming man upon the living objects of the world, and so little were his thoughts accustomed to turn towards the ultimate goal of all things, that this idea obtruding itself abruptly upon him, startled him with a ghastly awe. He *felt* the color rush from his cheek, and a tingling and involuntary pain ran wandering through the channels of his blood, even from the roots of the hair to the soles of his feet. But the stern soul of Brandon was not one which shadows could long affright. He nerved himself to meet the grim thought thus forced upon his mental eye, and he gazed on it with a steady and enduring look.

"Well," thought he, "*is* my hour coming, or have I yet the ordinary term of mortal nature to expect? It is true, I have lately suffered these strange revulsions of the frame with somewhat of an alarming frequency: perhaps this medicine, which healed the anguish of one infirmity, has produced another more immediately deadly? Yet why should I think this? My sleep is sound and calm, my habits temperate, my mind active and clear as in its best days. In my youth, I never played the traitor with my constitution; why should it desert me at the very threshold of my age? Nay, nay, these are but passing twitches, chills of the blood that begins to wax thin. Shall I learn to be less rigorous in my diet? Perhaps wine may reward my abstinence in avoiding it for my luxuries, by becoming a cordial to my necessities! Ay, I will consult—I will consult, I must not die yet. I have—let me see, three—four grades to gain before the ladder is scaled. And, above all, I must regain my child! Lucy married to Mauleverer, myself a peer, my son wedded to—whom? Pray God he be not married already! My nephews and my children nobles! the house of Brandon restored, my power high in the upward gaze of men; my fame set on a more lasting basis than a skill in the quirks of law: these are *yet* to come, these I will *not* die till I have enjoyed! Men die not till their destinies are fulfilled. The spirit that swells and soars within me says that the destiny of William Brandon is but half begun!"

With this conclusion, Brandon sought his pillow. What were the reflections of the prisoner whom he was to judge? Need we ask? Let us picture to ourselves his shattered health, the languor of sickness heightening the gloom which makes the very air of a jail,—his certainty of the doom to be passed against him, his knowledge that the uncle of Lucy Brandon was to be his judge, that Mauleverer was to be his accuser; and that in all human probability the only woman he had ever loved must sooner or later learn the criminality of his life and the ignominy of his death: let us but glance at the above blackness of circumstances that surrounded him, and it would seem that there is but little doubt as to the complexion of his thoughts! Perhaps, indeed, even in that terrible and desolate hour, one sweet face shone on him, "and dashed the darkness all away." Perhaps, too, whatever might be the stings of his conscience, on thought, one remembrance of a temptation mastered, and a sin escaped, brought to his eyes tears that were sweet and healing in their source. But the heart of a man, in Clifford's awful situation, is dark and inscrutable; and often, when the wildest and gloomiest external circumstances surround us, their reflection sleeps like a shadow, calm and still upon the mind.

The next morning, the whole town of **** (a town in which, we regret to say, an accident once detained ourselves for three wretched days, and which we can, speaking therefore from profound experience, assert to be in ordinary times the most melancholy and people-less-looking congregation of houses that a sober imagination can conceive), exhibited a scene of such bustle, animation, and jovial anxiety, as the trial for life or death to a fellow-creature can alone excite in the phlegmatic breasts of the English. Around the court the crowd thickened with every moment, until the whole market-place, in which the town-hall was situated, became one living mass. The windows of the houses were filled with women, some of whom had taken that opportunity to make parties to breakfast; and little round tables, with tea and toast on them, caught the eyes of the grinning mobbists as they gaped impatiently upwards.

"Ben," said a stout yeoman, tossing up a

halfpenny, and catching the said coin in his right hand, which he immediately covered with the left,—"Ben, heads or tails that Lovett is hanged; heads hanged, tails not, for a crown."

"Petticoats, to be sure," quoth Ben, eating an apple; and it was heads!

"Dammee, you've lost!" cried the yeoman, rubbing his rough hands with glee.

It would have been a fine sight for Asmodeus, could he have perched on one of the housetops of the market-place of * * * *, and looked on the murmuring and heaving sea of mortality below. Oh! the sight of a crowd round a court of law, or a gibbet, ought to make the devil split himself with laughter.

While the mob was fretting. and pushing, and swearing, and grinning, and betting, and picking pockets, and trampling feet and tearing gowns, and scrambling nearer and nearer to the doors and windows of the court, Brandon was slowly concluding his abstemious repast preparatory to attendance on his judicial duties. His footman entered with a letter. Sir William glanced rapidly over the seal (one of those immense sacrifices of wax used at that day), adorned with a huge coat of arms, surmounted with an earl's coronet, and decorated on either side with those supporters so dear to heraldic taste. He then tore open the letter, and read as follows:—

"My dear Sir William,

"You know that, in the last conversation I had the honor to hold with you, I alluded, though perhaps somewhat distantly, to the esteem which his Majesty had personally expressed for your principles and talents, and his wish to testify it at the earliest opportunity. There will be, as you are doubtless aware, an immediate creation of four peerages. Your name stands second on the list. The choice of title his Majesty graciously leaves to you; but he has hinted, that the respectable antiquity of your family would make him best pleased were you to select the name of your own family-seat, which, if I mistake not, is Warlock. You will instruct me at your leisure as to the manner in which the patent should be made out, touching the succession, etc. Perhaps (excuse the licence of an old friend) this event may induce you to forsake your long cherished celibacy. I need not add that this accession of rank will be accompanied by professional elevation. You will see by the papers that the death of * * * * * * leaves vacant the dignity of Chief Baron; and I am at length empowered to offer you a station proportioned to your character and talents.

"With great consideration,
"Believe me, my dear Sir,
"Very truly yours,
"————

"(*Private and Confidential.*)"

Brandon's dark eye glanced quickly from the signature of the Premier, affixed to this communication, towards the mirror opposite him. He strode to it, and examined his own countenance with a long and wistful gaze. Never, we think, did youthful gallant about to repair to the trysting spot, in which fair looks make the greatest of earthly advantages, gaze more anxiously on the impartial glass than now did the ascetic and scornful judge; and never, we ween, did the eye of the said gallant retire with a more satisfied and triumphant expression.

"Yes, yes!" muttered the judge, "no sign of infirmity is yet written *here;* the blood flows clear and warm enough, the cheek looks firm too, and passing full, for one who was always of the lean kind. Aha! this letter is a cordial, an *elixir vitæ*. I feel as if a new lease were granted to the reluctant tenant. Lord Warlock, the first Baron of Warlock,—Lord Chief Baron.—What next?"

As he spoke, he strode unconsciously away; folding his arms with that sort of joyous and complacent gesture which implies the idea of a man hugging himself in a silent delight. Assuredly, had the most skilful physician then looked upon the ardent and all-lighted face, the firm step, the elastic and muscular frame, the vigorous air of Brandon, as he mentally continued his soliloquy, he would have predicted for him as fair a grasp on longevity as the chances of mortal life will allow. He was interrupted by the servant entering.

"It is twenty-five minutes after nine, sir," said he, respectfully.

"Sir,—*sir!*" repeated Brandon. "Ah, well! so late!"

"Yes, sir, and the sheriff's carriage is almost at the door."

"Humph,—Minister,—Peer,—Warlock,—succession.—My son, my son!—would to God that I could find thee!"

Such were Brandon's last thoughts as he left the room. It was with great difficulty, so dense was the crowd, that the judge drove up to the court. As the carriage slowly passed, the spectators pressed to the windows of the vehicle, and stood on tiptoe to catch a view of the celebrated lawyer. Brandon's face, never long indicative of his feelings, had now settled into its usual gravity, and the severe loftiness of his look chilled, while it satisfied the curios-

ity of the vulgar. It had been ordered that no person should be admitted until the judge had taken his seat on the bench; and this order occasioned so much delay, owing to the accumulated pressure of the vast and miscellaneous group, that it was more than half an hour before the court was able to obtain that decent order suiting the solemnity of the occasion.

At five minutes before ten, an universal and indescribable movement announced that the prisoner was put to the bar. We read in one of the journals of that day, that "on being put to the bar, the prisoner looked round with a long and anxious gaxe, which at length settled on the judge, and then dropped, while the prisoner was observed to change countenance slightly. Lovett was dressed in a plain dark suit; he seemed to be about six feet high; and though thin and worn, probably from the effect of his wound and imprisonment, he is remarkably well made, and exhibits the outward appearance of that great personal strength which he is said to possess, and which is not unfrequently the characteristic of daring criminals. His face is handsome and prepossessing, his eyes and hair dark, and his complexion pale, possibly from the effects of his confinement; there was a certain sternness in his countenance during the greater part of the trial. His behavior was remarkably collected and composed. The prisoner listened with the greatest attention to the indictment, which the reader will find in another part of our paper, charging him with the highway robbery of Lord Mauleverer, on the night of the —— of —— last. He occasionally inclined his body forward, and turned his ear towards the court; and he was observed, as the jury were sworn, to look steadily in the face of each. He breathed thick and hard when the various aliases he had assumed, Howard, Cavendish, Jackson, etc., were read; but smiled, with an unaccountable expression, when the list was completed, as if exulting at the varieties of his ingenuity. At twenty-five minutes past ten, Mr. Dyebright, the counsel for the crown, stated the case to the jury."

Mr. Dyebright was a lawyer of great eminence; he had been a Whig all his life, but had latterly become remarkable for his insincerity, and subservience to the wishes of the higher powers. His talents were peculiar and effective. If he had little eloquence, he had much power; and his legal knowledge was sound and extensive. Many of his brethern excelled him in display; but no one, like him, possessed the secret of addressing a jury. Winningly familiar; seemingly candid to a degree that scarcely did justice to his cause, as if he were in an agony lest he should persuade you to lean a hair-breadth more on his side of the case than justice would allow; apparently all made up of good, homely, virtuous feeling, a disinterested regard for truth, a blunt and tender honesty, seasoned with a few amiable fireside prejudices, which always come home to the hearts of your fathers of families and thorough-bred Britons; versed in all the niceties of language, and the magic of names; if he were defending crime, carefully calling it misfortune; if attacking misfortune, constantly calling it crime;—Mr. Dyebright was exactly the man born to pervert justice, to tickle jurors, to cozen truth with a friendly smile, and to obtain a vast reputation as an excellent advocate.

He began by a long preliminary flourish on the importance of the case. He said that he should, with the most scrupulous delicacy, avoid every remark calculated to raise unnecessary prejudice against the prisoner. He should not allude to his unhappy notoriety, his associations with the lowest dregs.—(Here up jumped the counsel for the prisoner, and Mr. Dyebright was called to order). "God knows," resumed the learned gentleman, looking wistfully at the jury, "that my learned friend might have spared himself this warning. God knows that I would rather fifty of the wretched inmates of this county jail were to escape unharmed, than that a hair of the prisoner you behold at the bar should be unjustly touched. The life of a human being is at stake; we should be guilty ourselves of a crime, which on our death-beds we should tremble to recall, were we to suffer any consideration whether of interest or of prejudice, or of undue fear for our own properties and lives, to bias us even to the turning of a straw against the unfortunate prisoner. Gentlemen, if you find me travelling a single inch from my case —if you find me saying a single word calculated to harm the prisoner in your eyes, and unsupported by the evidence I shall call, then I implore you not to depend upon the vigilance

of my learned friend, but to treasure these *my* errors in your recollection, and to consider them as so many arguments in favor of the prisoner.

"If, gentlemen, I *could* by any possibility imagine that your verdict would be favorable to the prisoner, I can, unaffectedly and from the bottom of my heart, declare to you that I should rejoice; a case might be lost, but a fellow-creature would be saved! Callous as we of the legal profession are believed, we have feelings like you; and I ask any one of you, gentlemen of the jury, any one who has ever felt the pleasures of social intercourse, the joy of charity, the heart's reward of benevolence, —I ask any one of you, whether, if he were placed in the arduous situation I now hold, all the persuasions of vanity would not vanish at once from his mind, and whether his defeat as an advocate would not be rendered dear to him, by the common and fleshly sympathies of a man! But, gentlemen (Mr. Dyebright's voice at once deepened and faltered), there is a duty, a painful duty, we owe to our country; and never, in the long course of my professional experience, do I remember an instance in which it was more called forth than in the present. Mercy, gentlemen, is dear, very dear to us all; but it is the deadliest injury we can inflict on mankind, when it is bought at the expense of justice."

The learned gentleman then, after a few farther prefatory observations proceeded to state how, on the night of —— last, Lord Mauleverer was stopped and robbed by three men masked, of a sum of money amounting to above three hundred and fifty pounds, a diamond snuff-box, rings, watch, and a case of most valuable jewels,—how Lord Mauleverer, in endeavoring to defend himself, had passed a bullet through the clothes of one of the robbers—how, it would be proved, that the garments of the prisoner, found in a cave in Oxfordshire, and positively sworn to by a witness he should produce, exhibited a rent similar to such a one as a bullet would produce,—how, moreover, it would be positively, sworn to by the same witness, that the prisoner Lovett had come to the cavern with two accomplices not yet taken up, since their rescue by the prisoner, and boasted of the robbery he had just committed; that in the clothes and sleeping apartment of the robber the articles stolen from Lord Mauleverer were found, and that the purse containing the notes for three hundred pounds, the only thing the prisoner could probably have obtained time to carry off with him, on the morning in which the cave was entered by the policemen, was found on his person on the day on which he had attempted the rescue of his comrades, and had been apprehended in that attempt.

He stated, moreover, that the dress found in the cavern, and sworn to by one witness he should produce, as belonging to the prisoner, answered exactly to the description of the clothes worn by the principal robber, and sworn to by Lord Mauleverer, his servant, and the postilions. In like manner, the color of one of the horses found in the cavern corresponded with that rode by the highwayman. On these circumstantial proofs, aided by the immediate testimony of the king's evidence (that witness whom he should produce), he rested a case which could, he averred, leave no doubt on the minds of any impartial jury." Such, briefly and plainly alleged, made the substance of the details entered into by the learned counsel, who then proceeded to call his witnesses. The evidence of Lord Mauleverer (who was staying at Mauleverer Park, which was within a few miles, of * * * *), was short and clear; (it was noticed as a singular circumstance, that at the end of the evidence the prisoner bowed respectfully to his lordship). The witness of the postilions and of the valet was no less concise; nor could all the ingenuity of Clifford's counsel shake any part of their evidence in his cross-examination. The main witness depended on by the crown was now summoned, and the solemn countenance of Peter Mac Grawler rose on the eyes of the jury. One look of cold and blighting contempt fell on him from the eye of the prisoner, who did not again deign to regard him during the whole of his examination.

The witness of Mac Grawler was delivered with a pomposity worthy of the ex-editor of "the Asinæum." Nevertheless by the skill of Mr. Dyebright, it was rendered sufficiently clear a story to leave an impression on the jury damnatory to the interests of the prisoner. The counsel on the opposite side was not slow in perceiving the ground acquired by the adverse party; so, clearing his throat, he rose with a sneering air to the cross-examination.

"So, so!" began Mr. Botheram, putting on a pair of remarkably large spectacles, wherewith he truculently regarded the witness,—"so, so, Mr. Mac Grawler,—is that your name? eh! Ah, it is, is it? a very, very respectable name it is too, I warrant. Well, sir, look at me. Now, on your oath, remember, were you ever the editor of a certain thing published every Wednesday, and called the Attenæum,' or 'the Asinæum,' or some such name?"

Commencing with this insidious and self-damnatory question, the learned counsel then proceeded, as artfully as he was able, through a series of interrogatories, calculated to injure the character, the respectable character, of Mac Grawler, and weaken his testimony in the eyes of the jury. He succeeded in exciting in the audience that feeling of merriment, wherewith the vulgar are always so delighted to intersperse the dull seriousness of hanging a human being. But though the jury themselves grinned, they were not convinced. The Scotsman retired from the witness-box, "scotched," perhaps, in reputation, but not "killed" as to testimony. It was just before this witness concluded, that Lord Mauleverer caused to be handed to the judge a small slip of paper, containing merely these words in pencil:—

"DEAR BRANDON,—A dinner waits you at Mauleverer Park, only three miles hence. Lord —— and the Bishop of —— meet you. Plenty of news from London, and a letter about you, which I will show to no one till we meet. Make haste and hang this poor fellow, that I may see you the sooner; and it is bad for both of us to wait long for a regular meal like dinner. I can't stay longer, it is so hot, and my nerves were always susceptible.

"Yours,

"MAULEVERER.

"If you will come, give me a nod. You know my hour—it is always the same."

The judge glancing over the note, inclined his head gravely to the earl, who withdrew; and in one minute afterwards, a heavy and breathless silence fell over the whole court. The prisoner was called upon for his defence: it was singular what a different sensation to that existing in their breasts the moment before, crept thrillingly through the audience. Hushed was every whisper — vanished was every smile that the late cross-examination had excited; a sudden and chilling sense of the dread importance of the tribunal made itself abruptly felt in the minds of every one present.

Perhaps, as in the gloomy satire of Hogarth (the moral Mephistopheles of painters), the close neighborhood of pain to mirth made the former come with the homelier shock to the heart;—be that as it may, a freezing anxiety numbing the pulse, and stirring through the air, made every man in that various crowd feel a sympathy of awe with his neighbor, excepting only the hardened judge and the hackneyed lawyers, and one spectator, an idiot who had thrust himself in with the general press, and stood, within a few paces of the prisoner, grinning unconsciously, and every now and then winking with a glassy eye at some one at a distance, whose vigilance he had probably eluded.

The face and aspect, even the attitude of the prisoner, were well fitted to heighten the effect which would naturally have been created by any man under the same fearful doom. He stood at the very front of the bar, and his tall and noble figure was drawn up to its full height; a glow of excitement spread itself gradually over features at all times striking, and lighted an eye naturally eloquent, and to which various emotions at that time gave a more than commonly deep and impressive expression. He began thus:—

"My lord, I have little to say, and I may at once relieve the anxiety of my counsel, who now looks wistfully upon me, and add, that that little will scarcely embrace the object of defence. Why should I defend myself? Why should I endeavor to protract a life that a few days, more or less, will terminate, according to the ordinary calculations of chance? Such as it is, and has been, my life is vowed to the law, and the law will have the offering. Could I escape from this indictment, I know that seven others await me, and that by one or the other of these my conviction and my sentence must come. Life may be sweet to all of us, my lord; and were it possible that mine could be spared yet awhile, that continued life might make a better atonement for past actions than a death which, abrupt and premature, calls for repentance while it forbids redress.

"But, when the dark side of things is our only choice, it is useless to regard the bright; idle to fix our eyes upon life, when death is at

hand; useless to speak of contrition, when we are denied its proof. It is the usual policy of prisoners in my situation to address the feelings and flatter the prejudices of the jury; to descant on the excellence of our laws, while they endeavor to disarm them; to praise justice, yet demand mercy; to talk of expecting acquittal, yet boast of submitting without a murmur to condemnation. For me, to whom all earthly interests are dead, this policy is idle and superfluous. I hesitate not to tell you, my lord judge—to proclaim to you, gentlemen of the jury, that the laws which I have broken through my life I despise in death! Your laws are but of two classes; the one makes criminals, the other punishes them. I have suffered by the one—I am about to perish by the other.

"My lord, it was the turn of a straw which made me what I am. Seven years ago I was sent to the house of correction for an offence which I did not commit; I went thither, a boy who had never infringed a single law—I came forth, in a few weeks, a man who was prepared to break all laws? Whence was this change?—was it my fault, or that of my condemners? You had first wronged me by a punishment which I did not deserve—you wronged me yet more deeply, when (even had I been guilty of the first offence) I was sentenced to herd with hardened offenders, and graduates in vice and vice's methods of support. The laws themselves caused me to break the laws: first, by implanting within me the goading sense of injustice; secondly, by submitting me to the corruption of example. Thus, I repeat—and I trust my words will sink solemnly into the hearts of all present—your legislation made me what I am! and it now *destroys me, as it has destroyed thousands for being what it made me!* But for this the first aggression on me, I might have been what the world terms honest,—I might have advanced to old age and a peaceful grave, through the harmless cheateries of trade, or the honored falsehoods of a profession. Nay, I might have supported the laws which I have now braved: like the counsel opposed to me, I might have grown sleek on the vices of others, and advanced to honor by my ingenuity in hanging my fellow-creatures!

"The canting and prejudging part of the press has affected to set before you the merits of 'honest ability,' or 'laborious trade,' in opposition to my offences. What, I beseech you, are the props of your 'honest' exertion—the profits of 'trade?' Are there no bribes to menials? Is there no adulteration of goods? Are the rich never duped in the price they pay?—are the poor never wronged in the quality they receive? Is there honesty in the bread you eat, in a single necessity which clothes, or feeds, or warms you? Let those whom the law protects consider it a protector: when did it ever protect *me?* When did it ever protect the poor man? The government of a state, the institutions of law, profess to provide for all those who 'obey.' Mark! a man hungers—do you feed him? He is naked—do you clothe him? If not, you break your covenant, you drive him back to the first law of nature, and you hang him, not because he is guilty, but because you have *left* him naked and starving! (A murmur among the mob below, with great difficulty silenced).

"One thing only will I add, and that not to move your mercy. No, nor to invest my fate with an idle and momentary interest; but because there are some persons in this world who have not known me as the criminal who stands before you, and whom the tidings of my fate may hereafter reach; and I would not have those persons view me in blacker colors than I deserve. Among all the rumors, gentlemen, that have reached you, through all the tales and fables kindled from my unhappy notoriety and my approaching doom, I put it to you, if you have heard that I have committed one sanguinary action, or one ruinous and deliberate fraud? You have heard that I have lived by the plunder of the rich—I do not deny the charge. From the grinding of the poor, the habitual overreaching, or the systematic pilfering of my neighbors, my conscience is as free as it is from the charge of cruelty and bloodshed.

"Those *errors* I leave to honest mediocrity or virtuous exertion! You may perhaps find, too, that my life has not passed through a career of outrage without scattering some few benefits on the road. In destroying me, it is true that you will have the consolation to think, that among the benefits you derive from my sentence, will be the salutary encouragement you give to other offenders to offend to the *last* degree, and to divest outrage of no single ag-

gravation! But if this does not seem to you any very powerful inducement, you may pause before you cut off from all amendment a man who seems neither wholly hardened nor utterly beyond atonement. My lord, my counsel would have wished to summon witnesses,—some to bear testimony to redeeming points in my own character, others to invalidate the oath of the witness against me—a man whom I saved from destruction in order that he might destroy me. I do not think either necessary.

"The public press has already said of me what little good does not shock the truth; and had I not possessed something of those qualities which society does not disesteem, you would not have beheld me here at this hour! If I had saved myself as well as my companions, I should have left this country, perhaps for ever, and commenced a very different career abroad. I committed offences; I eluded you; I committed what, in my case, was an act of duty: I am seized, and I perish. But the weakness of my body destroys me, not the strength of your malice. Had I (and as the prisoner spake, the haughty and rapid motion, the *enlarging of the form*, produced by the passion of the moment, made impressively conspicuous to all the remarkable power of his frame),—had I but my wonted health, my wonted command over these limbs and these veins, I would have asked no friend, no ally, to favor my escape. I tell you, engines and guardians of the law, that I would have mocked your chains, and defied your walls, as ye know that I have mocked and defied them before. But my blood creeps now only in drops through its courses; and the heart that I had of old stirs feebly and heavily within me."

The prisoner paused a moment, and resumed in an altered tone:—"Leaving, then, my own character to the ordeal of report, I cannot perhaps do better than leave to the same criterion that of the witness against me. I will candidly own that, under other circumstances, it might have been otherwise. I will candidly avow that I might have then used such means as your law awards me to procure an acquittal and to prolong my existence,—though in a new scene: as it is, what matters the cause in which I receive my sentence? Nay, it is even better to suffer by the first than to linger to the last. It is some consolation not again to stand where I now stand; to go through the humbling solemnities which I have this day endured; to see the smile of some, and retort the frown of others; to wrestle with the anxiety of the heart, and to depend on the caprice of the excited nerves. It is something to feel one part of the drama of disgrace is over, and that I may wait unmolested in my den until, for one time only, I am again the butt of the unthinking and the monster of the crowd. My lord, I have now done! To you, whom the law deems the prisoner's counsel,—to you, gentlemen of the jury, to whom it has delegated his fate, I leave the chances of my life."

The prisoner ceased; but the same heavy silence which, save when broken by one solitary murmur, had lain over the court during his speech, still continued even for several moments after that deep and firm voice had died on the ear. So different had been the defence of the prisoner from that which had been expected; so assuredly did the more hackneyed part of the audience, even as he had proceeded, imagine that, by some artful turn, he would at length wind into the usual courses of defence, that when his unfaltering and almost stern accents paused, men were not prepared to feel that his speech was finished, and the pause involuntarily jarred on them, as untimeous and abrupt. At length, when each of the audience slowly awoke to the conviction that the prisoner had indeed concluded his harangue, a movement, eloquent of feelings released from a suspense which had been perhaps the more earnest and the more blended with awe, from the boldness and novelty of the words on which it hung, circled round the court. The jurors looked confusedly at each other, but not one of them spoke even by a whisper; their feelings, which had been aroused by the speech of the prisoner, had not, from its shortness, its singularity, and the haughty impolicy of its tone, been so far guided by its course, as to settle into any state of mind clearly favorable to him, or the reverse; so that each man waited for his neighbor to speak first, in order that he might find, as it were, in another, a kind of clue to the indistinct and excited feelings which wanted utterance in himself.

The judge, who had been from the first attracted by the air and aspect of the prisoner, had perhaps, not withstanding the hardness of

his mind, more approvingly than any one present, listened to the defence; for in the scorn of the hollow institutions, and the mock honesty of social life, so defyingly manifested by the prisoner, Brandon recognized elements of mind remarkably congenial to his own; and this sympathy was heightened by the hardihood of physical nerve and moral intrepidity displayed by the prisoner; qualities which, among men of a similar mould, often form the strongest motive of esteem, and sometimes (as we read of in the Imperial Corsican and his chiefs) the *only* point of attraction! Brandon was, however, soon recalled to his cold self by a murmur of vague applause circling throughout the common crowd, among whom the general impulse always manifests itself first, and to whom the opinions of the prisoner, though but imperfectly understood, came more immediately home than they did to the better and richer classes of the audience. Ever alive to the decorums of forms, Brandon instantly ordered silence in the court; and when it was again restored, and it was fully understood that the prisoner's defence had closed, the judge proceeded to sum up.

It is worthy of remark, that many of the qualities of mind which seem most unamiable in private life often conduce with a singular felicity to the ends of public; and thus the stony firmness characteristic of Brandon was a main cause which made him admirable as a judge. For men in office err no less from their feelings than their interests.

Glancing over his notes, the judge inclined himself to the jury, and began with that silver ringing voice which particularly distinguished Brandon's eloquence, and carries with it in high stations so majestic and candid a tone of persuasion. He pointed out, with a clear brevity, the various points of the evidence; he dwelt for a moment on the attempt to cast disrepute upon the testimony of Mac Grawler —but called a proper attention to the fact, that the attempt had been unsupported by witnesses or proof. As he proceeded, the impression made by the prisoner on the minds of the jury slowly melted away; and perhaps, so much do men soften when they behold clearly the face of a fellow-man dependent on them for life, it acted disadvantageously on the interests of Clifford, that, during the summing up, he leant back in the dock, and prevented his countenance from being seen. When the evidence had been gone through, the Judge concluded thus:—

"The prisoner, who, in his defence (on the principles and opinions of which I now forbear to comment), certainly exhibited the sign of a superior education, and a high though perverted ability, has alluded to the reports circulated by the public press, and leant some little stress on the various anecdotes tending to his advantage, which he supposes have reached your ears. I am by no means willing that the prisoner should be deprived of whatever benefit may be derivable from such a source; but it is not in this place, nor at this moment, that it can avail him. All you have to consider is the evidence before you. All on which you have to decide is, whether the prisoner be or be not guilty of the robbery of which he is charged. You must not waste a thought on what redeems or heightens a supposed crime —you must only decide on the crime itself. Put away from your minds, I beseech you, all that interferes with the main case. Put away also from your motives of decision all forethought of other possible indictments to which the prisoner has alluded, but with which you are necessarily unacquainted. If you doubt the evidence, whether of one witness or of all, the prisoner must receive from you the benefit of that doubt. If not, you are sworn to a solemn oath, which ordains you to forego all minor considerations—which compels you to watch narrowly that you be not influenced by the infirmities natural to us all, but criminal in you, to lean towards the side of a mercy that would be rendered by your oath a perjury to God, and by your duty as impartial citizens, a treason to your country. I dismiss you to the grave consideration of the important case you have heard; and I trust that He to whom all hearts are open and all secrets are known, will grant you the temper and the judgment to form a right decision!"

There was in the majestic aspect and thrilling voice of Brandon something which made the commonest form of words solemn and impressive; and the hypocrite, aware of this felicity of manner, generally, as now, added weight to his concluding words by a religious allusion or a Scriptural phraseology. He ceased; and the jury, recovering the effect of his adjuration, consulted for a moment among

themselves; the foreman then, addressing the court on behalf of his fellow-jurors, requested leave to retire for deliberation. An attendant bailiff being sworn in, we read in the journals of the day, which noted the divisions of time with that customary scrupulosity rendered terrible by the reflection how soon all time and seasons may perish for the hero of the scene, that "it was at twenty-five minutes to two that the jury withdrew."

Perhaps in the whole course of a criminal trial there is no period more awful than that occupied by the deliberation of the jury. In the present case, the prisoner, as if acutely sensible of his situation, remained in the rear of the dock, and buried his face in his hands. They who stood near him observed, however, that his breast did not seem to swell with the convulsive emotion customary to persons in his state, and that not even a sign or agitated movement escaped him. The jury had been absent about twenty minutes, when a confused noise was heard in the court. The face of the judge turned in commanding severity towards the quarter whence it proceeded. He perceived a man of a coarse garb and mean appearance endeavoring, rudely and violently, to push his way through the crowd towards the bench, and at the same instant he saw one of the officers of the court approaching the disturber of its tranquillity, with no friendly intent. The man, aware of the purpose of the constable, exclaimed with great vehemence, "I vill give this to my lord the judge, blow me if I von't!" and as he spoke, he raised high above his head a soiled scrap of paper folded awkwardly in the shape of a letter. The instant Brandon's eye caught the rugged features of the intrusive stranger, he motioned with rather less than his usual slowness of gesture to one of his official satellites. "Bring me that paper instantly!" he whispered.

The officer bowed and obeyed. The man, who seemed a little intoxicated, gave it with a look of ludicrous triumph and self-importance.

"Stand avay, man!" he added to the constable, who now laid hand on his collar—"you'll see vot the judge says to that 'ere bit of paper; and so vill the prisoner, poor fellow!"

This scene, so unworthy the dignity of the court, attracted the notice and (immediately around the intruder) the merriment of the crowd, and many an eye was directed towards Brandon, as with calm gravity he opened the note and glanced over the contents. In a large school-boy hand—it was the hand of Long Ned—were written these few words:

"My Lord Judge,

"I make bold to beg you will do all you can for the prisoner at the barre; as he is no other than the 'Paul' I spoke to your Worship about. You know what I mean.

"Dummie Dunnaker."

As he read this note, the judge's head was observed to drop suddenly, as if by a sickness or a spasm; but he recovered himself instantly, and whispering the officer who brought him the note, said, "See that that madman be immediately removed from the court, and lock him up *alone*. He is so deranged as to be dangerous!"

The officer lost not a moment in seeing the order executed. Three stout constables dragged the astounded Dummie from the court in an instant, yet the more ruthlessly for his ejaculating—

"Eh, sirs, what's this? I tells you I have saved the judge's hown flesh and blood. Vy now, gently there; you'll smart for this, my fine fellow! Never you mind, Paul, my arty: I'se done you a pure good——"

"Silence!" proclaimed the voice of the judge, and that voice came forth with so commanding a tone of power that it awed Dummie, despite his intoxication. In a moment more, and, ere he had time to recover, he was without the court. During this strange hubbub, which nevertheless scarcely lasted above two or three minutes, the prisoner had not once lifted his head, nor appeared aroused in any manner from his revery. And scarcely had the intruder been withdrawn before the jury returned.

"The verdict was as all had foreseen,—"Guilty;" but it was coupled with a strong recommendation to mercy.

The prisoner was then asked, in the usual form, whether he had to say anything why sentence of death should not be passed against him?

As these dread words struck upon his ear, slowly the prisoner rose. He directed first towards the jury a brief and keen glance, and his eyes then rested full, and with a stern significance, on the face of his judge.

"My lord," he began, "I have but one rea-

son to advance against the sentence of the law. If you have interest to prevent or mitigate it, that reason will, I think, suffice to enlist you on my behalf. I said that the first cause of those offences against the law which bring me to this bar, was the committing me to prison on a charge of which I was wholly innocent! My lord judge, *you* were the man who accused me of that charge, and subjected me to that imprisonment! Look at me well, my lord, and you may trace in the countenance of the hardened felon you are about to adjudge to death the features of a boy whom, some seven years ago, you accused before a London magistrate of the theft of your watch. On the oath of a man who has one step on the threshold of death, the accusation was unjust. And, fit minister of the laws you represent! you, who will now pass my doom,—YOU were the cause of my crimes! My lord, I have done. I am ready to add another to the long and dark list of victims who are first polluted, and then sacrificed, by the blindness and the injustice of human codes!"

While Clifford spoke, every eye turned from him to the judge, and every one was appalled by the ghastly and fearful change which had fallen over Brandon's face. Men said afterwards, that they saw written there, in terrible distinctness, the characters of death; and there certainly seemed something awful and præternatural in the bloodless and haggard calmness of his proud features. Yet his eye did not quail, nor the muscles of his lip quiver; and with even more than his wonted loftiness, he met the regard of the prisoner. But, as alone conspicuous throughout the motionless and breathless crowd, the judge and criminal gazed upon each other; and as the eyes of the spectators wandered on each, a thrilling and electric impression of a powerful likeness between the doomed and the doomer, for the first time in the trial, struck upon the audience, and increased, though they scarcely knew why, the sensation of pain and dread which the prisoner's last words excited. Perhaps it might have chiefly arisen from a common expression of fierce emotion conquered by an iron and stern character of mind, or perhaps, now that the ashy paleness of exhaustion had succeeded the excited flush on the prisoner's face, the similarity of complexion thus obtained, made the likeness more obvious than before; or perhaps, the spectators had not hitherto fixed so searching, or, if we may so speak, so alternating a gaze upon the two.

However that be, the resemblance between the men, placed as they were in such widely different circumstances — that resemblance which, as we have hinted, had at certain moments occurred startlingly to Lucy—was plain and unavoidably striking: the same the dark hue of their complexions, the same the haughty and Roman outline of their faces, the same the height of the forehead, the same even a displeasing and sarcastic rigidity of mouth, which made the most conspicuous feature in Brandon, and which was the only point that deteriorated from the singular beauty of Clifford. But, above all, the same inflexible, defying, stubborn spirit, though in Brandon it assumed the stately cast of majesty, and in Clifford it seemed the desperate sternness of the bravo, stamped itself in both. Though Clifford ceased, he did not resume his seat, but stood in the same attitude as that in which he had reversed the order of things, and merged the petitioner in the accuser. And Brandon himself, without speaking or moving, continued still to survey him. So, with erect fronts, and marble countenances, in which what was defying and resolute did not altogether quell the mortal leaven of pain and dread, they looked as might have looked the two men in the Eastern story, who had the power of gazing each other unto death.

What, at that moment, was raging in Brandon's heart, it is in vain to guess. He doubted not for a moment that he beheld before him his long-lost, his anxiously demanded son! Every fibre, every corner of his complex and gloomy soul, that certainty reached, and blasted with a hideous and irresistible glare. The earliest, perhaps the strongest, though often the least acknowledged principle of his mind, was the desire to rebuild the fallen honors of his house; its last scion he now beheld before him, covered with the darkest ignominies of the law! He had coveted worldly honors; he beheld their legitimate successor in a convicted felon! He had garnered the few affections he had spared from the objects of pride and ambition, in his son. That son he was about to adjudge to the gibbet and the hangman! Of late, he had increased the hopes of regaining his lost treasure,

even to an exultant certainty. Lo! the hopes were accomplished! How? With these thoughts warring, in what manner we dare not even by an epithet express, within him, we may cast one hasty glance on the horror of aggravation they endured, when he heard the prisoner accuse HIM, as the cause of his present doom, and felt himself at once the murderer and the judge of his son!

Minutes had elapsed since the voice of the prisoner ceased; and Brandon now drew forth the black cap. As he placed it slowly over his brows, the increasing and corpse-like whiteness of his face became more glaringly visible, by the contrast which this dread head-gear presented. Twice as he essayed to speak his voice failed him, and an indistinct murmur came forth from his hueless lips, and died away like a fitful and feeble wind. But with the third effort, the resolution and long self-tyranny of the man conquered, and his voice went clear and unfaltering through the crowd, although the severe sweetness of its wonted tones was gone, and it sounded strange and hollow on the ears that drank it.

"Prisoner at the bar!—It has become my duty to announce to you the close of your mortal career. You have been accused of a daring robbery, and, after an impartial trial, a jury of your countrymen and the laws of your country have decided against you. The recommendation to mercy"—(here, only, throughout his speech, Brandon gasped convulsively for breath)—"So humanely added by the jury, shall be forwarded to the supreme power, "but I cannot flatter you with much hope of its success"—(the lawyers looked with some surprise at each other; they had expected a far more unqualified mandate, to abjure *all* hope from the jury's recommendation).—"Prisoner! for the opinions you have expressed, you are now only answerable to your God; I forbear to arraign them. For the charge you have made against me, whether true or false, and for the anguish it has given me, may you find pardon at another tribunal! It remains for me only—under a reserve too slight, as I have said, to afford you a *fair* promise of hope—only to—to—(all eyes were on Brandon; he felt it, exerted himself for a last effort, and proceeded)—pronounce on you the sharp sentence of the law! It is, that you be taken back to the prison whence you came, and thence (when the supreme authority shall appoint) to the place of execution, to be there hanged by the neck till you are dead; and the Lord God Almighty have mercy on your soul!"

With this address concluded that eventful trial; and while the crowd, in rushing and noisy tumult, bore towards the door, Brandon, concealing to the last, with a Spartan bravery, the anguish which was gnawing at his entrails, retired from the awful pageant. For the next half hour he was locked up with the strange intruder on the proceedings of the court. At the end of that time the stranger was dismissed; and in about double the same period Brandon's servant readmitted him, accomby another man, with a slouched hat, and in a carman's frock. The reader need not be told that the new comer was the friendly Ned, whose testimony was indeed a valuable corroborative to Dummie's, and whose regard for Clifford, aided by an appetite for rewards, had induced him to venture to the town of * * * *, although he tarried concealed in a safe suburb until reassured by a written promise from Brandon of safety to his person, and a sum for which we might almost doubt whether he would have consented (so long as he had been mistaking means for an end) to be hanged himself. Brandon listened to the details of these confederates, and when they had finished, he addressed them thus:—

"I have heard you, and am convinced you are liars and impostors: there is the money I promised you"—(throwing down a pocket-book)—"take it;—and, hark you, if ever you dear whisper—ay, but a breath of the atrocious lie you have now forged, be sure I will have you dragged from the recess or nook of infamy in which you may hide your heads, and hanged for the crimes you have already committed. I am not the man to break my word—begone!—quit this town instantly: if, in two hours hence, you are found here, your blood be on your own heads!—Begone, I say!"

These words, aided by a countenance well adapted at all times to expressions of a menacing and ruthless character, at once astounded and appalled the accomplices. They left the room in hasty confusion; and Brandon, now alone, walked with uneven steps (the alarming weakness and vacillation of which he did not himself feel) to and fro the apartment. The

hell of his breast was stamped upon his features, but he uttered only one thought aloud!

"I may,—yes, yes,—I *may* yet conceal this disgrace to my name!"

His servant tapped at the door to say that the carriage was ready, and that Lord Mauleverer had bid him remind his master that they dined punctually at the hour appointed.

"I am coming!" said Brandon, with a slow and startling emphasis on each word. But he first sat down and wrote a letter to the official quarter, strongly aiding the recommendation of the jury; and we may conceive how pride clung to him to the last, when he urged the substitution for death, of transportation *for life!* As soon as he had sealed this letter, he summoned an express, gave his orders coolly and distinctly, and attempted, with his usual stateliness of step, to walk through a long passage which led to the outer door. He found himself fail. "Come hither," he said to his servant—"give me your arm!"

All Brandon's domestics, save the one left with Lucy, stood in awe of him, and it was with some hesitation that his servant ventured to inquire "if his master felt well."

Brandon looked at him, but made no reply: he entered his carriage with slight difficulty, and, telling the coachman to drive as fast as possible, pulled down (a general custom with him) all the blinds of the windows.

Meanwhile, Lord Mauleverer, with six friends, was impatiently awaiting the arrival of the seventh guest.

"Our august friend tarries!" quoth the bishop of ——, with his hands folded across his capacious stomach. "I fear the turbot your lordship spoke of may not be the better for the length of the trial."

"Poor fellow!" said the earl of ——, slightly yawning.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Mauleverer, with a smile. "The bishop, the judge, or the turbot?"

"Not one of the three, Mauleverer,—I spoke of the prisoner."

"Ah, the fine dog! I forgot him," said Mauleverer. "Really, now you mention him, I must confess that he inspires me with great compassion; but, indeed, it is very wrong in him to keep the judge so long!"

"Those hardened wretches have such a great deal to say," mumbled the bishop sourly.

"True!" said Mauleverer; "a religious rogue would have had some bowels for the state of the church esurient."

"Is it really true, Maulererer," asked the Earl of ——, "that Brandon *is* to succeed * * * *?"

"So I hear," said Mauleverer. "Heavens! how hungry I am!"

A groan from the bishop echoed the complaint.

"I suppose it would be against all decorum to sit down to dinner without him?" said Lord——.

"Why, really, I fear so," returned Mauleverer. "But our health—our health is at stake: we will only wait five minutes more. By Jove, there's the carriage! I beg your pardon for my heathen oath, my lord bishop."

"I forgive you!" said the good bishop, smiling.

The party thus engaged in colloquy were stationed at a window opening on the gravel road, along which the judge's carriage was now seen rapidly approaching; this window was but a few yards from the porch, and had been partially opened for the better reconnoitring the approach of the expected guest.

"He keeps the blinds down still! Absence of mind, or shame at unpunctuality—which is the cause, Mauleverer?" said one of the party.

"Not shame, I fear!" answered Mauleverer. "Even the indecent immorality of delaying our dinner could scarcely bring a blush of the parchment skin of my learned friend."

Here the carriage stopped at the porch; the carriage-door was opened.

"There seems a strange delay," said Mauleverer peevishly. "Why does not he get out?"

As he spoke, a murmur among the attendants, who appeared somewhat strangely to crowd around the carriage, smote the ears of the party.

"What do they say?—What?" said Mauleverer, putting his hand to his ear.

The bishop answered hastily; and Mauleverer, as he heard the reply, forgot for once his susceptibility to cold, and hurried out to the carriage-door. His guests followed.

They found Brandon leaning against the farther corner of the carriage—a corpse. One hand held the check-string, as if he had en-

deavored involuntarily, but ineffectually, to pull it. The right side of his face was partially distorted, as by convulsion or paralysis; but not sufficiently so to destroy that remarkable expression of loftiness and severity which had characterized the features in life. At the same time, the distortion which had drawn up on one side the muscles of the mouth, had deepened into a startling broadness the half sneer of derision, that usually lurked around the lower part of his face. Thus unwitnessed and abrupt had been the disunion of the clay and spirit of a man, who, if he passed through life a bold, scheming, stubborn, unwavering hypocrite, was not without something high even amidst his baseness, his selfishness, and his vices; who seemed less to have loved sin, than by some strange perversion of reason to have disdained virtue, and who, by a solemn and awful suddenness of *fate* (for who shall venture to indicate the judgment of the arch and unseen Providence, even when it appears to mortal eye the least obscured?), won the dreams, the objects, the triumphs of hope, to be blasted by them at the moment of acquisition!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AND LAST

"—— Subtle,—Surly,—Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper Drugger, all
With whom I traded,"—*The Alchemist*,

As when some rural citizen—retired for a fleeting holyday, far from the cares of the world, "*strepitumque Romæ*," * to the sweet shades of Pentonville, or the remoter plains of Clapham—conducts some delighted visitor over the intricacies of that Dædalian masterpiece which he is pleased to call his labyrinth or maze,—now smiling furtively at his guest's perplexity.—now listening with calm superiority to his futile and erring conjectures,—now maliciously accompanying him through a flattering path, in which the baffled adventurer is suddenly checked by the blank features of a thoroughfareless hedge,—now trembling as he sees the guest stumbling unawares into the right track, and now relieved, as he beholds him, after a pause of deliberation, wind into the wrong,—even so, O pleasant reader! doth the sage novelist conduct thee through the labyrinth of his tale, amusing himself with thy self deceits, and spinning forth, in prolix pleasure, the quiet yarn of his entertainment from the involutions which occasion thy fretting eagerness and perplexity.

But as when—thanks to the host's good-nature or fatigue!—the mystery is once unravelled, and the guests permitted to penetrate even unto the concealed end of the leafy maze; the honest cit, satisfied with the pleasant pains he has already bestowed upon his visitor, puts him not to the labor of retracing the steps he hath so erratically trod, but leads him in three strides, and through a simpler path, at once to the mouth of the maze, and dismisseth him elsewhere for entertainment; even so will the prudent narrator, when the intricacies of his plot are once unfolded, occasion no stale and profitless delays to his wearied reader, but conduct him, with as much brevity as convenient, without the labyrinth which has ceased to retain the interest of a secret.

We shall, therefore, in pursuance of the cit's policy, relate, as rapidly as possible, that part of our narrative which yet remains untold. On Brandon's person was found the paper which had contained so fatal an intelligence of his son; and when brought to Lord Mauleverer, the words struck that person (who knew Brandon had been in search of his lost son, whom we have seen that he had been taught however to suppose illegitimate, though it is probable that many doubts, whether he had not been deceived, must have occurred to his natural sagacity), as sufficiently important to be worth an inquiry after the writer. Dummie was easily found, for he had not yet turned his back on the town when the news of the judge's sudden death was brought back to it; and taking advantage of that circumstance, the friendly Dunnaker remained altogether in the town (albeit his long companion deserted it as hastily as might be), and whiled the time by presenting himself at the jail, and, after some ineffectual efforts, winning his way to Clifford: easily tracked by the name he had given to the governor of the jail, he was conducted the same day to Lord Mauleverer, and his narrative, confused as it was, and proceeding even from so suspicious a quarter, thrilled

* "*And the roar of Rome.*"

those digestive organs, which in Mauleverer stood proxy for a heart, with feelings as much resembling awe and horror as our good peer was capable of experiencing.

Already shocked from his worldly philosophy of indifference by the death of Brandon, he was more susceptible to a remorseful and salutary impression at this moment than he might have been at any other: and he could not, without some twinges of conscience, think of the ruin he had brought on the mother of the being he had but just prosecuted to the death. He dismissed Dummie, and, after a little consideration, he ordered his carriage, and, leaving the funeral preparations for his friend to the care of his man of business, he set off for London, and the house, in particular, of that Secretary of the Home Department. We would not willingly wrong the noble penitent; but we venture a suspicion that he might not have preferred a personal application for mercy to the prisoner to a written one, had he not felt certain unpleasant qualms in remaining in a country house, overshadowed by ceremonies so gloomy as those of death. The letter of Brandon, and the application of Mauleverer, obtained for Clifford a relaxation of his sentence. He was left for perpetual transportation. A ship was already about to sail, and Mauleverer, content with having saved his life, was by no means anxious that his departure from the country should be saddled with any superfluous delay.

Meanwhile, the first rumor that reached London respecting Brandon's fate was, that he had been found in a fit, and was lying dangerously ill at Mauleverer's; and before the second and more fatally sure report arrived, Lucy had gathered from the visible dismay of Barlow, whom she anxiously cross-questioned, and who, really loving his master, was easily affected into communication, the first and more flattering intelligence. To Barlow's secret delight, she insisted instantly on setting off to the supposed sick man; and, accompanied by Barlow and her woman, the affectionate girl hastened to Mauleverer's house on the evening after the day the earl left it. Lucy had not proceeded far before Barlow learned, from the gossip of the road, the real state of the case. Indeed, it was at the first stage that, with a mournful countenance, he approached the door of the carriage, and announcing the inutility of proceeding farther, begged of Lucy to turn back. So soon as Miss Brandon had overcome the first shock which this intelligence gave her, she said, with calmness, "Well, Barlow, if it be so, we have still a duty to perform. Tell the postboys to drive on!"

"Indeed, madam, I cannot see what use it can be fretting yourself,—and you so poorly. If you will let *me* go, I will see every attention paid to the remains of my poor master."

"When my father lay dead," said Lucy, with a grave and sad sternness in her manner, "he who is now no more sent no proxy to perform the last duties of a brother; neither will I send one to discharge those of a niece, and prove that I have forgotten the gratitude of a daughter. Drive on!"

We have said that there were times when a spirit was stricken from Lucy little common to her in general, and now the command of her uncle sat upon her brow. On sped the horses, and for several minutes Lucy remained silent. Her woman did not dare to speak. At length Miss Brandon turned, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears so violent that they alarmed her attendant even more than her previous stillness. "My poor, poor uncle!" she sobbed, and those were all her words.

We must pass over Lucy's arrival at Lord Mauleverer's house,—we must pass over the weary days which elapsed till that unconscious body was consigned to dust with which, could it have yet retained one spark of its haughty spirit, it would have refused to blend its atoms. She had loved the deceased incomparably beyond his merits, and, resisting all remonstrance to the contrary, and all the forms of ordinary custom, she witnessed herself the dreary ceremony which bequeathed the human remains of William Brandon to repose and to the worm. On that same day Clifford received the mitigation of his sentence, and on that day another trial awaited Lucy. We think briefly to convey to the reader what that scene was; we need only observe, that Dummie Dunnaker, decoyed by his great love for little Paul, whom he delightedly said he found not the least "stuck up by his great fame and helewation," still lingered in the town, and was not only aware of the relationship of the cousins, but had

gleaned from Long Ned, as they journeyed down to * * * *, the affection entertained by Clifford for Lucy. Of the manner in which the communication reached Lucy, we need not speak: suffice it to say, that on the day in which she had performed the last duty to her uncle, she learned for the first time, her lover's situation.

On that evening, in the convict's cell, the cousins met. Their conference was low, for the jailer stood within hearing; and it was broken by Lucy's convulsive sobs. But the voice of one, whose iron nerves were not unworthy of the offspring of William Brandon, was clear and audible to her ear, even though uttered in a whisper that scarcely stirred his lips. It seemed as if Lucy, smitten to the inmost heart by the generosity with which her lover had torn himself from her, at the time that her wealth might have raised him, in any other country, far above the perils and the crimes of his career in this,—perceiving now, for the first time, and in all their force, the causes of his mysterious conduct, melted by their relationship, and forgetting herself utterly in the desolate and dark situation in which she beheld one who, whatever his crimes, had not been criminal towards her;—it seemed as if, carried away by these emotions, she had yielded altogether to the fondness and devotion of her nature,—that she had wished to leave home, and friends, and fortune, and share with him his punishment and his shame.

"Why!" she faltered; "why—why not? we are all that is left to each other in the world! Your father and mine were brothers, let me be to you as a sister. What is there left for me here? Not one being whom I love, or who cares for me—not one!"

It was then that Clifford summoned all his courage, as he answered:—perhaps, now that he felt—(though here his knowledge was necessarily confused and imperfect),—his birth was not unequal to hers—now that he read, or believed he read, in her wan cheek and attenuated frame, that desertion to her was death, and that generosity and self-sacrifice had become too late,—perhaps, these thoughts concurring with a love in himself beyond all words, and a love in her which it was above humanity to resist, altogether conquered and subdued him. Yet, as we have said, his voice breathed calmly in her ear, and his eye only, which brightened with a steady and resolute hope, betrayed his mind. "Live, then!" said he, as he concluded. "My sister, my mistress, my bride, live! In one year from this day . . . . . I repeat . . . . I promise it thee!"

The interview was over, and Lucy returned home with a firm step. She was on foot; the rain fell in torrents; yet, even in her precarious state, her health suffered not; and when within a week from that time she read that Clifford had departed to the bourne of his punishment, she read the news with a steady eye and a lip that, if it grew paler, did not quiver.

Shortly after that time, Miss Brandon departed to an obscure town by the sea-side; and there, refusing all society, she continued to reside. As the birth of Clifford was known but to few, and his legitimacy was unsuspected by all except, perhaps, by Mauleverer, Lucy succeeded to the great wealth of her uncle, and this circumstance made her more than ever an object of attraction in the eyes of her noble adorer. Finding himself unable to see her, he wrote to her more than one moving epistle; but as Lucy continued inflexible, he at length, disgusted by her want of taste, ceased his pursuit, and resigned himself to the continued sterilty of unwedded life. As the months waned, Miss Brandon seemed to grow weary of her retreat; and immediately on attaining her majority, which she did about eight months after Brandon's death, she transferred the bulk of her wealth to France, where it was understood (for it was impossible that rumor should sleep upon an heiress and a beauty) that she intended in future to reside. Even Warlock (that spell to the proud heart of her uncle) she ceased to retain. It was offered to the nearest relation of the family at a sum which he did not hesitate to close with. And, by the common vicissitudes of Fortune, the estate of the ancient Brandons has now, we perceive by a weekly journal, just passed into the hands of a wealthy alderman.

It was nearly a year since Brandon's death, when a letter, bearing a foreign post-mark, came to Lucy. From that time, her spirits—which before, though subject to fits of abstraction, had been even, and subdued, not sad—rose into all the cheerfulness and vivacity of her earliest youth; she busied herself actively in preparations for her departure from

this country; and, at length, the day was fixed, and the vessel was engaged. Every day till that one, did Lucy walk to the sea-side, and, ascending the highest cliff, spend hours, till the evening closed, in watching, with seemingly idle gaze, the vessels that interspersed the seas; and with every day her health seemed to strengthen, and the soft and lucid color she had once worn, to rebloom upon her cheek.

Previous to her departure, Miss Brandon dismissed her servants, and only engaged one female, a foreigner, to accompany her: a certain tone of quiet command, formerly unknown to her, characterized these measures, so daringly independent for one of her sex and age. The day arrived—it was the anniversary of her last interview with Clifford. On entering the vessel, it was observed that she trembled violently, and that her face was as pale as death. A stranger, who had stood aloof warpped in his cloak, darted forward to assist her;—that was the last which her discarded and weeping servants beheld of her from the pier where they stood to gaze.

Nothing more, in this country, was ever known of the fate of Lucy Brandon; and as her circle of acquaintances was narrow, and interest in her fate existed vividly in none, save a few humble breasts, conjecture was never keenly awakened, and soon cooled into forgetfulness. If it favored, after the lapse of years, any one notion more than another, it was that she had perished among the victims of the French Revolution.

Meanwhile, let us glance over the destinies of our more subordinate acquaintances.

Augustus Tomlinson, on parting from Long Ned, had succeeded in reaching Calais; and, after a rapid tour through the Continent, he ultimately betook himself to a certain literary city in Germany, where he became distinguished for his metaphysical acumen, and opened a school of morals on the Grecian model taught in the French tongue. He managed, by the patronage he received, and the pupils he enlightened, to obtain a very decent income; and as he wrote a folio against Locke, proved .that men had innate feelings, and affirmed that we should refer every thing not to reason, but to the sentiments of the soul, he became greatly respected for his extraordinary virtue. Some little discoveries were made after his death, which, perhaps, would have somewhat diminished the general odour of his sanctity, had not the admirers of his school carefully hushed up the matter, probably out of respect for "the sentiments of the soul!"

Pepper, whom the police did not so anxiously desire to destroy as they did his two companions, might have managed, perhaps many years longer, to graze upon the public commons, had not a letter, written somewhat imprudently, fallen into wrong hands. This, though after creating a certain stir, it apparently died away, lived in the memory of the police, and finally conspired, with various peccadilloes, to produce his downfall. He was seized, tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. He so advantageously employed his time at Botany Bay, and arranged things there so comfortably to himself, that, at the expiration of his sentence, he refused to return home. He made an excellent match, built himself an excellent house, and remained in "the land of the blest" to the end of his days, noted to the last for the redundance of his hair, and a certain ferocious coxcombry of aspect.

As for fighting Attie and Gentleman George, for Scarlet Jem and for Old Bags, we confess ourselves destitute of any certain information of their latter ends. We can only add, with regard to fighting Attie,—"Good luck be with him wherever he goes!" And for mine host of the "Jolly Angler," that, though we have not the physical constitution to quaff "a bumper of blue ruin," we shall be very happy, over any tolerable wine, and in company with any agreeable convivialists, to bear our part in the polished chorus of—

"Here's to Gentleman George, God bless him!"

Mrs. Lobkins departed this life like a lamb; and Dummie Dunnaker obtained a license to carry on the business at Thames Court. He boasted, to the last, of his acquaintance with the great Captain Lovett, and of the affability with which that distinguished personage treated him. Stories he had, too, about Judge Brandon, but no one believed a syllable of them; and Dummie, indignant at the disbelief, increased, out of vehemence, the marvel of the stories: so that, at length, what was added almost swallowed up the original, and Dummie

himself might have been puzzled to satisfy his own conscience as to what was false and what was true.

The erudite Peter Mac Grawler, returning to Scotland, disappeared by the road: a person, singularly resembling the sage, was afterwards seen at Carlisle, where he discharged the useful and praiseworthy duties of Jack Ketch. But whether or not this respectable functionary *was* our identical Simon Pure, *our* ex-editor of "The Asinæum," we will not take it upon ourselves to assert.

Lord Mauleverer, finally resolving on a single life, passed the remainder of his years in indolent tranquillity. When he died, the newspapers asserted that his Majesty was deeply affected by the loss of so old and valued a friend. His furniture and wines sold remarkably high: and a Great Man, his particular intimate, who purchased his books, startled to find, by pencil marks, that the noble deceased had read some of them, exclaimed, not altogether without truth,—"Ah! Mauleverer might have been a deuced clever fellow, —if he had liked it!"

The earl was accustomed to show as a curiosity a ring of great value, which he had received in rather a singular manner. One morning, a packet was brought him which he found to contain a sum of money, the ring mentioned, and a letter from the notorious Lovett, in which that person, in begging to return his lordship the sums of which he had *twice* assisted to rob him, thanked him, with earnest warmth, for the consideration testified towards him in not revealing his identity with Captain Clifford; and ventured, as a slight testimony of respect, to enclose the aforesaid ring with the sum returned.

About the time Mauleverer received this curious packet, several anecdotes of a similar nature appeared in the public journals; and it seemed that Lovett had acted upon a general principle of restitution,—not always, it must be allowed, the offspring of a robber's repentance. While the idle were marvelling at these anecdotes, came the tardy news, that Lovett, after a single month's sojourn at his place of condemnation, had, in the most daring and singular manner, effected his escape. Whether, in his progress up the country, he had been starved, or slain by the natives,—or whether, more fortunate, he had ultimately found the means of crossing the seas, was as yet unknown. There ended the adventures of the gallant robber; and thus, by a strange coincidence, the same mystery which wrapped the fate of Lucy involved also that of her lover. And here, kind reader, might we drop the curtain on our closing scene, did we not think it might please thee to hold it up yet one moment, and give thee another view of the world behind.

In a certain town of that Great Country, where shoes are imperfectly polished,* and opinions are not prosecuted, there resided, twenty years after the date of Lucy Brandon's departure from England, a man held in high and universal respect, not only for the rectitude of his conduct, but for the energies of his mind, and the purposes to which they were directed. If you asked who cultivated that waste? the answer was—"Clifford!" Who procured the establishment of that hospital!—"Clifford!" Who obtained the redress of such a public grievance?—"Clifford!" Who struggled for and won such a popular benefit? —"Clifford!" In the gentler part of his projects and his undertakings,—in that part, above all, which concerned the sick or the necessitous, this useful citizen was seconded, or rather excelled, by a being over whose surpassing loveliness Time seemed to have flown with a gentle and charming wing.

There was something remarkable and touching in the love which this couple (for the woman we refer to was Clifford's wife) bore to each other; like the plant on the plains of Hebron, the time which brought to that love an additional strength, brought to it also a softer and a fresher verdure. Although their present neighbors were unacquainted with the events of their earlier life, previous to their settlement at * * * *, it was known that they had been wealthy at the time they first came to reside there, and that, by a series ot fatalities, they had lost all: but Clifford had borne up manfully against fortune; and in a new country, where men who prefer labor to dependence cannot easily starve, he had been enabled to toil upward through the severe stages of poverty and hardship, with an honesty and vigor of character which won him, perhaps, a more hearty esteem for every successive effort, than the display of his lost riches might ever have acquired him.

* See Captain Hall's late work on America.

His labors and his abilities obtained gradual but sure success: and he now enjoyed the blessings of a competence earned with the most scrupulous integrity, and spent with the most kindly benevolence. A trace of the trials they had passed through was discernible in each; those trials had stolen the rose from the wife's cheek, and had sown untimely wrinkles in the broad brow of Clifford. There were moments too, but they were only moments, when the latter sank from his wonted elastic and healthful cheerfulness of mind, into a gloomy and abstracted revery; but these moments the wife watched with a jealous and fond anxiety, and one sound of her sweet voice had the power to dispel their influence: and when Clifford raised his eyes, and glanced from *her* tender smile around his happy home and his growing children, or beheld through the very windows of his room the public benefits he had created, something of pride and gladness glowed on his countenance, and he said, though with glistening eyes and subdued voice, as his looks returned once more to his wife,—"I owe these to thee!"

One trait of mind especially characterized Clifford,—indulgence to the faults of others! "Circumstances make guilt," he was wont to say: "let us endeavor to *correct the circumstances*, before we rail against the guilt!" His children promised to tread in the same useful and honorable path that he trod himself. Happy was considered that family which had the hope to ally itself with his.

Such was the after-fate of Clifford and Lucy. Who will condemn us for preferring the moral of that fate to the moral which is extorted from the gibbet and the hulks?—which makes scarecrows, not beacons; terrifies our weakness, not warns our reason. Who does not allow that it is better, to repair than to perish,—better, too, to atone as the citizen than to repent as the hermit? O John Wilkes! Alderman of London, and Drawcansir of Liberty, your life was not an iota too perfect,—your patriotism might have been infinitely purer,—your morals would have admitted indefinite amendment: you are no great favorite with us or with the rest of the world: but you said one excellent thing, for which we look on you with benevolence, nay, almost with respect. We scarcely know whether to smile at its wit, or to sigh at its wisdom. Mark this truth, all ye gentlemen of England, who would make laws as the Romans made *fasces*—a bundle of rods with an axe in the middle; mark it, and remember! long may it live, allied with hope in ourselves, but with gratitude in our children: —long after the book which it now "adorns" and "points" has gone to its dusty slumber; long, long after the feverish hand which now writes it down can defend or enforce it no more:—"THE VERY WORST USE TO WHICH YOU CAN PUT A MAN IS TO HANG HIM."

NOTE TO PAUL CLIFFORD.

In the second edition of this novel there were here inserted two "characters" of "Fighting Attie" and "Gentleman George," omitted in the subsequent edition published by Mr. Bentley in the *Standard Novels*. At the request of some admirers of those eminent personages, who considered the biographical sketches referred to impartial in themselves, and contributing to the completeness of the design for which men so illustrious were introduced, they are here retained,—though in the more honorable form of a separate and supplementary notice.

FIGHTING ATTIE.

When he dies, the road will have lost a great man, whose foot was rarely out of his stirrip, and whose clear head guided a bold hand. He carried common sense to its perfection—and he made the straight path the sublimest. His words were few, his actions were many. He was the Spartan of Tobymen, and laconism was the short soul of his professional legislation!

Whatever way you view him, you see those properties of mind which command fortune; few thoughts not confusing each other—simple elements, and bold. His character in action may be summed in two phrases, "a fact seized and a stroke made." Had his intellect been more luxurious, his resolution might have been less hardy—and his hardiness made his greatness. He was one of those who shine but in action—chimneys (to adapt the simile of Sir Thomas More) that seem useless till you light your fire. So in calm moments you dreamed not of his utility, and only on the road you were struck dumb with the outbreaking of his genius. Whatever situation he was called to, you found in him what you looked for in vain in others; for his strong sense gave to Attie what long experience ought, but often fails, to give to its possessors: his energy triumphed over the sense of novel circumstance, and he broke in a moment through the cobwebs which entangled lesser natures for years. His eye saw a final result, and disregarded the detail. He robbed his man without chicanery; and took his purse by applying for it, rather than scheming. If his enemies wish to detract from his merit,—a merit great, dazzling, and yet solid,—they may, perhaps, say that his genius fitted him better to continue exploits than to devise them; and thus that, besides the renown which he may justly claim, he often wholly engrossed that fame which should have been shared by others; he took up the enterprise where it ceased at Labor, and carried it onwards, where it was rewarded with Glory. Even this charge proves a new merit of address, and lessens not the merit less complicated we have allowed him before. The fame he has acquired may excite our emulation; the envy he has not appeased may console us for obscurity.

—— λαφι δ' ἀνθζώ-
των φρενὶν ἀμπλακίας
Ἀναριθμητοι κρεμανται.
Τυὐτο δ' ἀμαχανον εὑρειν
τι νὺν, καὶ ἐν τελευ-
τᾷ φέρτατον ἀνδρὶ τυχεῖν.
PIND. *Olymp.* vii. 1, 43, 48.*

GENTLEMAN GEORGE.

For thee, Gentleman George, for thee, what conclusive valediction remains? Alas! since we began the strange and mumming scene wherein first thou wert introduced, the grim foe hath knocked thrice at thy gates: and now, as we write,† thou art departed thence—thou art no more! a new lord presides in thine easy chair, a new voice rings from thy merry board—thou art forgotten! thou art already like these pages, a tale that is told to a memory that retaineth not! Where are thy quips and cranks? where thy stately coxcombries and thy regal gauds? Thine house, and thy pagoda, thy Gothic chimney, and thy Chinese sign-post; these yet ask the concluding hand: *thy* hand is cold; their completion, and the enjoyment the completion yields, are for another! Thou sowest, and thy follower reaps; thou buildest, thy successor holds; thou plantest, and thine heir sits beneath the shadow of thy trees;—

"Neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur!"‡

At this moment, thy life—for thou wert a Great Man to thine order, and they have added thy biography to that of Abershaw and Sheppard—thy life is before us! What a homily in its events! Gaily didst thou laugh into thy youth, and run through the courses of thy manhood. Wit sat at thy table, and Genius was thy comrade; Beauty was thy handmaid; and Frivolity played around thee,—a buffoon that thou didst ridiculing enjoy! Who among us can look back to thy brilliant era, and not sigh to think that the wonderful men who surrounded thee, and amidst whom thou wert a centre, and a nucleus, are for him but the things of history, and the phantoms of a bodiless tradition? Those brilliant suppers, glittering with beauty, the memory of which makes one spot (yet inherited by Bachelor Bill) a haunted and a fairy ground; all who gathered to that Armida's circle, the Grammonts, and the Beauvilliers, and the Rochefoucaults of England and the Road,—who does not feel that to have seen these, though but as Gil Blas saw the festivities of his actors, from the sideboard and behind the chair, would have been a triumph for the earthlier feelings of his old age to recall? What, then, must it have been to have seen them as thou didst see—(thou, the deceased and the forgotten!)—seen them from the height of thy youth, and power, and rank (for early wert thou keeper to a public), and reckless spirits, and

* Thus, not too vigorously, translated by Mr. West.—
"But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure:
Know we what fortune shall remain behind?
Know we how long the present shall endure?"

† In 1830.

‡ Nor will any of these trees thou didst cultivate follow thee, the short-lived lord,—save the hateful cypress.

lusty capacities of joy? What pleaures where senses lavished its uncounted varieties? What revellings where wine was the least excitement?

Let the scene shift.—How stirring is the change! Triumph, and glitter, and conquest! For thy public was a public of renown: thither came the Warriors of the Ring—the Heroes of the Cross,—and thou, their patron, wert elevated on their fame: *Principes pro victoria pugnant—comites pro principe.** What visions sweep across us! What glories didst thou witness! Over what conquests didst thou preside! The mightiest epoch—the most wonderful events which the world, *thy* world, ever knew—of these was it not indeed, and dazzlingly thine,

"To share the triumph and partake the gale?"

Let the scene shift—Manhood is touched by Age; but Lust is "heeled" by Luxury, and Pomp is the heir of Pleasure; gewgaws and gaud, instead of glory, surround, rejoice, and flatter thee to the last. There rise thy buildings—there lie, secret but gorgeous, the tablernacles of thine ease; and the earnings of thy friends, and the riches of the people whom they plunder, are waters to thine imperial whirlpool. Thou art lapped in ease as is a silkworm: and profusion flows from thy high and unseen asylum as the rain poureth from a cloud. Much didst thou do to beautify chimney-tops—much to adorn the snuggeries where thou didst dwell;—thieving with thee took a substantial shape, and the robberies of the public passed into a metempsychosis of mortar, and became public-houses. So there and thus, building and planning, didst thou spin out thy latter yarn, till Death came upon thee; and when we looked around, lo! thy brother was on thy hearth. And thy parasites, and thy comrades, and thine ancient pals, and thy portly blowens, they made a murmur, and they packed up their goods—but they turned ere they departed, and they would have worshipped thy brother as they worshipped thee;—but he would not! And they sign-post is gone and mouldered already;—and to the "Jolly Angler" has succeeded the "Jolly Tar!" And thy picture is disappearing fast from the print-shops, and thy name from the mouths of men! And thy brother, whom no one praised while thou didst live, is on a steeple of panegyric built above the churchyard that contains thy grave. Oh! shifting and volatile hearts of men! Who would be keeper of a Public? Who dispense the wine and the juices that gladden when, the moment the pulse of the hand ceases, the wine and the juices are forgotten?

To History—for thy name will be preserved in that record, which, whether it be the Calendar of Newgate or of Nations, telleth us alike how men suffer, and sin, and perish—to History we leave the sum and balance of thy merits and thy faults. The sins that were thine were those of the man to whom pleasure is all in all: thou wert, from root to branch, sap and in heart, what moralists term the libertine: hence the light wooing, the quick desertion, the broken faith, the organized perfidy, that manifested thy bearing to those gentler creatures who called thee—'Gentleman George.' Never, to one solitary woman, until the last dull flame of thy dotage, didst thou so behave as to give no foundation to complaint, and no voice to wrong. But who shall say be honest to one, but laugh at perfidy to another? Who shall wholly confine treachery to one sex, if to that sex he hold treachery no offence? So in thee, as in all thy tribe, there was a laxness of principle, an insincerity of faith, even unto men:—thy friends, when occasion suited, thou couldst forsake; and thy luxuries were dearer to thee than justice to those who supplied them. Men who love and live for pleasure as thou are usually good-natured; for their devotion to pleasure arises from the strength of their constitution, and the strength of their constitution preserves them from the irritations of weaker nerves; so wert thou good-natured, and often generous; and often with thy generosity didst thou unite a delicacy that showed thou hadst an original and a tender sympathy with men. But as those who pursue pleasure are above all others impatient of interruption, so to such as interfered with thy main pursuit, thou didst testify a deep, a lasting, and a revengeful anger. Yet let not such vices of temperament be too severely judged! For to thee were given man's two most persuasive tempters, physical and moral—Health and Power! Thy talents, such as they were—and they were the talents of a man of the world—misled rather than guided thee, for they gave thy mind that demi-philosophy, that indifference to exalted motives which is generally found in a clever rake. Thy education was wretched: thou hadst a smattering of Horace, but thou couldst not write English, and thy letters betray that thou wert wofully ignorant of logic. The fineness of thy taste has been exaggerated; thou wert unacquainted with the nobleness of simplicity; thy idea of a whole was grotesque and over-loaded, and thy fancy in details was gaudy and meretricious. But thou hadst thy hand constantly in the public purse, and thou hadst plans and advisers for ever before thee; more than all, thou didst find the houses in that neighborhood wherein thou didst build, so præternaturally hideous, that thou didst require but little science to be less frightful in thy creations. If thou didst not improve thy native village and thy various homes with a solid, a lofty, and a noble taste, thou didst nevertheless very singularly improve. And thy posterity, in avoiding the faults of thy masonry, will be grateful for the effects of thy ambition. The same demi-philosophy, which influenced thee in private life, exercised a far benigner and happier power over thee in public. Thou wert not idly vaxatious in vestries, nor ordinarily tyrannic in thy parish; if thou wert ever arbitrary, it was only when thy pleasure was checked, or thy vanity wounded. At other times, thou didst leave events to their legitimate course, so that in thy latter years thou wert justly popular in thy parish: and in thy grave, thy great good fortune will outshine thy few bad qualities, and men will say of thee with a kindly, nor an erring judgment,—"In private life he was not worse than the Rufflers who came to this bar; in public life he was better than those who kept a public before him."—Hark! those huzzas! what is the burthen of that chorus?—Oh, grateful and never time-serving Britons, have ye modified already for another the song ye made so solely in honor of Gentleman George; and must we, lest we lose the custom of the public, and the good things of the taproom, must we roar with throats yet hoarse with our fervor for the old words, our ardor for the new?

"Here's to *Mariner Bill*, God bless him!
God bless him!
God bless him!
Here's to *Mariner Bill*, God bless him!

* Chiefs for the victory fight—for chiefs the soldiers.

TOMLINSONIANA;

OR,

THE POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS

OF THE CELEBRATED

AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of ——

ADDRESSED TO HIS PUPILS

AND COMPRISING

I.

Maxims on the Popular Art of Cheating, illustrated by ten characters. Being an Introduction to that Noble Science, by which every Man may become his own Rogue.

II.

Brachy ogia; or, Essays, Critical, Sentimental, Moral, and Original.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING lately been travelling in Germany, I spent some time at that University in which Augustus Tomlinson presided as Professor of Moral Philosophy. I found that that great man died, after a lingering illness, in the beginning of the year 1822, perfectly resigned to his fate, and conversing, even on his death-bed, on the divine mysteries of Ethical Philosophy. Notwithstanding the little peccadilloes, to which I have alluded in the latter pages of *Paul Clifford*, and which his pupils deemed it advisable to hide from

"The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day."

his memory was still held in a tender veneration. Perhaps, as in the case of the illustrious Burns, the faults of a great man endear to you his genius. In his latter days the PROFESSOR was accustomed to wear a light-green silk dressing-gown, and, as he was perfectly bald, a little black velvet cap; his small-clothes were pepper and salt. These interesting facts I learned from one of his pupils. His old age was consumed in lectures, in conversation, and in the composition of the little *morceaux* of wisdom we present to the public. In these

essays and maxims, short as they are, he seems to have concentrated the wisdom of his industrious and honorable life. With great difficulty I procured from his executors the MSS. which were then preparing for the German press. A valuable consideration induced those gentlemen to become philanthropic, and to consider the inestimable blessings they would confer upon this country by suffering me to give the following essays to the light, in their native and English dress, on the same day whereon they appear in Germany in the graces of foreign disguise.

At an age when, while Hypocrisy stalks, simpers, sidles, struts, and hobbles through the country, Truth also begins to watch her adversary in every movement, I cannot but think these lessons of Augustus Tomlinson peculiarly well-timed. I add them as a fitting Appendix to a Novel that may not inappropriately be termed a Treatise on Social Frauds, and if they contain within them that evidence of diligent attention and that principle of good, in which the satire of Vice is only the germ of its detection, they may not, perchance, pass wholly unnoticed; nor be even condemned to that hasty reading in which the Indifference of to-day is but the prelude to the Forgetfulness of to-morrow.

———

MAXIMS

ON THE POPULAR ART OF CHEATING

ILLUSTRATED BY TEN CHARACTERS:

Being an introduction to that noble science, by which every man may become his own rogue.

"Set a thief to catch a thief,"—*Proverb.*

I.

WHENEVER you are about to utter something astonishingly false, always begin with, "It is an acknowledged fact," etc. Sir Robert Filmer was a master of this method of writing. Thus with what a solemn face that great man attempted to cheat! "*It is a truth undeniable* that there cannot be any multitude of men whatsoever, either great or small, etc.—but that in the same multitude there is one man amongst them *that in nature hath a right to be King of all the rest—as being the next heir to Adam!*"

II.

When you want something from the public, throw the blame of the asking on the most sacred principle you can find. A common beggar can read you exquisite lessons on this the most important maxim in the art of popular cheating. "*For the love of God*, sir, a penny!"

III.

Whenever on any matter, moral, sentimental, or political, you find yourself utterly ignorant, talk immediately of "The Laws of Nature." As those laws are written nowhere,* they are known by nobody. Should any ask you *how* you happen to know such or such a doctrine as the dictate of Nature, clasp your hand to your heart and say, "Here!"

IV.

Yield to a man's tastes, and he will yield to your interests.

V.

When you talk to the half-wise, twaddle; when you talk to the ignoraut, brag; when you talk to the sagacious, look very humble, and ask their opinion.

VI.

Always bear in mind, my beloved pupils, that the means of livelihood depend not on the virtues, but the vices of others. The lawyer, the statesman, the hangman, the physician, are paid by our sins; nay, even the commoner professions, the tailor, the coachmaker, the upholsterer, the wine merchant, draw their fortunes, if not their existence, from those smaller vices—our foibles. Vanity is the figure prefixed to the ciphers of Necessity. Wherefore, O, my beloved pupils! never mind what a man's virtues are; waste no time in learning them. Fasten at once on his infirmities. Do to the One as, were you an honest man, you would do to the Many. This is the way to be a rogue individually, as a lawyer is a rogue professionally. Knaves are like critics*—"flies that feed on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on were the body in health." †

VII.

Every man finds it desirable to have tears in his eyes at times—one has a sympathy with humid lids. Providence hath beneficently provided for this want, and given to every man, in Its divine forethought, misfortunes painful to recall. Hence, probably, those human calamities which the atheist rails against! Wherefore, when you are uttering some affecting sentiment to your intended dupe, think of the greatest misfortune you ever had in your life; habit will soon make the association of

* Locke.

* Nullum simile est quod idem.—*Editor.* † Tatler.

tears and that melancholy remembrance constantly felicitous. I knew, my dear pupils, a most intelligent Frenchman, who obtained a charming legacy from an old poet by repeating the bard's verses with streaming eyes. "How were you able to weep at will?" asked I (I was young then, my pupils). "*Je pensois*," answered he, "*à mon pauvre père qui est mort.*"* The union of sentiment with the ability of swindling made that Frenchman a most fascinating creature.

VIII.

Never commit the error of the over-shrewd, and deem human nature worse than it is. Human Nature is so damnably good, that if it were not for human Art we knaves could not live. The primary elements of a man's mind do not sustain us—it is what he owes to "the pains taken with his education," and "the blessings of civilized society!"

IX.

Whenever you doubt, my pupils, whether your man be a quack or not, decide the point by seeing if your man be a positive asserter. Nothing indicates imposture like confidence. Volney† saith well, "that the most celebrated of charlatans‡ and the boldest of tyrants begins his extraordinary tissues of lies by these words, 'There is no doubt in this book!'"

X.

There is one way of cheating people peculiar to the British Isles, and which, my pupils, I earnestly recommend you to import hither—cheating by subscription. People like to be plundered in company; dupery then grows into the spirit of party. Thus one quack very gravely requested persons to fit up a ship for him and send him round the world as its captain to make discoveries, and another patriotically suggested that 10,000*l.* should be subscribed—for what?—to place *him* in Parliament! Neither of these fellows could have screwed an individual out of a shilling had he asked him for it in a corner; but a printed list, "with His Royal Highness" at the top, plays the devil with English guineas. A subscription for individuals may be considered a society for the ostentatious encouragement of idleness, impudence, beggary, imposture,—and other public virtues!

XI.

Whenever you read the life of a great man, I mean a man eminently successful, you will perceive all the qualities given to him are the qualities necessary even to a mediocre rogue. "He possessed," saith the biographer, "the greatest address [viz. the faculty of wheedling]; the most admirable courage [viz. the facuity of bullying]; the most noble fortitude [viz. the faculty of bearing to be bullied]; the most singular versatility [viz. the faculty of saying one thing to one man, and its reverse to another]; and the most wonderful command over the mind of his contemporaries [viz. the faculty of victimizing their purses or seducing their actions]." Wherefore, if luck cast you in humble life, assiduously study the biographies of the great, in order to accomplish you as a rogue; if in the more elevated range of society, be thoroughly versed in the lives of the roguish,——so shall you fit yourself to be eminent.

XII.

The hypocrisy of virtue, my beloved pupils, is a little out of fashion nowadays; it is sometimes better to affect the hypocrisy of vice. Appear generously profligate, and swear with a hearty face, that you do not pretend to be better than the generality of your neighbors. Sincerity is not less a covering than lying; a frieze great coat wraps you as well as a Spanish cloak.

XIII.

When you are about to execute some great plan, and to defraud a number of persons, let the first one or two of the alloted number be the cleverest, shrewdest fellows you can find. You have then a reference that will alone dupe the rest of the world. "That Mr. Lynx is satisfied," will amply suffice to satisfy Mr. Mole of the honesty of your intentions! Nor are shrewd men the hardest to take in; they rely on their strength; invulnerable heroes are necessarily the bravest. Talk to them in a business-like manner, and refer your design at once to their lawyer. My friend, John Shamberry, was a model in this grand stroke of art. He swindled twelve people to the tune of some thousands, with no other trouble than it first cost him to swindle—whom do you

* I used to think of my poor father who is dead.

† Lectures on History. ‡ Mahomet.

think? The Secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Swindling!

XIV.

Divide your arts into two classes: those which cost you little labor—those which cost much. The first,—flattery, attention, answering letters by return of post, walking across a street to oblige the man you indend to ruin; all these you must never neglect. The least man is worth gaining at a small cost. And besides, while you are serving yourself, you are also obtaining the character of civility, diligence, and goodnature. But the arts which cost you much labor—a long subservience to one testy individual; aping the semblance of a virtue, a quality, or a branch of learning which you do not possess, to a person difficult to blind—all these, never begin except for great ends, worth not only the loss of time, but the chance of detection. Great pains for small gains is the maxim of the miser. The rogue should have more *grandeur a'áme!* *

XV.

Always forgive.

XVI.

If a man owe you a sum of money—(pupils though you be of mine, you *may* once in your lives be so silly as to lend)—and you find it difficult to get it back, appeal, not to his justice, but his charity. The components of justice flatter few men! Who likes to submit to an inconvenience because he ought to do it?—without praise, without even self-gratulation? But charity, my dear friends, tickles up human ostentation deliciously. Charity implies superiority; and the feeliug of superiority is most grateful to social nature. Hence the commonness of charity, in proportion to other virtues, all over the world; and hence you will especially note, that in proportion as people are haughty and arrogant will they laud almsgiving and encourage charitable institutions.

XVII.

Your genteel rogues do not sufficiently observe the shrewdness of the vulgar ones. The actual beggar takes advantage of every sore; but the moral swindler is unpardonably dull as to the happiness of a physical infirmity. To obtain a favor—neglect no method that may allure compassion. I knew a worthy curate, who obtained two livings by the felicity of a hectic cough; and a younger brother, who subsisted for ten years on his family by virtue of a slow consumption.

XVIII.

When you want to possess yourself of a small sum, recollect that the small sum be put into juxtaposition with a great. I do not express myself clearly—take an example. In London there are sharpers who advertise 70,000*l.* to be advanced at four per cent., principals only conferred with. The gentleman wishing for such a sum on mortgage, goes to see the advertiser; the advertiser says he must run down and look at the property on which the money is to be advanced; his journey and expenses will cost him a mere trifle—say twenty guineas. Let him speak confidently—let the gentleman very much want the money at the interest stated, and three to one, but our sharper gets the twenty guineas, so paltry a sum in comparison to 70,000*l.*, though so serious a sum had the matter related to halfpence!

XIX.

Lord Coke has said, "To trace an error to its fountain-head is to refute it." Now, my young pupils, I take it for granted that you are interested in the preservation of error; you do not wish it, therefore, to be traced to its fountain-head. Whenever, then, you see a sharp fellow tracking it up, you have two ways of settling the matter. You may say with a smile, "Nay, now, sir, you grow speculative—I admire your ingenuity;" or else look grave, color up, and say—"I fancy, sir, there is no warrant for this assertion in the most sacred of all authorities!" The Devil can quote Scripture, you know, and a very sensible Devil it is too!

XX.

Rochefoucault has said, "The hate of favorites is nothing else but the love of favor." The idea is a little cramped; the hate we bear to any man is only the result of our love for some good which we imagine *he* possesses, or which, being in our possession, we imagine he has attacked. Thus envy, the most ordi-

* Greatness of soul.

nary species of hate, arises from our value for the glory, or the plate, or the content we behold; and revenge is born from our regard for our fame that has been wounded, or our acres molested, or our rights invaded. But the most noisy of all hatreds is hatred for the rich, from love for the riches. Look well on the poor devil who is always railing at coaches and four! Book him as a man to be bribed!

XXI.

My beloved pupils, few have yet sufficiently studied the art by which the practice of jokes becomes subservient to the science of swindlers. The heart of an inferior is always fascinated by a jest. Men know this in the knavery of elections. Know it now, my pupils, in the knavery of life! When you slap yon cobbler so affectionately on the back it is your own fault if you do not slap your purpose into him at the same time. Note how Shakspeare (whom study night and day—no man hath better expounded the mysteries of roguery!) causes his grandest and most accomplished villian, Richard III., to address his good friends, the murderers, with a jocular panegyric on that hardness of heart on which, doubtless, those poor fellows most piqued themselves—

"Your eyes drop millstones, where *fool's* eyes drop tears—
I like you, lads!"

Can't you fancy the knowing grin with which the dogs received this compliment, and the little sly punch in the stomach with which Richard dropped those loving words, "I like you, lads!"

XXII.

As good-nature is the characteristic of the dupe, so should good-temper be that of the knave; the two fit into each other like joints. Happily, good-nature is a Narcissus, and falls in love with its own likeness. And good-temper is to good-nature what the Florimel of snow was to the Florimel of flesh—an exact likeness made of the coldest materials.

XXIII.

BEING THE PRAISE OF KNAVERY..

A knave is a philosopher, though a philosopher is not necessarily a knave. What hath a knave to do with passions. Every irregular desire he must suppress; every foible he must weed out; his whole life is spent in the acquisition of knowledge: for what is knowledge? —the discovery of human errors! He is the only man always consistent, yet ever examining; he knows but one end, yet explores every means; danger, ill-repute, all that terrify other men, daunt not him; he braves all, but is saved from all: for I hold that a knave ceaseth to be the knave—he hath passed into the fool—the moment mischief befals him. He professes the art of cheating; but the *art* of cheating is to cheat without peril. He is *teres et rotundus*, strokes fly from the lubricity of his polish, and the shiftings of his circular formation. He who is insensible of the glory of his profession, who is open only to the profit, is no disciple of mine. I hold of knavery, as Plato hath said of virtue—"Could it be seen incarnate, it would beget a personal adoration!" None but those who are inspired by a generous enthusiasm, will benefit by the above maxims; nor (and here I warn you solemnly from the sacred ground, till your head be uncovered, and your feet be bared in the awe of veneration), enter with profit upon the following descriptions of character—that Temple of the Ten Statues—wherein I have stored and consecrated the most treasured relics of my travelled thoughts and my collected experience.

TEN CHARACTERS.

I.

THE mild, irresolute, good-natured, and indolent man. These qualities are accompanied with good feelings, but no principles. The want of firmness evinces also the want of any peculiar or deeply-rooted system of thought. A man conning a single and favorite subject of meditation, grows wedded to one or the other of the opinions on which he revolves. A man universally irresolute, has generally led a desultory life, and never given his attention long together to one thing; this is a man most easy to cheat, my beloved friends; you cheat him even with his eyes open: indolence is dearer to him than all things, and if you get him alone and put a question to him point blank—he cannot answer, No.

II.

The timid, suspicious, selfish, and cold man. Generally, a character of this description is an excellent man of business, and

would, at first sight, seem to baffle the most ingenious swindler. But you have one hope —I have rare found it deceive me—this man is usually ostentatious. A cold, a fearful, yet a worldly person, has ever an eye upon others; he notes the effect certain things produce on them; he is anxious to learn their opinions, that he may not transgress; he likes to know what the world say of him: nay, his timidity makes him anxious to repose his selfishness on their good report. Hence he grows ostentatious, likes that effect which is favorably talked of, and that show which wins consideration. At him on this point, my pupils !

III.

The melancholy, retired, sensitive, intellectual character. A very good subject this for your knaveries, my young friends; though it requires great discrimination and delicacy. This character has a considerable portion of morbid suspicion and irritability belonging to it—against these you must guard—at the same time, its prevalent feature is a powerful, but unacknowledged vanity. It is generally a good opinion of himself, and a feeling that he is not appreciated by others, that make a man reserved: he deems himself unfit for the world because of the delicacy of his temperament, and the want of a correspondent sensibility in those he sees ! This is your handle to work on. He is peculiarly flattered, too, on the score of devotion and affection; he exacts in love, as from the world—too much. He is a Lara, whose females must be Medoras: and even his male friends should be extremely like Kaleds ! Poor man ! you see how easily he can be duped. Mem.—Among persons of this character are usually found those oddities, humors, and peculiarities, which are each a handle. No man lives out of the world with impunity to the solidity of his own character. Every new outlet to the humor is a new inlet to the heart.

IV.

The bold, generous, frank, and affectionate man;—usually a person of robust health. His constitution keeps him in spirits, and his spirits in courage and in benevolence. He is obviously not a hard character, my good young friends, for you to deceive; for he wants suspicion, and all his good qualities lay him open to you. But beware his anger when he finds you out ! he is a terrible Othello when his nature is once stung. Mem.—A good sort of character to seduce into illegal practices: makes a tolerable traitor, or a capital smuggler: you yourselves must never commit any illegal offence: ar'n't there cats-paws for the chestnuts ? As all laws are oppressions (only necessary and often sacred oppressions, which you need not explain to him), and his character is especially hostile to oppression, you easily seduce the person we describe into braving the laws of his country. Yes ! the bold, generous, frank, and affectionate man, has only to be born in humble life to be sure of a halter !

V.

The bold, selfish, close, grasping man, will, in all probability, cheat *you*, my dear friends. For such a character makes the master-rogue, the stuff from which Nature forms a Richard the Third. You had better leave such a man quite alone. He is bad even to serve. He breaks up his tools when he has done with them. No, you can do nothing with him, my good young men !

VI.

The eating, drinking, unthoughtful sensual, mechanical man—the ordinary animal. Such a creature has cunning, and is either cowardly or ferocious; seldom in these qualities he preserves a medium. He is not by any means easy to dupe. Nature defends her mental brutes by the thickness of their hide. Win his mistress if possible; she is the best person to manage him. Such creatures are the natural prey of artful women; their very stolidity covers all but sensuality. To the Sampson—the Dalilah.

VII.

The gay, deceitful, shrewd, polished, able man; the courtier, the man of the world. In public and stirring life, this is the fit antagonist—often the successful and conquering rival of Character V. You perceive a man like this varies so greatly in intellect, from the mere butterfly talent to the rarest genius; from the person you see at cards, to the person you see in cabinets—from the——to the Chesterfield—from the Chesterfield to the Pericles;—that it is difficult to give you

an exact notion of the weak points of a character so various. But while he dupes his equals and his superiors, I consider him, my attentive pupils, by no means a very difficult character for an inferior to dupe. And in this manner you must go about it. Do not attempt hypocrisy; he will see through it in an instant. Let him think you at once, and at first sight, a rogue. Be candid on that matter yourself: but let him think you *an useful* rogue. Serve him well and zealously: but own that you do so, because you consider your interest involved in this. This reasoning satisfies him; and as men of this character are usually generous, he will acknowledge its justice by throwing you plenty of sops, and stimulating you with bountiful cordials. Should he not content you herein, appear contented; and profit in betraying him (*that* is the best way to cheat him), not by his failings, but by opportunity, Watch not his character, but your time.

VIII.

The vain, arrogant, brave, amorous, flashy character. This sort of character we formerly attributed to the French, and it is still more common to the Continent than that beloved island which I shall see no more ! A creature of this description is made up of many false virtues; above others, it is always profuse where its selfishness is appealed to, not otherwise. You must find, then, what pleases it, and pander to its tastes. So will ye cheat it —or ye will cheat it also by affecting the false virtues which it admires itself—rouge your sentiments highly, and let them strut with a buskined air; thirdly, my good young men, ye will cheat it by profuse flattery, and by calling it in especial, "the mirror of chivalry."

IX.

The plain, sensible, honest man.—A favorable, but not elevated specimen of our race. This character, my beloved pupils, you may take in once, but never twice. Nor can you take in such a man as a stranger; he must be your friend, or relation, or have known intimately some part of your family. A man of this character is always open, though in a moderate and calm degree, to the duties and ties of life. He will always do something to serve his friend, his brother, or the man whose father pulled *his* father out of the Serpentine. Affect with him no varnish; exert no artifice in attempting to obtain his assistance. Candidly state your wish for such or such a service —sensibly state your pretensions—modestly hint at your gratitude. So may you deceive him once, then leave him alone for ever !

X.

The fond, silly, credulous man; all impulse, and no reflection !—how my heart swells when I contemplate this excellent character ! What a Canaan for you does it present ! I envy you launching into the world with the sanguine hope of finding all men such ! Delightful enthusiasm of youth—would that the hope could be realized ! Here is the very incarnation of gullibility. You have only to make him love you, and no hedgehog ever sucked egg as you can suck him. Never be afraid of his indignation; go to him again and again; only throw yourself on his neck and weep. To gull him once, is to gull him always; get his first shilling, and then calculate what you will do with the rest of his fortune. Never desert so good a man for new friends; that would be ungrateful in you ! And take with you, by the way, my good young gentlemen, this concluding maxim. Men are like lands; you will get more by lavishing all your labor again and again upon the easy, than by ploughing up in new ground in the sterile !

Legislators—wise—good—pious men,—the Tom Thumbs of moral science, who make giants first, and then kill them;* you think the above lessons villanous: I honor your penetration ! they are not proofs of my villany, but of your folly ! Look over them again, and you will see that they are designed to show that while ye are imprisoning, transporting, and hanging thousands every day, a man with a decent modicum of cunning might practice every one of those lessons which seem to you so heinous, and not one of your laws could touch him !

* "He made the giants first, and then he killed them."
—*The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.*

BRACHYLOGIA;

OR, ESSAYS. CRITICAL, SENTIMENTAL, MORAL, AND ORIGINAL.

ADDRESSED TO HIS PUPILS

BY AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON.

The irony in the preceding essays is often lost sight of in the present. The illness of this great man, which happened while composing these little gems, made him perhaps more in earnest than when in robust health.—*Editor's Note.*

ON THE MORALITY TAUGHT BY THE RICH TO THE POOR.

As soon as the urchin pauper can totter out of doors, it is taught to pull off its hat, and pull its hair to the quality. "A good little boy," says the squire; there's a ha'penny for you." The good little boy glows with pride. That ha'penny instils deep the lesson of humility. Now goes our urchin to school. Then comes the Sunday teaching—before church—which enjoins the poor to be lowly, and to honor every man better off than themselves. A pound of honor to the squire, and an ounce to the beadle. Then the boy grows up; and the Lord of the Manor instructs him thus. "Be a good boy, Tom, and I'll befriend you; tread in the steps of your father; he was an excellent man, and a great loss to the parish; he was a very *civil, hard-working*, well-behaved creature; knew his station;—mind, and do like him!" So perpetual hard labor, and plenty of cringing, make the ancestral virtues to be perpetuated to peasants till the day of judgment! Another insidious distillation of morality is conveyed through a general praise of the poor. You hear false friends of the people, who call themselves Liberals, and Tories, who have an idea of morals, half chivalric, half pastoral, agree in lauding the unfortunate creatures whom they keep at work for them. But mark the virtues the poor are always to be praised for;—Industry, Honesty, and Content. The first virtue is extolled to the skies, because Industry gives the rich every thing they have; the second, because Honesty prevents an iota of the said every thing being taken away again; and the third, because Content is to hinder these poor devils from ever objecting to a lot, so comfortable to the persons who profit by it. This, my Pupils, is the morality taught by the Rich to the Poor!

EMULATION.

The great error of emulation is this,—we emulate effects without inquiring into causes; when we read of the great actions of a man, we are on fire to perform the same exploits, without endeavoring to ascertain the precise qualities which enabled the man we imitate to commit the actions we admire. Could we discover these, how often might we discover that their origin was a certain temper of body, a certain peculiarity of constitution, and that, wish we for the same success, we should be examining the nature of our *bodies*, rather than sharpening the faculties of our minds; should use dumb-bells, perhaps instead of books; nay on the other hand, contract some grievous complaint, rather than perfect our moral salubrity. Who should say whether Alexander would have been a hero, had his neck been straight? or Boileau a sartirist, had he never been pecked by a turkey? It would be pleasant to see you, my beloved pupils, after reading "Quintus Curtius," twisting each other's throat; or fresh from Boileau, hurrying to the poultry-yard, in the hope of being mutilated into the performance of a second Lutrin.

CAUTION AGAINST THE SCOFFERS OF "HUMBUG."

My beloved pupils, there is a set of persons in the world daily-increasing, against whom you must be greatly on your guard; there is a fascination about them. They are people who declare themselves vehemently opposed to humbug; fine, liberal fellows, clear-sighted, yet frank. When these sentiments arise from reflection, well and good, they are the best sentiments in the world; but many take them up second-hand; they are very inviting to the indolence of the mob of gentlemen, who see the romance of a noble principle, not its utility. When a man looks at every thing through this dwarfing philosophy, every thing has a great modicum of humbug. You laugh with him when he derides the humbug in religion, the humbug in politics, the humbug in love, the humbug in the plausibilities of the world; but you may cry, my dear pupils, when he derides what is often the safest of all *practically* to deride,—the humbug in common honesty! Men are honest from religion, wisdom, prejudice, habit, fear and stupidity; but the few only are wise; and the persons we speak of deride religion, are beyond prejudice, unawed by habit, too indifferent for fear, and too experienced for stupidity.

POPULAR WRATH AT INDIVIDUAL IMPRUDENCE.

You must know, my dear young friends, that while the appearance of magnanimity is very becoming to you, and so forth, it will get you a great deal of ill-will, if you attempt to practise it to your own detriment. Your neighbors are so invariably, though perhaps insensibly, actuated by self-interest*—self-interest is so entirely, though every twaddler denies it, the axis of the moral world, that they fly into a rage with him who seems to disregard it. When a man ruins himself, just hear the abuse he receives; his neighbors take it as a personal affront!

DUM DEFLUAT AMNIS.

One main reason why men who have been great are disappointed, when they retire to private life, is this: memory makes a chief source of enjoyment to those who cease eagerly to hope; but the memory of the great recalls only that public life which has disgusted them. Their private life hath slipped insensibly away, leaving faint traces of the sorrow or the joy which found them too busy to heed the simple and quiet impressions of mere domestic vicissitude.

SELF-GLORIFIERS.

Providence seems to have done to a certain set of persons, who always view their own things through a magnifying medium; deem their house the best in the world, their gun the truest, their very pointer a miracle,—as Colonel Hanger suggested to economists to do, viz. provide thier servants each with a pair of large spectacles, so that a lark might appear as big as a fowl, and a two-penny loaf as large as quartern.

THOUGHT ON FORTUNE.

It is often the easiest move that completes the game. Fortune is like the lady whom a lover carried off from all his rivals by putting an additional lace upon his liveries.

WIT AND TRUTH.

People may talk about fiction being the source of fancy, and wit being at variance with truth; now some of the wittiest things in the world are witty solely from their truth. Truth is the soul of a good saying. "You assert," observes the Socrates of modern times, "that we have a *virtual* representation; very well, let us have a virtual taxation too!" Here the wit is in the fidelity of the *sequitur*. When Columbus broke the egg, where was the wit? —In the completences of conviction in the broken egg.

AUTO-THEOLOGY.

Not only every sect but every individual modifies the general attributes of the Deity towards assimilation with his own character: the just man dwells on the justice, the stern upon the wrath; the attributes that do not please the worshipper he insensibly forgets. Wherefore, oh my pupils, you will not smile when you read in Barnes that the pigmies declared Jove himself was a pigmy. The pious vanity of man makes him adore his own qualities under the pretence of worshipping those of his God.

GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION.

A sentence is sometime as good as a vol-

* Mr. Tomlinson is wrong here. But his ethics were too much narrowed to Utilitarian principles.—EDIT.

ume. If a man ask you to give him some idea of the laws of England, the answer is short and easy: in the laws of England there are somewhere about one hundred and fifty laws by which a poor man may be hanged, but not one by which he can obtain justice for nothing!

ANSWER TO THE POPULAR CANT THAT GOODNESS IN A STATESMAN IS BETTER THAN ABILITY.

As in the world we must look to actions, not motives, so a knave is the man who injures you; and you do not inquire whether the injury be the fruit of malice or necessity. Place then a fool in power, and he becomes unconsciously the knave. Mr. Addington stumbled on the two very worst and most villanous taxes human malice could have invented,—one on medicines, the other on justice. What tyrant's fearful ingenuity could afflict us more than by impeding at once redress for our wrongs and cure for our diseases? Mr. Addington was the fool *in se*, and therefore the knave in office; but, bless you! he never meant it!

COMMON SENSE.

Common sense—common sense. Of all phrases, all catch-words, this is often the most deceitful and the most dangerous. Look, in especial, suspiciously upon common sense whenever it is opposed to discovery. Common sense is the experience of every day. Discovery is something against the experience of every day. No wonder, then, that when Galileo proclaimed a great truth, the universal cry was, "Psha! common sense will tell you the reverse." Talk to a sensible man, for the first time, on the theory of vision, and hear what his common sense will say to it. In a letter in the time of Bacon, the writer, of no mean intellect himself, says, "It is a pity the chancellor should set his opinion against the experience of so many centuries and the dictates of common sense." Common sense, then, so useful in household matters, is less useful in the legislative and in the scientific world than it has been generally deemed. Naturally the advocate for what has been tried, and averse to what is speculative, it opposes the new philosophy that appeals to reason, and clings to the old which is propped by sanction.

LOVE, AND WRITERS ON LOVE.

My warm, hot-headed, ardent young friends, ye are in the flower of your life, and writing verses about love,—let us say a word on the subject. There are two species of love common to all men and to most animals; * one springs from the senses, the other grows out of custom. Now, neither of these, my dear young friends, is the love that you pretend to feel—the love *of lovers*. Your passion having only its foundation (and that unacknowleged) in the senses, owes every thing else to the imagination. Now the imagination of the majority is different in complexion and degree, in every country and in every age; so also, and consequently, is the love of the imagination: as a proof, observe that you smympathize with the romantic love of other times or nations only in proportion as you sympathize with their poetry and the imaginative literature. The love which stalks through the Arcadia, or Amadis of Gaul, is to the great bulk of readers coldly insipid or solemnly ridiculous. Alas, when those works excited enthusiasm, so did the love which they describe. The long speeches, the icy compliments, expressed the feeling of the day. The love madrigals of the time of Shenstone, or the brocade gallantries of the French poets in the last century, any woman now would consider hollow or childish, imbecile or artificial. *Once* the songs were natural and the love seductive. And now, my young friends, in the year 1822, in which I write and shall probably die, the love which glitters through Moore, and walks so ambitiously ambiguous through the verse of Byron; the love which you consider now so deep and so true; the love which tingles through the hearts of your young ladies, and sets you young gentlemen gazing on the evening star; all that love too will become unfamiliar or ridiculous to an after age; and the young aspirings, and the moonlight dreams, and the vague fiddle-de-dees, which ye now think so touching and so sublime, will go, my dear boys, where Cowley's Mistress and Waller's Sacharissa have gone before; go with the Sapphos and the Chloes, the elegant "charming fairs," and the chivalric "most beauteous princesses!" The only love-poetry that stands through all time and appeals to all hearts, is that which is founded on either or both the species of love natural to all men; the love of the senses, and the

* *Most* animals; for some appear insensible to the love of custom.

love of custom. In the latter is included what middle-aged men call the rational attachment, the charm of congenial minds, as well as the homely and warmer accumulation of little memories of simple kindness, or the mere brute habitude of seeing a face as one would see a chair. These, sometimes singly, sometimes skilfully blended, make the theme of those who have perhaps loved the most honestly and the most humanly; these yet render Tibullus pathethic, and Ovid a master over tender affections; and these, above all, make that irresistible and all-touching inspiration which subdues the romantic, the calculating, the old, the young, the courtier, the peasant, the poet, the man of business, in the glorious love-poetry of Robert Burns.

THE GREAT ENTAILED.

The great inheritance of man is a commonwealth of blunders; one race spend their lives in botching the errors transmitted to them by another; and the main cause of all political, *i. e.* all the worst and most general, blunders is this,—the same rule we apply to individual cases we will not apply to public. All men consent that swindling for a horse is swindling, —they punish the culprit and condemn the fault. But in a state there is no such unanimity. Swindling, Lord help you! is called by some fine name, and cheating grows grandiloquent, and styles itself "Policy." In consequence of this, there is always a battle between those who call things by their right names, and those wo pertinaciously give them the wrong ones. Hence all sorts of confusion; this confusion extends very soon to the laws made for individual cases; and thus in old states, though the world is still agreed that private swindling is private swindling, there is the devil's own difficulty in punishing the swindling of the public. The art of swindling now is a different thing to the art of swindling an hundred years ago; but the laws remain the same. Adaptation in private cases is innovation in public; so, without repealing old laws they make new,—sometimes these are effectual, but more often not. Now, my beloved pupils, a law is a gun, which if it misses a pigeon always kills a crow;—if it does not strike the guilty it hits some one else. As every crime creates a law, so in turn every law creates a crime; and hence we go on multiplying sins and evils, and faults and blunders, till society becomes the organized disorder for picking pockets.

THE REGENERATION OF A KNAVE.

A man who begins the world by being a fool, often ends it by becoming a knave; but he who begins as a knave, if he be a rich man (and so not hanged), may end, my beloved pupils, in being a pious creature. And this is the wherefore: "a knave early" soon gets knowledge of the world. One vice worn out makes us wiser than fifty tutors. But wisdom causes us to love quiet, and in quiet we do not sin. He who is wise and sins not can scarcely fail of doing good; for let him but *utter* a new truth, and even his imagination cannot conceive the limit of the good he may have done to man!

STYLE.

Do you well understand what a wonderful thing style is! I think not; for in the exercises you sent me, your styles betrayed that no very earnest consideration had been lavished upon them. Know, then, that you must pause well before you take up any model of style. On your style often depends your own character,—almost always the character given you by the world. If you adopt the lofty style;—if you string together noble phrases and swelling sonora, you have expressed, avowed, a frame of mind which you will insensibly desire to act up to: the desire gradually begets the capacity. The life of Dr. Parr is Dr. Parr's style put in action. And Lord Byron makes himself through existence unhappy for having accidentally slipped into a melancholy current of words. But suppose you escape this calamity by a peculiar hardihood of temperament, you escape not the stamp of popular opinion. Addison must ever be held by the vulgar the most amiable of men, because of the social amenity of his diction; and the admirers of language will always consider Burke a nobler spirit than Fox, because of the grandeur of his sentences. How many wise sayings have been called jests because they were wittily uttered! How many nothings swelled their author into a sage; ay, a saint, because they were strung together by the old hypocrite nun—Gravity!

ZANONI.

ZANONI.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE,

First prefixed to the Edition of 1845.

TO

JOHN GIBSON, R.A.

SCULPTOR.

In looking round the wide and luminous circle of our great living Englishmen, to select one to whom I might fitly dedicate this work,—one who, in his life as in his genius, might illustrate the principle I have sought to convey;—elevated by the ideal which he exalts, and serenely dwelling in a glorious existence with the images born of his imagination,—in looking round for some such man, my thoughts rested upon you. Afar from our turbulent cabals—from the ignoble jealousy and the sordid strife which degrade and acerbate the ambition of Genius,—in your Roman Home, you have lived amidst all that is loveliest and least perishable in the Past, and contributed, with the noblest aims, and in the purest spirit, to the mighty heirlooms of the Future. Your youth has been devoted to toil, that your manhood may be consecrated to fame;—a fame unsullied by one desire of gold. You have escaped the two worst perils that beset the Artist in our time and land—the debasing tendencies of Commerce, and the angry rivalries of Competition. You have not wrought your marble for the market—you have not been tempted by the praises which our vicious criticism has showered upon exaggeration and distortion, to lower your taste to the level of the Hour; you have lived, and you have labored, as if you had no rivals, but in the Dead—no purchasers, save in judges of what is best. In the divine Priesthood of the Beautiful, you have sought only to increase her worshippers and enrich her temples. The pupil of Canova, you have inherited his excellences, while you have shunned his errors:—yours his delicacy, not his affectation. Your heart resembles him even more than your genius—you have the same noble enthusiasm for your sublime profession—the same lofty freedom from envy and the spirit that depreciates—the same generous desire, not to war with, but to serve, Artists in your art; aiding, strengthening, advising, elevating the timidity of inexperience, and the vague aspirations of youth. By the intuition of a kindred mind, you have equalled the learning of Winckelman, and the plastic poetry of Goethe, in the intimate comprehension of the Antique. Each work of yours, rightly studied, is in itself a *criticism*, illustrating the sublime secrets of the Grecian Art, which, without the servility of plagiarism, you have contributed to revive amongst us; in you we behold its three great, and long undetected principles,—simplicity, calm and concentration.

But your admiration of the Greeks has not led you to the bigotry of the mere Antiquarian, nor made you less sensible of the unappreciated excellence of the mighty Modern, worthy to be your countryman,—though till his statue is in the streets of our capital, we show ourselves not worthy of the glory he has shed upon our land: You have not suffered even your gratitude to Canova to blind you to the superiority of Flaxman. When we become sensible of our title deeds to renown in that single name we may look for an English public, capable of real patronage to English Art,—and not till then.

I, Artist in words, dedicate, then, to you, Artist, whose ideas speak in marble, this well-loved work of my matured manhood. I love

it not the less because it has been little understood, and superficially judged by the common herd. It was not meant for them. I love it not the more, because it has found enthusiastic favorers amongst the Few. My affection for the work is rooted in the solemn and pure delight which it gave me, to conceive and to perform. If I had graven it on the rocks of a desert, this apparition of my own innermost mind, in its least clouded moments, would have been to me as dear: And this ought, I believe, to be the sentiment with which He whose Art is born of faith in the truth and beauty of the principles he seeks to illustrate, should regard his work. Your serener existence, uniform and holy, my lot denies—if my heart covets. But our true nature is in our thoughts, not our deeds: And therefore, in Books which *are* his Thoughts—the Author's character lies bare to his discerning eye. It is not in the life of cities—in the turmoil and the crowd; it is in the still, the lonely, and more sacred life, which, for some hours, under every sun—the student lives—(his stolen retreat from the Agora to the Cave), that I feel there is between us the bond of that secret sympathy, that magnetic chain—which unites the Everlasting Brotherhood, of whose being Zanoni is the type.

E. B. L.

LONDON, *May*, 1845.

PREFACE TO PRESENT EDITION, 1853.

As a work of imagination, 'ZANONI' ranks, perhaps, amongst the highest of my prose fictions. In the Poem of 'KING ARTHUR,' published many years afterwards, I have taken up an analogous design, in the contemplation of our positive life through a spiritual medium: and I have enforced, through a far wider development, and, I believe, with more complete and enduring success, that harmony between the external events which are all that the superficial behold on the surface of human affairs, and the subtle and intellectual agencies which in reality influence the conduct of individuals, and shape out the destinies of the World. As Man has two lives—that of action and that of thought—so I conceive that work to be the truest representation of Humanity which faithfully delineates both, and opens some elevating glimpse into the sublimest mysteries of our being, by establishing the inevitable union that exists between the plain things of the day, in which our earthly bodies perform their alotted part, and the latent, often uncultivated, often invisible, affinities of the soul with all the powers that eternally breathe and move throughout the Universe of Spirit.

I refer those who do me the honor to read 'ZANONI' with more attention than is given to ordinary romance, to the Poem of 'KING ARTHUR,' for suggestive conjecture into most of the regions of speculative research, affecting the higher and more important condition of our ultimate being, which have engaged the students of immaterial philosophy in my own age.

Affixed to the 'Note' with which this Volume concludes, and which treats of the distinctions between type and allegory, the Reader will find, from the pen of one of our most eminent living writers, an ingenious attempt to explain the interior or typical meanings of the work now before him.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is possible that, among my readers, there may be a few not unacquainted with an old bookshop, existing some years since in the neighborhood of Covent Garden; I say a few, for certainly there was little enough to attract the many, in those precious volumes which the labor of a life had accumulated on the dusty shelves of my old friend D——. There, were to be found no popular treatises, no entertaining romances, no histories, no travels, no "Library for the people," no "Amusement for the Million." But there, perhaps, throughout all Europe, the curious might discover the most notable collection, ever amassed by an enthusiast, of the works of Alchemist, Cabalist, and Astrologer. The owner had lavished a fortune in the purchase of unsaleable treasures. But old D—— did not desire to sell. It absolutely went to his heart when a customer en-

tered his shop; he watched the movements of the presumptuous intruder with a vindictive glare, he fluttered around him with uneasy vigilence; he frowned, he groaned, when profane hands dislodged his idols from their niches. If it were one of the favorite sultanas of his wizard harem that attracted you, and the price named were not sufficiently enormous, he would not unfrequently double the sum. Demur, and in brisk delight he snatched the venerable charmer from your hands; accede, and he became the picture of despair:—Nor unfrequently, at the dead of night, would he knock at your door, and entreat you to sell him back, at your own terms, what you had so egregiously bought at his. A believer himself in his Averroes and Paracelsus, he was as loth as the philosophers he studied to communicate to the profane the learning he had collected.

If so chanced that some years ago, in my younger days, whether of authorship or life, I felt a desire to make myself acquainted with the true origin and tenets of the singular sect known by the name of Rosicrucians. Dissatisfied with the scanty and superficial accounts to be found in the works usually referred to on the subject, it struck me as possible that Mr. D——'s collection, which was rich, not only in black letter, but in manuscripts, might contain some more accurate and authentic records of that famous brotherhood—written, who knows? by one of their own order, and confirming by authority and detail the pretensions to wisdom and to virtue which Bringaret had arrogated to the successors of Chaldean and Gymnosophist. Accordingly I repaired to what, doubtless, I ought to be ashamed to confess, was once one of my favorite haunts. But are there no errors and no fallacies, in the chronicles of our own day, as absurd as those of the alchemists of old? Our very newspapers may seem to our posterity as full of delusions as the books of the alchemists do to us;—not but what the Press is the air we breathe—and uncommonly foggy the air is too!

On entering the shop, I was struck by the venerable appearance of a customer whom I had never seen there before. I was struck yet more by the respect with which he was treated by the disdainful collector. "Sir," cried the last, emphatically, as I was turning over the leaves of the catalogue—"Sir, you are the only man I have met in five-and-forty years that I have spent in these researches, who is worthy to be my customer. How—where, in this frivolous age, could you have acquired a knowledge so profound? And this august fraternity, whose doctrines, hinted at by the earliest philosophers, are still a mystery to the latest; tell me if there really exists upon the earth any book, any manuscript, in which their discoveries, their tenets, are to be learned?"

At the words, 'august fraternity' I need scarcely say, that my attention had been at once aroused, and I listened eagerly for the stranger's reply.

"I do not think," said the old gentleman, "that the masters of the school have ever consigned, except by obscure hint, and mystical parable, their real doctrines to the world. And I do not blame them for their discretion."

Here he paused, and seemed about to retire, when I said somewhat abruptly, to the collector, "I see nothing, Mr. D——, in this catalogue, which relates to the Rosicrucians!"

"The Rosicrucians!" repeated the old gentleman, and in his turn he surveyed me with deliberate surprise. "Who but a Rosicrucian could explain the Rosicrucian mysteries! And can you imagine that any members of that sect, the most jealous of all secret societies, would themselves lift the veil that hides the Isis of their wisdom from the world?"

"Aha!" thought I, "this, then, is 'the august fraternity of which you spoke. Heaven be praised! I certainly have stumbled on one of the brotherhood."

"But," I said, aloud, "if not in books, sir, where else am I to obtain information? Now-a-days one can hazard nothing in print without authority, and one may scarcely quote Shakspeare without citing chapter and verse. This is the age of facts—the age of facts, sir."

"Well," said the old gentleman with a pleasant smile, "if we meet again, perhaps, at least, I may direct your researches to the proper source of intelligence." And with that he buttoned his great coat, whistled to his dog, and departed.

It so happened that I did meet again with the old gentleman exactly four days after our brief conversation in Mr. D——'s bookshop. I was riding leisurely towards Highgate, when

at the foot of its classic hill, I recognized the stranger; he was mounted on a black pony, and before him trotted his dog, which was black also.

If you meet the man whom you wish to know, on horseback, at the commencement of a long hill, where, unless he has borrowed a friend's favorite hack, he cannot in decent humanity to the brute creation, ride away from you, I apprehend that it is your own fault if you have not gone far in your object before you have gained the top. In short, so well did I succeed, that on reaching Highgate, the old gentleman invited me to rest at his house, which was a little apart from the village; and an excellent house it was—small, but commodious, with a large garden, and commanding from the windows such a prospect as Lucretius would recommend to philosophers;—the spires and domes of London, on a clear day, distinctly visible; here the Retreat of the Hermit, and there the Mare Magnum of the world.

The walls of the principal rooms were embellished with pictures of extraordinary merit, and in that high school of art which is so little understood out in Italy. I was surprised to learn that they were all from the hand of the owner. My evident admiration pleased my new friend, and led to talk upon his part, which showed him no less elevated in his theories of art than an adept in the practice. Without fatiguing the reader with irrelevant criticism, it is necessary, perhaps, as elucidating much of the design and character of the work which these prefatory pages introduce, that I should briefly observe, that he insisted as much upon the Connection of the Arts, as a distinguished author has upon that of the Sciences; that he held that in all works of imagination, whether expressed by words or by colors, the artist of the higher schools must make the broadest distinction between the Real and the True,—in other words, between the imitation of actual life, and the exultation of Nature into the Ideal.

"The one," said he, "is the Dutch School, the other is the Greek."

"Sir," said I, "the Dutch is the most in fashion."

"Yes, in painting, perhaps," answered my host, "but in literature—"

"It was of literature I spoke. Our growing poets are all for simplicity and Betty Foy and our critics hold it the highest praise of a work of imagination, to say that its characters are exact to common life. Even in sculpture—"

"In sculpture! No—no! *there* the high ideal must at least be essential!"

"Pardon me; I fear you have not seen Souter Johnny and Tam O'Shanter."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, shaking his head, "I live very much out of the world, I see. I suppose Shakspeare has ceased to be admired?"

"On the contrary; people make the adoration of Shakspeare the excuse for attacking everybody else. But then our critics have discovered that Shakspeare is so *real!*"

"Real! The poet who has never once drawn a character to be met with in actual life—who has never once descended to a passion that is false, or a personage who is real!"

I was about to reply very severely to this paradox, when I perceived that my companion was growing a little out of temper. And he who wishes to catch a Rosicrucian, must take care not to disturb the waters.—I thought it better, therefore, to turn the conversation.

"*Revenons à nos moutons*," said I, "you promised to enlighten my ignorance as to the Rosicrucians."

"Well!" quoth he, rather sternly; "but for what purpose? Perhaps you desire only to enter the temple in order to ridicule the rites?"

"What do you take me for! Surely, were I so inclined, the fate of the Abbé de Villars is a sufficient warning to all men not to treat idly of the realms of the Salamander and the Sylph. Everybody knows how mysteriously that ingenious personage was deprived of his life, in revenge for the witty mockeries of his *Comte de Gabalis*."

"Salamander and Sylph! I see that you fall into the vulgar error, and translate literally the allegorical language of the mistics."

With that, the old gentleman condescended to enter into a very interesting, and, as it seemed to me, a very erudite relation, of the tenets of the Rosicrucians, some of whom, he asserted, still existed, and still prosecuted in august secresy, their profound researches into natural science and occult philosophy.

"But this fraternity, said he, "however respectable and virtuous—virtuous I say, for no

monastic order is more severe in the practice of moral precepts, or more ardent in Christian faith—this fraternity is but a branch of others yet more transcendent in the powers they have obtained, and yet more illustrious in their origin. Are you acquainted with the Platonists?"

"I have occasionally lost my way in their labyrinth," said I. "Faith, they are rather difficult gentlemen to understand."

"Yet their knottiest problems have never yet been published. Their sublimest works are in manuscript, and constitute the initiatory learning, not only of the Rosicrucians, but of the nobler brotherhoods I have referred to. More solemn and sublime still is the knowledge to be gleaned from the elder Pythagoreans, and the immortal masterpieces of Apollonius."

"Apollonius the impostor of Tyanea! are his writings extant?"

"Impostor?" cried my host. "Apollonius an impostor!"

"I beg your pardon; I did not know he was a friend of yours; and if you vouch for his character, I will believe him to have been a very respectable man, who only spoke the truth when he boasted of his power to be in two places at the same time."

"Is that so difficult?" said the old gentlemen; "if so, you have never dreamed!"

Here ended our conversation; but from that time an acquaintance was formed between us, which lasted till my venerable friend departed this life. Peace to his ashes! He was a person of singular habits and eccentric opinions; but the chief part of his time was occupied in acts of quiet and unostentatious goodness. He was an enthusiast in the duties of the Samaritan; and as his virtues were softened by the gentlest charity, so his hopes were based upon the devoutest belief. He never conversed upon his own origin and history, nor have I ever been able to penetrate the darkness in which they were concealed. He seemed to have seen much of the world, and to have been an eye-witness of the first French Revolution, a subject upon which he was equally eloquent and instructive. At the same time, he did not regard the crimes of that stormy period with the philosophical leniency with which enlightened writers (their heads safe upon their shoulders) are, in the present day, inclined to treat the massacres of the past; he spoke not as a student who had read and reasoned, but as a man who had seen and suffered. The old gentleman seemed alone in the world; nor did I know that he had one relation, till his executor, a distant cousin, residing abroad, informed me of the very handsome legacy which my poor friend had bequeathed me. This consisted first of a sum about which I think it best to be guarded, foreseeing the possibility of a new tax upon real and funded property; and secondly, of certain precious manuscripts, to which the following volumes owe their existence.

I imagine I trace this latter bequest to a visit I paid the Sage, if so I may be permitted to call him, a few weeks before his death.

Although he read little of our modern literature, my friend, with the affable good-nature which belonged to him, graciously permitted me to consult him upon various literary undertakings meditated by the desultory ambition of a young and inexperienced student. And at that time I sought his advice upon a work of imagination, intended to depict the effects of enthusiasm upon different modifications of character. He listened to my conception, which was sufficiently trite and prosaic, with his usual patience; and then, thoughtfully turning to his book-shelves, took down an old volume, and read to me, first in Greek, and secondly in English, some extracts to the following effect:—

"Plato here expresses four kinds of Mania, by which I desire to understand enthusiasm, and the inspiration of the gods.—Firstly, the musical; secondly, the telestic or mystic; thirdly, the prophetic; and fourthly, that which belongs to Love."

The Author he quoted, after contending that there is something in the soul above intellect, and stating that there are in our nature distinct energies, by the one of which we discover and seize as it were on sciences and theorems with almost intuitive rapidity, by another, through which high art is accomplished, like the statues of Phidias, proceeded to state, that "enthusiasm, in the true acceptation of the word, is, when that part of the soul which is above intellect is excited to the gods, and thence derives its inspiration."

The Author then, pursuing his comment upon Plato, observes, that "one of these

manias may suffice (especially that which belongs to Love) to lead back the soul to its first divinity and happiness; but that there is an intimate union with them all: and that the ordinary progress through which the soul ascends is, primarily, through the musical; next, through the telestic or mystic; thirdly, through the prophetic; and lastly, through the enthusiasm of Love."

While with bewildered understanding and a reluctant attention, I listened to these intricate sublimities, my adviser closed the volume, and said with complacency, "There is the motto for your book—the thesis for your theme."

"*Davus sum, non Œdipus*," said I, shaking my head, discontentedly. "All this may be exceedingly fine, but, Heaven forgive me—I don't understand a word of it. The mysteries of your Rosicrucians, and your fraternities, are mere child's play to the jargon of the Platonists."

"Yet not till you rightly understand this passage can you understand the higher theories of the Rosicrucians, or of the the still nobler fraternities you speak of with so much levity."

"Oh, if that be the case, I give up in despair. Why not, since you are so well versed in the matter, take the motto for a book of your own?"

"But if I have already composed a book with that thesis for its theme, will you prepare it for the public?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said I,—alas, too rashly!

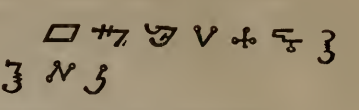
"I shall hold you to your promise," returned the old gentleman, "and when I am no more, you will receive the manuscripts. From what you say of the prevailing taste in literature, I cannot flatter you with the hope that you will gain much by the undertaking. And I tell you beforehand that you will find it not a little laborious."

"Is your work a romance?"

"It is a romance, and it is not a romance. It is a truth for those who can comprehend it, and an extravagance for those who cannot."

At last there arrived the manuscripts, with a brief note from my deceased friend, reminding me of my imprudent promise.

With mournful interest, and yet with eager impatience, I opened the packet and trimmed my lamp. Conceive my dismay when I found the whole written in an unintelligible cipher. I present the reader with a specimen;—



and so on for 940 mortal pages in foolscap. I could scarcely believe my eyes; in fact, I began to think the lamp burned singularly blue; and sundry misgivings as to the unhallowed nature of the characters I had so unwittingly opened upon, coupled with the strange hints and mystical language of the old gentleman, crept through my disordered imagination. Certainly, to say no worse of it, the whole thing looked *uncanny!* I was about, percipitately, to hurry the papers into my desk, with a pious determination to have nothing more to do with them, when my eye fell upon a book, neatly bound in blue morroco, and which in my eagerness, I had hitherto overlooked. I opened this volume with great precaution, not knowing what might jump out, and,—guess my delight,—found that it contained a key or dictionary to the hieroglyphics. Not to weary the reader with an account of my labors, I am contented with saying that at last I imagined myself capable of construing the characters, and set to work in good earnest. Still it was no easy task, and two years elapsed before I had made much progress. I then, by way of experiment on the public, obtained the insertion of a few desultory chapters, in a periodical with which, for a few months, I had the honor to be connected. They appeared to excite more curiosity than I had presumed to anticipate; and I renewed, with better heart, my laborious undertaking. But now a new misfortune befel me: I found as I proceeded, that the Author had made two copies of his work, one much more elaborate and detailed than the other; I had stumbled upon the earlier copy, and had my whole task to re-model, and the chapters I had written to re-translate. I may say, then, that, exclusive of intervals devoted to more pressing occupations, my unlucky promise cost me the toil of several years before I could bring it to adequate fulfilment. The task was the more difficult, since the style In the original is written in a kind of rythmical prose, as if the author desired that in some degree his work

should be regarded as one of poetical conception and design. To this it was not possible to do justice, and in the attempt I have, doubtless, very often need of the reader's indulgent consideration. My natural respect for the old gentleman's vagaries with a muse of equivocal character must be my only excuse, whenever the language, without luxuriating into verse, borrows flowers scarcely natural to prose. Truth compels me also to confess that, with all my pains, I am by no means sure that I have invariably given the true meaning of the cipher; nay, that here and there either a gap in the narrative, or the sudden assumption of a new cipher, to which no key was afforded, has obliged me to resort to interpolations of my own, no doubt easily discernible, but which, I flatter myself, are not inharmonious to the general design. This confession leads me to the sentence with which I shall conclude —If, reader, in this book there be anything that pleases you, it is certainly mine—but whenever you come to something you dislike, lay the blame upon the old gentleman !

LONDON, *January*, 1842.

N.B.—The notes appended to the text are sometimes by the Author, sometimes by the Editor.—I have occasionally (but not always) marked the distinction:—where, however, this is omitted, the ingenuity of the Reader will be rarely at fault.

BOOK FIRST.

THE MUSICIAN.

———— Due Fontane
Che di diverso effetto hanno liquore !*
—ARIOSTO, ORLAND. FUR. Canto i. 7.

———— Two Founts
That hold a draught of different effects.

CHAPTER I.

Vergina era
D'alta beltà, ma sua beltà non cura:
* * * * *
* * * * *
Di natura, d'amor, de 'cieli amici
Le negligenze sue sono artifici.*
—GERUSAL, LIB., canto ii. xiv.—xviii.

AT Naples, in the latter half of the last century, a worthy artist named Gaetano Pisani, lived and flourished. He was a musician of great genius, but not of popular reputation; there was in all his compositions something capricious and fantastic, which did not please the taste of the Dilettanti of Naples. He was fond of unfamiliar subjects, into which he introduced airs and symphonies that excited a kind of terror in those who listened. The names of his pieces will probably suggest their nature. I find, for instance, among his MSS., these titles, "The Feast of the Harpies," "The Witches at Benevento," "The Descent of Orpheus into Hades," "The Evil Eye," "The Eumenides," and many others that evince a powerful imagination, delighting in the fearful and supernatural, but often relieved, by an airy and delicate fancy, with passages of exquisite grace and beauty. It is true that in the selection of his subjects from ancient fable, Gaetano Pisani was much more faithful than his contemporaries to the remote orgin and the early genius of Italian Opera.

That descendant, however effeminate, of the ancient union between Song and Drama, when, after long obscurity and dethronement, it regained a punier sceptre, though a gaudier purple, by the banks of the Etrurian Arno, or amidst the Lagunes of Venice, had chosen all its primary inspirations from the unfamiliar and classic sources of heathen legend and Pisani's "Descent of Orpheus" was but a bolder, darker, and more scientific repetition of the "Euridice" which Jacopi Peri set to music at the august nuptials of Henry of Navarre and Mary of Medicis.* Still, as I have said, the style of the Neapolitan musician was not on the whole pleasing to ears grown nice and euphuistic in the more dulcet melodies of the day; and faults and extravagancies easily discernible, and often to appearance wilful, served the critics for an excuse for their distaste. Fortunately, or the poor musician might have starved, he was not only a composer, but also an excellent practical performer, especially on the violin, and by that instrument he earned a decent subsistence as one of the orchestra at the Great Theatre of San Carlo. Here, formal and appointed tasks necessarily kept his eccentric fancies in tolerable check, though it is recorded that no less than five times he had been deposed from his desk for having shocked the conoscênti, and thrown the whole band into confusion, by impromptu variations of so frantic and startling

* She was a virgin of a glorious beauty, but regarded not her beauty * * * * Negligence itself is art in those favored by nature, by love, and by the heavens.

* Orpheus was the favorite hero of early Italian Opera or Lyrical Drama. The Orfeo of Angelo Politiano was produced 1475. The Orfeo of Monteverdo was performed at Venice in 1667.

a nature that one might well have imagined that the harpies or witches who inspired his compositions had clawed hold of his instrument.

The impossibility, however, to find any one of equal excellence as a performer (that is to say, in his more lucid and orderly moments), had forced his reinstalment, and he had now, for the most part, reconciled himself to the narrow sphere of his appointed adagios or allegros. The audience, too, aware of his propensity were quick to perceive the least deviation from the text; and if he wandered for a moment, which might also be detected by the eye as well as the ear, in some strange contortion of visage, and some ominous flourish of his bow, a gentle and admonitory murmur recalled the musician from his Elysium or his Tartarus, to the sober regions of his desk. Then he would start as if from a dream—cast a hurried, frightened, apologetic glance around, and, with a crestfallen, humbled air, draw his rebellious instrument back to the beaten track of the glib monotony. But at home he would make himself amends for this reluctant drudgery. And there, grasping the unhappy violin with ferocious fingers, he would pour forth, often till the morning rose, strange wild measures, that would startle the early fishermen on the shore below with a superstitious awe, and make him cross himself as if mermaid or sprite had wailed no earthly music in his ear.

This man's appearance was in keeping with the characteristics of his art. The features were noble and striking, but worn and haggard, with black, careless locks, tangled into a maze of curls, and a fixed, speculative, dreamy stare in his large and hollow eyes. All his movements were peculiar, sudden, and abrupt, as the impulse seized him; and in gliding through the streets, or along the beach, he was heard laughing and talking to himself. Withal, he was a harmless, guileless, gentle creature, and would share his mite with any idle lazzaroni, whom he often paused to contemplate as they lay lazily basking in the sun. Yet was he thoroughly unsocial. He formed no friends, flattered no patrons, resorted to none of the merry-makings, so dear to the children of music and the south. He and his art seemed alone suited to each other—both quaint, primitive, unworldly, irregular. You could not separate the man from his music; it was himself. Without it, he was nothing, a mere machine! *With* it, he was king over worlds of his own. Poor man, he had little enough in this!—At a manufacturing town in England there is a gravestone, on which the epitaph records "one Claudius Phillips, whose absolute contempt for riches, and inimitable performance on the violin, made him the admiration of all that knew him!" Logical conjunction of opposite eulogies? In proportion, O Genius, to thy contempt for riches will be thy performance on thy violin!

Gaetano Pisani's talents as a composer had been chiefly exhibited in music appropriate to this his favorite instrument, of all unquestionably the most various and royal in its resources and power over the passions. As Shakspeare among poets, is the Cremona among instruments. Nevertheless, he had composed other pieces, of larger ambition and wider accomplishment, and, chief of these, his precious—his unpurchased—his unpublished—his unpublishable and imperishable opera of the "Siren." This great work had been the dream of his boyhood—the mistress of his manhood; in advancing age "it stood beside him like his youth." Vainly had he struggled to place it before the world. Even bland, unjealous Paisiello, Maestro di Capella, shook his gentle head when the musician favored him with a specimen of one of his most thrilling scenas. And yet, Paisiello, though that music differs from all Durante taught thee to emulate, there may—but patience, Gaetano Pisani!—bide thy time, and keep thy violin in tune!

Strange as it may appear to the fairer reader, this grotesque personage had yet formed those ties which ordinary mortals are apt to consider their especial monopoly—he was married, and had one child. What is more strange yet, his wife was a daughter of quiet, sober, unfantastic England; she was much younger than himself; she was fair, and gentle, with a sweet English face; she had married him from choice (and will you believe it?) she yet loved him. How she came to marry him, or how this shy, unsocial, wayward creature ever ventured to propose, I can only explain by asking you to look round and explain first to *me* how half the husbands and half the wives you meet ever found a mate! Yet, on reflec-

tion this union was not so extraordinary after all. The girl was a natural child of parents too noble ever to own and claim her. She was brought into Italy to learn the art by which she was to live, for she had taste and voice; she was a dependent, and harshly treated, and poor Pisani was her master, and his voice the only one she had heard from her cradle, that seemed without one tone that could scorn or chide. And so—well, is the rest natural? Naturl or not, they married. This young wife loved her husband; and young and gentle as she was, she might almost be said to be the protector of the two. From how many disgraces with the despots of San Carlo and the Conservatorio had her unknown officious meditation saved him! In how many ailments—for his frame was weak—had she nursed and tended him! Often, in the dark nights, she would wait at the theatre, with her lanthorn to light him, and her steady arm to lean on;—otherwise, in his abstract reveries, who knows but the musician would have walked after his "Siren," into the sea! And then she would so patiently, perhaps (for in true love there is not always the finest taste), so *delightedly* listen to those storms of eccentric and fitful melopy, and steal him—whispering praises all the way—from the unwholesome night watch to rest and sleep!

I said his music was a part of the man, and this gentle creature seemed a part of the music; it was, in fact, whenever she sate beside him that whatever was tender or fairy-like in his motley fantasia crept into the harmony as by stealth. Doubtless her presence acted on the music, and shaped and softened it; but he, who never examined how or what his inspiration, knew it not. All that he knew was, that he loved and blessed her. He fancied he told her so twenty times a-day; but he never did, for he was not of many words, even to his wife. His language was his music, as hers—her cares! He was more communicative to his *barbiton*, as the learned Mersennus teaches us to call all the varities of the great viol family. Certainly barbiton sounds better than fiddle; and barbiton let it be. He would talk to *that* by the hour together—praise it—scold it—coax it, nay (for such is man, even the most guileless), he had been known to swear at it; but for that excess he was always penitentially remorseful. And the barbiton had a tongue of his own, could take his own part, and when *he* also scolded, had much the best of it. He was a noble fellow, this Violin! a Tyrolese, the handiwork of the illustrious Steiner. There was something mysterious in his great age. How many hands, now dust, had awakened his strings ere he became the Robin Goodfellow and Familiar of Gaetano Pisani! His very case was venerable;—beautifully painted, it was said by Caracci. An English collector had offered more for the case than Pisani had ever made by the violin. But Pisani, who cared not if he had inhabitated a cabin himself, was proud of a palace for the barbiton. His barbiton, it was his elder child! He had another child, and now we must turn to her.

How shall I describe thee, Viola? Certainly the music had something to answer for in the advent of that young stranger. For both in her form and her character you might have traced a family likeness to that singular and spirit-like life of sound which night after night threw itself in airy and goblin sport over the starry seas .... Beautiful she was, but of a very uncommon beauty—a combination, a harmony of opposite attributes. Her hair of a gold richer and purer than that which is seen even in the Noth; but the eyes, of all the dark, tender, subduing light of more than Italian—almost of oriental—splendor. The complexion exquisitely fair, but never the same—vivid in one moment, pale the next. And with the complexion, the expression also varied; nothing now so sad, and nothing now so joyous.

I grieve to say that what we rightly entitle education was much neglected for their daughter by this singular pair. To be sure, neither of them had much knowledge to bestow; and knowledge was not then the fashion, as it is now. But accident or nature favored young Viola. She learned, as of course, her mother's language with her father's. And she contrived soon to read and to write: and her mother, who, by the way, was a Roman Catholic, taught her betimes to pray. But then, to counteract all these acquisitions, the strange habits of Pisani, and the incessant watch and care which he required from his wife, often left the child alone with an old nurse; who, to be sure, loved her dearly, but who was in no way calculated to instruct her.

Dame Gionetta was every inch Italian and Neapolitan. Her youth had been all love, and her age was all superstition. She was garulous, fond—a gossip. Now she would prattle to the girl of cavaliers and princes at her feet, and now she would freeze her blood with tales and legends, perhaps as old as Greek or Etrurian fable—of demon and vampire—of the dances round the great walnut-tree at Benevento, and the haunting spell of the Evil eye. All this helped silently to weave charmed webs over Viola's imagination, that afterthought and later years might labor vainly to dispel. And all this especially fitted her to hang, with a fearful joy, upon her father's music. Those visionary strains, ever struggling to translate into wild and broken sounds the language of unearthly beings, breathed around her from her birth. Thus you might have said that her whole mind was full of music—associations, memories, sensations of pleasure or pain, all were mixed up inexplicably with those sounds that now delighted, and now terrified—that greeted her when her eyes opened to the sun, and woke her trembling on her lonely couch in the darkness of the night. The legends and tales of Gionetta only served to make the child better understand the signification of those mysterious tones; they furnished her with words to the music. It was natural that the daughter of such a parent should soon evince some taste in his art. But this developed itself chiefly in the ear and the voice. She was yet a child when she sang divinely. A great Cardinal, —great alike in the State and the Conservatorio, heard of her gifts, and sent for her. From that moment her fate was decided: and she was to be the future glory of Naples, the prima donna of San Carlo.

The Cardinal insisted upon the accomplishment of his own predictions, and provided her with the most renowned masters. To inspire her with emulation, his Eminence took her one evening to his own box: it would be something to see the performance, something more to hear the applause lavished upon the glittering signoras she was hereafter to excel! Oh how gloriously that Life of the Stage—that fairy World of Music and Song, dawned upon her! It was the only world that seemed to correspond with her strange childish thoughts. It appeared to her as if, cast hitherto on a foreign shore, she was brought at last to see the forms and hear the language of her native land. Beautiful and true enthusiasm, rich with the promise of genius! Boy or man, thou wilt never be a poet, if thou hast not felt the ideal, the romance, the Calypso's isle that opened to thee, when for the first time, the magic curtain was drawn aside, and let in the World of Poetry on the World of Prose!

And now the initiation was begun. She was to read, to study, to depict by a gesture, a look, the passions she was to delineate on the boards; lessons dangerous, in truth, to some, but not to the pure enthusiasm that comes from Art; for the mind that rightly conceives Art, is but a mirror, which gives back what is cast on its surface faithfully only —while unsullied. She seized on nature and truth intuitively. Her recitations became full of unconscious power; her voice moved the heart to tears, or warmed it into generous rage. But this arose from that sympathy which genius ever has, even in its earliest innocence, with whatever feels, or aspires, or suffers.

It was no premature woman comprehending the love or the jealousy that the words expressed: her art was one of those strange secrets which the psychologists may unriddle to us if they please, and tell us why children of the simplest minds and the purest hearts are often so acute to distinguish, in the tales you tell them, or the songs you sing, the difference between the true Art and the False—Passion and Jargon—Homer and Racine;—echoing back, from hearts that have not yet felt what they repeat, the melodious accents of the natural pathos. Apart from her studies, Viola was a simple, affectionate, but somewhat wayward child; wayward, not in temper, for that was sweet and docile, but in her moods, which, as I before hinted, changed from sad to gay and gay to sad without an apparent cause. If cause there were, it must be traced to the early and mysterious influences I have referred to, when seeking to explain the effect produced on her imagination by those restless streams of sound that constantly played around it: for it is noticeable, that to those who are much alive to the effects of music, airs and tunes often come back, in the commonest pursuits of life, to vex, as it were, and haunt them. The music, once admitted to the soul, becomes also

a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air. Now at times, then, these phantoms of sound floated back upon her fancy; if gay, to call a smile from every dimple; if mournful, to throw a shade upon her brow—to make her cease from her childish mirth, and sit apart and muse.

Rightly, then, in a typical sense, might this fair creature, so airy in her shape, so harmonius in her beauty, so unfamiliar in her ways and thoughts,—rightly might she be called a daughter, less of the Musician than the Music—a being for whom you could imagine that some fate was reserved, less of actual life than the romance which, to eyes that can see, and hearts that can feel, glides ever along *with* the actual life, stream by stream, to the Dark Ocean.

And therefore it seemed not strange that Viola herself, even in childhood, and yet more as she bloomed into the sweet seriousness of virgin youth, should fancy her life ordained for a lot, whether of bliss or woe, that should accord with the romance and reverie which made the atmosphere she breathed. Frequently she would climb through the thickets that clothed the neighboring grotto of Posilipo—the mighty work of the old Cimmerians,—and, seated by the haunted tomb of Virgil, indulge those visions, the subtle vagueness of which no poetry can render palpable and defined:—for the Poet that surpasses all who ever sung—is the Heart of dreaming Youth! Frequently there, too, beside the threshold over which the vine-leaves clung, and facing that dark-blue, waveless sea, she would sit in the autumn noon or summer twilight, and build her castles in the air. Who doth not do the same—not in youth alone, but with the dimmed hopes of age! It is man's prerogative to dream, the common royality of peasant and of king. But those day-dreams of hers were more habitual, distinct, and solemn, than the greater part of us indulge. They seemed like the Orama of the Greeks—prophets while phantasma.

CHAPTER II.

Fu stupor, fu vaghezza, fu diletto!*
—Gerusal., Lib., cant. ii. xxi.

Now at last the education is accomplished! Viola is nearly sixteen. The Cardinal declares that the time is come when the new name must be inscribed in the Libro d'Oro—the Golden Book set apart to the children of Art and Song. Yes, but in what character?—to whose genius is she to give embodiment and form? Ah, there is the secret! Rumors go abroad that the inexhaustible Paisiello, charmed with her performance of his *Nel cor piu non me sento*, and his *Io son Lindoro*, will produce some new masterpiece to introduce the debutante. Others insist upon it that her forte is the comic, and that Cimarosa is hard at work at another *Matrimonio Segreto*. But in the meanwhile there is a check in the diplomacy somewhere. The Cardinal is observed to be out of humor. He has said publicly—and the words are portentous—"The silly girl is as mad as her father—what she asks is preposterous!" Conference follows conference—the Cardinal talks to the poor child very solemnly in his closet—all in vain. Naples is distracted with curiosity and conjecture. The lecture ends in a quarrel, and Viola comes home sullen and pouting: she will not act—she has renounced the engagement.

Pisani, too inexperienced to be aware of all the dangers of the stage, had been pleased at the notion that one, at least, of his name, would add celebrity to his art. The girl's perverseness displeased him. However, he said nothing—he never scolded in words, but he took up the faithful barbiton. Oh, faithful barbiton, how horribly thou didst scold! It screeched—it gabbled—it moaned—it growled. And Viola's eyes filled with tears, for she understood that language. She stole to her mother, and whispered in her ear; and when Pisani turned from his employment, lo! both mother and daughter were weeping. He looked at them with a wondering stare; and then, as if he felt he had been harsh, he flew again to his Familiar. And now you thought you heard the lullaby which a fairy might sing to some fretful changeling it had adopted and sought to soothe. Liquid, low, silvery,

* "Desire it was, 'twas wonder, 'twas delight."—Wiffin's *translation*

streamed the tones beneath the enchanted bow. The most stubborn grief would would have paused to hear; and withal, at times, out came a wild, merry, ringing note, like a laugh, but not mortal laughter. It was one of his most successful airs from his beloved opera—the Siren in the act of charming the waves and the winds to sleep. Heaven knows what next would have come, but his arm was arrested. Viola had thrown herself on his breast, and kissed him, with happy eyes that smiled through her sunny hair. At that very moment the door opened—a message from the Cardinal. Viola must go to his Eminence at once. Her mother went with her. All was reconciled and settled; Viola had her way, and selected her own opera. O ye dull nations of the North, with your broils and debates—your bustling lives of the Pnyx and the Agora!—you cannot guess what a stir throughout musical Naples was occasioned by the rumor of a new opera and a new singer. But whose the opera? No cabinet intrigue ever was so secret. Pisani came back one night from the theatre, evidently disturbed and irate. Woe to thine ears hadst thou heard the barbiton that night! They had suspended him from his office—they feared that the new opera, and the first *debût* of his daughter as prima donna, would be too much for his nerves. And his variations, his diablerie of sirens and harpies, on such a night, made a hazard not to be contemplated without awe. To be set aside, and on the very night that his child, whose melody was but an emanation of his own, was to perform—set aside for some new rival—it was too much for a musician's flesh and blood. For the first time he spoke in words upon the subject, and gravely asked—for that question the barbiton, eloquent as it was, could not express distinctly—what was to be the opera, and what the part? And Viola as gravely answered that she was pledged to the Cardinal not to reveal. Pisani said nothing, but disappeared with the violin; and presently they heard the Familiar from the housetop (whither, when thoroughly out of humor, the Musician sometimes fled), whining and sighing as if its heart were broken.

The affections of Pisani were little visible on the surface. He was not one of those fond, caressing fathers whose children are ever playing round their knees; his mind and soul were so thoroughly in his art, that domestic life glided by him, seemingly as if *that* were a dream, and the heart the substantial form and body of existence. Persons much cultivating an abstract study are often thus; mathematicians proverbially so. When his servant ran to the celebrated French philosopher, shrieking, "The house is on fire, sir!" "Go and tell my wife then, fool!" said the wise man, settling back to his problems; "do *I* ever meddle with domestic affairs?" But what are mathematics to music,—music, that not only composes operas, but plays on the barbiton? Do you know what the illustrious Giardini said when the tyro asked how long it would talk to learn to play on the violin? Hear, and despair, ye who would bend the bow to which that of Ulysses was a plaything—"Twelve hours a-day, for twenty years together!" Can a man, then, who plays the barbiton be always playing also with his little ones? No, Pisani! often, with the keen susceptibility of childhood, poor Viola had stolen from the room to weep at the thought that thou didst not love her. And yet, underneath this outward abstraction of the artist, the natural fondness flowed all the same; and as she grew up, the dreamer had understood the dreamer. And now, shut out from all fame himself—to be forbidden to hail even his daughter's fame!—and that daughter herself to be in the conspiracy against him! Sharper than the serpent's tooth was the ingratitude, and sharper than the serpent's tooth was the wail of the pitying barbiton!

The eventful hour is come. Viola is gone to the theatre—her mother with her. The indignant musician remains at home. Gionetta bursts into the rooom—My Lord Cardinal's carriage is at the door—the Padrone is sent for. He must lay aside his violin—he must put on his brocade coat and his lace ruffles. Here they are—quick, quick! And quick rolls the gilded coach, and majestic sits the driver, and statelily prance the steeds. Poor Pisani is lost in a midst of uncomfortable amaze. He arrives at the theatre—he descends at the great door—he turns round and round, and looks about him and about—he misses something—Where is the violin? Alas! his soul, his voice, his self of self, is left behind! It is but an automaton that the lackeys conduct up the stairs, through the

tier, into the Cardinal's box. But then, what bursts upon him!—Does he dream? The first act is over, (they did not send for him till success seemed no longer doubtful), the first act has decided all. He feels *that*, by the electric sympathy which every the one heart has at once with a vast audience. He feels it by the breathless stillness of that multitude—he feels it even by the lifted finger of the Cardinal. He sees his Viola on the stage, radiant in her robes and gems—he hears her voice thrilling through the single heart of the thousands! But the scene—the part—the music! It is his other child—his immortal child—the spirit-infant of his soul—his darling of many years of patient obscurity and pining genius—his masterpiece—his opera of the Siren!

This, then, was the mystery that had so galled him—this the cause of the quarrel with the Cardinal—this the secret not to be proclaimed till the success was won, and the daughter had united her father's triumph with her own!

And there she stands, as all souls bow before her—fairer than the very Siren he had called from the deeps of melody. O! how long and sweet recompense of toil! Where is on earth the rapture like that which is known to genius when at last it bursts from its hidden cavern into light and fame!

He did not speak—he did not move—he stood transfixed, breathless—the tears rolling down his cheeks; only from time to time his hands still wandered about—mechanically they sought for the faithful instrument—why was it not there to share his triumph?

At last the curtain fell; but on such a storm—and diapason of applause! Uprose the audience as one man—as with one voice that dear name was shouted. She came on—trembling, pale—and in the whole crowd saw but her father's face. The audience followed those moistened eyes—they recognized with a thrill the daughter's impulse and her meaning. The good old Cardinal drew him gently forward—Wild musician! thy daughter has given thee back more than life thou gavest!

"My poor violin!" said he, wiping his eyes—"they will never hiss thee again now!"

CHAPTER III.

"Fra si contrarie tempre in ghiaccio e in foco,
In riso e in pianto, e fra paura e spene
L' ingannatrice Donna—" *
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Now, notwithstanding the triumph both of the singer and the opera, there had been one moment in the first act, and, consequently, *before* the arrival of Pisani, when the scale seemed more than doubtful. It was in a chorus replete with all the peculiarities of the composer. And when the Maelstrom of Capricci whirled and foamed, and tore ear and sense through every variety of sound, the audience simultaneously recognized the hand of Pisani. A title had been given to the opera, which had hitherto prevented all suspicion of its parentage; and the overture and opening, in which the music had been regular and sweet, had led the audience to fancy they detected the genius of their favorite Paisiello. Long accustomed to ridicule and almost to despise the pretensions of Pisani as a composer, they now felt as if they had been unduly cheated into the applause with which they had hailed the overture and the commencing scenas. An ominous buzz circulated round the house;—the singers, the orchestra—electrically sensitive to the impression of the audience—grew, themselves, agitated and dismayed, and failed in the energy and precision which could alone carry off the grotesqueness of the music.

There are always in every theatre many rivals to a new author, and a new performer—a party impotent while all goes well—but a dangerous ambush the instant some accident thrown into confusion the march to success. A hiss arose; it was partial, it is true, but the significant silence of all applause seemed to forebode the coming moment when the displeasure would grow contagious. It was the breath that stirred the impending avalanche. At that critical moment—Viola, the Siren queen, emerged for the first time from her ocean cave. As she came forward to the lamps, the novelty of her situation, the chilling apathy of the audience—which even the sight of so singular a beauty, did not at the

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first arouse—the whispers of the malignant singers on the stage, the glare of the lights, and more—far more than the rest—that recent hiss, which had reached her in her concealment, all froze up her faculties and suspended her voice. And instead of the grand invocation into which she ought rapidly to have burst, the regal Siren, retransformed into the trembling girl, stood pale and mute before the stern cold array of those countless eyes.

At that instant, and when consciousness itself seemed about to fail her—as she turned a timid beseeching glance around the still multitude—she perceived, in a box near the stage, a countenance which at once, and like magic, produced on her mind an effect never to be analyzed nor forgotten. It was one that awakened an indistinct haunting reminiscence, as if she had seen it in those day-dreams she had been so wont from infancy to indulge. She could not withdraw her gaze from that face, and as she gazed, the awe and coldness that had before seized her, vanished, like a mist from before the sun.

In the dark splendor of the eyes that met her own there was indeed so much of gentle encouragement, of benign and compassionate admiration; so much that warmed, and animated, and nerved; that any one—actor or orator—who has ever observed the effect that a single earnest, and kindly look, in the crowd that is to be addressed and won, will produce upon his mind, may readily account for the sudden and inspiriting influence which the eye and smile of the stranger exercised on the debutante.

And while yet she gazed, and the glow returned to her heart, the stranger half rose, as if to recall the audience to a sense of the courtesy due to one so fair and young; and the instant his voice gave the signal, the audience followed it by a burst of generous applause. For this stranger himself was a marked personage, and his recent arrival at Naples, had divided with the new opera the gossip of the city. And then as the applause ceased—clear, full, and freed from every fetter—like a spirit from the clay—the Siren's voice poured forth its entrancing music. From that time, Viola forgot the crowd, the hazard, the whole world—except the fairy one over which she presided. It seemed that the stranger's presence only served still more to heighten that delusion, in which the artist sees no creation without the circle of his art; she felt as if that serene brow, and those brilliant eyes, inspired her with powers never known before: and, as if searching for a language to express the strange sensations occasioned by his presence, that presence, itself whispered to her the melody and the song.

Only when all was over, and she saw her father and felt his joy, did this wild spell vanish before the sweeter one of the household and filial love. Yet again, as she turned from the stage, she looked back involuntarily, and the stranger's calm and half melancholy smile sunk into her heart—to live there—to be recalled with confused memories, half of pleasure and half of pain.

Pass over the congratulations of the good Cardinal-Virtuoso, astonished at finding himself and all Naples had been hitherto in the wrong on a subject of taste,—still more astonished at finding himself and all Naples combining to confess it; pass over the whispered ecstasies of admiration which buzzed in the singer's ear, as once more, in her modest veil and quiet dress, she escaped from the crowd of gallants that choked up every avenue behind the scenes; pass over the sweet embrace of father and child, returning through the starlit streets and along the deserted Chiaja in the Cardinal's carriage; never pause now to note the tears and ejaculations of the good, simple-hearted mother . . . see them returned—see the well-known room, *venimus ad larem, nostrum**—see old Gionetta bustling at the supper; and hear Pisani, as he rouses the barbiton from its case, communicating all that has happened to the intelligent Familiar; hark to the mother's merry low English laugh,—Why, Viola, strange child, sittest thou apart, thy face leaning on thy fair hands, thine eyes fixed on space? Up, rouse thee! Every dimple on the cheek of home must smile tonight.†

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to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven; this it is that gives knowledge to the strong, and happiness to the weak. Ere we meet again, you will turn sad and heavy eyes to those quiet boughs, and when you hear the birds sing from them, and see the sunshine come aslant from crag and housetop to be the playfellow of their leaves, learn the lesson that Nature teaches you, and strive through darkness to the light!"

As he spoke he moved on slowly, and left Viola wondering—silent—saddened with his dim prophecy of coming evil, and yet, through sadness, charmed. Involuntarily her eyes followed him—involuntarily she stretched forth her arms, as if by a gesture to call him back; she would have given worlds to have seen him turn—to have heard once more his low, calm, silvery voice,—to have felt again the light touch of his hand on hers. As moonlight that softens into beauty every angle on which it falls, seemed his presence,—as moonlight vanishes, and things assume their common aspect of the rugged and the mean—he receded from her eyes,—and the outward scene was commonplace once more.

The stranger passed on, through that long and lovely road which reaches at last the palaces that face the public gardens, and conducts to the more populous quarters of the city.

A group of young, dissipated courtiers, loitering by the gateway of a house which was open for the favorite pastime of the day—the resort of the wealthier and more high-born gamesters—made way for him, as with a courteous inclination he passed them by.

"*Per fede*," said one, "is not that the rich Zanoni, of whom the town talks?"

"Ay—they say his wealth is incalculable!"

"*They* say—who are *they?*—what is the authority? He has not been many days at Naples, and I cannot yet find any one who knows aught of his birth-place, his parentage, or, what is more important, his estates!"

"That is true; but he arrived in a goodly vessel, which *they say* is his own. See—no, you cannot see it here,—but it rides yonder in the Bay. The bankers he deals with, speak with awe of the sums placed in their hands."

"Whence came he?"——

"From some sea-port in the East. My valet learned from some of the sailors on the Mole that he had resided many years in the interior of India."

"Ah, I am told that in India men pick up gold like pebbles, and that there are valleys where the birds build their nests with emeralds to attract the moths. Here comes our prince of gamesters, Cetoxa; be sure that he already must have made acquaintance with so wealthy a cavalier; he has that attraction to gold which the magnet has to steel. Well, Cetoxa, what fresh news of the ducats of Signor Zanoni?"

"Oh," said Cetoxa, carelessly, "my friend"—

"Ha! ha! hear him!—his friend"—

"Yes; my friend Zanoni is going to Rome for a short time; when he returns he has promised me to fix a day to sup with me, and I will then introduce him to you, and to the best society of Naples. Diavolo! but he is a most agreeable and witty gentleman!"

"Pray tell us how you came so suddenly to be his friend."

"My dear Belgioso, nothing more natural. He desired a box at San Carlo; but I need not tell you that the expectation of the new opera (ah, how superb it is,—that poor devil, Pisani!—who would have thought it?) and a new singer—(what a face—what a voice!—ah!) had engaged every corner of the house. I heard of Zanoni's desire to honor the talent of Naples, and, with my usual courtesy to distinguished strangers, I sent to place my box at his disposal. He accepts it,—I wait on him between the acts,—he is most charming,—he invites me to supper.—Cospetto, what a retinue! We sit late,—I tell him all the news of Naples,—we grow bosom friends,—he presses on me this diamond before we part,—it is a trifle, he tells me,—the jewellers value it at 5000 pistoles!—the merriest evening I have passed these ten years!"

The cavaliers crowded round to admire the diamond.

"Signor Count Cextoxa," said one grave-looking sombre man, who had crossed himself two or three times during the Neapolitan's narrative. "Are you not aware of the strange reports about this person; and are you not afraid to receive from him a gift, which may carry with it the most fatal consequences. Do you not know that he is said to be a sorcerer—to possess the mal-occhio—to—"

"Prithee, spare us your antiquated superstitions," interrupted Cetoxa, contemptuously.

"They are out of fashion, nothing now goes down but scepticism and philosophy. And what, after all, do these rumors when sifted, amount to. They have no origin but this—a silly old man of eighty-six, quite in his dotage, solemnly avers that he saw this same Zanoni seventy years ago—(he himself, the narrator, then a mere boy)—at Milan. When this very Zanoni, as you all see, is at least as young as you or I, Belgioso."

"But that," said the grave gentleman, "*that* is the mystery. Old Avelli declares that Zanoni does not seem a day older than when they met at Milan. He says that even then at Milan—mark this—where, though under another name, this Zanoni appeared in the same splendor, he was attended also by the same mystery. And that an old man *there* remembered to have seen him sixty years before, in Sweden."

"Tush," returned Cetoxa, "the same thing has been said of the quack Cagliostro—mere fables. I will believe them when I see this diamond turn to a wisp of hay. For the rest (he added gravely) I consider this illustrious gentleman my friend; and a whisper against his honor and repute will, in future, be equivalent to an affront to myself."

Cetoxa was a redoubted swordsman, and excelled in a peculiarly awkward manœuvre, which he himself had added to the variations of the *stoccata*. The grave gentleman however anxious for the spiritual weal of the Count, had an equal regard for his own corporeal safety. He contented himself with a look of compassion, and, turning through the gateway, ascended the stairs to the gaming-tables.

"Ha, ha!" said Cetoxa, laughing, "our good Loredano is envious of my diamond. Gentlemen, you sup with me to-night. I assure you I never met a more delightful, sociable entertaining person—than my dear friend, the Signor Zanoni."

CHAPTER V.

"Quello Ippogifo, grande e strano augello
Lo porta via." *—Orl. Fur., c. vi. xviii.

And now, accompanying this mysterious Zanoni, am I compelled to bid a short farewell to Naples. Mount behind me—mount on my hippogriff, reader—settle yourself at your ease. I bought the pillion the other day of a poet who loves his comfort; it has been newly stuffed for your special accomodation. So, so, we ascend! Look as we ride aloft—look!—never fear, hippogriffs never stumble; and every hippogriff in Italy is warranted to carry elderly gentleman—look down on the gliding landscapes! There, near the ruins of the Oscan's old Atella, rises Aversa, once the strong hold of the Norman; there gleam the colums of the Capua, above the Vulturnian Stream. Hail to ye, corn-fields, and vineyards famous for the old Falernian! Hail to ye, golden orange groves of Mola di Gaeta! Hail to ye, sweet shrubs and wild flowers, *omnis copia narium*, that clothe the mountain skirts of the silent Lautulæ! Shall we rest at the Volscian Anxur—the modern Terracina—where the lofty rock stands like the giant that guards the last borders of the southern land of Love? Away, away! and hold your breath as we flit above the Pontine Marshes. Dreary and desolate, their miasma is to the gardens we have passed what the rank commonplace of life is to the heart when it has left love behind.

Mournful Campagne, thou openest on us in majestic sadness. Rome, seven-hilled Rome! receive us as Memory receives the wayworn; receive us in silence, amidst ruins! Where is the traveller we pursue? Turn the hippogriff loose to graze; he loves the acanthus that wreathes round yon broken columns. Yes, that is the Arch of Titus, the conqueror of Jerusalem,—that the Colosseum! Through one passed the triumph of the defied invader—in one fell the butchered gladiators. Monuments of murder, how poor the thoughts, how mean the memories ye awaken, compared with those that speak to the heart of men on the heights of Phyle, or by the lone mound, grey Marathon! We stand amidst weeds, and brambles, and long, waving herbage. Where we stand reigned Nero—here were his tesselated floors; here

"Mighty in the Heaven, a second Heaven,"

hung the vault of his ivory roofs—here, arch upon arch, pillar on pillar, glittered to the world the golden palace of its master—the

* That hippogriff, great and marvellous bird, bears him away.

Golden House of Nero. How the lizard watches us with his bright timorous eye! We disturb his reign. Gather that wild flower: the Golden House is vanished—but the wild flower may have kin to those which the stranger's hand scattered over the tyrant's grave;—see, over this soil, the grave of Rome, Nature strews the wild flowers still!

In the midst of this desolation is an old building of the middle ages. Here dwells a singular Recluse. In the season of the malaria, the native peasant flies the rank vegetation round; but he, a stranger and a foreigner, breathes in safety the pestilential air. He has no friends, no associates, no companions, except books and instruments of science. He is often seen wandering over the grass-grown hills, or sauntering through the streets of the new city, not with the absent brow and incurious air of students, but with observant, piercing eyes, that seem to dive into the hearts of the passers by. An old man, but not infirm—erect and stately, as if in his prime. None know whether he to be rich or poor. He asks no charity, and he gives none—he does no evil, and seems to confer no good. He is a man who appears to have no world beyond himself; but appearances are deceitful; and Science, as well as Benevolence, lives in the Universe. This abode, for the first time since thus occupied, a visitor enters. It is Zanoni.

You observe those two men seated together, conversing earnestly. Years long and many have flown away since they met last—at least, bodily, and face to face. But if they are sages, thought can meet thought, and spirit spirit, though oceans divide the forms. Death itself divides not the wise. Thou meetest Plato when thine eyes moisten over the Phædo. May Homer lives with all men for ever!

They converse—they confess to each other—they conjure up the past, and repeople it; but note how differently do such remembrances affect the two. On Zanoni's face, despite its habitual calm, the emotions change and go. *He* has acted in the past he surveys; but not a trace of the humanity that participates in joy and sorrow can be detected on the passionless visage of his companion; the Past, to him, as is now the Present, has been but as nature to the sage, the volume to the student—a calm and spiritual life—a study—a contemplation.

From the Past they turn to the Future. Ah! at the close of the last century, the future seemed a thing tangible—it was woven up in all men's fears and hopes of the Present.

At the verge of that hundred years, Man, the ripest-born of Time,* stood as at the death-bed of the Old World, and beheld the New Orb, blood-red amidst cloud and vapor,—uncertain if a comet or a sun. Behold the icy and profound disdain on the brow of the old man—the lofty yet touching sadness that darkens the glorious countenance of Zanoni. Is it that one views with contempt the struggle and its issue, and the other with awe or pity? Wisdom contemplating mankind leads but to the two results—Compassion or Disdain. He who believes in other worlds can accustom himself to look on this as the naturalist on the revolutions of an ant-hill, or of a leaf. What is the Earth to Infinity—what its duration to the Eternal! Oh, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe! Child of heaven, and heir of immortality, how from some star hereafter wilt thou look back on the ant-hill and its commotions, from Clovis to Robespierre, from Noah to the Final Fire. The spirit that can contemplate, that lives only in the intellect, can ascend to its star, even from the midst of the Burial-ground called Earth, and while the Sarcophagus called Life immures in its clay the Everlasting!

But thou, Zanoni—thou hast refused to live *only* in the intellect—thou hast not mortified the heart—thy pulse still beats with the sweet music of mortal passion—thy kind is to thee still something warmer than an abstraction—thou wouldst look upon this Revolution in its cradle, which the storms rock—thou wouldst see the world while its elements yet struggle through the chaos!

Go!

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* "An des Jahrhunderts Neige,
Der reifste Sohn der Zeit."
—Die Kunstler.

CHAPTER VI.

Precepteurs ignorans de ce faible univers.*
—VOLTAIRE.

Nous étions à table chez un de nos confrères à l'Académie, Grand Seigneur et homme d'esprit.
—LA HARPE.†

ONE evening, at Paris, several months after the date of our last chapter, there was a reunion of some of the most eminent wits of the time, at the house of a personage distinguished alike by noble birth and liberal accomplishments. Nearly all present were of the views that were then the mode. For as came afterwards a time when nothing was so unpopular as the people, so that was the time when nothing was so vulgar as aristocracy. The airest fine gentleman and the haughtiest noble prated of equality, and lisped enlightenment.

Among the more remarkable guests were Condorcet, then in the prime of his reputation, the correspondent of the King of Prussia, the intimate of Voltaire, the member of half the academies of Europe—noble by birth, polished in manners, republican in opinions. There, too, was the venerable Malesherbes, "l'amour et les delices de la Nation."‡ There Jean Silvain Bailly, the accomplished scholar—the aspiring politician. It was one of those *petits soupers* for which the capital of all social pleasures was so renowned. The conversation, as might be expected, was literary and intellectual, enlivened by graceful pleasantry. Many of the ladies of that ancient and proud noblesse—for the noblesse yet existed, though its hours were already numbered—added to the charm of the society; and theirs were the boldest criticisms, and often the most liberal sentiments.

Vain labor for me—vain labor almost for the grave English language, to do justice to the sparkling paradoxes that flew from lip to lip. The favorite theme was the superiority of the Moderns to the Ancients. Condorcet on this head was eloquent, and to some, at least of his audience, most convincing. That Voltaire was greater than Homer few there were disposed to deny. Keen was the ridicule lavished on the dull pendantry which finds everything ancient necessarily sublime.

"Yet," said the graceful Marquis de ——, as the champagne danced to his glass, "more ridiculous still is the superstition that finds everything incomprehensible holy! But intelligence circulates, Condorcet; like water, it finds its level. My hair-dresser said to me this morning, 'Though I am but a poor fellow, I believe as little as the finest gentleman!'"

"Unquestionably, the great Revolution draws near to its final completion—*à pas de géant*, as Montesquieu said of his own immortal work."

Then there rushed from all—wit and noble, courtier and republican—a confused chorus harmonious only in its anticipation of the brilliant things to which "the great Revolution" was to give birth. Here Condorcet is more eloquent than befors.

"Il faut absolument que la Superstition et le Fanatisme fassent place à la philosophie.* Kings persecute persons, priests opinion. Without kings, men must be safe; and without priests, minds must be free."

"Ah," murmured the Marquis, "and as *ce cher Diderot* has so well sung—

'Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre
Serrez le cou du dernier roi.'" †

"And then," resumed Condorcet—"then commences the Age of Reason!—Equality in instruction—equality in institutions—equality in wealth. The great impediments to knowledge are, first, the want of a common language; and next, the short duration of existence. But as to the first, when all men are brothers, why not an universal language? As to the second, the organic perfectibility of the vegetable world is undisputed, is Nature less powerful in the nobler existence of thinkman? The very destruction of the two most active causes of physical deterioration—here, luxurious wealth,—there, abject penury—must necessarily prolong the general term of life.‡ The art of medicine will then be honored in the place of war, which is the art of murder;

* Ignorant teachers of this weak world.

† We supped with one of our confreres of the Academy; a great nobleman and wit.

‡ The idol and delight of the nation (so called by his historian, Galliard).

* It must necessarily happen that superstition and fanaticism give place to philosophy.

† And throttle the neck of the last king, with a string from the bowels of the last priest.

‡ See Condorcet's posthumous work on the progress of the Human mind.—EDITOR.

the noblest study of the acutest minds will be devoted to the discovery and arrest of the causes of disease. Life, I grant, cannot be made eternal; but it may be prolonged almost indefinitely. And as the meaner animal bequeaths its vigor to its offspring, so man shall transmit his improved organization, mental and physical, to his sons. O yes, to such a consummation does our age approach!"

The venerable Malesherbs sighed. Perhaps he feared the consummation might not come in time for him. The handsome Marquis de ——— and the ladies, yet handsomer than he, looked conviction and delight.

But two men there were, seated next to each other, who joined not in the general talk; the one, a stranger newly arrived in Paris, where his wealth, his person, and his accomplishments, had already made him remarked and courted; the other, an old man, somewhere about seventy—the witty and virtuous, brave and still light-hearted Cazotte, the author of *Le Diable Amoureux*.

These two conversed familiarly, and apart from the rest, and only by an occasional smile testified their attention to the general conversation.

"Yes," said the stranger—"Yes, we have met before."

"I thought I could not forget your countenance; yet I task in vain my recollections of the past."

"I will assist you. Recall the time when, led by curiosity, or perhaps the nobler desire of knowledge, you sought initiation into the mysterious order of Martines de Pasqualis."*

"Ah! is it possible! You are one of that theurgic brotherhood?"

"Nay, I attended their ceremonies but to see how vainly they sought to revive the ancient marvels of the cabala."

"Such studies please you? I have shaken off the influence they once had on my own imagination."

"You have not shaken it off," returned the stranger gravely; "it is on you still—on you at this hour; it beats in your heart; it kindles in your reason; it will speak in your tongue!"

And then with a yet lower voice, the stranger continued to address him, to remind him of certain ceremonies and doctrines,—to explain and enforce them by references to the actual experience and history of his listener, which Cazotte thrilled to find so familiar to a stranger.

Gradually the old man's pleasing and benevolent countenance grew overcast, and he turned, from time to time, searching, curious, uneasy glances, towards his companion.

The charming Duchess de G—— archly pointed out to the lively guests the abstracted air and clouded brow of the poet; and Condorcet, who liked no one else to be remarked when he himself was present, said to Cazotte, "Well, and what do *you* predict of the Revolution—how, at least, will it affect us?"

At that question, Cazotte started—his cheeks grew pale, large drops stood on his forehead—his lips writhed. His gay companions gazed on him in surprise.

"Speak!" whispered the stranger, laying his hand gently upon the arm of the old wit.

At that word, Cazotte's face grew locked and rigid, his eyes dwelt vacantly on space, and in a low, hollow voice, he thus answered—*

"You ask how it will affect yourselves,—you, its most learned, and its least selfish agents. I will answer; you, Marquis de Con-

* It is so recorded of Cazotte. Of Martines de Pasqualis little is known; even the country to which he belonged is matter of conjecture. Equally so the rites, ceremonies, and nature of the cabalistic order he established. St. Martin was a disciple of the school, and that, at least, is in its favor; for in spite of his mysticism, no man more beneficent, generous, pure and virtuous, than St. Martin, adorned the last century. Above all, no man more distinguished himself from the herd of sceptical philosophers by the gallantry and fervor with which he combated materialism, and vindicated the necessity of faith amidst a chaos of unbelief. It may also be observed, that Cazotte, whatever else he learned of the brotherhood of Martines, learned nothing that diminished the excellence of his life and the sincerity of his religion. At once gentle and brave, he never ceased to oppose the excesses of the Revolution. To the last, unlike the Liberals of his time, he was a devout and sincere Christian. Before his execution, he demanded a pen and paper, to write these words: "Ma femme, mes enfans, ne me pleurez pas, ne m'oubliez pas, mais souvenezvous surtout de ne jamais offenser Dieu."[1]—Ed.

[1] My wife, my children, weep not for me; forget me not, but remember above everything never to offend God.

* The following prophecy (not unfamiliar perhaps, to some of my readers), with some slight variations, and at greater length, in the text of the authority I am about to cite, is to be found in La Harpe's posthumous Works. The MS. is said to exist still in La Harpe's hand-writing, and the story is given on M. Petitot's authority, vol. i. p. 62. It is not for me to inquire if there be doubts of its foundation on fact.—Ed.

dorcet, will die in prison, but not by the hand of the executioner. In the peaceful happiness of that day, the philosopher will carry about with him, not the elixir, but the poison."

"My poor Cazotte," said Condorcet, with his gentle smile, "what have prisons, executioners, and poison, to do with an age of liberty and brotherhood?"

"It is in the names of Liberty and Brotherhood that the prisons will reek, and the headsman be glutted."

"You are thinking of priestcraft, not philosophy, Cazotte," said Champfort.*—"And what of me?"

"You will open your own veins to escape the fraternity of Cain. Be comforted; the last drops will not follow the razor. For you, venerable Malesherbes,—for you, Aimar Nicolai,—for you, learned Bailly,—I see them dress the scaffold! And all the while, O great philosophers, your murderers will have no word but philosophy on their lips!"

The hush was complete and universal when the pupil of Voltaire—the prince of the academic sceptics, hot La Harpe—cried, with a sarcastic laugh, "Do not flatter me, O prophet, by exemption from the fate of my companions. Shall *I* have no part to play in this drama of your phantasies?"

At this question, Cazotte's countenance lost its unnatural expression of awe and sternness; the sardonic humor most common to it came back and played in his brightening eyes.

"Yes, La Harpe, the most wonderful part of all! *You* will become—a Christian!"

This was too much for the audience that a moment before seemed grave and thoughtful, and they burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while Cazotte as if exhausted by his predictions, sunk back in his chair, and breathed hard and heavily.

"Nay," said Madame de G——, "you who have predicted such grave things concerning us, must prophecy something also about yourself."

A convulsive tremor shook the involuntary prophet;—it passed, and left his countenance elevated by an expression of resignation and calm. "Madame," said he, after a long pause, "during the siege of Jerusalem, we are told by its historian that a man, for seven sucessive days, went round the ramparts, exclaiming, 'Woe to thee, Jerusalem, woe to myself!'"

"Well, Cazotte, well?"

"And on the seventh day, while he thus spoke, a stone from the machines of the Romans dashed him into atoms!"

With these words Cazotte rose; and the guests, awed in spite of themselves, shortly afterwards broke up and retired.

CHAPTER VII.

Qui donc t'a donné la mission s'annoncer au peuple que la divinité n'existe pas—quei avantage trouves-tu à persuader à l'homme qu'une force aveugle préside à ses destinées et frappe au hasard le crime et la vertu?*—ROBESPIERRE, Discours, Mai 7, 1794.

It was some time before midnight when the stranger returned home. His apartments were situated in one of those vast abodes which may be called an epitome of Paris itself. The cellars rented by mechanics, scarcely removed a step from paupers, often by outcasts and fugitives from the law,—often by some daring writer, who after scattering amongst the people doctrines the most subversive of order, or the most libellous on the characters of priest, minister, and king,—retired amongst the rats, to escape the persecution that attends the virtuous,—the ground-floor occupied by shops—the *entresol* by artists—the principal stories by nobles, and the garrets by journeymen or grisettes.

As the stranger passed up the stairs, a young man of a form and countenance singularly unprepossessing, emerged from a door in the *entresol*, and brushed beside him. His glance was furtive, sinister, savage, and yet timorous; the man's face was of an ashen paleness, and the features worked convulsively. The stranger paused, and observed him with

* Champfort, one of those men of letters who, though misled by the first fair show of the Revolution, refused to follow the baser men of action into its horrible excesses, lived to express the murderous philanthropy of its agents by the best bon mot of the time. Seeing written on the walls, "Fraternité ou la Mort," he observed that the sentiment should be translated thus—"*Sois mon frere, ou je te tue.*" [1]

[1] "Be my brother or I kill thee."

* Who then invested you with the mission to announce to the people that there is no God?—what advantage find you in persuading man that nothing but blind force presides over his destinies, and strikes haphazard both crime and virtue?

thoughtful looks, as he hurried down the stairs. While he thus stood, he heard a groan from the room which the young man had just quitted; the latter had pulled-to the door with hasty vehemence, but some fragment, probably of fuel, had prevented its closing, and it now stood slightly ajar; the stranger pushed it open and entered. He passed a small ante-room meanly furnished, and stood in a bed-chamber of meagre and sordid discomfort. Stretched on the bed, and writhing in pain, lay an old man; a single candle lit the room, and threw its feeble ray over the furrowed and death-like face of the sick person. No attendant was by; he seemed left alone to breathe his last. "Water," he moaned, feebly—"water—I parch—I burn!" The intruder approached the bed, bent over him, and took his hand—"Oh, bless thee, Jean, bless thee!" said the sufferer; hast thou brought back the physician already? Sir, I am poor, but I can pay you well. I would not die yet, for that young man's sake." And he sat upright in his bed, and fixed his dim eyes anxiously on his visitor.

"What are your symptoms, your disease?"

"Fire—fire—fire in the heart, the entrails—I burn!"

"How long is it since you have taken food?"

"Food! only this broth. There is the basin, all I have taken these six hours. I had scarce drunk it ere these pains began."

The stranger looked at the basin, some portion of the contents was yet left there.

"Who administered this to you?"

"Who? Jean! Who else should? I have no servant,—none! I am poor, very poor, sir. But no! you physicians do not care for the poor. *I am rich!* can you cure me?"

"Yes, if Heaven permit. Wait but a few moments."

The old man was fast sinking under the rapid effects of poison. The stranger repaired to his own apartments, and returned in a few moments with some preparation that had the instant result of an antidote. The pain ceased, the blue and lived color receded from the lips; the old man fell into a profound sleep. The stranger drew the curtains round the bed, took up the light, and inspected the apartment. The walls of both rooms were hung with drawings of masterly excellence. A portfolio was filled with sketches of equal skill; but these last were mostly subjects that appalled the eye and revolted the taste; they displayed the human figure in every variety of suffering—the rack, the wheel, the gibbet, all that cruelty has invented to sharpen the pangs of death, seemed yet more dreadful from the passionate gusto and earnest force of the designer. And some of the countenances of those thus delineated were sufficiently removed from the ideal to show that they were portraits; in a large, bold, irregular hand, was written beneath these drawings, "The Future of the Aristocrats." In a corner of the room, and close by an old bureau, was a small bundle, over which, as if to hide it, a cloak was thrown carelessly. Several shelves were filled with books; these were almost entirely the works of the philosophers of the time—the philosophers of the material school, especially the Encyclopédistes, whom Robespierre afterwards so singularly attacked, when the coward deemed it unsafe to leave his reign without a God.*

A volume lay on a table, it was one of Voltaire, and the page was opened at his argumentative assertion of the existence of the Supreme Being.* The margin was covered with pencilled notes, in the stiff but tremulous hand of old age; all in attempt to refute or to ridicule the logic of the sage of Ferney, Voltaire did not go far enough for the annotator! The clock struck two, when the sound of steps was heard without. The stranger silently seated himself on the farther side of the bed, and its drapery screened him, as he sat, from the eyes of a man who now entered on tiptoe; it was the same person who had passed him on the stairs. The new comer took up the candle

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* Cette secte (les Encyclopédistes) propages avec beaucouptde zèle l'opinion du materialisme, qui prevalut parmi les grands et parmi les beaux esprits; on lui doit en partie cette espèce de philosophie pratique qui, reduisant l'Egoisme en système, regarde a société humaine comme un guerre de ruse, le succès comme la régle du juste et de l'injuste, la probité comme une affaire de goût, ou de biensèance, le monde comme e patrimonie des fripons adroits.[1]—DISCOURS DE ROBESPIERRE, May 7, 1794.

* Histoire de Jenni.

[1] This sect (the Edcyclopædists) propagate with much zeal the doctrine of materialism, which prevails among the great and the wits; we owe to it, partly, that kind of practical philosophy which, reducing Egotism to a system, looks upon society, as a war of cunning—success the rule of right and wrong—honesty as an affair of taste or decency—and the world as the patrimony of clever scoundrels.

and approached the bed. The old man's face was turned to the pillow; but he lay so still, and his breathing was so inaudible, that his sleep might well, by that hasty, shrinking, guilty glance be mistaken for the repose of death. The new comer drew back, and a grim smile passed over his face; he replaced the candle on the table, opened the bureau with a key which he took from his pocket, and loaded himself with several rouleas of gold, that he found in the drawers. At this time the old man began to wake. He stirred, he looked up; he turned his eyes towards the light now wanning in its socket; he saw the robber at his work; he sat erect for an instant, as if transfixed, more even by astonishment than terror. At last he sprang from his bed—

"Just Heaven! do I dream! Thou—thou—thou for whom I toiled and starved!—*Thou!*"

The robber started; the gold fell from his hand, and rolled on the floor.

"What!" he said, "art thou not dead yet? Has the poison failed?"

"Poison, boy! Ah!" shrieked the old man, and covered his face with his hands; then, with sudden energy, he exclaimed, "Jean! Jean! recall that word. Rob, plunder me if thou wilt, but do not say thou couldst murder one who only lived for thee! There, there, take the gold; I hoarded it but for thee. Go—go!" and the old man, who, in his passion, had quitted his bed, fell at the feet of the foiled assassin, and writhed on the ground—the mental agony more intolerable than that of the body, which he had so lately undergone. The robber looked at him with a hard disdain.

"What have I ever done to thee, wretch?" cried the old man, "what but loved and cherished thee? Thou wert an orphan—an outcast. I nurtured, nursed, adopted thee as my son. If men call me a miser, it was but that none might despise thee, my heir, because nature has stunted and deformed thee, when I was no more. Thou wouldst have had all when I was dead. Couldst thou not spare me a few months or days—nothing to thy youth, all that is left to my age? What have I done to thee?"

"Thou hast continued to live, and thou wouldst make no will."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

"*Ton Dieu!* Thy God! Fool! Hast thou not told me, from my childhood, that there is *no* God? Hast thou not fed me on philosophy! Hast thou not said, 'Be virtuous, be good, be just, for the sake of mankind; but there is no life after this life!' Mankind! why should I love mankind? Hideous and misshapen, mankind jeer at me as I pass the streets. What hast thou done to me? Thou hast taken away from me, who am the scoff of this world, the hopes of another! Is there no other life? Well, then, I want thy gold, that at least I may hasten to make the best of this!"

"Monster! Curses light on thy ingratitude, thy——"

"And who hears thy curses? Thou knowest there is no God! Mark me; I have prepared all to fly. See—I have my passport; my horses wait without; relays are ordered. I have thy gold." (And the wretch, as he spoke, continued coldly to load his person with the rouleaus.) "And now, if I spare thy life, how shall I be sure that thou wilt not inform against mine?" He advanced with a gloomy scowl and a menacing gesture as he spoke.

The old man's anger changed to fear. He cowered before the savage. "Let me live! let me live!—that—that—"

"That—what?"

"I may pardon thee! Yes, thou hast nothing to fear from me. I swear it!"

"Swear! But by whom and what, old man? I cannot believe thee, if thou believest not in any God! Ha, ha! behold the result of thy lessons."

Another moment, and those murderous fingers would have strangled their prey. But between the assassin and his victim rose a form that seemed almost to both a visitor from the world that both denied—stately with majestic strength, glorious with awful beauty.

The ruffian recoiled, looked, trembled, and then turned and fled from the chamber. The old man fell again to the ground insensible.

CHAPTER VIII.

To know how a bad man will act when in power, reverse all the doctrines he preaches when obscure.—S. MONTAGUE.

Antipathies also form a part of magic (falsely) so called. Man naturally has the same instinct as the animals; which warns them involuntarily against the creatures that are hostile or fatal to their existence. But *he* so often neglects it that it becomes dormant. Not so the true cultivator of The Great Science, etc.
—TRISMEGISTUS THE FOURTH. (A Rosicrucian.)

WHEN he again saw the old man the next day, the stranger found him calm, and surprisingly recovered from the scene and sufferings of the night. He expressed his gratitude to his preserver with tearful fervor, and stated that he had already sent for a relation, who would make arrangements for his future safety and mode of life. "For I have money yet left," said the old man; and henceforth have no motive to be a miser." He proceeded then briefly to relate the origin and circumstances of his connection with his intended murderer.

It seems that in earlier life he had quarrelled with his relations—from a difference in opinions of belief. Rejecting all religion as a fable, he yet cultivated feelings that inclined him—for though is intellect was weak, his dispositions were good—to that false and exaggerated sensibility which its dupes so often mistake for benevolence. He had no children; he resolved to adopt an *enfant du peuple* He resolved to educate this boy according to "Reason." He selected an orphan of the lowest extraction, whose defects of person and constitution only yet the more moved his pity, and finally engrossed his affection. In this outcast he not only loved a son, he loved a theory! He brought him up most philosophically. Helvetius had proved to him that education can do all; and before he was eight years old, the little Jean's favorite expressions were—"*La lumière et la vertu.*" * The boy showed talents, especially in art.

The protector sought for a master who was as free from "superstition" as himself, and selected the painter, David. That person, as hideous as his pupil, and whose dispositions were as vicious as his professional abilities were undeniable, was certainly as free from "superstition" as the protector could desire. It was reserved for Robespierre hereafter to make the sanguinary painter believe in the *Etre Suprême.* The boy was early sensible of his ugliness, which was almost preternatural. His benefactor found it in vain to reconcile him to the malice of nature by his philosophical aphorisms; but when he pointed out to him that in this world money, like charity, covers a multitude of defects, the boy listened eagerly and was consoled. To save money for his *protégé*—for the only thing in the world he loved—this became the patron's passion. Verily, he had met with his reward.

"But I am thankful he has escaped," said the old man, wiping his eyes. "Had he left me a beggar, I could never have accused him."

"No, for you are the author of his crimes."

"How! I, who never ceased to inculcate the beauty of virtue? Explain yourself."

"Alas, if thy pupil did not make this clear to thee last night from his own lips, an angel might come from heaven to preach to thee in vain."

The old man moved uneasily, and was about to reply, when the relative he had sent for, and who, a native of Nancy, happened to be at Paris at the time—entered the room. He was a man somewhat past thirty, and of a dry, saturnine meagre countenance, restles eyes, and compressed lips. He listened, with many ejaculations of horror, to his relation's recital, and sought earnestly, but in vain, to induce him to give information against his *protégé.*

"Tush, tush, Réné Dumas!" said the old man, "you are a lawyer. You are bred to regard human life with contempt. Let any man break a law, and you shout—'Execute him!'"

"I!" cried Dumas, lifting up his hands and eyes: "venerable sage, how you misjudge me. I lament more than any one the severity of our code. I think the state never should take away life—no, not even the life of a murderer. I agree with that young statesman—Maximilien Robespierre—that the executioner is the invention of the tyrant. My very attachment to our advancing revolution is, that it must sweep away this legal butchery."

The lawyer paused, out of breath. The stranger regarded him fixedly, and turned pale.

"You change countenance, sir," said Dumas; "you do not agree with me."

* Light and virtue.

"Pardon me, I was at that moment repressing a vague fear which seemed prophetic"—

"And that?"

"Was that we should meet again, when your opinions on Death and the philosophy of Revolutions might be different."

"Never!"

"You enchant me, cousin René," said the old man who had listened to his relation with delight. "Ah, I see you have proper sentiments of justice and philanthropy. Why did I not seek to know you before! You admire the Revolution?—you, equally with me, detest the barbarity of kings and the fraud of priests?"

"Detest! How could I love mankind if I did not?"

"And," said the old man hesitatingly, "you do not think, with this noble gentleman, that I erred in the precepts I instilled into that wretched man?"

"Erred! Was Socrates to blame if Alcibiades was an adulterer and a traitor?"

"You hear him—you hear him! But Socrates had also a Plato; henceforth you shall be a Plato to me. You hear him?" exclaimed the old man, turning to the stranger.

But the latter was at the threshold. Who shall argue with the most stubborn of all bigotries—the fanaticism of unbelief?

"Are you going?" exclaimed Dumas, "and before I have thanked you, blessed you, for the life of this dear and venerable man? Oh, if ever I can repay you—if ever you want the heart's blood of René Dumas!" Thus volubly delivering himself, he followed the stranger to the threshold of the second chamber, and there gently detaining him, and after looking over his shoulder, to be sure that he was not heard by the owner, he whispered, "I ought to return to Nancy. One would not lose one's time;—you don't think, sir, that that scoundrel took away *all* the old fool's money?"

"Was it thus Plato spoke of Socrates, Monsieur Dumas?"

"Ha, ha!—you are caustic. Well, you have a right. Sir, we shall meet again."

"Again!" muttered the stranger, and his brow darkened. He hastened to his chamber, he passed the day and the night alone, and in studies, no matter of what nature,—they served to increase his gloom.

What could ever connect his fate with René Dumas? or the fugitive assassin? Why did the buoyant air of Paris seem to him heavy with the steams of blood?—why did an instinct urge him to fly from those sparkling circles, from that focus of the world's awakened hopes, warning him from return?—he, whose lofty existence defied—but away these dreams and omens! He leaves France behind. Back, O, Italy, to thy majestic wrecks! On the Alps his soul breathes the free air once more. Free air! Alas, let the world-healers exhaust their chemistry; Man never shall be as free in the market-place as on the mountain. But we, reader, we too, escape from these scenes of false wisdom clothing godless crime. Away, once more

"In den heitern Regionen
Wo die reinen formen wohnen."

Away, to the loftier realm where the pure dwellers are. Unpolluted by the Actual, the Ideal lives only with Art and Beauty. Sweet Viola, by the shores of the blue Parthenope, by Virgil's tomb, and the Cimmerian cavern, we return to thee once more.

CHAPTER IX.

"Che non vuol che'l destrier più vada in alto;
Poi lo lega nel margine marino
A un verde mirto in mezzo un lauro *e un pino*." *
—Orl. Fur., c. vi. xxiii.

O Musician! art thou happy now? Thou art reinstalled at thy stately desk—thy faithful barbiton has its share in the triumph. It is thy masterpiece which fills thy ear—it is thy daughter who fills the scene—the music, the actress so united, that applause to one is applause to both. They make way for thee at the orchestra—they no longer jeer and wink, when, with a fierce fondness, thou dost caress thy Familiar, that plains, and wails, and chides, and growls, under thy remorseless hand. They understand now how irregular is ever the symmetry of real genius. The inequalities in its surface make the moon luminous to man. Giovani Paisiello, Maestro di

* As he did not wish that his charger (the hippogriff) should take any further excursions into the higher regions for the present, he bound him at the sea-shore to a green myrtle between a laurel and a pine.

Capella, if thy gentle soul could know envy, thou must sicken to see thy Elfrida and thy Pirro laid aside, and all Naples turned fanatic to the Siren, at whose measures shook querulously thy gentle head! But thou, Paisiello, calm in the long prosperity of fame, knowest that the New will have its day, and comfortest thyself that the Elfrida and the Pirro will live for ever. Perhaps a mistake, but it is by such mistakes that true genius conquers envy. "To be immortal," says Schiller, "live in the whole." To be superior to the hour, live in thy self-esteem. The audience now would give their ears for those variations and flights they were once wont to hiss. No!—Pisani has been two-thirds of a life at silent work on his masterpiece: there is nothing he can add to *that*, however he might have sought to improve on the masterpieces of others. Is not this common? The least little critic, in reviewing some work of art, will say, "pity this, and pity that;" "this should have been altered—that omitted." Yea, with his wiry fiddlestring will he creak out his accursed variations. But let him sit down and compose, himself. He sees no improvement in variations *then!* Every man can control his fiddle when it is his own work with which its vagaries would play the devil.

And Viola is the idol—the theme of Naples. She is the spoiled Sultana of the boards. To spoil her acting may be easy enough—shall they spoil her nature? No, I think not. There, at home, she is still good and simple; and there, under the awning by the door-way there she still sits, divinely musing. How often, crook-trunked tree, she looks to thy green boughs; how often, like thee, in her dreams and fancies, does she struggle for the light;—Not the light of the stage-lamps. Pooh, child! be contented with the lamps, even with the rush-lights. A farthing candle is more convenient for household purpose than the stars.

Weeks passed, and the stranger did not reappear: months had passed, and his prophecy of sorrow was not yet fulfilled. One evening, Pisani was taken ill. His success had brought on the long-neglected composer pressing applications for concerti and sonata, adapted to his more peculiar science on the violin. He had been employed for some weeks, day and night, on a piece in which he hoped to excel himself. He took, as usual, one of those seemingly impracticable subjects which it was his pride to subject to the expressive powers of his art—the terrible legend connected with the transformation of Philomel. The pantomime of sound opened with the gay merriment of a feast. The monarch of Thrace is at his banquet: a sudden discord brays through the joyous notes—the string seems to screech with horror. The king learns the murder of his son by the hands of the avenging sisters. Swift rage the chords, through the passions of fear, of horror, of fury, and dismay. The father pursues the sisters. Hark! what changes the dread—the discord—into that long, silvery, mournful music? The trannsformation is completed; and Philomel, now the nightingale, pours from the myrtle-bough the full, liquid, subduing notes that are to tell evermore to the world the history of her woes and wrongs. Now, it was in the mist of this complicated and difficult attempt that the health of the overtasked musician, excited alike by past triumph and new ambition, suddenly gave way. He was taken ill at night. The next morning, the doctor pronounced that his disease was a malignant and infectuous fever. His wife and Viola shared in their tender watch; but soon that task was left to last alone. The Signora Pisani caught the infection, and in a few hours was even in a state more alarming than that of her husband. The Neapolitans, in common with the inhabitants of all warm climates, are apt to become selfish and brutal in their dread of infectious disorders. Gionetta herself pretended to be ill, to avoid the sick chamber. The whole labor of love and sorrow fell on Viola. It was a terrible trial—I am willing to hurry over the details. The wife died first!

One day, a little before sunset, Pisani woke partially recovered from the delirium which had preyed upon him, with few intervals, since the second day of the disease;—and casting about him his dizzy and feeble eyes, he recognized Viola, and smiled. He faltered her name as he rose and stretched his arms. She fell upon his breast, and strove to suppress her tears.

"Thy mother?" he said. "Does she sleep?"

"She sleeps—ah, yes!" and the tears gushed forth.

"I thought—eh! I know not *what* I have thought. But do not weep—I shall be well now—quite well. She will come to me when she wakes—will she?"

Viola could not speak; but she busied herself in pouring forth an anodyne, which she had been directed to give the sufferer as soon as the delirium should cease. The doctor had told her, too, to send for him the instant so important a change should occur.

She went to the door, and called to the woman who, during Gionetta's pretended illness, had been induced to supply her place; but the hireling answered not. She flew through the chambers to search for her in vain—the hireling had caught Gionetta's fears, and vanished. What was to be done? The case was urgent—the doctor had declared not a moment should be lost in obtaining his attendance; she must leave her father—she must go herself! She crept back into the room—the anodyne seemed already to have taken benign effect—the patient's eyes were closed, and he breathed regularly, as in sleep. She stole away, threw her veil over her face, and hurried from the house.

Now, the anodyne had not produced the effect which it appeared to have done; instead of healthful sleep, it had brought on a kind of light-headed somnolence, in which the mind, preternaturally restless, wandered about its accustomed haunts, waking up its old familiar instincts and inclinations. It was not sleep—it was not delirium; it was the dream-wakefulness which opium sometimes induces, when every nerve grows tremulously alive, and creates a corresponding activity in the frame, to which it gives a false and hectic vigor. Pisani missed something—what, he scarcely knew; it was a combination of the two wants most essential to his mental life—the voice of his wife, the touch of his Familiar. He rose—he left his bed—he leisurely put on his old dressing-rabe, in which he had been wont to compose. He smiled complacently as the associations connected with the garment came over his memory; he walked tremulously across the room, and entered the small cabinet next to his chamber, in which his wife had been accustomed more often to watch than sleep, when illness separated her from his side. The room was desolate and void. He looked round wistfully, and muttered to himself, and then proceeded regularly, and with a noiseless step, through the chambers of the silent house, one by one.

He came at last to that in which old Gionetta,—faithful to her own safety, if nothing else—nursed herself, in the remotest corner of the house, from the danger of infection. As he glided in—wan, emaciated, with an uneasy, anxious, searching look in his haggard eyes—the old woman shrieked aloud, and fell at his feet. He bent over her, passed his thin hands along her averted face, shook his head, and said in a hollow voice—

"I cannot find them; where are they?"

"Who, dear master? Oh, have compassion on yourself; they are not here. Blessed saints! this is terrible: he has touched me: I am dead!"

"Dead! who is dead? Is any one dead?"

"Ah! don't talk so; you must know it well: my poor mistress—she caught the fever from you; it is infectious enough to kill a whole city. Saint Gennaro, protect me! My poor mistress—she is dead—buried, too; and I, your faithful Gionetta, woe is me! Go, go—to—to bed again, dearest master—go!"

The poor musician stood for one moment mute and unmoving, then a slight shiver ran through his frame: he turned and glided back, silent and spectre-like, as he had entered. He came into the room where he had been accustomed to compose—where his wife, in her sweet patience, had so often sat by his side, and praised and flattered when the world had but jeered and scorned. In one corner he found the laurel-wreath she had placed on his brows that happy night of fame and triumph; and near it, half hid by her mantilla, lay in its case the neglected instrument.

Viola was not long gone; she had found the physician; she returned with him; and as they gained the threshold, they heard a strain of music from within, a strain of piercing, heart-rending anguish: it was not like some senseless instrument, mechanical in its obedience to a human hand—it was as some spirit calling in wail and agony from the forlorn shades, to the angels it beheld afar beyond the Eternal Gulf. They exchanged glances of dismay. They hurried into the house—they hastened into the room. Pisani turned, and his look, full of ghastly intelligence and stern command, awed them back. The black mantilla, the

faded laurel-leaf, lay there before him. Viola's heart guessed all at a single glance—she sprung to his knees—she clasped them—"Father, father, *I* am left thee still!"

The wail ceased—the note changed; with a confused association—half of the man, half of the artist—the anguish, still a melody, was connected with sweeter sounds and thoughts. The nightingale had escaped the pursuit—soft, airy, bird-like,—thrilled the delicious notes a moment, and then died away. The instrument fell to the floor, and its chords snapped. You heard that sound through the silence. The artist looked on his kneeling child, and then on the broken chords. . . . . "Bury me by her side," he said, in a very calm, low voice; "and *that*, by mine." And with these words his whole frame became rigid, as if turned to stone. The last change passed over his face. He fell to the ground, sudden and heavy. The chords *there*, too—the chords of the human instrument were snapped asunder. As he fell, his robe brushed the laurel-wreath and that fell also, near, but not in reach of, the dead man's nerveless hand.

Broken instrument—broken heart—withered laurel-wreath!—the setting sun through the vine-clad lattice streamed on all! So smiles the eternal Nature on the wrecks of all that make life glorious! And not a sun that sets not somewhere on the silenced music—on the faded laurel!

CHAPTER X.

Chè difesa miglior ch'usbergo e scudo
E la santa innocenza al petto ignudo!*
—Ger. Lib., c. viii. xli.

And they buried the Musician and his barbiton together, in the same coffin. That famous Steiner—Primæval Titan of the great Tyrolese race—often hast thou sought to scale the heavens, and therefore must thou, like the meaner children of men, descend to the dismal Hades! Harder fate for thee than thy mortal master. For *thy* soul sleeps with thee in the coffin. And the music that belongs to *his*, separate from the instrument, ascends on high, to be heard often by a daughter's pious ears, when the heaven is serene and the earth sad. For there is a sense of hearing that the vulgar know not. And the voices of the dead breathe soft and frequent to those who can unite the memory with the faith.

And now Viola is alone in the world. Alone in the home where loneliness had seemed from the cradle a thing that was not of nature. And at first the solitude and the stillness were insupportable. Have you, ye mourners, to whom these sibyl leaves, weird with many a dark enigma, shall be borne, have you not felt that when the death of some best-loved one has mad the hearth desolate—have you not felt as if the gloom of the altered home was too heavy for thought to bear?—you would leave it, though a palace, even for a cabin. And yet—sad to say—when you obey the impulse, when you fly from the walls, when in the strange place in which you seek your refuge nothing speaks to you of the lost, have ye not felt again a yearning for that very food to memory which was just before but bitterness and gall? Is it not almost impious and profane to abandon that dear hearth to strangers? And the desertion of the home where your parents dwelt, and blessed you, upbraids your conscience as if you had sold their tombs.

Beautiful was the Etruscan superstition, that the ancestors become the household gods. Deaf is the heart to which the Lares call from the desolate floors in vain. At first Viola had, in her intolerable anguish, gratefully welcomed the refuge which the house and family of a kindly neighbor, much attached to her father, and who was one of the orchestra that Pisani shall perplex no more, had proffered to the orphan. But the company of the unfamiliar in our grief, the consolation of the stranger, how it irritates the wound! And then, to hear elsewhere the name of father, mother, child—as if death came alone to you—to see elsewhere the calm regularity of those lives united in love and order, keeping account of happy hours, the unbroken timepiece of home, as if nowhere else the wheels were arrested, the chain shattered, the hands motionless, the chime still! No, the grave itself does not remind us of our loss like the company of those who have no loss to mourn. Go back to thy solitude, young orphan—go back to thy home: the sorrow that meets thee on the threshold can greet thee, even in its sad-

* Better defence than shield or breast-plate, is holy innocence to the naked breast!

ness, like the smile upon the face of the dead. And there, from thy casement, and there, from without thy door, thou seest still the tree, solitary as thyself, and springing from the clefts of the rocks, but forcing its way to light,—as, through all sorrow, while the seasons yet can renew the verdure and bloom of youth, strives the instinct of the human heart! Only when the sap is dried up, only when age comes on, does the sun shine in vain for man and for the tree.

Weeks and months—months sad and many—again passed, and Naples will not longer suffer its idol to seclude itself from homage. The world ever plucks us back from ourselves with a thousand arms. And again Viola's voice is heard upon the stage, which, mystically faithful to life, is in nought more faithful than this, that it is the appearances that fill the scene; and we pause not to ask of what realities they are the proxies. When the actor of Athens moved all hearts as he clasped the burial urn, and burst into broken sobs; how few, there, knew that it held the ashes of his son! Gold, as well as fame, was showered upon the young actress; but she still kept to her simple mode of life, to her lowly home, to the one servant, whose faults, selfish as they were, Viola was too inexperienced to perceive. And it was Gionetta who had placed her, when first born, in her father's arms! She was surrounded by every snare, wooed by every solicitation that could beset her unguarded beauty and her dangerous calling. But her modest virtue passed unsullied through them all. It is true that she had been taught by lips now mute the maiden duties enjoined by honor and religion. And all love that spoke not of the altar only shocked and repelled her. But besides that, as grief and solitude ripened her heart, and made her tremble at times to think how deeply it could feel, her vague and early visions shaped themselves into an ideal of love. And till the ideal is found, how the shadow that it throws before it chills us to the actual! With that ideal, ever and ever, unconsciously, and with a certain awe and shrinking, came the shape and voice of the warning stranger. Nearly two years had passed since he had appeared at Naples. Nothing had been heard of him, save that his vessel had been directed, some months after his departure, to sail for Leghorn. By the gossips of Naples, his existence, supposed so extraordinary, was well-nigh forgotten; but the heart of Viola was more faithful. Often he glided through her dreams, and when the wind sighed through that fantastic tree, associated with his remembrance, she started, with a tremor and a blush, as if she had heard him speak.

But amongst the train of her suitors was one to whom she listened more gently than to the rest; partly because, perhaps, he spoke in her mother's native tongue, partly because in his diffidence, there was little to alarm and displease; partly because his rank, nearer to her own than that of lordlier wooers, prevented his admiration from appearing insult; partly because he himself, eloquent and a dreamer, often uttered thoughts that were kindred to those buried deepest in her mind. She began to like—perhaps to love him, but as a sister's loves; a sort of privileged familiarity sprung up between them. If, in the Englishman's breast, arose wild and unworthy hopes, he had not yet expressed them. Is there danger to thee here, lone Viola? or is the danger greater in thy unfound ideal.

And now, as the overture to some strange and wizard spectacle, closes this opening prelude. Wilt thou hear more? Come with thy faith prepared. I ask not the blinded eyes, but the awakened sense. As the enchanted Isle, remote from the homes of men,

> —— ove alcun legno
> Rado, o non mai va dalle nostre sponde,—*
> (Ger. Lib., cant, xiv. 69.)

is the space in the weary ocean of actual life to which the Muse or Sibyl (antient in years but ever young in aspect), offers thee no unhollowed sail—

> Quinci ella in cima a una montagne ascende
> Disabitata, e d' ombre oscura e bruna;
> E par incanto a lei nevose rende
> Le spalle e i fianchi; e sensa neve alcuna
> Gli lascia il capo verdeggiante e vago;
> E vi fonda un palagio appresso un lago.†

* Where ship seldom or never comes from our coasts.

† There, she a mountain's lofty peak ascends,
Unpeopled, shady, shagg'd with forests brown,
Whose sides by power of magic half way down
She heaps with slippery ice, and frost, and snow,
But sunshiny and verdant leaves the crown
With orange woods and myrtles,—speaks, and lo!
Rich from the bordering lake a palace rises slow.
—(Wiffin's Translation).

BOOK SECOND.

ART, LOVE, AND WONDER.

Diversi aspetti in un confusi e misti.
GER. LIB., cant. iv. 7.
Different appearances, confused and mixt in one.

CHAPTER I.

Centauri, e Sfingi, e pallide Gorgoni.*
—GER. LIB., c. iv. v.

ONE moonlit night, in the Gardens at Naples, some four or five gentlemen were seated under a tree, drinking their sherbet, and listening, in the intervals of conversation, to the music which enlivened that gay and favorite resort of an indolent population. One of this little party was a young Englishman, who had been the life of the whole group, but who, for the last few moments, had sunk into a gloomy and abstracted reverie. One of his countrymen observed this sudden gloom, and, tapping him on the back, said, "What ails you Glyndon? Are you ill? You have grown quite pale—you tremble. Is it a sudden chill? You had better go home: these Italians nights are often dangerous to our English constitutions."

"No, I am well now; it was a passing shudder. I cannot account for it myself."

A man, apparently of about thirty years of age, and of a mien and countenance strikingly superior to those around him, turned abruptly, and looked steadfastly at Glyndon.

"I think I understand what you mean," said he; "and perhaps," he added, with a grave smile, "I could explain it better than yourself." Here, turning to the others he added, "You must often have felt, gentlemen, each and all of you, especially when sitting alone at night, a strange and unaccountable sensation of coldness and awe creep over you; your blood curdles, and the heart stands still; the limbs shiver, the hair bristles; you are afraid to look up, to turn your eyes to the darker corners of the room; you have a horrible fancy that something unearthly is at hand; presently the whole spell, if I may so call it, passes away, and you are ready to laugh at your own weakness. Have you not often felt what I have thus imperfectly described? if so, you can understand what our young friend has just experienced, even amidst the delights of this magical scene, and amidst the balmy whispers of a July night."

"Sir," replied Glyndon, evidently much surprised, "you have defined exactly the nature of that shudder which came over me. But how could my manner be so faithful an index to my impressions?"

"I know the signs of the visitation," returned the stranger, gravely; "they are not to be mistaken by one of my experience."

All the gentlemen present then declared that they could comprehend, and had felt, what the stranger had described.

"According to one of our national superstitions," said Mervale, the Englishman who had first addressed Glyndon, "the moment you so feel your blood creep, and your hair stand on end, some one is walking over the spot which shall be your grave."

"There are in all lands different superstitions to account for so common an occurrence," replied the stranger: "one sect among

* Centaurs, and Sphinxes, and pallid Gorgons.

the Arabians holds that at that instant God is deciding the hour either of your death, or of some one dear to you. The African savage, whose imagination is darkened by the hideous rites of his gloomy idolatry, believes that the Evil Spirit is pulling you towards him by the hair: so do the Grotesque and the Terrible mingle with each other."

"It is evidently a mere physical accident—a derangement of the stomach—a chill of the blood," said a young Neapolitan, with whom Glyndon had formed a slight acquaintance.

"Then why is always coupled in all nations, with some superstitious presentiment or terror—some connection between the material frame and the supposed world without us? For my part, I think"——

"Ay, what do you think, sir?" asked Glyndon, curiously.

"It think," continued the stranger, "that it is the repugnance and horror with which our more human elements recoil from something, indeed, invisible, but antipathetic to our own nature; and from a knowledge of which we are happily secured by the imperfection of our senses."

"You are a believer in spirits, then?" said Mervale, with an incredulous smile.

"Nay, it was not precisely of spirits that I spoke; but there may be forms of matter as invisible and impalpable to us as the animalculæ in the air we breathe—in the water that plays in yonder basin. Such beings may have passions and powers like our own,—as the animalculæ to which I have compared them. The monster that lives and dies in a drop of water—carnivorous, insatiable, subsisting on the creatures minuter than himself—is not less deadly in his wrath, less ferocious in his nature, than the tiger of the desert. There may be things around us that would be dangerous and hostile to men, if Providence had not placed a wall between them and us, merely by different modifications of matter."

"And think you that wall never can be removed?" asked young Glyndon, abruptly. "Are the traditions of sourcerer and wizard, universal and immemorial as they are, merely fables?"

"Perhaps yes—perhaps no," answered the stranger, indifferently. "But who, in an age in which the reason has chosen its proper bounds, would be mad enough to break the partition that divides him from the boa and the lion—to repine at and rebel against the law which confines the shark to the great deep? Enough of these idle speculations."

Here the stranger rose, summoned the attendant, paid for his sherbet, and bowing slightly to the company, soon disappeared among the trees.

"Who is that gentleman?" asked Glyndon, eagerly.

The rest looked at each other, without replying, for some moments.

"I never saw him before," said Mervale, at last.

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"I know him well," said the Neapolitan, who was, indeed, the Count Cetoxa. "If you remember, it was as my companion that he joined you. He visited Naples about two years ago, and has recently returned; he is very rich—indeed, enormously so. A most agreeable person. I am sorry to hear him talk so strangely to-night; it serves to encourage the various foolish reports that are circulated concerning him."

"And surely," said another Neapolitan, "the circumstance that occurred but the other day, so well known to yourself, Cetoxa, justifies the reports you pretend to deprecate."

"Myself and my countryman," said Glyndon, "mix so little in Neapolitan society, that we lose much that appears well worthy of lively interest. May I inquire what are the reports, and what is the circumstance you refer to?"

"As to the reports, gentlemen," said Cetoxa, courteously addressing himself to the two Englishmen, "it may suffice to observe, that they attribute to the Signor Zanoni certain qualities which everybody desires for himself, but damns any one else for possessing. The incident Signor Belgioso alludes to illustrates these qualities, and is, I must own, somewhat startling. You probably play, gentlemen?" (Here Cetoxa paused; and, as both Englishmen had occasionally staked a few scudi at the public gaming tables, they bowed assent to the conjecture). Cetoxa continued: "Well, then, not many days since, and on the very day that Zanoni returned to Naples, it so happened that I had been playing pretty high, and had lost considerably.

"I rose from the table, resolved no longer

to tempt fortune, when I suddenly perceived Zanoni, whose acquaintance I had before made, (and who I might say, was under some slight obligation to me), standing by, a spectator. Ere I could express my gratification at this unexpected recognition, he laid his hand on my arm. 'You have lost much,' said he; 'more than you can afford. For my part, I dislike play: yet I wish to have some interest in what is going on. Will you play this sum for me? the risk is mine—the half profits yours.' I was startled, as you may suppose, at such an address; but Zanoni had an air and tone with him it was impossible to resist; besides, I was burning to recover my losses, and should not have risen had I had any money left about me. I told him I would accept his offer, provided we shared the risk as well as profits. 'As you will," said he, smiling; 'we need have no scruple, for you will be sure to win.' I sate down; Zanoni stood behind me; my luck rose; I invariably won. In fact, I rose from the table a rich man."

"There can be no foul play at the public tables, especially when foul play would make against the bank?" This question was put by Glyndon.

"Certainly not," replied the Count. "But our good fortune was, indeed, marvellous—so extraordinary, that a Sicilian (the Sicilians are all ill-bred, bad-tempered fellows) grew angry and insolent. 'Sir,' said he, turning to my new friend, 'you have no business to stand so near to the table. I do not understand this; you have not acted fairly.' Zanoni replied, with great composure, that he had done nothing against the rules—that he was very sorry that one man could not win without another man losing; and that he could not act unfairly, even if disposed to do so. The Sicilian took the stranger's mildness for apprehension, and blustered more loudly. In fact, he rose from the table, and confronted Zanoni in a manner that, to say the least of it, was provoking to any gentleman who has some quickness of temper, or some skill with the small sword."

"And," interrupted Belgiose, "the most singular part of the whole to me was, that this Zanoni, who stood opposite to where I sat, and whose face I distinctly saw, made no remark, showed no resentment. He fixed his eye steadfastly on the Sicilian; never shall I forget that look! it is impossible to describe it, it froze the blood in my veins. The Sicilian staggered back, as if struck. I saw him tremble; he sank on the bench. And then—"

"Yes, then," said Cetoxa, "to my infinite surprise, our gentleman, thus disarmed by a look from Zanoni turned his whole anger upon me—*the*—but perhaps you do not know, gentlemen, that I have some repute with my weapon?"

"The best swordsman in Italy," said Belgioso.

"Before I could guess why or wherefore," resumed Cetoxa, "I found myself in the garden behind the house, with Ughelli (that was the Sicilian's name) facing me, and five or six gentlemen, the witnesses of the duel about to take place, around. Zanoni beckoned me aside. 'This man will fall,' said he. 'When he is on the ground, go to him, and ask whether he will be buried by the side of his father in the church of San Gennaro?' 'Do you then know his family?' I asked, with great surprise. Zanoni made me no answer, and the next moment I was engaged with the Sicilian. To do him justice, his *imbrogliato* was magnificent, and a swifter lounger never crossed a sword; nevertheless," added Cetoxa, with a pleasing modesty, "he was run through the body. I went up to him; he could scarcely speak. 'Have you any request to make—any affairs to settle?' He shook his head. 'Where would you wish to be interred?' He pointed towards the Sicilian coast. 'What!' said I, in surprise, '*not* by the side of your father, in the church af San Gennaro?' As I spoke his face altered terribly—he uttered a piercing shriek—the blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell dead. The most strange part of the story is to come. We buried him in the church of San Gennaro, In doing so, we took up his fathers's coffin; the lid came off in moving it, and the skeleton was visible. In the hollow of the skull we found a very slender wire of sharp steel: this caused surprise and inquiry. The father, who was rich, and a miser, had died suddenly, and been buried in haste, owing, it was said, to the heat of the weather. Suspicion once awakened, the examination became minute. The old man's servant was questioned, and at last confessed that the son had murdered the sire; the contrivance was ingenious; the wire was so

slender, that it pierced to the brain, and drew but one drop of blood, which the grey hairs concealed. The accomplice will be executed."

"And Zanoni—did he give evidence? did he account for"——

"No," interrupted the Count: "he declared that he had by accident visited the church that morning; that he had observed the tombstone of the Count Ughelli; that his guide had told him the Count's son was in Naples—a spendthrift and a gambler. While we were at play, he had heard the Count mentioned by name at the table; and when the challenge was given and accepted, it had occurred to him to name the place of burial, by an instinct which he either could not or would not account for."

"A very lame story," said Mervale.

"Yes! but we Italians are superstitious;—the alleged instinct was regarded by many as the whisper of Providence. The next day the stranger became an object of universal interest and curiosity. His wealth, his manner of living, his extraordinary personal beauty, have assisted also to make him the rage; besides, I have had pleasure in introducing so eminent a person to our gayest cavaliers and our fairest ladies."

"A most interesting narrative," said Mervale, rising. "Come, Glyndon; shall we seek our hotel?—It is almost daylight. Adieu, Signor!"

"What think you of this story?" said Glyndon, as the young men walked homeward.

"Why, it is very clear that this Zanoni is some impostor—some clever rogue; and the Neapolitan shares the booty, and puffs him off with all the hackneyed charlatanism of the Marvellous. An unknown adventurer gets into society by being made an object of awe and curiosity;—he is more than ordinarily handsome; and the women are quite content to receive him without any other recommendation than his own face and Cetoxa's fables."

"I cannot agree with you. Cetoxa, though a gambler and a rake, is a nobleman of birth and high repute for courage and honor. Besides, this stranger, with his noble presence, and lofty air—so calm—so unobtrusive—has nothing in common with the forward garrulity of an impostor."

"My dear Glyndon, pardon me; but you have not yet acquired any knowledge of the world! the stranger makes the best of a fine person, and his *grand air* is but a trick of the trade. But, to change the subject—how advances the love affair?"

"Oh, Viola could not see me to-day."

"You must not marry her. What would they all say at home?"

"Let us enjoy the present," said Glyndon, with vivacity; "we are young, rich, good-looking: let us not think of to-morrow."

"Bravo, Glyndon! Here we are at the hotel. Sleep sound, and don't dream of Signor Zanoni."

CHAPTER II.

Prende, giovine audace e impaziente,
L'occasione offerta avidamente.*
—GER. LIB., c. vi. xxix.

CLARENCE GLYNDON was a young man of fortune, not large, but easy and independent. His parents were dead, and his nearest relation was an only sister, left in England under the care of her aunt, and many years younger than himself. Early in life he had evinced considerable promise in the art of painting, and rather from enthusiasm than any pecuniary necessity for a profession, he determined to devote himself to a career in which the English artist generally commences with rapture and historical composition, to conclude with avaricious calculation, and portraits of Alderman Simpkins. Glyndon was supposed by his friends to possess no inconsiderable genius; but it was of a rash and presumptuous order. He was averse from continuous and steady labor, and his ambition rather sought to gather the fruit than to plant the tree. In common with many artists in their youth, he was fond of pleasure and excitement, yielding with little forethought to whatever impressed his fancy or appealed to his passions. He had travelled through the more celebrated cities of Europe, with the avowed purpose and sincere resolution of studying the divine master-pieces of his art. But in each, pleasure had too often allured him from ambition, and living beauty distracted his worship from the senseless canvass. Brave, adventurous, vain, restless, in-

* Take, youth, bold and impatient, the offered occasion eagerly.

quisitive, he was ever involved in wild projects and pleasant dangers—the creature of impulse and the slave of imagination.

It was then the period, when a feverish spirit of change was working its way to that hideous mockery of human aspirations, the Revolution of France. And from the chaos into which were already jarring the sanctities of the World's Venerable Belief, arose many shapeless and unformed chimeras. Need I remind the reader, that while that was the day for polished sceptism and affected wisdom, it was the day also for the most egregious credulity and the most mystically superstitions,—the day in which magnetism and magic found converts amongst the disciples of Diderot,—when prophecies were current in every mouth,—when the salon of a philosophical deist was converted into an Heraclea, in which necromancy professed to conjure up the shadows of the dead—when the Crosier and the Book were ridiculed, and Mesmer and Cagliostro were believed. In that Helliacal Rising heralding the new sun before which all vapors were to vanish, stalked from their graves in the feudal ages all the phantoms that had flitted before the eyes of Paracelsus and Agrippa. Dazzled by the dawn of the Revolution, Glyndon was yet more attracted by its strange accompaniments, and natural it was with him, as with others, that the fancy which ran riot amidst the hopes of a social Utopia, should grasp with avidity all that promised, out of the dusty tracks of the beaten science, the bold discoveries of some marvellous Elysium.

In his travels, he had listened with vivid interest, at least, if not with implicit belief, to the wonders told of each more renowned Ghostseer, and his mind was therefore prepared for the impression which the mysterious Zanoni at first sight had produced upon it.

There might be another cause for this disposition to credulity. A remote ancestor of Glyndon's, on the mother's side, had achieved no inconsiderable reputation as a philosopher and alchemist. Strange stories were afloat concerning this wise progenitor. He was said to have lived to an age far exceeding the allotted boundaries of mortal existence, and to have preserved to the last the appearance of middle life. He had died at length it was supposed of grief for the sudden death of a great grandchild, the only creature he had ever appeared to love. The works of this philosopher, though rare, were extant, and found in the library of Glydon's home. Their Platonic mysticism, their bold assertions, the high promises that might be detected through their figurative and typical phraseology, had early made a deep impression on the young imagination or Clarence Glyndon. His parents, not alive to the consequences of encouraging fancies which the very enlightment ot the age appeared to them sufficient to prevent or dispel, were fond, in the long winter nights, of conversing on the traditional history of this distinguished progenitor. And Clarence thrilled with a fearful pleasure when his mother playfully detected a striking likeness between the features of the young heir and the faded portrait of the alchemist that overhung their mantelpiece, and was the boast of their household and the admiration of their friends:—The child is. indeed, more often than we think for, " the father of the man."

I have said that Glyndon was fond of pleasure. Facile. as genius ever must be, to cheerful impression, his careless Artist-life, ere Artist-life settles down to labor, had wandered from flower to flower. He had enjoyed, almost to the reaction of satiety, the gay revelries of Naples, when he fell in love with the face and voice of Viola Pisani. But his love. like his ambition, was vague and desultory. It did not satisfy his whole heart and fill up his whole nature; not from want of strong and noble passions, but because his mind was not yet matured and settled enough for their development. As there is one season for the blossom, another for the fruit; so it is not till the bloom of fancy begins to fade that the heart ripens to the passions that the bloom precedes and foretells. Joyous alike at his lonely easel or amidst his boon companions, he had not yet known enough of sorrow to love deeply, For man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greatest. It is the shallow sensualists of France, who, in their *salon*-language, call love "a folly;"—Love, better understood, is wisdom. Besides, the world was too much with Clarence Glyndon. His ambition of art was associated with the applause and estimation of that miserable minority of the Surface that we call the Public.

Like those who deceive, he was ever fearful of being himself the dupe. He distrusted the sweet innocence of Viola. He could not venture the hazard of seriously proposing marriage to an Italian actress; but the modest dignity of the girl, and something good and generous in his own nature, had hitherto made him shrink from any more worldly but less honorable designs. Thus the familiarity between them seemed rather that of kindness and regard, than passion. He attended the theatre; he stole behind the scenes to converse with her; he filled his portfolio with countless sketches of a beauty that charmed him as an artist, as well as lover. And day after day he floated on through a changing sea of doubt and irresolution, of affection and distrust. The last, indeed, constantly sustained against his better reason, by the sober admonitions of Mervale, a matter-of-fact man!

The day following that eve on which this section of my story opens, Glyndon was riding alone by the shores of the Neapolitan sea, on the other side of the Cavern of Posilipo. It was past noon; the sun had lost its early fervor, and a cool breeze sprung up voluptuously from the sparkling sea. Bending over a fragment of stone near the road-side, he perceived the form of a man; and when he approached, he recognized Zanoni.

The Englishman saluted him courteously. "Have you discovered some antique?" said he, with a smile; "they are common as pebbles on this road."

"No," replied Zanoni "it was but one of those antiques that have their date, indeed, from the beginning of the world, but which Nature eternally withers and renews." So saying, he showed Glyndon a small herb, with a pale blue flower, and then placed it carefully in his bosom.

"You are a herbalist?"

"I am.'

"It is, I am told, a study full of interest."

"To those who understand it, doubtless."

"Is the knowledge, then, so rare?"

"Rare! The deeper knowledge is perhaps rather, among the arts, *lost* to the modern philosophy of commonplace and surface! Do you imagine there was no foundation for those traditions which come dimly down from remoter ages—as shells now found on the mountain-tops inform us where the seas have been? What was the old Colchian magic, but the minute study of Nature in her lowliest works? What the fable of Medea, but a proof of the powers that may be extracted from the germ and leaf? The most gifted of all the priestcrafts, the mysterious sisterhoods of Cuth, concerning whose incantations Learning vainly bewilers itself amidst the maze of legends, sought in the meanest herbs what, perhaps, the Babylonian Sages explored in vain amidst the loftiest stars. Tradition yet tells you that there existed a race * who could slay their enemies from afar, without weapon, without movement. The herb that ye tread on may have deadlier powers than your engineers can give to their mightiest instruments of war. Can you guess, that to these Italian shores—to the old Circæan Promontory, came the Wise from the farthest East, to search for plants and simples which your Pharmacists of the Counter would fling from them as weeds? The first Herbalists—the master chemists of the world—were the tribe that the ancient reverence called by the name of *Titans*.† I remember once, by the Hebrus, in the reign of —— But this talk," said Zanoni, checking himself abruptly, and with a cold smile, "serves only to waste your time and my own." He paused, looked steadily at Glyndon, and continued—"Young man, think you that vague curiosity will supply the place of earnest labor? I read your heart. You wish to know me, and not this humble herb: but pass on; your desire cannot be satisfied."

"You have not the politenesss of your countrymen," said Glyndon, somewhat discomposed. "Suppose I were desirious to cultivate your acquaintance, why should you reject my advances?"

"I reject no man's advances," answered Zanoni; "I must know them if they so desire; but *me*, in return, they can never comprehend. If you ask my acquaintance, it is yours; but I would warn you to shun me."

"And why are you, then, so dangerous?"

"On this earth, men are often, without their own agency, fated to be dangerous to others. If I were to predict your fortune by the vain calculations of the astrologer, I should tell you, in their despicable jargon, that my planet

* Plut. Symp., l. 5, c. 7.

† Syncellus, p. 14.—"Chemistry the Invention of the Giants."

sat darkly in your house of life. Cross me not, if you can avoid it. I warn you now for the first time and last."

"You despise the astrologers, yet you utter a jargon as mysterious as theirs. I neither gamble nor quarrel; why, then, should I fear you?"

"As you will; I have done."

"Let me speak frankly—your conversation last night interested and perplexed me."

"I know it: minds like yours are attracted by mystery."

Glyndon was piqued at these words, though in the tone in which they were spoken there was no contempt.

"I see you do not consider me worthy of your friendship. Be it so. Good-day!" Zanoni coldly replied to the salutation and, as the Englishman rode on, returned to his botanical employment.

The same night, Glyndon went, as usual, to the theatre. He was standing behind the scenes watching Viola, who was on the stage in one of her most brilliant parts. The house resounded with applause. Glyndon was transported with a young man's passion and a young man's pride:—"This glorious creature," thought he, "may yet be mine."

He felt, while thus wrapt in delicious reverie, a slight touch upon his shoulder: he turned, and beheld Zanoni. "You are in danger," said the latter. "Do not walk home to-night; or if you do, go not alone."

Before Glyndon recovered from his surprise, Zanoni disappeared; and when the Englishman saw him again, he was in the box of one of the Neapolitan nobles, where Glyndon could not follow him.

Viola now left the stage, and Glyndon accosted her with an unaccustomed warmth of gallantry. But Viola, contrary to her gentle habit, turned with an evident impatience from the address of her lover. Taking aside Gionetta, who was her constant attendant at the theatre, she said, in an earnest whisper,—

"Oh, Gionetta! He is here again!—the stranger of whom I spoke to thee!—and again, he alone, of the whole theatre, withholds from me his applause."

"Which is he, my darling?" said the old woman, with fondness in her voice. "He must indeed be dull—not worth a thought."

The actress drew Gionetta nearer to the stage, and pointed out to her a man in one of the boxes, conspicuous amongst all else by the simplicity of his dress, and the extraordinary beauty of his features.

"Not worth a thought, Gionetta!" repeated Viola—"not worth a thought! Alas, not to think of him, seems the absence of thought itself!"

The prompter summoned the Signora Pisani. "Find out his name, Gionetta," said she, moving slowly to the stage, and passing by Glyndon, who gazed at her with a look of sorrowful reproach.

The scene on which the actress now entered was that of the final catastrophe, wherein all her remarkable powers of voice and art were pre-eminently called forth. The house hung on every word with breathless worship; but the eyes of Viola sought only those of one calm and unmoved spectator: she exerted herself as if inspired. Zanoni listened, and observed her with an attentive gaze, but no approval escaped his lips; no emotion changed the expression of his cold and half disdainful aspect. Viola, who was in the character of one who loved, but without return, never felt so acutely the part she played. Her tears were truthful; her passion that of nature: it was almost too terrible to behold. She was borne from the stage exhausted and insensible, amidst such a tempest of admiring rapture as continental audiences alone can raise. The crowd stood up—handkerchiefs waved—garlands and flowers were thrown on the stage—men wiped their eyes, and women sobbed aloud.

"By heavens!" said a Neapolitan of great rank, "she has fired me beyond endurance. To-night, this very night, she shall be mine! You have arranged all, Mascari?"

"All, Signor. And the young Englishman?"

"The presuming barbarian! As I before told thee, let him bleed for his folly. I will have no rival."

"But an Englishman! There is always a search after the bodies of the English."

"Fool! is not the sea deep enough, or the earth secret enough to hide one dead man? Our ruffians are silent as the grave itself:—and I!—who would dare to suspect, to arraign the Prince di ——?" See to it—this night. I trust him to you,—robbers murder

him—you understand;—the country swarms with them;—plunder and strip him, the better to favor such report. Take three men; the rest shall be my escort."

Mascari shrugged his shoulders, and bowed submissively.

The streets of Naples were not then so safe as now, and carriages were both less expensive and more necessary. The vehicle which was regularly engaged by the young actress was not to be found. Gionetta, too aware of the beauty of her mistress and the number of her admirers to contemplate without alarm the idea of their return on foot, communicated her distress to Glyndon, and he besought Viola, who recovered but slowly, to accept his own carriage. Perhaps before that night she would not have rejected so slight a service. Now, for some reason or other, she refused Glyndon, offended, was retiring sullenly, when Gionetta stopped him. "Stay, Signor," said she, coaxingly; "the dear Signora is not well—do not be angry with her; I will make her accept your offer."

Glyndon stayed, and after a few moments spent in expostulation on the part of Gionetta, and resistance on that of Viola, the offer was accepted. Gionetta and her charge entered the carriage, and Glyndon was left at the door of the theatre to return home on foot. The mysterious warning of Zanoni then suddenly occurred to him; he had forgotten it in the interest of his lover's quarrel with Viola. He thought it now advisable to guard against danger foretold by lips so mysterious: he looked round for some one he knew; the theatre was disgorging its crowds; they hustled, and jostled, and pressed upon him; but he recognized no familiar countenance. While pausing irresolute, he heard Mervale's voice calling on him, and, to his great relief, discovered his friend making his way through the throng.

"I have secured you," said he, "a place in the Count Cetoxa's carriage. Come along, he is waiting for us."

"How kind in you! how did you find me out?"

"I met Zanoni in the passage.—'Your friend is at the door of the theatre,' said he; 'do not let him go home on foot to-night; the streets of Naples are not always safe.' I immediately remembered that some of the Calabrian bravos had been busy within the city the last few weeks, and suddenly meeting Cetoxa—but here he is."

Further explanation was forbidden, for they now joined the Count. As Glyndon entered the carriage and drew up the glass, he saw four men standing apart by the pavement, who seemed to eye him with attention.

"Cospetto!" cried one, "that is the Englishman!" Glyndon imperfectly heard the exclamation as the carriage drove on. He reached home in safety.

The familiar and endearing intimacy which always exists in Italy between the nurse and the child she has reared, and which the "Romeo and Juliet" of Shakspeare in no way exaggerates, could not but be drawn yet closer than usual, in a situation so friendless as that of the orphan-actress. In all that concerned the weaknesses of the heart, Gionetta had large experience; and when, three nights before, Viola, on returning from the theatre, had wept bitterly, the nurse had succeeded in extracting from her a confession that she had seen one—not seen for two weary and eventful years—but never fogotten, and who, alas, had not evinced the slightest recognition of herself. Gionetta could not comprehend all the vague and innocent emotions that swelled this sorrow; but she resolved them all, with her plain blunt understanding, to the one sentiment of love. And here, she was well fitted to sympathize and console. Confident to Viola's entire and deep heart she never could be—for that heart never could have words for all its secrets. But such confidence as she could obtain, she was ready to repay by the most unreproving pity and the most ready service.

"Have you discovered who he is?" asked Viola, as she was now alone in the carriage with Gionetta.

"Yes; he is the celebrated Signor Zanoni, about whom all the great ladies have gone mad. They say he is so rich!—oh, so much richer than any of the Inglesi!—not but what the Signor Glyndon——"

"Cease!" interrupted the young actress. "Zanoni! Speak of the Englishman no more."

The carriage was entering that more lonely and remote part of the city in which Viola's house was situated, when suddenly it stopped.

Gionetta, in alarm, thrust her head out of the window, and perceived by the pale light of the moon, that the driver, torn from his seat, was already pinioned in the arms of two men: the next moment, the door was opened violently, and a tall figure, masked and mantled, appeared.

"Fear not, fairest Pisani," said he gently, "no ill shall befall you." As he spoke, he wound his arms round the form of the fair actress, and endeavored to lift her from the carriage. But Gionetta was no ordinary ally—she thrust back the assailant with a force that astonished him, and followed the shock by a volley of the most energetic reprobation.

The mask drew back and composed his disordered mantle.

"By the body of Bacchus!" said he, half laughing, "she is well protected. Here, Lugi—Giovanni! seize the hag!—quick!—why loiter ye?"

The mask retired from the door, and another yet taller form presented himself. "Be calm, Viola Pisani," said he, in a low voice: "with me you are indeed safe!" He raised his mask as he spoke, and showed the noble features of Zanoni.

"Be calm, be hushed,—I can save you." He vanished, leaving Viola lost in surprise, agitation, and delight. There were, in all nine masks: two were engaged with the driver; one stood at the head of the carriage horses; a fourth guarded the well-trained steeds of the party; three others (besides Zanoni and the one who had first accosted Viola) stood apart by a carriage drawn to the side of the road. To these three Zanoni motioned: they advanced; he pointed towards the first mask, who was in fact the Prince di ——, and to his unspeakable astonishment, the Prince was suddenly seized from behind.

"Treason!" he cried. "Treason among my own men! What means this?"

"Place him in his carriage! If he resist, his blood be on his own head!" said Zanoni, calmly.

He approached the men who had detained the coachman.

"You are outnumbered and outwitted," said he: "join your lord; you are three men—we six, armed to the teeth. Thank our mercy that we spare your lives.—Go!"

The men gave way, dismayed. The driver remounted.

"Cut the traces of their carriage and the bridles of their horses, said Zanoni, as he entered the vehicle containing Viola, which now drove on rapidly, leaving the discomfited ravisher in a state of rage and stupor impossible to describe.

"Allow me to explain this mystery to you," said Zanoni. "I discovered the plot against you—no matter how I frustrated it thus:—The head of this design is a nobleman, who has long persecuted you in vain. He and two of his creatures watched you from the entrance of the theatre, having directed six others to await him on the spot where you were attacked; myself and five of my servants supplied their place, and were mistaken for his own followers. I had previously ridden alone to the spot where the men were waiting, and informed them that their master would not require their services that night. They believed me, and accordingly dispersed. I then joined my own band, whom I had left in the rear; you know all. We are at your door."

CHAPTER III.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
—SHAKSPEARE.

ZANONI followed the young Neapolitan into her house: Gionetta vanished—they were left alone.

Alone, in that room so often filled, in the old happy days, with the wild melodies of Pisani; and now, as she saw this mysterious, haunting, yet beautiful and stately stranger, standing on the very spot where she had sat at her father's feet, thrilled and spellbound—she almost thought, in her fantastic way of personifying her own airy notions, that that spiritual Music had taken shape and life, and stood before her glorious in the image it assumed. She was unconscious all the while of her own loveliness. She had thrown aside her hood and veil: her hair, somewhat disordered, fell over the ivory neck which the dress partially displayed; and, as her dark eyes swam with

grateful tears, and her cheek flushed with its late excitement, the good of light and music himself never, amidst his Arcadian valleys, wooed, in his mortal guise, maiden or nymph more fair.

Zanoni gazed at her with a look in which admiration seemed not unmingled with compassion. He muttered a few words to himself, and then addressed her aloud.

"Viola, I have saved you from a great peril; not from dishonor only, but, perhaps, from death. The Prince de ——, under a weak despot and a venal administration, is a man above the law. He is capable of every crime; but amongst his passions he has such prudence as belongs to ambition; if you were not to reconcile yourself to your shame, you would never enter the world again to tell your tale. The ravisher has no heart for repentance, but he has a hand that can murder. I have saved you, Viola. Perhaps you would ask me wherefore?" Zanoni paused, and smiled mournfully, as he added, "You will not wrong me by the thought that he who has preserved is not less selfish than he who would have injured. Orphan, I do not speak to you in the language of your wooers; enough that I know pity, and am not ungrateful for affection. Why blush, why tremble at the word? I read your heart while I speak, and I see not one thought that should give you shame. I say not that you love me yet; happily, the fancy may be roused long before the heart is touched. But it has been my fate to fascinate your eye, to influence your imagination. It is to warn you against what could bring you but sorrow, as I warned you once to prepare for sorrow itself, that I am now your guest. The Englishman, Glyndon, loves thee well—better, perhaps, that I can ever love: if not worthy of thee yet, he has but to know thee more to deserve thee better. He may wed thee, he may bear thee to his own free and happy land, the land of thy mother's kin. Forget me; teach thyself to return and deserve his love; and I tell thee that thou wilt be honored and be happy."

Viola, listened with silent, inexpressible emotion, and burning blushes, to this strange address, and when he had concluded, she covered her face with her hands, and wept. And yet, much as his words were calculated to humble or irritate, to produce indignation or excite shame, those were not the feelings with which her eyes streamed and her heart swelled. The woman at that moment was lost in the child; and *as* a child with all its exacting, craving, yet innocent desire to be loved, weeps in unrebuking sadness when its affection is thrown austerely back upon itself—so, without anger and without shame, wept Viola.

Zanoni contemplated her thus, as her graceful head, shadowed by its redundant tresses, bent before him; and after a moment's pause he drew near to her, and said, in a voice of the most soothing sweetness, and with a half smile upon his lip—

"Do you remember, when I told you to struggle for the light, that I pointed for example to the resolute and earnest tree: I did not tell you, fair child, to take example by the moth, that would soar to the star, but falls scorched beside the lamp. Come, I will talk to thee. This Englishman——"

Viola drew herself away, and wept yet more passionately.

"This Englishman is of thine own years, not far above thine own rank. Thou mayst share his thoughts in life—thou mayst sleep beside him in the same grave in death! And I, but *that* view of the future should concern us not. Look into thy heart, and thou wilt see that till again my shadow crossed thy path, there had grown up for this thine equal, a pure and calm affection that would have ripened into love. Hast thou never pictured to thyself a home in which thy partner was thy younger wooer?"

"Never!" said Viola, with sudden energy, "never, but to feel that such was not the fate ordained me. And, oh!" she continued, rising suddenly, and putting aside the tresses that veiled her face, she fixed her eyes upon the questioner; "and, oh! whoever thou art that thus wouldst read my soul and shape my future, do not mistake the sentiment that—that"—she faltered an instant, and went on with downcast eyes), "that has fascinated my thoughts to thee. Do not think that I could nourish a love unsought and unreturned. It is not love that I feel for thee, stranger. Why should I? Thou hast never spoken to me but to admonish—and now, to wound!" Again she paused, again her voice faltered; the tears trembled on her eyelids; she brushed them away and resumed. "No, not love—if that be love which I have heard and read of, and

sought to simulate on the stage,—but a more solemn, fearful, and, it seems to me, almost preternatural attraction, which makes me associate thee, waking or dreaming, with images that at once charm and awe. Thinkest thou, if it were love, that I could speak to thee thus? that" (she raised her looks suddenly to his) "mine eyes could thus search and confront thine own? Stranger, I ask but at times to see, to hear thee! Stranger, talk not to me of others. Forewarn, rebuke, bruise my heart, reject the not unworthy gratitude it offers thee, if thou wilt, but come not always to me as an omen of grief and trouble. Sometimes have I seen thee in my dreams surrounded by shapes of glory and light; thy looks radiant with a celestial joy which they wear not now. Stranger, thou hast saved me, and I thank and bless thee! Is that also a homage thou wouldst reject?" With these words she crossed her arms meekly on her bosom, and inclined lowlily before him. Nor did her humility seem unwomanly or abject, nor that of mistress to lover, of slave to master, but rather of a child to its guardian, of a neophyte of the old religion to her priest. Zanoni's brow was melancholy and thoughtful. He looked at her with a strange expression of kindness, of sorrow, yet of tender affection, in his eyes; but his lips were stern, and his voice cold, as he replied—

"Do you know what you ask, Viola? Do you guess the danger to yourself—perhaps to both of us—which you court? Do you know that my life, separated from the turbulent herd of men, is one worship of the Beautiful, from which I seek to banish what the Beautiful inspires in most? As a calamity, I shun what to man seems the fairest fate—the love of the daughters of earth. At present, I can warn and save thee from many evils; if I saw more of thee, would the power still be mine? You understand me not. What I am about to add, it will be easier to comprehend. I bid thee banish from thy heart all thought of me, but as one whom the Future cries aloud to thee to avoid. Glyndon, if thou acceptest his homage, will love thee till the tomb closes upon both. I too," (he added, with emotion),—"I, too, might love thee!"

"You!" cried Viola, with the vehemence of a sudden impulse of delight, of rapture, which she could not suppress; but the instant after, she would have given worlds to recall the exclamation.

"Yes, Viola, I might love thee; but in that love what sorrow and what change! The flower gives perfume to the rock on whose heart it grows. A little while, and the flower is dead; but the rock still endures;—the snow at its breast—the sunshine on its summit. Pause—think well. Danger besets thee yet. For some days thou shalt be safe from thy remorseless persecutor; but the hour soon comes when thy only security will be in flight. If the Englishman love thee worthily, thy honor will be dear to him as his own; if not, there are yet other lands where love will be truer, and virtue less in danger from fraud and force. Farewell; my own destiny I cannot foresee except through cloud and shadow. I know, at least, that we shall meet again; but learn ere then, sweet flower, that there are more genial resting-places than the rock."

He turned as he spoke, and gained the outer door where Gionetta discreetly stood. Zanoni lightly laid his hand on her arm. With the gay accent of a jesting cavalier, he said—

"The Signor Glyndon woos your mistress: he may wed her. I know your love for her. Disabuse her of any caprice for me. I am a bird ever on the wing."

He dropped a purse into Gionetta's hand as he spoke, and was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

Les Intelligences Célestes se font voir, et se communiquent plus volontiers, dans le silence, et dans la tranquillité de la solitude. On aura donc une petite chambre ou un cabinet secret, etc.—*Les Clavicules de Robbi Salomon*, chap. 3; *traduites exactement du texte Hebreu par M. Pierre Morissoneau, Professeur des Langues Orientales, et Sectateur de la Philosophie des Sages Cabalistes.** (*Manuscript Translation.*)

The Palace retained by Zanoni was in one of the less frequented quarters of the city.—It still stands, now ruined and dismantled, a monument of the splendor of a chivalry long since vanished from Naples, with the lordly races of the Norman and the Spaniard.

* The Celestial Intelligences exhibit and explain themselves most freely in the silence and tranquillity of solitude. One will have then a little chamber, or a secret cabinet, etc.

As he entered the rooms reserved for his private hours, two Indians, in the dress of their country, received him at the threshold with the grave salutations of the East. They had accompanied him from the far lands in which, according to rumor, he had for many years fixed his home. But they could communicate nothing to gratify curiosity or justify suspicion. They spoke no language but their own. With the exception of these two, his princely retinue was composed of the native hirelings of the city; whom his lavish but imperious generosity made the implicit creatures of his will. In his house, and in his habits, so far as they were seen, there was nothing to account for the rumors which were circulated abroad. He was not, as we are told of Albertus Magnus or the great Leonardo da Vinci, served by airy forms; and no brazen image, the invention of magic mechanism, communicated to him the influences of the stars.

None of the apparatus of the alchemist—the crucible, and the metals—gave solemnity to his chambers, or accounted for his wealth; nor did he even seem to interest himself in those serener studies which might be supposed to color his peculiar conversation with abstract notions, and often with recondite learning. No books spoke to him in his solitude; and if ever he had drawn from them his knowledge, it seemed now that the only page he read was the wide one of Nature, and that a capacious and startling memory supplied the rest. Yet was there one exception to what in all else seemed customary and common-place, and which, according to the authority we have prefixed to this chapter, might indicate the follower of the occult sciences. Whether at Rome or Naples, or, in fact, wherever his abode, he selected one room remote from the rest of the house, which was fastened by a lock scarcely larger than the seal of a ring, yet which sufficed to baffle the most cunning instruments of the locksmith: at least, one of his servants, prompted by irresistible curiosity, had made the attempt in vain; and though he had fancied it was tried in the most favorable time for secrecy—not a soul near—in the dead of night—Zanoni himself absent from home, yet his superstition, or his conscience, told him the reason why the next day the Major Domo quietly dismissed him. He compensated himself for this misfortune by spreading his own story, with a thousand amusing exaggerations. He declared that, as he approached the door, invisible hands seemed to pluck him away; and that when he touched the lock, he was struck as by a palsy to the ground. One surgeon, who heard the tale, observed to the distaste of the wonder-mongers, that possibly Zanoni made a dexterous use of electricity. Howbeit, this room once so secured, was never entered save by Zanoni himself.

The solemn voice of Time, from the neighboring church, at last aroused the lord of the palace from the deep and motionless reverie, rather resembling a trance than thought, in which his mind was absorbed.

"It is one more sand out of the mighty Hour-glass," said he, murmuringly, "and yet time neither adds to, nor steals from, an atom in the Infinite!—Soul of mine, the luminous, the Augoeides,* why descendest thou from thy sphere—why from the eternal, starlike, and passionless Serene, shrinkest thou back to the mists the dark sarcophagus? How long, too austerely taught that companionship with the things that die brings with it but sorrow in its sweetness, hast thou dwelt contented with thy majestic solitude?"

As he thus murmured, one of the earliest birds that salute the dawn broke into sudden song from amidst the orange trees in the garden below his casement. And as suddenly song answered song; the mate awakened at the note, gave back its happy answer to the bird. He listened; and not the soul he had questioned, but the heart replied. He rose, and with restless strides paced the narrow floor. "Away from this world!" he exclaimed at length: with an impatient tone. "Can no time loosen its fatal ties? As the attraction that holds the earth in space, is the attraction that fixes the soul to earth. Away, from the dark-grey planet! Break, ye fetters: arise, ye wings!"

* Αυγοειδης—A word favored by the mystical Platonists, σφαιρα ψυχης αυγοειδης, οταε μητε εκτεινηται εκι τι, μητε εσω συντρεχη μητε συνιζαινη, αλλα φωτι λαμπηται, ω την αληθειαν ορα την παντων, και την εν αυτη.—MARC. ANT., lib. 2.—The sense of which beautiful sentence of the old philosophy, which, as Bayle well observes, in his article on Cornelius Agrippa, the modern Quietests have (however impotently) sought to imitate, is to the effect that 'the sphere of the soul is luminous, when nothing external has contact with the soul itself; but when lit by its own light, it sees the truth of all things and the truth centered in itself.'

He passed through the silent galleries, and up the lofty stairs, and entered the secret chamber.

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CHAPTER V.

——"I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate."
—*The Tempest.*

THE next day, Glyndon bent his steps towards Zanoni's palace. The young man's imagination, naturally inflammable, was singularly excited by the little he had seen and heard of this strange being—a spell, he could neither master nor account for, attracted him towards the stranger. Zanoni's power seemed mysterious and great, his motives kindly and benevolent, yet his manners chilling and repellant. Why at one moment reject Glyndon's acquaintance, at another save him from danger? How had Zanoni thus acquired the knowledge of enemies unknown to Glyndon himself? His interest was deeply roused, his gratitude appealed to; he resolved to make another effort to conciliate the ungracious herbalist.

The Signor was at home, and Glyndon was admitted into a lofty saloon, where in a few moments Zanoni joined him.

"I am come to thank you for your warning last night," said he, "and to entreat you to complete my obligation by informing me of the quarter to which I may look for enmity and peril."

"You are a gallant," said Zanoni, with a smile, and in the English language, "and do you know so little of the south as not to to be aware that gallants have always rivals?"

"Are you serious?" said Glyndon, coloring.

"Most serious. You love Viola Pisani; you have for rival one of the most powerful and relentless of the Neapolitan princes. Your danger is indeed great."

"But pardon me!—how came it known to you?"

"I give no account of myself to mortal man," replied Zanoni, haughtily; "and to me it matters nothing whether you regard or scorn my warning."

"Well, if I may not question you, be it so;—but at least advise me what to do."

"Would you follow my advice?"

"Why not?"

"Because you are constitutionally brave; you are fond of excitement and mystery; you like to be the hero of a romance. Were I to advise you to leave Naples, would you do so while Naples contains a foe to confront, or a mistress to pursue?"

"You are right," said the young Englishman, with energy. "No! and you cannot reproach me for such a resolution."

"But there is another course left to you: do you love Viola Pisani truly and fervently? if so, marry her, and take a bride to your native land.

"Nay," answered Glyndon, embarrassed; "Viola is not of my rank. Her profession, too, is—in short, I am enslaved by her beauty, but I cannot wed her."

Zanoni frowned.

"Your love, then, is but selfish lust, and I advise you to your own happiness no more. Young man, Destiny is less inexorable than it appears. The resources of the great Ruler of the universe are not so scanty and so stern as to deny to men the divine privilege of Free Will; all of us can carve out our own way, and God can make our very contradictions harmonize with His solemn ends. You have before you an option. Honorable and generous love may even now work out your happiness, and effect your escape; a frantic and selfish passion will but lead you to misery and doom."

"Do you pretend, then, to read the Future?"

"I have said all that it pleases me to utter."

"While you assume the moralist to me, Signor Zanoni," said Glyndon, with a smile, "are you yourself so indifferent to youth and beauty, as to act the stoic to its allurements?"

"If it were necessary that practice square with precept," said Zanoni, with a bitter smile, "our monitors, would be but few. The conduct of the individual can effect but a small circle beyond himself; the permanent good or evil that he works to others lies rather in the sentiments he can diffuse. His acts are limited and momentary; his sentiments may pervade the universe, and inspire generations till the day of doom. All our virtues, all our laws, are drawn from books and maxims, which *are* sentiments, not from deeds. In conduct,

Julian had the virtues of a Christian, and Constantine the vices of a Pagan. The sentiments of Julian reconverted thousands to Paganism; those of Constantine helped, under Heaven's will, to bow to Christianity the nations of the earth. In conduct, the humblest fisherman on yonder sea, who believes in the miracles of San Gennaro, may be a better man than Luther. To the sentiments of Luther the mind of modern Europe is indebted for the noblest revolution it has known. Our opinions, young Englishman, are the angel part of us; our acts, the earthly."

"You have reflected deeply for an Italian," said Glyndon.

"Who told you I was an Italian?"

"Are you not? And yet, when I hear you speak my own language as a native, I—"

"Tush!" interrupted Zanoni impatiently turning away. Then, after a pause, he resumed in a mild voice—"Glyndon, do you renounce Viola Pisani? Will you take some days to consider what I have said?"

"Renounce her—never!"

"Then you will marry her?"

"Impossile!"

"Be it so: she will then renounce you. I tell you that you have rivals."

"Yes; the Prince di——; but I do not fear him."

"You have another, whom you will fear more."

"And who is he?"

"Myself."

Glyndon turned pale and started from his seat.

"You, Signor Zanoni!—you—and you dare to tell me so?"

"Dare! Alas! there are times when I wish that I could fear."

These arrogant words were not uttered arrogantly, but in a tone of the most mournful dejection. Glyndon was enraged, confounded, and yet awed. However, he had a brave English heart within his breast, and he recovered himself quickly.

"Signor," said he, calmly, "I am not to be duped by these solemn phrases and these mystical assumptions. You may have powers which I cannot comprehend or emulate, or you may be but a keen impostor."

"Well, proceed!"

"I mean, then," continued Glyndon, resolutely, though somewhat disconcerted, "I mean you to understand, that, though I am not to be persuaded or compelled by a stranger to marry Viola Pisani, I am not the less determined never tamely to yield her to another."

Zanoni looked gravely at the young man, whose sparkling eyes and heightened color testified the spirit to support his words, and replied—"So bold! well; it becomes you. But take my advice: wait yet nine days, and tell me then if you will marry the fairest and the purest creature that ever crossed your path."

"But if you love her, why—why—"

"Why am I anxious that she should wed another: to save her from myself! Listen to me. That girl, humble and uneducated though she be, has in her the seeds of the most lofty qualities and virtues. She can be all to the man she loves—all that man can desire in wife. Her soul, developed by affection, will elevate your own; it will influence your fortunes, exalt your destiny: you will become a great and a prosperous man. If, on the contrary, she fall to me, I know not what may be her lot; but I know that there is an ordeal which few can pass, and which hitherto no woman has survived."

As Zanoni spoke, his face became colorless, and there was something in his voice that froze the warm blood of the listener.

"What is this mystery which surrounds you?" exclaimed Glyndon, unable to repress his emotion. "Are you, in truth, different from other men? Have you passed the boundary of lawful knowledge? Are you, as some declare, a sorcerer, or only a—"

"Hush!" interrupted Zanoni, gently, and with a smile of singular but melancholy sweetness: "have you earned the right to ask me these questions? Though Italy still boast an Inquisition, its power is rivelled as a leaf which the first wind shall scatter. The days of torture and persecution are over; and a man may live as he pleases, and talk as it suits him, without fear of the stake and the rack. Since I can defy persecution, pardon me if I do not yield to curiosity."

Glyndon blushed, and rose. In spite of his love for Viola, and his natural terror of such a rival, he felt himself irresistibly drawn towards the very man he had most cause to

suspect and dread. He held out his hand to Zanoni, saying, "Well, then, if we are to be rivals, our swords must settle our rights: till then I would fain be friends."

"Friends! You know not what you ask."

"Enigmas again!"

"Enigmas!" cried Zanoni, passionately, "ay! can you dare to solve them? Not till then could I give you my right hand, and call you friend."

"I could dare everything and all things for the attainment of super-human wisdom," said Glyndon, and his countenance was lighted up with wild and intense enthusiasm.

Zanoni observed him in thoughtful silence.

"The seeds of the ancestor live in the son," he muttered; "he may—yet"—— He broke off abruptly; then, speaking aloud—"Go Glyndon," said he: "we shall meet again, but I will not ask your answer till the hour presses for decision."

CHAPTER VI.

'Tis certain that this man has an estate of fifty thousand livres, and seems to be a person of very great accomplishments. But, then, if he's a Wizard, are wizards so devoutly given as this man seems to be? —In short, I could make neither head nor tail on't.—THE COUNT DE GABALIS, *Translation affixed to the Second Edition of the "Rape of the Lock."*

OF all the weakness which little men rail against, there is none that they are more apt to ridicule than the tendency to believe. And of all the signs of a corrupt heart and a feeble head, the tendency of incredulity is the surest.

Real philosophy seeks rather to solve than to deny. While we hear, every day, the small pretenders to science talk of the absurdities of Alchemy and the dream of the Philosopher's Stone, a more erudite knowledge is aware that by Alchemists the greatest discoveries in science have been made, and much which still seems abstruse, had we the key to the mystic phraseology they were compelled to adopt, might open the way to yet more noble acquisitions. The Philosopher's Stone itself has seemed no visionary chimera to some of the soundest chemists that even the present century has produced.* Man cannot contradict the Laws of Nature. But are all the Laws of Nature yet discovered?

"Give me a proof of your Art," says the rational inquirer. "When I have seen the effect, I will endeavor, with you, to ascertain the causes."

Somewhat to the above effect were the first thoughts of Clarence Glyndon on quitting Zanoni. But Clarence Glyndon was *no* "rational inquirer." The more vague and mysterious the language of Zanoni, the more it imposed upon him. A proof would have been something tangible, with which he would have sought to grapple. And it would have only disappointed his curiosity to find the supernatural reduced to Nature. He endeavored, in vain, at some moments rousing himself from credulity to the scepticism he deprecated, to reconcile what he had heard with the probable motives and designs of an impostor. Unlike Mesmer and Cagliostro, Zanoni, whatever his pretensions, did not make them a source of profit; nor was Glyndon's position or rank in life sufficient to render any influence obtained over his mind, subservient to schemes, whether of avarice or ambition. Yet, ever and anon, with the suspicion of wordly knowledge, he strove to persuade himself that Zanoni had at least some sinister object in inducing him to what his English pride and manner of thought considered a derogatory marriage with the poor actress. Might not Viola and the Mystic be in league with each other? Might not all this jargon of prophecy and menace be but artifices to dupe him?

He felt an unjust resentment towards Viola, at her having secured such an ally. But with that resentment was mingled a natural jealousy. Zanoni threatened him with rivalry. Zanoni, who, whatever his character or his arts, possessed at least all the external attributes that dazzle and command. Impatient of his own doubts, he plunged into the society of such acquaintances as he had made at Naples—chiefly artists, like himself, men of letters, and the rich commercialists, who were already vying with the splendor, though debarred from the privileges, of the nobles.

* Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," (Article Alchem,) after quoting the sanguine judgments of modern chemists, as to the transmutation of metals, observes, of one yet greater and more recent than those to which Glyndon's thoughts could have referred—"Sir Humphry Davy told me that he did not consider this undiscovered art as impossible: but should it ever be discovered, it would certainly be useless."

From these he heard much of Zanoni, already with them, as with the idler classes, an object of curiosity and speculation.

He had noticed, as a thing remarkable that Zanoni had conversed with him in English, and with a command of the language so complete, that he might have passed for a native. On the other hand, in Italian, Zanoni was equally at ease. Glyndon found that it was the same in languages less usually learned by foreigners. A painter from Sweden, who had conversed with him, was positive that he was a Swede; and a merchant from Constantinople, who had sold some of his goods to Zanoni, professed his convictions that none but a Turk, or at least a native of the East, could have so thoroughly mastered the soft Oriental intonations. Yet, in all these languages, when they came to compare their several recollections, there was a slight, scarce perceptible distinction, not in pronunciation, nor even accent, but in the key and chime, as it were, of the voice between himself and a native. This faculty was one which Glyndon called to mind, that sect, whose tenets and powers have never been more than most partially explored, the Rosicrucians especially arrogated. He remembered to have heard in Germany of the work of John Bringeret,* asserting that all the languages of earth were known to the genuine Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross. Did Zanoni belong to this mystical Fraternity, who, in an earlier age, boasted of secrets of which the Philosopher's Stone was but the least; who considered themselves the heirs of all that the Chaldæans, the Magi, the Gymnosophists, and the Platonists had taught; and who differed from all the darker Sons of Magic in the virtue of their lives, the purity of their doctrines, and their insisting, as the foundation of all wisdom, on the subjugation of the senses, and the intensity of Religious Faith?—a glorious sect if they lied not! And, in truth, if Zanoni had powers beyond the race of worldly sages, they seemed not unworthily exercised. The little known of his life was in his favor. Some acts, not of indiscriminate, but judicious generosity and beneficence, were recorded; in repeating which, still, however, the narrators shook their heads, and expressed surprise how a stranger should have possessed so minute a knowledge of the quiet and obscure distresses he had relieved. Two or three sick persons, when abandoned by their physicians, he had visited and conferred with alone. They had recovered; they ascribed to him their recovery; yet they could not tell by what medicines they had been healed. They could only depose that he came, conversed with them, and they were cured; it usually, however, happened that a deep sleep had preceded the recovery.

Another circumstance was also beginning to be remarked, and spoke yet more in his commendation. Those with whom he principally associated — the gay, the dissipated, the thoughtless, the sinners and publicans of the more polished world—all appeared rapidly, yet insensibly to themselves, to awaken to purer thoughts and more regulated lives. Even Cetoxa, the prince of gallants, duellists and gamesters, was no longer the same man since the night of the singular events which he had related to Glyndon. The first trace of his reform was in his retirement from the gaming-houses; the next was his reconciliation with an hereditary enemy of his house, whom it had been his constant object for the last six years to entangle in such a quarrel as might call forth his inimitable manœuvre of the *stoccata*. Nor when Cetoxa and his young companions were heard to speak of Zanoni, did it seem that this change had been brought about by any sober lectures or admonitions. They all described Zanoni as a man keenly alive to enjoyment—of manners, the reverse of formal—not precisely gay, but equable, serene, and cheerful; ever ready to listen to the talk of others, however idle, or to charm all ears with an inexhaustible fund of brilliant anecdote and worldly experience. All manners, all nations, all grades of men seemed familiar to him. He was reserved only if allusion were ever ventured to his birth or history.

The more general opinion of his origin certainly seemed the more plausible. His riches, his familiarity with the languages of the East, his residence in India, a certain gravity which never deserted his most cheerful and familiar hours, the lustrous darkness of his eyes and hair, and even the peculiarities of his shape, in the delicate smallness of the hands, and the Arab-like turn of the stately head, appeared to fix him as belonging to one at least of the Oriental races. And a dabbler in the Eastern

* Printed in 1615.

tongues even sought to reduce the simple name of Zanoni, which a century before had been borne by an inoffensive naturalist of Bologna,* to the radicals of the extinct language Zan was unquestionably the Chaldæan appelation for the sun. Even the Greeks, who mutilated every Oriental name, had retained the right one in this case, as the Cretan inscription on the tomb of Zeus† significantly showed. As to the rest, the Zan, or Zaun, was, with the Sidonians, no uncommon prefix to On. Adonis was but another name for Zanonas, whose worship in Sidon Hesychius records. To this profound and unanswerable derivation, Mervale listened with great attention, and observed that he now ventured to announce an erudite discovery he himself had long since made—viz., that the numerous family of Smiths in England were undoubtedly the ancient priests of the Phrygian Apollo. "For," said he "was not Apollo's surname, in Phrygian, Smintheus? How clear all the ensuing corruptions of the august name—Smintheus—Smitheus—Smithé—Smith! And even now, I may remark that the more ancient branches of that illustrious family, unconsciously anxious to approximate at least by a letter nearer to the true title, take a pious pleasure in writing their names Smithe!"

The Philologist was much struck with the discovery, and begged Mervale's permission to note it down as an illustration suitable to a work he was about to publish on the origin of languages, to be called "Babel," and published in three quartos by subscription.

CHAPTER VII.

Learn to be poor in spirit, my son, if you would penetrate that sacred night which environs truth. Learn of the Sages to allow to the Devils no power in nature, since the fatal stone has shut 'em up in the depth of the abyss. Learn of the Philosophers always to look for natural causes in all extraordinary events; and when such natural causes are wanting, recur to God.—THE COUNT DE GABALIS.

ALL these additions to his knowledge of Zanoni, picked up in the various lounging places and resorts that he frequented, were unsatisfactory to Glyndon. That night Viola did not perform at the theatre; and the next day, still disturbed by bewildered fancies, and averse to the sober and sarcastic companionship of Mervale, Glyndon sauntered musingly into the public gardens, and paused under the very tree under which he had first heard the voice that had exercised upon his mind so singular an influence. The gardens were deserted. He threw himself on one of the seats placed beneath the shade; and again, in the midst of his reverie, the same cold shudder came over him which Zanoni had so distinctly defined, and to which he had ascribed so extraordinary a cause.

He roused himself with a sudden effort, and started to see, seated next to him, a figure hideous enough to have personated one of the malignant beings of whom Zanoni had spoken. It was a small man, dressed in a fashion strikingly at variance with the elaborate costume of the day. An affectation of homeliness and poverty approaching to squalor, in the loose trowsers, coarse as a ship's sail—in the rough jacket, which appeared rent wilfully into holes—and the black, ragged, tangled locks that streamed from their confinement under a woollen cap, accorded but ill with other details which spoke of comparative wealth. The shirt, open at the throat, was fastened by a brooch of gaudy stones; and two pendent massive gold chains announced the foppery of two watches.

The man's figure, if not absolutely deformed, was yet marvellously ill favored; his shoulders high and square; his chest flattened, as if crushed in; his gloveless hands were knotted at the joints, and large, bony and muscular, dangled from lean, emaciated wrists, as if not belonging to them. His features had the painful distortion sometimes seen in the countenance of a cripple—large, exaggerated, with the nose nearly touching the chin; the eyes small, but glowing with a cunning fire as they dwelt on Glyndon; and the mouth was twisted into a grin that displayed rows of jagged, black, broken teeth. Yet over this frightful face there still played a kind of disagreeable intelligence, an expression at once astute and bold; and as Glyndon, recovering from the first impression, looked again at his neighbor, he blushed at his own dismay, and recognized a French artist, with whom he had formed an

* The author of two works on botany and rare plants.

† Ὧδε μεγας κειται Ζαν.[1]—*Cyril contra Julian.*

[1] Here lies great Jove.

acquaintance, and who was possessed of no inconsiderable talents in his calling.

Indeed, it was to be remarked that this creature, whose externals were so deserted by the Graces, particularly delighted in designs aspiring to majesty and grandeur. Though his coloring was hard and shallow, as was that generally of the French school at the time, his *drawings* were admirable for symmetry, simple elegance, and classic vigor; at the same time they unquestionably wanted ideal grace. He was fond of selecting subjects from Roman History, rather than from the copious world of Grecian beauty, or those still more sublime stories of scriptural record from which Raffaêle and Michel Angelo borrowed their inspirations. His grandeur was that, not of gods and saints, but mortals. His delineation of beauty was that which the eye cannot blame and the soul does not acknowledge. In a word, as it was said of Dionysius, he was an Anthropographos, or Painter of Men. It was also a notable contradiction in this person, who was addicted to the most extravagant excesses in every passion, whether of hate or love, implacable in revenge, and insatiable in debauch, that he was in the habit of uttering the most beautiful sentiments of exalted purity and genial philanthrophy. The world was not good enough for him; he was, to use the expressive German phrase, *a world-betterer!* Nevertheless, his sarcastic lip often seemed to mock the sentiments he uttered, as if it sought to insinuate that he was above even the world he would construct.

Finally, this painter was in close correspondence with the Republicans of Paris, and was held to be one of those missionaries whom, from the earliest period of the Revolution, the regenerators of mankind were pleased to dispatch to the various states yet shackled, whether by actual tyranny, or wholesome laws. Certainly as the historian of Italy * has observed, there was no city in Italy where these new doctrines would be received with greater favor than Naples, partly from the lively temper of the people, principally because the most hateful feudal privileges, however partially curtailed some years before by the great minister, Tanuccini, still presented so many daily and practical evils as to make change wear a more substantial charm than the mere and meretricious bloom on the cheek of the harlot—Novelty. This man, whom I will call Jean Nicot, was, therefore, an oracle among the younger and bolder spirits of Naples; and before Glyndon had met Zanoni, the former had not been among the least dazzled by the eloquent aspirations of the hideous Philanthropist.

"It is so long since we have met, *cher confrère*," said Nicot, drawing his seat nearer to Glyndon's, "that yon cannot be surprised that I see you with delight, and even take the liberty to intrude on your meditations."

"They were of no agreeable nature," said Glyndon; "and never was intrusion more welcome."

"You will be charmed to hear," said Nicot, drawing several letters from his bosom, "that the good work proceeds with marvellous rapidity. Mirabeau, indeed, is no more; but, *mort Diable!* the French people are now a Mirabeau themselves." With this remark, Monsieur Nicot proceeded to read and to comment upon several animated and interesting passages in his correspondence, in which the word Virtue was introduced twenty-seven times, and God not once. And then, warmed by the cheering prospects thus opened to him, he began to indulge in those anticipations of the future, the outline of which we have already seen in the eloquent extravagance of Condorcet. All the Old Virtues were dethroned for a new Pantheon: Patriotism was a narrow sentiment; Philanthropy was to be its successor. No love that did not embrace all mankind, as warm for Indus and the Pole as for the hearth of home, was worthy the breast of a generous man. Opinion was to be free as air; and in order to make it so, it was necessary to exterminate all those whose opinions were not the same as Mons. Jean Nicot's. Much of this amused, much revolted Glyndon; but when the Painter turned to dwell upon a science that all should comprehend—and the results of which all should enjoy,—a science that springing from the soil of equal institutions and equal mental cultivation, should give to all the races of men wealth without labor, and a life longer than the Patriarchs', without care,—then Glyndon listened with interest and admiration, not unmixed with awe. "Observe," said Nicot, "how much that we

* Botta.

now cherish as a virtue will then be rejected as meanness. Our oppressors, for instance, preach to us of the excellence of gratitude. Gratitude, the confession of inferiority! What so hateful to a noble spirit as the humiliating sense of obligation? But where there is equality there can be no means for power thus to enslave merit. The benefactor and the client will alike cease, and "—

"And in the meantime," said a low voice, at hand, "in the meantime, Jean Nicot?"

The two artists started, and Glyndon recognized Zanoni.

He gazed with a brow of unusual sternness on Nicot, who, lumped together as he sate, looked up at him askew, and with an expression of fear and dismay upon his distorted countenance.

Ho, ho! Messire Jean Nicot, thou who fearest neither God nor Devil, why fearest thou the eye of a Man?

"It is not the first time I have been a witness to your opinions on the infirmity of gratitude," said Zanoni.

Nicot suppressed an exclamation, and, after gloomily surveying Zanoni with an eye villanous and sinister, but full of hate impotent and unutterable, said, "I know you not—what would you of me?"

"Your absence. Leave us!"

Nicot sprung forward a step, with hands clenched, and showing his teeth from ear to ear, like a wild beast incensed. Zanoni stood motionless and smiled at him in scorn. Nicot halted abruptly, as if fixed and fascinated by the look, shivered from head to foot, and sullenly, and with a visible effort, as if impelled by a power not his own, turned away.

Glyndon's eyes followed him in surprise.

"And what know you of this man?" said Zanoni.

"I know him as one like myself—a follower of art."

"Of ART! Do not so profane that glorious word. What Nature is to God, Art should be to Man—a sublime, beneficent, genial, and warm creation. That wretch may be a *painter*, not an *artist*."

"And pardon me if I ask what *you* know of one you thus disparage?"

"I know thus much, that you are beneath my care if it be necessary to warn you against him; his own lips show the hideousness of his heart. Why should I tell you of the crimes he has committed! He *speaks* crime!"

"You do not seem, Signor Zanoni, to be one of the admirers of the dawning Revolution. Perhaps you are prejudiced against the man because you dislike the opinions?"

"What opinions?"

Glyndon paused, somewhat puzzled to define; but at length he said, "Nay, I must wrong you; for you, of all men, I suppose, cannot discredit the doctrine that preaches the infinite improvement of the human species."

"You are right; the few in every age improve the many; the many now may be as wise as the few were; but improvement is at a stand-still, if you tell me that the many now are as wise as the few *are*."

"I comprehend you; you will not allow the law of universal equality!"

"Law! If the whole world conspired to enforce the falsehood, they could could not make it *law*. Level all conditions to-day, and you only smoothe away all obstacles to tyranny to-morrow. A nation that aspires to *equality* is unfit for *freedom*. Throughout all creation, from the archangel to the worm, from Olympus to the pebble, from the radiant and completed planet to the nebula that hardens through ages of mist and slime into the habitable world, the first law of nature is inequality."

"Harsh doctrine, if applied to states. Are the cruel disparities of life never to be removed?"

"Disparities of the *physical* life? Oh, let us hope so. But disparities of the *intellectual* and the *moral*, never! Universal equality of intelligence, of mind, of genius, of virtue!—no teacher left to the world, no men wiser, better than others—were it not an impossible condition, *what a hopeless prospect for humanity!* No; while the world lasts, the sun will gild the mountain top before it shines upon the plain. Diffuse all the knowledge the earth contains equally over all mankind to-day, and some men will be wiser than the rest to-morrow. And *this* is not a harsh, but a loving law,—the *real* law of Improvement; the wiser the few in one generation, the wiser will be the multitude the next!"

As Zanoni thus spoke, they moved on through the smiling gardens, and the beautiful

bay lay sparkling in the noontide. A gentle breeze just cooled the sunbeam, and stirred the ocean; and in the inexpressible clearness of the atmostphere, there was something that rejoiced the senses. The very soul seemed to grow lighter and purer in that lucid air.

"And these men, to commence their era of improvement and equality, are jealous even of the Creator. They would deny an Intelligence —a God!" said Zanoni, as if involuntarily. "Are you an Artist, and, looking on the world, can you listen to such a dogma? Between God and Genius there is a necessary link—there is almost a correspondent language. Well said the Pythagorean*—'A great intellect is the chorus of divinity.'"

Struck and touched with these sentiments, which he little expected to fall from one to whom he ascribed those powers which the superstitions of childhood ascribe to the darker agencies, Glyndon said, "And yet you have confessed that your life, separated from that of others, is one that man should dread to share. Is there then a connection between magic and religion.

"Magic! And what is magic? When the traveller beholds in Persia the ruins of palaces and temples, the ignorant inhabitants inform him they were the work of magicians! What is beyond their own power, the vulgar cannot comprehend to be lawfully in the power of others. But if by magic you mean a perpetual research amongst all that is more latent and obscure in nature, I answer, I profess that magic, and that he who does so comes but nearer to the fountain of all belief. Knowest thou not that magic was taught in the schools of old? But how, and by whom? as the last and most solemn lesson, by the Priests who ministered to the Temple.† And you, who would be a painter, is not there a magic also in the art you would advance? Must you not, after long study of the Beautiful that has been, seize upon new and airy combinations of a beauty that is to be? See you not that the Grander Art, whether of poet or of painter, ever seeking for the TRUE, abhors the REAL; that you must seize Nature as her master, not lackey her as her slave?

"You demand mastery over the past, a conception of the future. Has not the Art, that is truly noble, for its domain the Future and the Past? You would conjure the invisible beings to your charm; and what is painting but the fixing into substance the Invisible? Are you discontented with this world? This world was never meant for genius! To exist, it must create another. What magician can do more; nay, what science can do as much? There are two avenues from the little passions and the drear calamities of earth; both lead to heaven and away from hell—Art and Science. But art is more godlike than science; science discovers, art creates. You have faculties that may command art; be contented with your lot. The astronomer who catalogues the stars cannot add one atom to the universe; the poet can call an universe from the atom; the chemist may heal with his drugs the infirmities of the human form; the painter, or the sculptor, fixes into everlasting youth forms divine, which no disease can ravage, and no years impair. Renounce those wandering fancies that lead you now to myself, and now to yon orator of the human race; to us two who are the antipodes of each other! Your pencil is your wand; your canvass may raise Utopias fairer than Condorcet dreams of. I press not yet for your decision; but what man of genius ever asked more to cheer his path to the grave, than love and glory?"

"But," said Glyndon, fixing his eyes earnestly on Zanoni, "if there be a power to baffle the grave itself"

Zanoni's brow darkened. "And were this so," he said, after a pause, "would it be so sweet a lot to outlive all you loved, and to recoil from every human tie? Perhaps the fairest immortality on earth is that of a noble name."

"You do not answer me—you equivocate. I have read of the long lives, far beyond the date common experience assigns to man," persisted Glyndon, "which some of the alchemists enjoyed. Is the golden elizir but a fable?"

"If not, and these men discovered it, they died, because they refused to live! There may be a mournful warning in your conjecture. Turn once more to the easel and the canvass!"

So saying, Zanoni waved his hand, and, with downcast eyes and a slow step, bent his way back into the city.

* Sextus, the Pythagorean.

† Psellus de Dæmon. (MS.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GODDESS WISDOM.

To some she is the goddess great;
To some the milch cow of the field;
Their care is but to calculate
What butter she will yield.
—*From* SCHILLER.

THIS last conversation with Zanoni left upon the mind of Glyndon a tranquillizing and salutary effect. From the confused mists of his fancy glittered forth again those happy, golden schemes which part from the young ambition of art, to play in the air, to illumine the space, like rays that kindle from the sun. And with these projects mingled also the vision of a love purer and serener than his life yet had known. His mind went back into that fair childhood of genius, when the forbidden fruit is not yet tasted, and we know of no land beyond the Eden which is gladdened by an Eve. Insensibly before him there rose the scenes of a home, with his art sufficing for all excitement, and Viola's love circling occupation with happiness and content; and in the midst of these phantasies of a future that might be at his command, he was recalled to the present by the clear strong voice of Mervale, the man of common sense.

Whoever has studied the lives of persons in whom the imagination is stronger than the will, who suspect their own knowledge of actual life, and are aware of their facility to impressions,—will have observed the influence which a homely, vigorous, worldly understanding obtains over such natures. It was thus with Glyndon. His friend had often extricated him from danger, and saved him from the consequences of imprudence: and there was something in Mervale's voice alone that damped his enthusiasm, and often made him yet more ashamed of noble impulses than weak conduct. For Mervale, though a downright honest man, could not sympathize with the extravagance of generosity any more than with that of presumption and credulity. He walked the straight line of life, and felt an equal contempt for the man who wandered up the hill sides, no matter whether to chase a butterfly or to catch a prospect of the ocean.

"I will tell you your thoughts, Clarence," said Mervale, laughing, "though I am no Zanoni. I know them by the moisture of your eyes and the half smile on your lips You are musing upon that fair perdition—the little singer of San Carlo."

The little singer of San Carlo! Glyndon colored as he answered—

"Would you speak thus of her if she were my wife?"

"No! for then any contempt I might venture to feel would be for yourself. One may dislike the duper, but it is the dupe that one despises."

"Are you sure that I should be the dupe in such an union?. Where can I find one so lovely and so innocent—where one whose virtue has been tried by such temptation? Does even a single breath of slander sully the name of Viola Pisani?"

"I know not all the gossip of Naples, and therefore cannot answer: but I know this, that in England no one would believe that a young Englishman, of good fortune and respectable birth, who marries a singer from the Theatre of Naples, has not been lamentably taken in. I would save you from a fall of position so irretrievable. Think how many mortifications yon will be subjected to; how many young men will visit at your house, and how many young wives will as carefully avoid it."

"I can choose my own career, to which commonplace society is not essential. I can owe the respect of the world to my art, and not to the accidents of birth and fortune."

"That is, you still persist in your second folly—the absurd ambition of daubing canvass. Heaven forbid I should say anything against the laudable industry of one who follows such a profession for the sake of subsistence; but with means and connections that will raise you in life, why voluntarily sink into a mere artist? As an accomplishment in leisure moments, it is all very well in its way; but as the occupation of existence, it is a frenzy."

"Artists have been the friends of princes."

"Very rarely, so, I fancy, in sober England. There in the great centre of political aristocracy, what men respect is the practical, not the ideal. Just suffer me to draw two pictures of my own. Clarence Glyndon returns to England; he marries a lady of fortune equal to his own, of friends and parentage that advance rational ambition. Clarence Glyndon, thus a wealthy and respectable man, of good talents, of bustling energies then concentrated,

enters into practical life. He has a house at which he can receive those whose acquaintance is both advantage and honor; he has leisure which he can devote to useful studies; his reputation, built on a solid base, grows in men's mouths. He attaches himself to a party; he enters political life; his new connections serve to promote his objects. At the age of five-and-forty, what, in all probability, may Clarence Glyndon be? Since you are ambitious, I leave that question for you to decide! Now turn to the other picture. Clarence Glyndon returns to England with a wife who can bring him no money, unless he lets her out on the stage; so handsome that every one asks who she is, and every one hears—the celebrated singer, Pisani. Clarence Glyndon shuts himself up to grind colors and paint pictures in the grand historical school, which nobody buys. There is even a prejudice against him, as not having studid in the Academy,—as being an amateur. Who is Mr. Clarence Glyndon? Oh! the celebrated Pisani's husband! What else? Oh! he exhibits those large pictures. Poor man! they have merit in their way; but Teniers and Watteau are more convenient, and almost as cheap. Clarence Glyndon, with an easy fortune while single, has a large family, which his fortune, unaided by marriage, can just rear up to callings more plebeian than his own. He retires into the country, to save and to paint; he grows slovenly and disconted; 'the world does not apreciate him,' he says, and he runs away from the world. At the age of forty-five, what will be Clarence Glyndon? Your ambition shall decide that question also?"

"If all men were as worldly as you," said Glyndon, rising, "there would never have been an artist or a poet!"

"Perhaps we should do just as well without them," answered Mervale. "Is it not time to think of dinner? The mullets here are remarkably fine!"

CHAPTER IX.

Wollt ihr hoch auf ihren Flugein schweben,
Werft die Angst des Irdischen von euch!
Fliehet aus dem engen dumpfen Leben
In des Ideales Reich!

—DAS IDEAL UND DAS LEBEN.

Would'st thou soar heavenward on its joyous wing?
Cast off the earthly burthen of the Real;
High from this cramp'd and dungeon'd being, spring
Into the realm of the Ideal.

As some injudicious master lowers and vitiates the taste of the student by fixing his attention to what he falsely calls the Natural, but which in reality, is the Commonplace, and understands not the beauty in art is created by what Raffaêle so well describes—viz., *the idea of beauty in the painter's own mind;* and that in every art, whether its plastic expression be found in words or marble, colors or sounds, the servile imitation of nature is the work of journeymen and tyros;—so in conduct the man of the world vitiates and lowers the bold enthusiasm of loftier natures by the perpetual reduction of whatever is generous and trustful to all that is trite and coarse. A great German poet has well defined the distinction between discretion and the larger wisdom. In the last there is a certain rashness which the first disdains—

"The purblind see but the receding shore,
Not that to which the bold wave wafts them o'er."

Yet in this logic of the prudent and the worldly there is often a reasoning unanswerable of its kind.

You must have a feeling—a faith in whatever is self-sacrificing and divine—whether in religion or in art, in glory or in love—or Common-sense will reason you out of the sacrifice, and a syllogism will debase The Divine to an article in the market.

Every true critic in art, from Aristotle and Pliny—from Winkelman and Vasari, to Reynolds and Fuseli, has sought to instruct the painter that Nature is not to be copied, but *exalted;* that the loftiest order of art, selecting only the loftiest combinations, is the perpetual struggle of Humanity to approach the Gods. The great painter, as the great author, embodies what is *possible* to *man*, it is true, but what is not *common* to *mankind.* There is truth in Hamlet; in Macbeth, and his witches; in Desdemona; in Othello; in Prospero; and in Caliban; there is truth in the cartoons of Raffaêle; there is truth in the Apollo, the Antinoüs, and the Laocoön. But you do not meet the originals of the words, the cartoons, or the marble, in Oxford-street or St. James's. All these, to return to Raffaêle, are the crea-

tures of the idea in the artist's mind. This idea is not inborn; it has come from an intense study. But that study has been of the ideal that can be raised from the positive and the actual into grandeur and beauty. The commonest model becomes full of exquisite suggestions to him who has formed this idea; a Venus of flesh and blood would be vulgarized by the imitation of him who has not.

When asked where he got his models, Guido summoned a common porter from his calling, and drew from a mean original a head of surpassing beauty. It resembled the porter, but idealized the porter to the hero. It was true, but it was not real. There are critics who will tell you that the Boor of Teniers is more true to nature than the Porter of Guido! The common-place public scarcely understand the idealizing principle, even in art. For high art is an acquired taste.

But to come to my comparison. Still less is the kindred principle comprehended in conduct. And the advice of worldly Prudence would as often deter from the risks of Virtue as from the punishments of Vice; yet in conduct, as in art, there is an idea of the great and beautiful, by which men should exalt the hackneyed and the trite of life. Now, Glyndon felt the sober prudence of Mervale's reasonings; he recoiled from the probable picture placed before him, in his devotion to the one master talent he possessed, and the one master passion that, rightly directed, might purify his whole being as a strong wind purifies the air.

But though he could not bring himself to decide in the teeth of so rational a judgment, neither could he resolve at once to abandon the pursuit of Viola. Fearful of being influenced by Zanoni's counsels and his own heart, he had for the last two days shunned an interview with the young actress. But after a night following his last conversation with Zanoni, and that we have just recorded with Mervale—a night colored by dreams so distinct as to seem prophetic—dreams that appeared so to shape his future according to the hints of Zanoni, that he could have fancied Zanoni himself had sent them from the house of sleep to haunt his pillow, he resolved once more to seek Viola; and though without a definite or distinct object, he yielded himself up to the impulse of his heart.

CHAPTER X.

O sollecito dubbio e fredda tema
Che pensando l'accresci.*
—TASSO, Canzone vi.

SHE was seated outside her door—the young actress! The sea before her in that heavenly bay seemed literally to sleep in the arms of the shore; while, to the right, not far off, rose the dark and tangled crags to which the traveller of to-day is duly brought to gaze on the tomb of Virgil, or compare with the cavern of Posilipo the archway of Highgate-hill. There were a few fishermen loitering by the cliffs, on which their nets were hung to dry; and at a distance, the sound of some rustic pipe (more common at that day than at this) mingled now and then with the bells of the lazy mules, broke the voluptuous silence—the silence of declining noon on the shores of Naples;—never, till you have enjoyed it,—never, till you have felt its enervating, but delicious charm, believe that you can comprehend all the meaning of the *Dolce far niente;*† and when that luxury has been known, when you have breathed that atmosphere of faëry land, then you will no longer wonder why the heart ripens into fruit so sudden and so rich beneath the rosy skies, and the glorious sunshine, of the south.

The eyes of the actress were fixed on the broad blue deep beyond. In the unwonted negligence of her dress might be traced the abstraction of her mind. Her beautiful hair was gathered up loosely, and partially bandaged by a kerchief, whose purple color served to deepen the golden hue of tresses. A stray curl escaped, and fell down the graceful neck. A loose morning robe, girded by a sash, left the breeze, that came ever and anon from the sea, to die upon the bust half disclosed; and the tiny slipper, that Cinderella might have worn, seemed a world too wide for the tiny foot which it scarcely covered. It might be the heat of the day that deepened the soft bloom of the cheeks, and gave an unwonted languor to the large dark eyes. In all the pomp of her stage attire—in all the flush of excitement before the intoxicating lamps—never had Viola looked so lovely.

* O anxious doubt and chilling fear, that grows by thinking.

† The pleasure of doing nothing.

By the side of the actress, and filling up the threshold, stood Gionetta, with her arms thrust to the elbow in two huge pockets on either side her gown.

"But I assure you," said the nurse, in that sharp, quick, ear-splitting tone in which the old women of the south are more than a match for those of the north, "but I assure you, my darling, that there is not a finer cavalier in all Naples, nor a more beautiful, than this *Inglese;* and I am told that all the *Inglesi* are much richer than they seem. Though they have no trees in their country, poor people! and instead of twenty-four they have only twelve hours to the day, yet I hear that they shoe their horses with *scudi;* and since they cannot (the poor heretics!) turn grapes into wine, for they have no grapes, they turn gold into physic; and take a glass or two of *pistoles* whenever they are troubled with the colic. But you don't hear me, little pupil of my eys, you don't hear me!"

"And these things are whispered of Zanoni?" said Viola, half to herself, and unheeding Gionetta's eulogies on Glyndon and the English.

"Blessed Maria! do not talk of this terrible Zanoni. You may be sure that his beautiful face, like his yet more beautiful pistoles, is only witchcraft. I look at the money he gave me the other night, every quarter of an hour to see whether it has not turned into pebbles."

"Do you then really believe," said Viola, with timid earnestness, "that sorcery still exists?"

"Believe!—Do I believe in the blessed San Gennaro! How do you think he cured old Filippo, the fisherman, when the doctor gave him up? How do you think he has managed himself to live at least three hundred years? How do you think he fascinates every one to his bidding with a look, as the vampires do?"

"Ah, is this only witchcraft? It is like it—it must be!" murmured Viola, turning very pale. Gionetta herself was scarcely more superstitious than the daughter of the musician. And her very innocence, chilled at the strangeness of virgin passion, might well ascribe to magic what hearts more experienced would have resolved to love.

"And, then, why has this great Prince di —— been so terrified by him? Why has he ceased to persecute us? Why has he been so quiet and still? Is there no sorcery in all that?"

"Think you, then," said Viola, with sweet inconsistency, "that I owe that happiness and safety to his protection? Oh, let me so believe! Be silent, Gionetta! Why have I only thee and my own terrors to consult. O beautiful sun!" and the girl pressed her hand to her heart with wild energy, "thou lightest every spot but this. Go, Gionetta! leave me alone—leave me!"

"And indeed it is time I should leave you; for the *polenta* will be spoiled, and you have eat nothing all day. If you don't eat, you will lose your beauty, my darling, and then nobody will care for you. Nobody cares for us when we grow ugly; I know that; and then you must, like old Gionetta, get some Viola of your own to spoil. I'll go and see to the *polenta.*"

"Since I have known this man," said the girl, half aloud, "since his dark eyes have haunted me, I am no longer the same. I long to escape from myself—to glide with the sunbeam over the hill tops—to become something that is not of earth. Phantoms float before me at night; and a fluttering, like the wing of a bird, within my heart, seems as if the spirit were terrified, and would break its cage."

While murmuring these incoherent rhapsodies, a step that she did not hear approached the actress, and a light hand touched her arm.

"Viola!—*bellisima!*—Viola!"

She turned, and saw Glyndon,. The sight of his fair young face calmed her at once. His presence gave her pleasure.

"Viola," said the Englishman, taking her hand, and drawing her again to the bench from which she had risen, as he seated himself beside her, "you shall hear me speak! You must know already that I love thee!. It has not been pity or admiration alone that has led me ever and ever to thy dear side; reasons there may have been why I have not spoken, save by my eyes, before; but this day—I know not how it is—I feel a more sustained and settled courage to address thee, and learn the happiest or the worst. I have rivals, I know—rivals who are more powerful than the poor artist; are they also more favored?"

Viola blushed faintly; but her countenance was grave and distressed. Looking down, and marking some hieroglyphical figures in the

dust with the point of her slipper, she said, with some hesitation, and a vain attempt to be gay, "Signor, whoever wastes his thoughts on an actress must submit to have rivals. It is our unhappy destiny not to be sacred even to ourselves."

"But you do not love this destiny, glittering though it seem; your heart is not in the vocation which your gifts adorn."

"Ah, no!" said the actress, her eyes filling with tears. "Once I loved to be the priestess of song and music; now I feel only that it is a miserable lot to be slave to a multitude."

"Fly, then, with me," said the artist, passionately, "Quit for ever the calling that divides that heart I would have all my own. Share my fate now and for ever—my pride, my delight, my ideal! Thou shalt inspire my canvass and my song; thy beauty shall be made at once holy and renowned. In the galleries of princes, crowds shall gather round the effigy of a Venus or a Saint, and a whisper shall break forth, 'It is Viola Pisani!' Ah! Viola, I adore thee: tell me that I do not worship in vain."

"Thou art good and fair," said Viola, gazing on her lover, as he pressed nearer to her, and clasped her hand in his. "But what should I give thee in return?"

"Love—love—only love!"

"A sister's love?"

"Ah! speak not with such cruel coldness!"

"It is all I have for thee. Listen to me, Signor: when I look on your face, when I hear your voice, a certain serene and tranquil calm creeps over and lulls thoughts — oh! how feverish, how wild! When thou art gone, the day seems a shade more dark; but the shadow soon flies. I miss thee not; I think not of thee; no, I love thee not; and I will give myself only where I love."

"But I would teach thee to love me: fear it not. Nay, such love as thou describest, in our tranquil climates is the love of innocence and youth."

"Of innocence!" said Viola. "Is it so? Perhaps"—she paused, and added, with an effort, "Foreigner! and wouldst thou wed the orphan! Ah! *thou* at least art generous. It is not the innocence thou wouldst destroy!"

Glyndon drew back, conscience-stricken.

"No, it may not be!" she said, rising, but not conscious of the thoughts, half of shame, half suspicion, that passed through the mind of her lover. "Leave me, and forget me. You do not understand, you do not comprehend, the nature of her whom you think to love. From my childhood upward, I have felt as if I were marked out for some strange and preternatural doom; as if I were singled from my kind. This feeling (and, oh! at times it is one of delirious and vague delight, at others of the darkest gloom) deepens within me day by day. It is like the shadow of twilight, spreading slowly and solemnly around. My hour approaches: a little while and it will be night!"

As she spoke, Glyndon listened with visible emotion and perturbation. "Viola!" he exclaimed, as she ceased, "your words more than ever enchain me to you. As you feel, I feel. I, too, have been ever haunted with a chill and unearthly foreboding. Amidst the crowds of men I have felt alone. In all my pleasures, my toils, my pursuits, a warning voice has murmured in my ear, 'Time has a dark mystery in store for thy manhood.' When you spoke, it was as the voice of my own soul!"

Viola gazed upon him in wonder and fear. Her countenance was as white as marble: and those features, so divine in their rare symmetry, might have served the Greek with a study for the Pythoness, when, from the mystic cavern and the bubbling spring, she first hears the voice of the inspiring god. Gradually the rigor and tension of that wonderful face relaxed, the color returned, the pulse beat; the heart animated the frame.

"Tell me," she said, turning partially aside, "tell me, have you seen—do you know—a stranger in this city? one of whom wild stories are afloat?"

"You speak of Zanoni? I have seen him—I know him—and you? Ah! he, too, would be my rival!—he, too, would bear thee from me!"

"You err," said Viola, hastily, and with a deep sigh; "he pleads for you: he informed me of your love; he besought me not—not to reject it."

"Strange being! incomprehensible enigma! Why did you name him?"

"Why, ah! I would have asked whether, when you first saw him, the foreboding, the instinct, of which you spoke, came on you

more fearfully, more intelligibly than before —whether you felt at once repelled from him, yet attracted towards him—whether you felt (and the actress spoke with hurried animation) that with HIM was connected the secret of your life?"

"All this I felt," answered Glyndon, in a trembling voice, "the first time I was in his presence. Though all around me was gay—music, amidst lamp-lit trees, light converse near, and heaven without a cloud above,—my knees knocked together, my hair bristled, and my blood curdled like ice. Since then he has divided my thoughts with thee."

"No more, no more!" said Viola, in a stifled tone; "there must be the hand of fate in this. I can speak to you no more now. Farewell!" She sprung past him into the house, and closed the door. Glyndon did not follow her, nor, strange as it may seem, was he so inclined. The thought and recollection of that moonlit hour in the gardens, of the strange address of Zanoni, froze up all human passion. Viola herself, if not forgotten, shrunk back like a shadow into the recesses of his breast. He shivered as he stepped into the sunlight, and musingly retraced his steps into the more populous parts of that liveliest of Italian cities.

BOOK THIRD.

THEURGIA.

—— i cavalier sen vanno
Dove il pino fatal gli attende in porto.
GERUS. LIB., cant. xv. (ARGOMENTO.)

The knights came where the fatal bark awaited them in the Port.

CHAPTER I.

But that which especially distinguishes the brotherhood is their marvellous knowledge of all the resources of medical art. They work not by charms, but simples.—*MS. Account of the origin and attributes of the true Rosicrucians by J. Von D——.*

AT this time it chanced that Viola had the opportunity to return the kindness shown to her by the friendly musician, whose house had received and sheltered her when first left an orphan on the world. Old Bernardi had brought up three sons to the same profession as himself, and they had lately left Naples to seek their fortunes in the wealthier cities of northern Europe, where the musical market was less overstocked. There was only left to glad the household of his aged wife and himself, a lively, prattling, dark-eyed girl, of some eight years old, the child of his second son, whose mother had died in giving her birth. It so happened that, about a month previous to the date on which our story has now entered, a paralytic affection had disabled Bernardi from the duties of his calling. He had been always a social, harmless, improvident, generous fellow—living on his gains from day to day, as if the day of sickness and old age never was to arrive. Though he received a small allowance for his past services, it ill-sufficed for his wants; neither was he free from debt. Poverty stood at his hearth—when Viola's grateful smile and liberal hand came to chaise the grim fiend away. But it is not enough to a heart truly kind to send and give; more charitable is it to visit and console. "Forget not thy father's friend." So almost daily went the bright idol of Naples to the house of Bernardi. Suddenly a heavier affliction than either poverty or the palsy befel the old musician. His grandchild, his little Beatrice fell ill, suddenly and dangerously ill, of one of those rapid fevers common to the south; and Viola was summoned from her strange and fearful reveries of love or fancy, to the sick bed of the young sufferer.

The child was exceedingly fond of Viola, and the old people thought that her mere presence would bring healing; but when Viola arrived, Beatrice was insensible. Fortunately, there was no performance that evening at San Carlo, and she resolved to stay the the night, and partake its fearful cares and dangerous vigil.

But during the night, the child grew worse, the physician (the leech-craft has never been very skilful at Naples) shook his powdered head, kept his aromatics at his nostrils, administered his palliatives, and departed. Old Bernardi seated himself by the bedside in stern silence: here was the last tie that bound him to life. Well, let the anchor break, and the battered ship go down! It was an iron resolve, more fearful than sorrow. An old man with one foot in the grave, watching by the couch of a dying child, is one of the most awful spectacles in human calamities. The wife was more active, more bustling, more hopeful, and more tearful. Viola took heed of all three. But towards dawn, Beatrice's state became so obviously alarming, that Viola herself began to despair. At this time she saw

the old woman suddenly rise from before the image of the saint at which she had been kneeling, wrap herself in her cloak and hood, and quietly quit the chamber. Viola stole after her.

"It is cold for thee, good mother, to brave the air, let me go for the physician?"

"Child, I am not going to him. I have heard of one in the city who has been tender to the poor, and who, they say, has cured the sick when physicians failed. I will go and say to him, 'Signor we are beggars in all else, but yesterday we were rich in love. We are at the close of life, but we lived in our grandchild's childhood. Give us back our wealth—give us back our youth. Let us die blessing God that the thing we love survives us.'"

She was gone. Why did thy heart beat, Viola? The infant's sharp cry of pain called her back to the couch; and there still sate the old man, unconscious of his wife's movements, not stirring, his eyes glazing fast as they watched the agonies of that slight frame. By degrees the wail of pain died into a low moan—the convulsions grew feebler, but more frequent—the glow of fever faded into the blue, pale tinge that settles into the last bloodless marble.

The daylight came broader and clearer through the casement—steps were heard on the stairs—the old woman entered hastily: she rushed to the bed, cast a glance on the patient—"She lives yet, Signor—she lives!"

Viola raised her eyes—the child's head was pillowed on her bosom—and she beheld Zanoni. He smiled on her with a tender and soft approval, and took the infant from her arms. Yet even then, as she saw him bending silently over that pale face, a superstitious fear mingled with her hopes. "Was it by lawful—by holy art that"—her self-questioning ceased abruptly; for his dark eye turned to her as if he read her soul: and his aspect accused her conscience for its suspicion, for it spoke reproach not unmingled with disdain.

"Be comforted," he said, gently turning to the old man; "the danger is not beyond the reach of human skill;" and taking from his bosom a small crystal vase, he mingled a few drops with water. No sooner did this medicine moisten the infant's lips, than it seemed to produce an astonishing effect. The color revived rapidly on the lips and cheeks; in a few moments the sufferer slept calmly, and with the regular breathing of painless sleep. And then the old man rose, rigidly, as a corpse might rise—looked down—listened, and creeping gently away, stole to the corner of the room, and wept, and thanked Heaven!

Now, old Bernardi had been, hitherto, but a cold believer; sorrow had never before led him aloft from earth. Old as he was, he had never before thought as the old should think of death—that endangered life of the young had wakened up the careless soul of age. Zanoni whispered to the wife, and she drew the old man quietly from the room.

"Dost thou fear to leave me an hour with thy charge, Viola? Thinkest thou still that this knowledge is of the Fiend?"

"Ah," said Viola, humbled and yet rejoiced, "forgive me, forgive me, Signor. Thou biddest the young live and the old pray. My thoughts never shall wrong thee more!"

Before the sun rose, Beatrice was out of danger; at noon, Zanoni escaped from the blessings of the aged pair, and as he closed the door of the house, he found Viola awaiting him without.

She stood before him timidly, her hands crossed meekly on her bosom, her downcast eyes swimming with tears.

"Do not let me be the only one you leave unhappy!"

"And what cure can the herbs and anodynes effect for thee? If thou canst so readily believe ill of those who have aided and yet would serve thee, thy disease is of the heart; and—nay, weep not! nurse of the sick, and comforter of the sad, I should rather approve than chide thee. Forgive thee! Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has, for its first duty, to forgive."

"No, do not forgive me yet. I do not deserve a pardon; for even now, while I feel how ungrateful I was to believe, to suspect, aught injurious and false to my preserver, my tears flow from happiness, not remorse. Oh!" she continued, with a simple fervor, unconscious, in her innocence and her generous emotions, of all the secrets she betrayed—"thou knowest not how bitter it was to believe thee not more good, more pure, more sacred than all the world. And when I saw thee—the wealthy, the noble, coming from thy palace to minister to the sufferings of the hovel—when I heard

those blessings of the poor breathed upon thy parting footsteps, I felt my very self exalted—good in thy goodness—noble at least in those thoughts that did *not* wrong thee."

"And thinkest thou, Viola that in a mere act of science there is so much virtue? The commonest leech will tend the sick for his fee. Are prayers and blessings a less reward than gold?"

"And mine, then, are not worthless? thou wilt accept of mine?"

"Ah, Viola!" exclaimed Zanoni with a sudden passion, that covered her face with blushes, "thou only, methinks, on all the earth, hast the power to wound or to delight me!" He checked himself, and his face became grave and sad. "And this," he added, in an altered tone, "because, if thou would'st heed my counsels, methinks I could guide a guileless heart to a happy fate."

"Thy counsels! I will obey them all. Mould me to what thou wilt. In thine absence, I am as a child that fears every shadow in the dark; in thy presence, my soul expands, and the whole world seems calm with a celestial noon-day. Do not deny to me that presence. I am fatherless, and ignorant, and alone!"

Zanoni averted his face, and after a moment's silence, replied, calmly—

"Be it so. Sister, I will visit thee again!"

CHAPTER II.

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.
—SHAKSPEARE.

WHO so happy as Viola now! A dark load was lifted from her heart; her step seemed to tread on air; she would have sung for very delight as she went gaily home. It is such happiness to the pure to love—but oh, such more than happiness to believe in the worth of the One beloved. Between them there might be human obstacles—wealth, rank, man's little world. But there was no longer that dark gulf which the imagination recoils to dwell on, and which separates for ever soul from soul. He did not love her in return. Love her! But did she ask for love? Did she herself love? No; or she would never have been at once so humble and so bold. How merrily the ocean murmured in her ear; how radiant an aspect the commonest passer-by seemed to wear! She gained her home—she looked upon the tree, glancing, with fantastic branches, in the sun. "Yes, brother mine!" she said, laughing in her joy, "like thee, I *have* struggled to the light!"

She had never hitherto, like the more instructed Daughters of the North, accustomed herself to that delicious Confessional, the transfusion of thought to writing. Now, suddenly, her heart felt an impulse; a new-born instinct, that bade it commune with itself, bade it disentangle its web of golden fancies—made her wish to look upon her inmost self as in a glass. Upsprung from the embrace of Love and Soul—the Eros and the Psyche—their beautiful offspring, Genius! She blushed, she sighed, she trembled as she wrote. And from the fresh World that she had built for herself, she was awakened to prepare for the glittering stage. How dull became the music, how dim the scene, so exquisite and so bright of old. Stage, thou art the Fairy Land to the vision of the worldly. Fancy, whose music is not heard by men, whose scenes shift not by mortal hand, as the Stage to the present world, art thou to the Future and the Past!

CHAPTER III.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes.
—SHAKSPEARE.

THE next day at noon, Zanoni visited Viola; and the next day, and the next, and again the next;—days, that to her seemed like a special time set apart from the rest of life. And yet he never spoke to her in the language of flattery, and almost of adoration, to which she had been accustomed. Perhaps his very coldness, so gentle as it was, assisted to this mysterious charm. He talked to her much of her past life, and she was scarcely surprised (she now never thought of *terror*) to perceive how much of that past seemed known to him.

He made her speak to him of her father; he made her recall some of the airs of Pisani's wild music. And those airs seemed to charm and lull him into reverie.

"As music was to the musician," said he,

"may science be to the wise. Your father looked abroad in the world; all was discord to the fine sympathies that he felt with the harmonies that daily and nightly float to the throne of Heaven. Life, with its noisy ambition and its mean passions, is so poor and base! Out of his soul he created the life and the world for which his soul was fitted. Viola, thou art the daughter of that life, and wilt be the denizen of that world."

In his earlier visits, he did not speak of Glyndon. The day soon came on which he renewed the subject. And so trustful, obedient, and entire was the allegiance that Viola now owned to his dominion, that, unwelcome as that subject was, she restrained her heart, and listened to him in silence!

At last he said, "Thou hast promised thou wilt obey my counsels, and if, Viola, I should ask thee, nay adjure, to accept this stranger's hand, and share his fate, should he offer to thee, such a lot—wouldst thou refuse?"

And then she pressed back the tears that gushed in her eyes—and with a strange pleasure in the midst of pain—the pleasure of one who sacrifices heart itself to the one who commands that heart, she answered falteringly—"If thou *canst* ordain it—why—"

"Speak on."

"Dispose of me as thou wilt!"

Zanoni stood in silence for some moments; he saw the struggle which the girl thought she concealed so well; he made an involuntary movement towards her, and pressed her hand to his lips; it was the first time he had ever departed even so far from a certain austerity, which perhaps made her fear him and her own thoughts the less.

"Viola," said he, and his voice trembled, "the danger that I can avert no more, if thou linger still in Naples, comes hourly near and near to thee! On the third day from this, thy fate must be decided. I accept thy promise. Before the last hour of that day, come what may, I shall see thee again, *here*, at thine own house. Till then, farewell!"

CHAPTER IV.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn.—BYRON.

WHEN Glyndon left Viola, as recorded in the concluding chapter of the second division of this work, he was absorbed again in those mystical desires and conjectures which the haunting recollection of Zanoni always served to create. And as he wandered through the streets, he was scarcely conscious of his own movements till, in the mechanism of custom, he found himself in the midst of one of the noble collections of pictures which form the boast of those Italian cities whose glory is in the past. Thither he had been wont, almost daily, to repair, for the gallery contained some of the finest specimens of a master especially the object of his enthusiasm and study. There, before the works of Salvator, he had often paused in deep and earnest reverence. The striking characteristic of that artist is the *Vigor of Will;* void of the elevated idea of abstract beauty, which furnishes a model and archetype to the genius of more illustrious order, the singular energy of the man hews out of the rock a dignity of his own. His images have the majesty, not of the god, but the savage; utterly free, like the sublimer schools, from the common-place of imitatio·, —apart, with them, from the conventional littleness of the Real,—he grasps the imagination, and compels it to follow him, not to the heaven, but through all that is most wild and fantastic upon earth; a sorcery, not of the starry magian, but of the gloomy wizard—a man of romance, whose heart beat strongly, griping art with a hand of iron, and forcing it to idealize the scenes of his actual life. Before this powerful Will, Glyndon drew back more awed and admiring than before the calmer beauty which rose from the soul of Raffaêle, like Venus from the deep.

And now, as awaking from his reverie, he stood opposite to that wild and magnificent gloom of Nature which frowned on him from the canvass, the very leaves on those gnome-like, distorted trees, seemed to rustle sibylline secrets in his ear. Those rugged and sombre Appennines, the cataract that dashed between, suited, more than the actual scenes would have done, the mood and temper of his mind. The stern uncouth forms at rest on the crags below, and dwarfed by the giant size of the Matter that reigned around them, impressed him with the might of Nature and the littleness of Man. As in genius of the more spiritual cast, the living man, and the soul that lives in

him, are studiously made the prominent image; and the mere accessories of scene kept down, and cast back, as if to show that the exile from paradise is yet the monarch of the outward world,—so, in the landscapes of Salvator, the tree, the mountain, the waterfall, become the principal, and man himself dwindles to the accessory. The Matter seems to reign supreme, and its true lord to creep beneath its stupendous shadow. Inert matter giving interest to to the immortal man, not the immortal man to the inert matter. A terrible philosophy in art!

While something of these thoughts passed through the mind of the painter, he felt his arm touched, and saw Nicot by his side.

"A great master," said Nicot, "but I do not love the school."

"I do not love, but I am awed by it. We love the beautiful and serene, but we have a feeling as deep as love for the terrible and dark."

"True," said Nicot, thoughtfully. "And yet that feeling is only a superstition. The nursery, with its tales of ghosts and goblins, is the cradle of many of our impressions in the world. But art should not seek to pander to our ignorance; art should represent only truths. I confess that Raffaêle pleases me less because I have no sympathy with his subjects. His saints and virgins are to me only men and women."

"And from what source should painting then take its themes?"

"From history, without doubt," returned Nicot, pragmatically,—"those great Roman actions which inspire men with sentiments of liberty and valor, with the virtues of a republic. I wish the cartoons of Raffaêle had illustrated the story of the Horatii; but it remains for France and her Republic to give to posterity the new and the true school, which could never have arisen in a country of priestcraft and delusion."

"And the saints and virgins of Raffaêle are to you only men and women?" repeated Glyndon, going back to Nicot's candid confession in amaze, and scarcely hearing the deductions the Frenchman drew from his proposition.

"Assuredly. Ha, ha!" and Nicot laughed hideously, "do you ask me to believe in the calendar, or what?"

"But the ideal!"

"The ideal!" interrupted Nicot. "Stuff! The Italian critics, and your English Reynolds, have turned your head. They are so fond of their 'gusto grande,' and their 'ideal beauty that speaks to the soul!'—soul!—*is* there a soul? I understand a man when he talks of composing for a refined taste—for an educated and intelligent reason—for a sense that comprehends truths. But as for the soul—bah!—we are but modifications of matter, and painting is modification of matter also."

Glyndon turned his eyes from the picture before him to Nicot, and from Nicot to the picture. The dogmatist gave a voice to the thoughts which the sight of the picture had awakened. He shook his head without reply.

"Tell me," said Nicot, abruptly, "that impostor—Zanoni?—oh! I have now learned his name and quackeries, forsooth—what did he say to thee of me?"

Of thee? Nothing; but to warn me against thy doctrines."

"Aha! was that all?" said Nicot. "He is a notable inventor, and since, when we met last, I unmasked his delusions, I thought he might retaliate by some tale of slander."

"Unmasked his delusions!—how?"

"A dull and long story: he wished to teach an old doting friend of mine his secrets of prolonged life and philosophical alchemy. I advise thee to renounce so discreditable an acquaintance." With that Nicot nodded significantly, and, not wishing to be further questioned, went his way.

Glyndon's mind at that moment had escaped to his art, and the comments and presence of Nicot had been no welcome interruption. He turned from the landscape of Salvator, and his eye falling on a Nativity by Corregio, the contrast between the two ranks of genius struck him as a discovery. That exquisite repose—that perfect sense of beauty—that strength without effort—that breathing moral of high art, which speaks to the mind through the eye, and raises the thoughts, by the aid of tenderness and love, to the regions of awe and wonder,—ay! *that* was the true school. He quitted the gallery with reluctant steps and inspired ideas; he sought his own home. Here, pleased not to find the sober Mervale, he leant his face on his hands, and endeavored to recall the words of Zanoni in

their last meeting. Yes, he felt Nicot's talk even on art was crime; it debased the imagination itself to mechanicism. Could he, who saw nothing in the soul but a combination of matter, prate of schools that should excel a Raffaêle? Yes, art was magic; and as he owned the truth of the aphorism, he could comprehend that in magic there may be religion, for religion is an essential to art. His old ambition, freeing itself from the frigid prudence with which Mervale sought to desecrate all images less substantial than the golden calf of the world, revived, and stirred, and kindled. The subtle detection of what he conceived to be an error in the school he had hitherto adopted, made more manifest to him by the grinning commentary of Nicot, seemed to open to him a new world of invention. He seized the happy moment—he placed before him the colors and the canvass. Lost in his conceptions of a fresh ideal, his mind was lifted aloft into the airy realms of beauty; dark thoughts, unhallowed desires, vanished. Zanoni was right: the material world shrunk from his gaze: he viewed nature as from a mountain-top afar; and as the waves of his unquiet heart became calm and still, again the angel eyes of Viola beamed on them as a holy star.

Locking himself in his chamber, he refused even the visits of Mervale. Intoxicated with the pure air of his fresh existence, he remained for three days, and almost nights, absorbed in his employment; but on the fourth morning come that reaction to which all labor is exposed. He woke listless and fatigued; and as he cast his eyes on the canvass the glory seemed to have gone from it. Humiliating recollections of the great masters he aspired to rival forced themselves upon him; defects before unseen magnified themselves to deformities in his languid and discontented eyes. He touched and retouched, but his hand failed him; he threw down his instruments in despair; he opened his casement; the day without was bright and lovely; the street was crowded with that life which is ever so joyous and affluent in the animated population of Naples. He saw the lover, as he passed, conversing with his mistress by those mute gestures which have survived all changes of languages, the same now as when the Etruscan painted yon vases in the Museo Borbonico. Light from without beckoned his youth to its mirth and its pleasures; and the dull walls within, lately large enough to comprise heaven and earth, seemed now cabined and confined as a felon's prison. He welcomed the step of Mervale at his threshold, and unbarred the door.

"And is that all you have done?" said Mervale, glancing disdainfully at the canvass. "Is it for this that you have shut yourself out from the sunny days and moonlit nights of Naples?"

"While the fit was on me, I basked in a brighter sun, and imbibed the voluptuous luxury of a softer moon."

"You own that the fit is over. Well, that is some sign of returning sense. After all it is better to daub canvass for three days than make a fool of yourself for life. This little siren?"

"Be dumb! I hate to hear you name her."

Mervale drew his chair nearer to Glyndon's, thrust his hands deep into his breeches' pockets, stretched his legs, and was about to begin a serious strain of expostulation, when a knock was heard at the door, and Nicot, without waiting for leave, obtruded his ugly head.

"Good-day, *mon cher confrère*. I wished to speak to you. *Hein!* you have been at work, I see. This is well—very well! A bold outline—great freedom in that right hand. But, hold! is the composition good? You have not got the great pyramidal form. Don't you think, too, that you have lost the advantage of contrast in this figure; since the right leg is put forward, surely the right arm should be put back? Peste! but that little finger is very fine!

Mervale detested Nicot. For all speculators, Utopians, alterers of the world, and wanderers from the high road, were equally hateful to him; but he could have hugged the Frenchman at that moment. He saw in Glyndon's expressive countenance all the weariness and disgust he endured. After so wrapt a study, to be prated to about pyramidal forms, and right arms, and right legs—the accidence of the art—the whole conception to be overlooked, and the criticism to end in approval of the little finger!

"Oh," said Glyndon, peevishly, throwing the cloth over his design, "enough of my poor performance. What is it you have to say to me?"

"In the first place," said Nicot, huddling himself together upon a stool—"in the first place, this Signor, Zanoni—this second Cagliostro—who disputes my doctrines! (no doubt—a spy of the man Capet) I am not vindictive; as Helvetius says, 'our errors arise from our passions.' I keep mine in order; but it is virtuous to hate in the cause of mankind; I would I had the denouncing and the judging of Signor Zanoni at Paris." And Nicot's small eyes shot fire, and he gnashed his teeth.

"Have you any new cause to hate him?"

"Yes," said Nicot, fiercely. "Yes, I hear he is courting the girl I mean to marry."

"You! Whom do you speak of?"

"The celebrated Pisani! She is divinely handsome. She would make my fortune in a republic. And a republic we shall have before the year is out?"

Mervale rubbed his hands, and chuckled. Glyndon colored with rage and shame.

"Do you know the Signora Pisani? Have you ever spoken to her?"

"Not yet. But when I make up my mind to anything, it is soon done. I am about to return to Paris. They write me word that a handsome wife advances the career of a patriot. The age of prejudice is over. The sublimer virtues begin to be understood. I shall take back the handsomest wife in Europe."

"Be quiet! What are you about?" said Mervale, seizing Glyndon as he saw him advance towards the Frenchman, his eyes sparkling, and his hands clenched.

"Sir!" said Glyndon, between his teeth, "you know not of whom you thus speak. Do you affect to suppose that Viola Pisani would accept *you?*"

"Not if she could get a better offer," said Mervale, looking up to the ceiling.

"A better offer? You don't understand me," said Nicot. "I, Jean Nicot, propose to marry the girl; marry her! Others may make her more liberal offers, but no one, I apprehend, would make one so honorable. I alone have pity on her friendless situation. Besides, according to the dawning state of things, one will always, in France, be able to get rid of a wife whenever one wishes. We shall have new laws of divorce. Do you imagine that an Italian girl—and in no country in the world are maidens, it seems, more chaste (though wives may console themselves with virtues more philosophical),—would refuse the hand of an artist for the settlements of a prince? No; I think better of the Pisani than you do. I shall hasten to introduce myself to her."

"I wish you all success, Monsieur Nicot," said Mervale, rising, and shaking him heartily by the hand.

Glyndon cast at them both a disdainful glance.

"Perhaps, Monsieur Nicot," said he, at length constraining his lips into a bitter smile, "perhaps you may have rivals."

"So much the better," replied Monsieur Nicot, carelessly, kicking his heels together, and appearing absorbed in admiration at the size of his large feet.

"I myself admire Viola Pisani."

"Every painter must!"

"I may offer her marriage as well as yourself."

"That would be folly in you, though wisdom in me. You would not know how to draw profit from the speculation! *Cher confrère*, you have prejudices."

"You do not dare to say you would make profit from your own wife?"

"The virtuous Cato lent his wife to a friend. I love virtue, and I cannot do better than imitate Cato. But to be serious—I do not fear you as a rival. You are good-looking, and I am ugly. But you are irresolute, and I decisive. While you are uttering fine phrazes, I shall say, simply, 'I have a *bon état*. Will you marry me?' So do your worst, *cher confrère*. *Au revoir*, behind the scenes!"

So saying, Nicot rose, stretched his long arms, and short legs, yawned till he showed all his ragged teeth from ear to ear, pressed down his cap on his shaggy head with an air of defiance, and casting over his left shoulder a glance of triumph and malice at the indignant Glyndon; sauntered out of the room.

Mervale burst into a violent fit of laughter. "See how your Viola is estimated by your friend. A fine victory, to carry her off from the ugliest dog between Lapland and the Calmucks."

Glyndon was yet to indignant to answer, when a new visitor arrived. It was Zanoni himself. Mervale, on whom the appearance and aspect of this personage imposed a kind

of reluctant deference, which he was unwilling to acknowledge, and still more to betray, nodded to Glyndon, and saying, simply, "More when I see you again," left the painter and his unexpected visitor.

"I see," said Zanoni, lifting the cloth from the canvass, "that you have not slighted the advice I gave you. Courage, young artist, this is an escape from the schools; this is full of the bold self-confidence of real genius. You had no Nicot—no Mervale at your elbow, when this image of true beauty was conceived!"

Charmed back to his art by this unlooked for praise, Glyndon replied modestly, "I thought well of my design till this morning; and then I was disenchanted of my happy persuasion."

"Say, rather, that, unaccustomed to continuous labor, you were fatigued with your employment."

"That is true. Shall I confess it? I began to miss the world without. It seemed to me as if, while I lavished my heart and my youth upon visions of beauty, I was losing the beautiful realities of actual life. And I envied the merry fisherman, singing as he passed below my casement, and the lover conversing with his mistress."

"And," said Zanoni, with an encouraging smile, "do you blame yourself for the natural and necessary return to earth, in which even the most habitual visitor of the Heavens of Invention seeks his relaxation and repose. Man's genius is a bird that cannot be always on the wing; when the craving for the actual world is felt, it is a hunger that must be appeased. They who command best the ideal, enjoy ever most the real. See the true artist, when abroad in men's thoroughfares, ever observant, ever diving into the heart, ever alive to the least as to the greatest of the complicated truths of existence; descending to what pedants would call the trivial and the frivolous. From every mesh in the social web, he can disentangle a grace. And for him each airy gossamer floats in the gold of the sunlight. Know you not that around the animalcule that sports in the water there shines a halo, as around the star* that revolves in bright pastime through the space? True art finds beauty everywhere. In the street, in the market-place, in the hovel, it gathers food for the hive of its thoughts. In the mire of politics, Dante and Milton selected pearls for the wreath of song.

"Whoever told you that Raffaêle did not enjoy the life without, carrying everywhere with him the one inward idea of beauty which attracted and embedded in its own amber every straw that the feet of the dull man trampled into mud? As some lord of the forest wanders abroad for its prey, and scents and follows it over plain and hill, through brake and jungle, but, seizing it at last, bears the quarry to its unwitnessed cave—so Genius searches through wood and waste, untiringly and eagerly, every sense awake, every nerve strained to speed and strength, for the scattered and flying images of matter, that it seizes at last with its mighty talons, and bears away with it into solitudes no footstep can invade. Go, seek the world without; it is for art, the inexhaustible pasture ground and harvest to the world within!"

"You comfort me," said Glyndon, brightening. "I had imagined my weariness a proof of my deficiency! But not now would I speak to you of these labors. Pardon me if I pass from the toil to the reward. You have uttered dim prophecies of my future, if I wed one who, in the judgment of the sober world, would only darken its prospects and obstruct its ambition. Do you speak from the wisdom which is experience, or that which aspires to prediction?"

"Are they not allied? Is it not he best accustomed to calculation who can solve at a glance any new problem in the arithmetic of chances?"

"You evade my question."

"No; but I will adapt my answer the better to your comprehension, for it is upon this very point that I have sought you. Listen to me!" Zanoni fixed his eyes earnestly on his listener, and continued. "For the accomplishment of whatever is great and lofty, the clear perception of truths is the first requisite—truths adapted to the object desired. The warrior thus reduces the chances of battle to combinations almost of mathematics. He can predict a result, if he can but depend upon the materials he is forced to employ. At such a

* The monas mica, found in the purest pools, is encompassed with a halo. And this is frequent amongst many other species of animalculæ.

loss, he can cross that bridge; in such a time, he can reduce that fort. Still more accurately, for he depends less on material causes than ideas at his command, can the commander of the purer science or diviner art, if he once perceive the truths that are in him and around, foretell what he can achieve, and in what he is condemned to fail. But this perception of truths is disturbed by many causes—vanity, passion, fear, indolence in himself, ignorance of the fitting means without to accomplish what he designs. He may miscalculate his own forces; he may have no chart of the country he would invade. It is only in a peculiar state of the mind that it is capable of perceiving truth; and that state is profound serenity. Your mind is fevered by a desire for truth: you would compel it to your embraces; you would ask me to impart to you without ordeal or preparation, the grandest secrets that exist in nature. But truth can no more be seen by the mind unprepared for it, than the sun can dawn upon the midst of night. Such a mind receives truth only to pollute it; to use the simile of one who has wandered near to the secret of the sublime Goetia (or the magic that lies within nature, as electricity within the cloud), 'He who pours water into the muddy well, does but disturb the mud.'" *

"What do you tend to?"

"This: that you have faculties that may attain to surpassing power: that may rank you among those enchanters who, greater than the magian, leave behind them an enduring influence, worshipped wherever beauty is comprehended, wherever the soul is sensible of a higher world than that in which matter struggles for crude and incomplete existence.

"But to make available those faculties, need I be a prophet to tell you that you must learn to concentre upon great objects all your desires. The heart must rest, that the mind may be active. At present, you wander from aim to aim. As the ballast to the ship, so to the spirit are Faith and Love. With your whole heart, affections, humanity, centered in one object, your mind and aspirations will become equally steadfast and in earnest. Viola is a child as yet: you do not perceive the high nature the trials of life will develop. Pardon me, if I say that her soul, purer and loftier than your own, will bear it upward, as a sacred hymn carries aloft the spirits of the world. Your nature wants the harmony, the music which, as the Pythagoreans wisely taught, at once elevates and soothes. I offer you that music in her love."

"But am I sure that she does love me?"

"Artist, no; she loves you not at present; her affections are full of another. But if I could transfer to you, as the loadstone transfers its attraction to the magnet, the love that she has now for me—if I could cause her to see in you the ideal of her dreams"——

"Is such a gift in the power of man?"

"I offer it to you, if your love be lawful, if your faith in virtue and yourself be deep and loyal; if not, think you that I would disenchant her with trnth to make her adore a falsehood?"

"But if," persisted Glyndon, "if she be all that you tell me, and if she love you, how can you rob yourself of so priceless a treasure?"

"Oh, shallow and mean heart of man!" exclaimed Zanoni, with unaccustomed passion and vehemence, "dost thou conceive so little of love as not to know that it sacrifices all—love itself—for the happiness of the thing it loves? Hear me!" And Zanoni's face grew pale. Hear me! I press this upon you, because I love her, and because I fear that with me her fate will be less fair than with yourself. Why—ask not, for I will not tell you. Enough! Time presses now for your answer; it cannot long be delayed. Before the night of the third day from this, all choice will be forbid you!"

"But," said Glyndon, still doubting and suspicious, "but why this haste?"

"Man, you are not worthy of her when you ask me. All I can tell you here, you should have known yourself. This ravisher, this man of will, this son of the old Viconti, unlike you,—steadfast, resolute, earnest even in his crimes,—never relinquishes an object. But one passion controls his lust—it is avarice. The day after his attempt on Viola, his uncle, the Cardinal ——, from whom he has large expectations of land and gold, sent for him, and forbade him, on pain of forfeiting all the possessions which his schemes alrealy had parcelled out, to pursue with dishonorable designs one whom the Cardinal had heeded and loved from childhood. "This is the cause of

* Iamb. de Vit. Pythag.

his present pause from his pursuit. While we speak, the cause expires. Before the hand of the clock reaches the hour of noon, the Cardinal —— will be no more. At this very moment thy friend, Jean Nicot, is with the Prince di——."

"He! wherefore?"

"To ask what dower shall go with Viola Pisani, the morning that she leaves the palace of the Prince."

"And how do you know all this?"

"Fool! I tell thee again, because a lover is a watcher by night and day; because love never sleeps when danger menaces the beloved one!"

"And you it was that informed the Cardinal ——?"

"Yes; and what has been my task might as easily have been thine. Speak—thine answer!"

"You shall have it on the third day from this."

"Be it so. Put off, poor waverer, thy happiness to the last hour. On the third day from this, I will ask thee thy resolve."

"And where shall we meet?"

"Before midnight, where you may least expect me. You cannot shun me, though you may seek to do so!"

"Stay one moment! You condemn me as doubtful, irresolute, suspicious. Have I no cause? Can I yield without a struggle to the strange fascination you exert upon my mind? What interest can you have in me, a stranger, that you should thus dictate to me the gravest action in the life of man? Do you suppose that any one in his senses would not pause, and deliberate, and ask himself, 'Why should this stranger care thus for me?'"

"And yet," said Zanoni, "if I told thee that I could initiate thee into the secrets of that magic which the philosophy of the whole existing world treats as a chimera, or imposture,—if I promised to show thee how to command the beings of air and ocean, how to accumulate wealth more easily than a child can gather pebbles on the shore, to place in thy hands the essence of the herbs which prolong life from age to age, the mystery of that attraction by which to awe all danger, and disarm all violence, and subdue man as the serpent charms the bird; if I told thee that all these it was mine to possess and to communicate, thou wouldst listen to me then, and obey me without a doubt!"

"It is true; and I can account for this only by the imperfect associations of my childhood —by traditions in our house of——"

"Your forefather, who, in the revival of science, sought the secrets of Apollonius and Paracelsus."

"What!" said Glyndon, amazed, "are you so well acquainted with the annals of an obscure lineage?"

"To the man who aspires to know, no man who has been the meanest student of knowledge should be unknown. You ask me why I have shown this interest in your fate? There is one reason which I have not yet told you. There is a Fraternity as to whose laws and whose mysteries the most inquisitive schoolmen are in the dark. By those laws, all are pledged to warn, to aid, and to guide even the remotest descendants of men who have toiled, though vainly, like your ancestor, in the mysteries of the Order. We are bound to advise them to their welfare; nay, more,—if they command us to it, we must accept them as our pupils. I am a survivor of that most ancient and immemorial union. This it was that bound me to thee at the first; this, perhaps, attracted thyself unconsciously, Son of our Brotherhood, to me."

"If this be so, I command thee, in the name of the laws thou obeyest, to receive me as thy pupil!"

"What do you ask?" said Zanoni, passionately. "Learn first the conditions. No Neophyte must have, at his initiation, one affection or desire that chains him to the world. He must be pure from the love of woman, free from avarice and ambition, free from the dreams even of art, or the hope of earthly fame. The first sacrifice thou must make is —Viola herself. And for what? For an ordeal that the most daring courage only can encounter, the most ethereal natures alone survive! Thou art unfit for the science that has made me and others what we are or have been; for thy whole nature is one fear!"

"Fear!" cried Glyndon, coloring with resentment, and rising to the full height of his stature.

"Fear! and the worst fear—fear of the world's opinion; fear of the Nicots and the Mervales; fear of thine own impulses when

most generous; fear of thine own powers when thy genius is most bold; fear that virtue is not eternal; fear that God does not live in heaven to keep watch on earth; fear, the fear of little men; and that fear is never known to the great."

With these words Zanoni abruptly left the artist—humbled, bewildered, and not convinced. He remained alone with his thoughts, till he was aroused by the striking of the clock; he then suddenly remembered Zanoni's prediction of the Cardinal's death; and, seized with an intense desire to learn its truth, he hurried into the streets,—he gained the Cardinal's palace. Five minutes before noon his Eminence had expired, after an illness of less than an hour. Zanoni's visit had occupied more time than the illness of the Cardinal. Awed and perplexed, he turned from the palace, and as he walked through the Chiaja, he saw Jean Nicot emerge from the portals of the Prince di ——.

CHAPTER V.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still.
—SHAKSPEARE.

VENERABLE Brotherhood, so sacred and so little known, from whose secret and precious archives the materials for this history have been drawn; ye who have retained, from century to century, all that time has spared of the august and venerable science,—thanks to you, if now for the first time, some record of the thoughts and actions of no false and self-styled luminary of your Order be given, however imperfectly, to the world. Many have called themselves of your band; many spurious pretenders have been so called by the learned ignorance which still, baffled and perplexed, is driven to confess that it knows nothing of your origin, your ceremonies or doctrines, nor even if you still have local habitation on the earth. Thanks to you if I, the only one of my country, in this age, admitted, with a profane footstep, into your mysterious Academe,* have been by you empowered and instructed to adapt to the comprehension of the uninitiated, some few of the starry truths which shone on the great Shemaía of the Chaldean Lore, and gleamed dimly through the darkened knowledge of later disciples, laboring, like Psellus and Iamblichus, to revive the embers of the fire which burned in the *Hamarin* of the East. Though not to us of an aged and hoary world, is vouchsafed the NAME which, so say the earliest oracles of the earth, "rushes into the infinite worlds," yet is it ours to trace the reviving truths, through each new discovery of the philosopher and chemist. The laws of Attraction, of Electricity, and of the yet more mysterious agency of that Great Principle of Life, which, if drawn from the Universe, would leave the Universe a Grave, were but the code in which the Theurgy of old sought the guides that led it to a legislation and science of its own. To rebuild on words the fragments of this history, it seems to me as if, in a solemn trance, I was led through the ruins of a city whose only remains were tombs. From the sarcophagus and the urn I awake the Genius * of the extinguished Torch, and so closely does its shape resemble Eros, that at moments I scarcely know which of ye dictates to me—O Love! O Death!

And it stirred in the virgin's heart—this new, unfathomable, and divine emotion! Was it only the ordinary affection of the pulse and the fancy, of the eye to the Beautiful, of the ear to the Eloquent, or did it not justify the notion she herself conceived of it,—that it was born not of the senses, that it was less of earthly and human love than the effect of some wondrous, but not unholy charm? I said that, from that day, in which, no longer with awe and trembling, she surrendered herself to the influence of Zanoni, she had sought to put her thoughts into words. Let the thoughts attest their own nature.

THE SELF-CONFESSIONAL.

"Is it the Day-light that shines on me, or the memory of thy presence? Wherever I look, the world seems full of thee; in every ray that trembles on the water, that smiles upon the leaves, I behold but a likeness to thine eyes. What is this change, that alters not only myself, but the face of the whole universe? *

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How instantaneously leapt into life the power with which thou swayest my heart in its ebb and flow. Thousands were around me, and I saw but thee. That was the Night in which I first entered upon the world

* The reader will have the goodness to remember that this is said by the author of the original MS., not by the editor.

* The Greek Genius of Death.

which crowds life into a Drama, and has no language but music. How strangely and how suddenly with thee became that world evermore connected! What the delusion of the stage was to others, thy presence was to me. My life too, seemed to centre into those short hours, and from thy lips I heard a music, mute to all ears but mine. I sit in the room where my father dwelt. Here, on that happy night, forgetting why *they* were so happy, I shrunk into the shadow, and sought to guess what thou wert to me; and my mother's low voice woke me, and I crept to my father's side, close—close, from fear of my own thoughts.

"Ah! sweet and sad was the morrow to that night, when thy lips warned me of the Future. An orphan now—what is there that lives for me to think of, to dream upon, to revere, but thou!

"How tenderly thou hast rebuked me for the grievous wrong that my thoughts did thee! Why should I have shuddered to feel thee glancing upon my thoughts like the beam on the solitary tree, to which thou didst once liken me so well? It was—it was, that, like the tree, I struggled for the light, and the light came. They tell me of love, and my very life of the stage breathes the language of love into my lips. No; again and again, I know *that* is not the love that I feel for thee!—it is not a passion, it is a thought! I ask not to be loved again. I murmur not that thy words are stern and thy looks are cold. I ask not if I have rivals; I sigh not to be fair in thine eyes. It is my *spirit* that would blend itself with thine. I would give worlds, though we were apart, though oceans rolled between us, to know the hour in which thy gaze was lifted to the stars—in which thy heart poured itself in prayer. They tell me thou art more beautiful than the marble images, that are fairer than all human forms; but I have never dared to gaze steadfastly on thy face, that memory might compare thee with the rest. Only thine eyes, and thy soft, calm smile haunt me; as when I look upon the moon, all that passes into my heart is her silent light.

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"Often, when the air is calm, I have thought that I hear the strains of my father's music: often, though long stilled in the grave, have they waked me from the dreams of the solemn night. Methinks, ere thou comest to me, that I hear them herald thy approach. Methinks I hear them wail and moan, when I sink back into myself on seeing thee depart. Thou art *of* that music—its spirit, its genius. My father must have guessed at thee and thy native regions, when the winds hushed to listen to his tones, and the world deemed him mad! I hear, where I sit, the far murmur of the sea. Murmur on, ye blessed waters! The waves are the pulses of the shore. They beat with the gladness of the morning wind—so beats my heart in the freshness and light that make up the thoughts of thee!

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"Often in my childhood I have mused and asked for what I was born; and my soul answered my heart, and said—'*Thou wert born to worship!*' Yes; I know why the real world has ever seemed to me so false and cold. I know why the world of the stage charmed and dazzled me. I know why it was so sweet to sit apart and gaze my whole being into the distant heavens. My nature is not formed for this life, happy though that life seem to others. It is its very want to have ever before it some image loftier than itself! Stranger, in what realm above, when the grave is past, shall my soul, hour after hour, worship at the same source as thine?

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"In the gardens of my neighbor there is a small fountain. I stood by it this morning after sunrise. How it sprung up, with its eager spray, to the sunbeams! And then I thought that I should see thee again this day, and so sprung my heart to the new morning which thou bringest me from the skies.

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"*I have* seen, I have *listened* to thee again. How bold I have become! I ran on with my childlike thoughts and stories, my recollections of the past, as if I had known thee from an infant. Suddenly the idea of my presumption struck me. I stopped, and timidly sought thine eyes.

"'Well, and when you found that the nightingale refused to sing?'—

"'Ah!' I said, 'what to thee this history of the heart of a child?'

"'Viola,' didst thou answer, with that voice, so inexpressibly calm and earnest!—'Viola, the darkness of a child's heart is often but the shadow of a star. Speak on! And thy nightingale, when they caught and caged it, refused to sing?'—

"'And I placed the cage yonder, amidst the vine-leaves, and took up my lute, and spoke to it on the strings; for I thought that all music was its native language, and it would understand that I sought to comfort it.'

"'Yes,' saidst thou. 'And at last it answered thee, but not with song—in a sharp, brief cry; so mournful, that thy hands let fall the lute, and the tears gushed from thine eyes. So softly didst thou unbar the cage, and the nightingale flew into yonder thicket; and thou heardst the foliage rustle, and looking through the moonlight, thine eyes saw that it had found its mate. It sang to thee then from the boughs a long, loud, joyous jubilee. And musing, thou didst feel that it was not the vine leaves or the moonlight that made the bird give melody to night; and that the secret of its music was the presence of a thing beloved.'

"How didst thou know my thoughts in that childlike time better than I knew myself! How is the humble life of my past years, with its mean events, so mysteriously familiar to thee, bright stranger! I wonder—but I do not again dare to fear thee!

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"Once the thought of him oppressed and weighed me down. As an infant that longs for the moon, my being was one vague desire for something never to be attained. Now I feel rather as if to think of thee sufficed to remove every fetter from my spirit. I float in the still seas of light, and nothing seems too high for my wings, too glorious for my eyes. It was mine ignorance that made me fear thee. A knowledge that is not in books seems to breathe around thee as an atmosphere. How little have I read!—how little have I learned! Yet when thou art by my side, it seems as if the veil were lifted from all wisdom and all nature. I startle when I look even at the words I have written; they seem not to come from myself, but are the signs of another language which thou hast taught my heart, and which my hand traces rapidly, as at thy dictation. Sometimes, while I write or muse, I could fancy that I heard light wings hovering around me, and saw dim

shapes of beauty floating round, and vanishing as they smiled upon me. No unquiet and fearful dream ever comes to me now in sleep, yet sleep and waking are alike but as one dream. In sleep, I wander with thee, not through the paths of earth, but through impalpable air—an air which seems a music—upward and upward, as the soul mounts on the tones of a lyre! Till I knew thee, I was as a slave to the earth. Thou hast given to me the liberty of the universe! Before, it was life; it seems to me now as if I had commenced eternity!

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"Formerly, when I was to appear upon the stage, my heart beat more loudly. I trembled to encounter the audience, whose breath gave shame or renown; and now I have no fear of them. I see them, heed them, hear them not! I know that there will be music in my voice, for it is a hymn that I pour to thee. Thou never comest to the theatre; and that no longer grieves me. Thou art become too sacred to appear a part of the common world, and I feel glad that thou art not by when crowds have a right to judge me.

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"And he spoke to me of ANOTHER: to another he would consign me! No, it is not love that I feel for thee, Zanoni; or why did I hear thee without anger? why did thy command seem to me not a thing impossible! As the strings of the instrument obey the hand of the master, thy look modulates the wildest chords of my heart to thy will. If it please thee—yes—let it be so. Thou art Lord of my destinies; they cannot rebel against thee! I almost think I could love him, whoever it be, on whom thou wouldst shed the rays that circumfuse thyself. Whatever thou hast touched, I love; whatever thou speakest of, I love. Thy hand played with these vine-leaves; I wear them in my bosom. Thou seemest to me the source of all love; too high and too bright to be loved thyself, but darting light into other objects, on which the eye can gaze less dazzled. No, no; it is not love that I feel for thee, and therefore it is that I do not blush to nourish and confess it. Shame on me if I loved, knowing myself so worthless a thing to thee!

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"ANOTHER!—my memory echoes back that word. Another! Dost thou mean that I shall see thee no more? It is not sadness—it is not despair that seizes me. I cannot weep. It is an utter sense of desolation. I am plunged back into the common life: and I shudder coldly at the solitude. But I will obey thee if thou wilt. Shall I not see the again beyond the grave? O how sweet it were to die!

"Why do I not struggle from the web in which my will is thus entangled? Hast thou a right to dispose of me thus? Give me back—give me back—the life I knew before I gave life itself away to thee. Give me back the careless dreams of my youth—my liberty of heart that sung aloud as it walked the earth. Thou hast disenchanted me of everything that is not of thyself. Where was the sin, at least, to think of thee?—to see thee? Thy kiss still glows upon my hand: is that hand mine to bestow? Thy kiss claimed and hallowed it to thyself. Stranger, I will *not* obey thee.

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"Another day—one day of the fatal three is gone! It is strange to me that since the sleep of the last night, a deep calm has settled upon my breast. I feel so assured that my very being is become a part of thee, that I cannot believe that my life can be separated from thine; and in this conviction I repose, and smile even at thy words and my own fears. Thou art fond of one maxim, which thou repeatest in a thousand forms—that the beauty of the soul is faith—that as ideal loveliness to the sculptor, faith is to the heart—that faith, rightly understood, extends over all the works of the Creator, whom we can know but through belief—that it embraces a tranquil confidence in ourselves, and a serene repose as to our future—that it is the moonlight that sways the tides of the human sea. That faith I comprehend now. I reject all doubt—all fear. I know that I have inextricably linked the whole that makes the inner life to thee; and thou canst not tear me from thee, if thou wouldst! And this change from struggle into calm came to me with sleep—a sleep without a dream; but when I woke, it was with a mysterious sense of happiness—an indistinct memory of something blessed—as if thou hadst cast from afar off a smile upon my slumber. At night I was so sad; not a blossom that had not closed itself up as if never more to open to the sun; and the night itself, in the heart as on the earth, has ripened the blossoms into flowers. The world is beautiful once more, but beautiful in repose—not a breeze stirs thy tree—not a doubt my soul!"

CHAPTER VI.

Tu Vegga o per piolenzia o per inganno
Patire o disonore o mortal danno.*
—ORL. FUR., Cant. xlii. i.

IT was a small cabinet; the walls were covered with pictures, one of which was worth more than the whole lineage of the owner of the palace. Oh, yes! Zanoni was right. The painter *is* a magician; the gold he at least wrings from his crucible is no delusion. A Venetian noble might be a fribble, or an assassin—a scoundrel, or a dolt; worthless, or worst than worthless, yet he might have sate to Titian, and his portrait may be inestimable! —A few inches of painted canvass a thousand times more valuable than a man with his veins and muscles, brain, will, heart, and intellect!

In this cabinet sate a man of about three and forty; dark eyed, sallow, with short, prominent features, a massive conformation of jaw, and thick, sensual, but resolute lips; this man was the Prince di ——. His form, above the middle height, and rather inclined to corpulence, was clad in a loose dressing-robe of rich brocade. On a table before him lay an old-fashioned sword and hat, a mask,

* Thou art about either through violence or artifice to suffer either dishonor or mortal loss.

dice and dice-box, a portfolio, and an inkstand of silver curiously carved.

"Well, Mascari," said the Prince, looking up towards his parasite, who stood by the embrasure of the deepset barricadoed window—"well! the Cardinal sleeps with his fathers. I require comfort for the loss of so excellent a relation; and where a more dulcet voice than Viola Pisani's?"

"Is your Excellency serious? So soon after the death of his Eminence?"

"It will be the less talked of, and I the less suspected. Hast thou ascertained the name of the insolent who baffled us that night, and advised the Cardinal the next day?"

"Not yet."

"Sapient Mascari! I will inform thee. It was the strange Unknown."

"The Signor Zanoni! Are you sure, my Prince?"

"Mascari, yes. There is a tone in that man's voice that I never can mistake; so clear, and so commanding, when I hear it I almost fancy there is such a thing as conscience. However, we must rid ourselves of an impertinent. Mascari, Signor Zanoni hath not yet honored our poor house with his presence. He is a distinguished stranger—we must give a banquet in his honor."

"Ah! and the Cyprus wine! The cypress is a proper emblem of the grave."

"But this anon. I am superstitious: there are strange stories of Zanoni's power and foresight; remember the death of Ughelli. No matter! though the Fiend were his ally, he should not rob me of my prize; no, nor my revenge."

"Your Excellency is infatuated; the actress has bewitched you."

"Mascari," said the Prince with a haughty smile, "through these veins rolls the blood of the old Visconti—of those who boasted that no woman ever escaped their lust, and no man their resentment. The crown of my fathers has shrunk into a gewgaw and a toy; their ambition and their spirit are undecayed. My honor is now enlisted in this pursuit—Viola must be mine!"

"Another ambuscade?" said Mascari inquiringly.

"Nay, why not enter the house itself? the situation is lonely, and the door is not made of iron."

"But what if, on her return home, she tell the tale of our violence? A house forced—a virgin stolen! Reflect; though the feudal privileges are not destroyed, even a Visconti is not now above the law."

"Is he not, Mascari? Fool! in what age of the world, even if the Madmen of France succeed in their chimeras, will the iron of law not bend itself, like an osier twig, to the strong hand of power and gold? But look not so pale, Mascari, I have fore-planned all things. The day that she leaves this palace, she will leave it for France, with Monsieur Jean Nicot."

Before Mascari could reply, the gentleman of the chamber announced the Signor Zanoni.

The prince involuntarily laid his hand upon the sword placed on the table, then with a smile at his own impulse, rose, and met his visitor at the threshold, with all the profuse and respectful courtesy of Italian simulation.

"This is an honor highly prized," said the Prince. "I have long desired to clasp the hand of one so distinguished"——

"And I give it in the spirit with which you seek it," replied Zanoni.

The Neapolitan bowed over the hand he pressed; but as he touched it, a shiver came over him, and his heart stood still. Zanoni bent on him his dark, smiling eyes, and then seated himself with a familiar air.

"Thus it is signed and sealed; I mean our friendship, noble Prince. And now I will you the object of my visit. I find, Excellency, that, unconsciously perhaps, we are rivals. Can we not accommodate our pretensions?"

"Ah!" said the Prince, carelessly, "you then were the cavalier who robbed me of the reward of my chase. All stratagems fair, in love as in war. Reconcile our pretensions! Well, here is the dice-box; let us throw for her. He who casts the lowest shall resign his claim."

"Is this a decision by which you will promise to be bound?"

"Yes, on my faith."

"And for him who breaks his word so plighted, what shall be the forfeit?"

"The sword lies next to the dice-box, Signor Zanoni. Let him who stands not by his honor, fall by the sword."

"And you invoke that sentence if either of

us fail his word? Be it so; let Signor Mascari cast for us."

"Well said!—Mascari, the dice!"

The Prince threw himself back in his chair; and, world-hardened as he was, could not suppress the glow of triumph and satisfaction that spread itself over his features. Mascari took up the three dice, and rattled them noisily in the box. Zanoni, leaning his cheek on his hand, and bending over the table, fixed his eye steadfastly on the parasite; Mascari in vain struggled to extricate himself from that searching gaze: he grew pale, and trembled—he put down the box.

"I give the first throw to your Excellency. Signor Mascari, be pleased to terminate our suspense."

Again Mascari took up the box; again his hand shook, so that the dice rattled within. He threw; the numbers were sixteen.

"It is a high throw," said Zanoni, calmly; "nevertheless, Signor Mascari, I do not despond."

Mascari gathered up the dice, shook the box, and rolled the contents once more on the table; the number was the highest that can be thrown—eighteen.

The prince darted a glance of fire at his minion, who stood with gaping mouth, staring at the dice, and trembling from head to foot.

"I have won, you see," said Zanoni; "may we be friends still?"

"Signor," said the Prince, obviously struggling with anger and confusion, "the victory is yours. But pardon me, you have spoken lightly of this young girl—will anything tempt you to yield your claim?"

"Ah, do not think so ill of my gallantry; and," resumed Zanoni, with a stern meaning in his voice, "forget not the forfeit your own lips have named."

The Prince knit his brow, but constrained the haughty answer that was his first impulse.

"Enough!" he said, forcing a smile; "I yield. Let me prove that I do not yield ungraciously: will you favor me with your presence at a little feast I propose to give in honor,"—he added, with a sardonic mockery, —"of the elevation of my kinsman, the late Cardinal, of pious memory, to the true seat of St. Peter?"

"It is, indeed, a happiness to hear one command of yours I can obey."

Zanoni then turned the conversation, talked lightly and gaily, and soon afterwards departed.

"Villain!" then exclaimed the Prince, grasping Mascari by the collar, "you betrayed me!"

"I assure your Excellency that the dice were properly arranged; he should have thrown twelve; but he is the Devil, and that's the end of it."

"There is no time to be lost," said the Prince, quitting his hold of his parasite, who quietly resettled his cravat.

"My blood is up—I will win this girl, if I die for it! What noise is that?"

"It is but the sword of your illustrious ancestor that has fallen from the table."

CHAPTER VII.

Il ne faut appeller aucun ordre si ce n'est en tems clair et serein.*—Les Clavicules du Rabbi Salomon.

LETTER FROM ZANONI TO MEJNOUR.

My art is already dim and troubled. I have lost the tranquillity which is power. I cannot influence the decisions of those whom I would most guide to the shore; I see them wander farther and deeper into the infinite ocean, where our barks sail evermore to the horizon that flies before us! Amazed and awed to find that I can only warn where I would control, I have looked into my own soul. It is true that the desires of earth chain me to the Present, and shut me from the solemn secrets which Intellect, purified from all the dross of the clay, alone can examine and survey. The stern condition on which we hold our nobler and diviner gifts darkens our vision towards the future of those for whom we know the human infirmities of jealousy, or hate, or love. Mejnour, all around me is mist and haze; I have gone back in our sublime existence; and from the bosom of the imperishable youth that blooms only in the spirit, springs up the dark poison-flower of human love.

This man is not worthy of her—I know that truth; yet in his nature are the seeds of good and greatness, if the tares and weeds of worldly vanities and fears would suffer them to grow. If she were his, and I had thus transplanted to another soil the passion that obscures my gaze and disarms my power, unseen, unheard, unrecognized, I could watch over his fate, and secretly prompt his deeds, and minister to her welfare through his own. But time rushes on! Through the shadows that encircle me, I see, gathering round her, the darkest dangers. No choice but flight—no escape, save with him or me. With me!—the rapturous thought —the terrible conviction! With me! Mejnour, canst

* No order of spirits must be invoked unless the weather be clear and serene.

thou wonder that I would save her from myself? A moment in the life of ages—a bubble on the shoreless sea. What else to me can be human love? And in this exquisite nature of hers—more pure, more spiritual, even in its young affections than ever heretofore the countless volumes of the heart, race after race, have given to my gaze—there is yet a deep-buried feeling that warns me of inevitable woe. Thou, austere and remorseless Hierophant—thou who hast sought to convert to our brotherhood every spirit that seemed to thee most high and bold—even thou knowest by horrible experience, how vain the hope to banish *fear* from the heart of woman.

My life would be to her one marvel. Even if on the other hand, I sought to guide her path through the realms of terror to the light, think of the Haunter of the Threshold, and shudder with me at the awful hazard! I have endeavored to fill the Englishman's ambition with the true glory of his art; but the restless spirit of his ancestor still seems to whisper in him, and to attract to the spheres in which it lost its gwn wandering way. There is a mystery in man's inheritance from his fathers. Peculiarities of the mind, as diseases of the body, rest dormant for generations, to revive in some distant descendant, baffle all treatment and elude all skill. Come to me from thy solitude amidst the wrecks of Rome! I pant for a living confidant—for one who in the old time has himself known jealousy and love. I have sought commune with Adon-Ai: but his presence, that once inspired such heavenly content with knowledge, and so serene a confidence in destiny, now only troubles and perplexes me. From the height from which I strive to search into the shadows of things to come, I see confused spectres of menace and wrath. Methinks I behold a ghastly limit to the wondrous existence I have held—methinks that, after ages of the Ideal Life, I see my course merge into the most stormy whirlpool of the Real. Where the stars opened to me their gates, there looms a scaffold—thick steams of blood rise as from a shambles. What is more strange to me, a creature here, a very type of the false ideal of common men—body and mind, a hideous mockery of the art that shapes the Beautiful and the desires that seek the Perfect, ever haunts my vision amidst these perturbed and broken clouds of the fate to be. By the shadowy scaffold it stands and gibbers at me, with lips dropping slime and gore. Come, O friend of the far-time; from me, at least, thy wisdom has not purged away thy human affections. According to the bonds of our solemn order, reduced now to thee and myself, lone survivors of so many haughty and glorious aspirants, thou art pledged, too, to warn the descendant of those whom thy counsels sought to initiate into the great secret in a former age. The last of that bold Visconti, who was once thy pupil, is the relentless persecutor of this fair child. With thoughts of lust and murder, he is digging his own grave; thou mayest yet daunt him from his doom. And I also mysteriously, by the same bond, am pledged to obey, if he so command, a less guilty descendant of a baffled but nobler student. If he reject my counsel, and insist upon the pledge, Mejnour, thou wilt have another Neophyte. Beware of another victim. Come to me! This will reach thee with all speed. Answer it by the pressure of one hand that I can dare dare to clasp!

CHAPTER VIII.

Il lupo
Ferito, credo, mi conobbe e 'ncontro
Mi venne con la bocca sanguinosa.*
—AMINTA, At. iv. sc. i.

At Naples, the Tomb of Virgil, beetling over the cave of Posilipo, is reverenced, not with the feelings that should hollow the memory of the poet, but the awe that wraps the memory of the magician. To his charms they ascribe the hollowing of that mountain passage; and tradition yet guards his tomb by the spirits he had raised to construct the cavern. This spot, in the immediate vicinity of Viola's home, had often attracted her solitary footsteps. She had loved the dim and solemn fancies that beset her as she looked into the lengthened gloom of the grotto, or, ascending to the tomb, gazed from the rock on the dwarfed figures of the busy crowd that seemed to creep like insects along the windings of the soil below; and now, at noon, she bent thither her thoughtfnl way. She threaded the narrow path, she passed the gloomy vineyard that clambers up the rock, and gained the lofty spot, green with moss and luxuriant foliage, where the dust of him who yet soothes and elevates the minds of men is believed to rest. From afar rose the huge fortress of St. Elmo, frowning darkly amidst spires and domes that glittered in the sun. Lulled in its azure splendor, lay the Siren's sea; and the grey smoke of Vesuvius, in the clear distance, soared like a moving pillar into the lucid sky. Motionless on the brink of the precipice, Viola looked upon the lovely and living world that stretched below; and the sullen vapor of Vesuvius fascinated her yet more than the scattered gardens, or the gleaming Caprea, smiling amidst the smiles of the sea. She heard not a step that had followed her on her path, and started to hear a voice at hand. So sudden was the apparition of the form that stood by her side, emerging from the bushes that clad the crags, and so singularly did it harmonize in its uncouth ugliness with the wild nature of the scene immediately around her, and the wizard traditions of the place, that the color left her cheek, and a faint cry broke from her lips.

* The wounded wolf, I think, knew me, and came to meet me with its bloody mouth.

"Tush, pretty trembler!—do not be frightened at my face," said the man with a bitter smile. "After three months' marriage, there is no difference between ugliness and beauty. Custom is a great leveller. I was coming to your house when I saw you leave it; so, as I have matters of importance to communicate, I ventured to follow your footsteps. My name is Jean Nicot, a name already favorably known as a French Artist. The art of painting and the art of music are near connected, and the stage is an altar that unites the two."

There was something frank and unembarrassed in the man's address, that served to dispel the fear his appearance had occasioned. He seated himself as he spoke, on a crag beside her, and, looking up steadily into her face, continued:

"You are very beautiful, Viola Pisani, and I am not surprised at the number of your admirers. If I presume to place myself in the list, it is because I am the only one who loves thee honestly, and woos thee fairly. Nay, look not so indignant! Listen to me. Has the Prince di —— ever spoken to thee of marriage!—or the beautiful impostor, Zanoni?—or the young blue-eyed Englishman, Clarence Glyndon! It is marriage, it is a home, it is safety, it is reputation, that I offer to thee. And these last, when the straight form grows crooked, and the bright eyes dim. What say you?" and he attempted to seize her hand.

Viola shrunk from him, and silently turned to depart. He rose abruptly, and placed himself on her path.

"Actress, you must hear me! Do you know what this calling of the stage is in the eyes of prejudice—that is, of the common opinion of mankind. It is to be a princess before the lamps, and a Pariah before the day. No man believes in your virtue, no man credits your vows; you are the puppet that they consent to trick out with tinsel for their amusement, not an idol for their worship. Are you so enamoured of this career that you scorn even to think of security and honor? Perhaps you are different from what you seem. Perhaps you laugh at the prejudice that would degrade you, and would wisely turn it to advantage. Speak frankly to me; I have no prejudice either. Sweet one, I am sure we should agree. Now, this Prince di ——, I have a message from him. Shall I deliver it?"

Never had Viola felt as she felt then; never had she so thoroughly seen all the perils of her forlorn condition and her fearful renown. Nicot continued:—

"Zanoni would but amuse himself with thy vanity; Glyndon would despise himself, if he offered thee his name—and thee, if thou wouldst accept it; but the Prince di —— is in earnest, and he is wealthy. Listen!"

And Nicot approached his lips to her, and hissed a sentence which she did not suffer him to complete. She darted from him with one glance of unutterable disdain. As he strove to regain his hold of her arm, he lost his footing, and fell down the sides of the rock, till, bruised and lacerated, a pine-branch saved him from the yawning abyss below. She heard his exclamation of rage and pain, as she bounded down the path, and, without once turning to look behind, regained her home. By the porch stood Glyndon conversing with Gionetta. She passed him abruptly, entered the house, and, sinking on the floor, wept loud and passionately.

Glyndon, who had followed her in surprise, vainly sought to soothe and calm her. She would not reply to his questions; she did not seem to listen to his protestations of love, till suddenly as Nicot's terrible picture of the world's judgment of that profession, which to her younger thoughts had seemed the service of song and the Beautiful, forced itself upon her, she raised her face from her hands, and looking steadily upon the Englishman, said, "False one, dost thou talk to me of love?"

"By my honor, words fail to tell thee how I love!"

"Wilt thou give me thy home—thy name? Dost thou woo me as thy wife?" And at that moment, had Glyndon answered as his better angel would have counselled, perhaps, in the revolution of her whole mind, which the words of Nicot had affected, which made her despise her very self, sicken of her lofty dreams, despair of the future, and distrust her whole ideal,—perhaps, I say, in restoring her self-esteem, he would have won her confidence, and ultimately secured her love. But, against the prompting of his nobler nature, rose up at that sudden question all those doubts which, as Zanoni had so well implied,

made the true enemies of his soul. Was he thus suddenly to be entangled into a snare laid for his credulity by deceivers? Was she not instructed to seize the moment to force him into an avowal which prudence must repent. Was not the great Actress rehearsing a premeditated part? He turned round, as these thoughts, the children of the world, passed across him, for he literally fancied that he heard the sarcastic laugh of Mervale without. Nor was he deceived. Mervale was passing by the threshold, and Gionetta had told him his friend was within. Who does not know the effect of the world's laugh? Mervale was the personation of the world. The whole world seemed to shout derision in those ringing tones.

He drew back—he recoiled. Viola followed him with her earnest, impatient eyes. At last he faltered forth—"Do all of thy profession, beautiful Viola, exact marriage as the sole condition of love?" Oh, bitter question? Oh, poisoned taunt! He repented it the moment after. He was seized with remorse of reason, of feeling, and of conscience. He saw her form shrink, as it were, at his cruel words. He saw the color come and go, to leave the writhing lips like marble; and then, with a sad, gentle look of self-pity, rather than reproach, she pressed her hands tightly to her bosom, and said,

"He was right! Pardon me, Englishman; I see now, indeed, that I am the Pariah and the outcast."

"Hear me. I retract. Viola, Viola! it is for you to forgive!"

But Viola waved him from her, and smiling mournfully, as she passed him by, glided from the chamber: and he did not dare to detain her.

CHAPTER IX.

DAFNE. Ma, chi lung' è d'Amor,
TIRSI. Chi teme e fugge.
DAFNE. E che giova fuggir da lui ch' ha l'ali?
TIRSI. *Amor nascente ha corte l'ali!* *
—AMINTA, At. ii. sc. ii.

WHEN Glyndon found himself without Viola's house, Mervale, still loitering at the door, seized his arm. Glyndon shook him off abruptly.

"Thou and thy counsels," said he, bitterly, "have made me a coward and a wretch. But I will go home—I will write to her. I will pour out my whole soul; she will forgive me yet."

Mervale, who was a man of impenetrable temper, arranged his ruffles, which his friend's angry gesture had a little discomposed, and not till Glyndon had exhausted himself awhile by passionate exclamations and reproaches did the experienced angler begin to tighten the line. He then drew from Glyndon the explanation of what had passed, and artfully sought not to irritate, but soothe him. Mervale, indeed, was by no means a bad man; he had stronger moral notions than are common amongst the young. He sincerely reproved his friend for harboring dishonorable intentions with regard to the actress. "Because I would not have her thy wife, I never dreamed that thou shouldst degrade her to thy mistress Better of the two an imprudent match than an illicit connection. But pause yet; do not act on the impulse of the moment."

"But there is no time to lose. I have promised to Zanoni to give him my answer by to-morrow night. Later than that time, all option ceases."

"Ah!" said Mervale, "this seems suspicious. Explain yourself."

And Glyndon, in the earnestness of his passion, told his friend what had passed between himself and Zanoni—suppressing only, he scarce knew why, the reference to his ancestor and the mysterious brotherhood.

This recital gave to Mervale all the advantage he could desire. Heavens! with what sound, shrewd common-sense he talked. How evidently some charlatantic coalition between the actress, and perhaps—who knows?—her clandestine protector, sated with possession! How equivocal the character of one—the position of the other! What cunning in the question of the actress? How profoundly had Glyndon, at the first suggestion of his sober reason, seen through the snare. What! was he to be thus mystically cajoled and hurried into a rash marriage, because Zanoni, a mere stranger, told him with a grave face that he must decide before the clock struck a certain hour?

* DAFNE. But, who is far from Love?—TIRSI. He who fears and flies.—DAFNE. What use to flee from one who has wings?—TIRSI. The wings of Love, while he yet grows, are short.

"Do this, at least," said Mervale, reasonably enough,—"wait till the time expires; it is but another day. Baffle Zanoni. He tells thee that he will meet thee before midnight to-morrow, and defies thee to avoid him. Pooh! let us quit Naples for some neighboring place, where, unless he be indeed the Devil, he cannot possibly find us. Show him that you will not be led blindfold even into an act that you meditate yourself. Defer to write to her, or to see her, till after to-morrow. This is all I ask. Then visit her, and decide for yourself."

Glyndon was staggered. He could not combat the reasonings of his friend; he was not convinced, but he hesitated; and at that moment Nicot passed them. He turned round, and stopped, as he saw Glyndon.

"Well, and do you think still of the Pisani?"

"Yes; and you ——"

"Have seen and conversed with her. She shall be Madame Nicot before this day week! I am going to the café, in the Toledo; and hark ye, when next you meet your friend Signor Zanoni, tell him that he has twice crossed my path. Jean Nicot, though a painter, is a plain, honest man, and always pays his debts."

"It is a good doctrine in money matters," said Mervale; "as to revenge, it is not so moral, and certainly not so wise. But is it in your love that Zanoni has crossed your path? How that if your suit prosper so well?"

"Ask Viola Pisani that question. Bah! Glyndon, she is prude only to thee. But I have no prejudices. Once more, farewell."

"Rouse thyself, man!" said Mervale, slapping Glyndon on the shoulder.

"What think you of your fair one now?"

"This man must lie."

"Will you write to her at once?"

"No; if she be really playing a game, I could renounce her without a sigh. I will watch her closely; and at all events, Zanoni shall not be the master of my fate. Let us, as you advise, leave Naples at day-break to-morrow."

CHAPTER X.

> O chiunque tu sia, che fuor d'ogni uso
> Pieghi Natura ad opre altere e strane,
> E, spiando i secreti, entro al piu chiuso
> Spazj a tua voglia delle menti umane,
> Deh—Dimmi!*
>
> —Gerus. Lib., Cant. x. xviii.

Early the next morning the young Englishmen mounted their horses, and took the road towards Baiæ. Glyndon left word at his hotel that if Signor Zanoni sought him, it was in the neighborhood of that once celebrated watering place of the ancients that he should be found.

They passed by Viola's house, but Glyndon resisted the temptation of pausing there; and after threading the grotto of Posilipo, they wound by a circuitous route back into the suburbs of the city, and took the opposite road, which conducts to Portici and Pompeii. It was late at noon when they arrived at the former of these places. Here they halted to dine; for Mervale had heard much of the excellence of the macaroni at Portici, and Mervale was a *bon vivant*.

They put up at an inn of very humble pretensions, and dined under an awning. Mervale was more than usually gay; he pressed the Lacrima upon his friend, and conversed gaily.

"Well, my dear friend, we have foiled Signor Zanoni in one of his predictions, at least. You will have no faith in him hereafter."

"The ides are come, not gone."

"Tush! If he be the soothsayer, you are not the Cæsar. It is your vanity that makes you credulous. Thank Heaven, I do not think myself of such importance, that the operations of nature should be changed in order to frighten me."

"But why should the operations of nature be changed? There may be a deeper philosophy that discovers the secrets of nature, but does not alter, by penetrating, its courses."

"Ah! you relapse into your heretical credulity; you seriously suppose Zanoni to be a prophet—a reader of the future; perhaps an associate of genii and spirits!"

* Oh thou, whoever thou art, who through every use bendest Nature to works foreign and strange—and by spying into her secrets, enterest, at thy will, into the closest recesses of the human mind—O speak, O tell me!

Here the landlord, a little, fat, oily fellow, came up with a fresh bottle of Lacrima. He hoped their Excellencies were pleased. He was most touched—touched to the heart, that they liked the macaroni. Were their Excellencies going to Vesuvius? There was a slight eruption; they could not see it where they were, but it was pretty, and would be prettier still after sunset.

"A capital idea!" cried Mervale. "What say you, Glyndon?"

"I have not yet seen an irruption; I should like it much."

"But is there no danger?" asked the prudent Mervale.

"Oh, not at all; the mountain is very civil at present. It only plays a little, just to amuse their Excellencies the English."

Well, order the horses, and bring the bill; we will go before it is dark. Clarence, my friend—*Nunc est bibendum;* but take care of the *pede libero*, which will scarce do for walking on lava!"

The bottle was finished, the bill paid; the gentlemen mounted, the landlord bowed, and they bent their way, in the cool of the delightful evening, towards Resina.

The wine, perhaps the excitement of his thoughts, animated Glyndon, whose unequal spirits were, at times, high and brilliant as those of a schoolboy released; and the laughter of the northern tourists sounded oft and merrily along the melancholy domains of buried cities.

Hesperus had lighted his lamp amidst the rosy skies as they arrived at Resina. Here they quitted their horses, and took mules and a guide. As the sky grew darker and more dark, the Mountain Fire burned with an intense lustre. In various streaks and streamlets, the fountain of flame rolled down the dark summit, and the Englishmen began to feel increase upon them, as they ascended, that sensation of solemnity and awe, which makes the very atmosphere that surrounds the Giant of the plains of the Antique Hades.

It was night, when, leaving the mules, they ascended on foot, accompanied by their guide, and a peasant who bore a rude torch. The guide was a conversable, garrulous fellow, like most of his country and his calling; and Mervale, who possessed a sociable temper, loved to amuse or to instruct himself on every incidental occasion.

"Ah! Excellency," said the guide, "your countrymen have a strong passion for the volcano. Long life to them! they bring us plenty of money. If our fortunes depended on the Neapolitans, we should starve."

"True, they have no curiosity," said Mervale. "Do you remember, Glyndon, the contempt with which that old Count said to us, 'You will go to Vesuvius, I suppose? I have never been; why should I go? you have cold, you have hunger, you have fatigue, you have danger, and all for nothing but to see fire, which looks just as well in a brazier as on a mountain.' Ha! ha! the old fellow was right."

"But, Excellency," said the guide, "that is not all; some Cavaliers think to ascend the mountain without our help. I am sure they deserve to tumble into the crater."

"They must be bold fellows to go alone;—you don't often find such."

"Sometimes among the French, Signor. But the other night—I never was so frightened—I had been with an English party; and a lady had left her pocket-book on the mountain, where she had been sketching. She offered me a handsome sum to return for it, and bring it to her at Naples. So I went in the evening. I found it, sure enough; and was about to return, when I saw a figure that seemed to emerge from the crater itself. The air there was so pestiferous, that I could not have conceived a human creature could breathe it, and live. I was so astounded that I stood still as a stone, till the figure came over the hot ashes, as stood before me, face to face. Santa Marta, what a head!"

"What! hideous?"

"No; so beautiful, but so terrible. It had nothing human in its aspect."

"And what said the salamander?"

"Nothing! It did not even seem to perceive me, though I was near as I am to you; but its eyes seemed to emerge prying into the air. It passed by me quickly, and, walking across a stream of burning lava, soon vanished on the other side of the mountain. I was curious and foolhardy, and resolved to see if I could bear the atmosphere which this visitor had left; but, though I did not advance within thirty yards of the spot at which he had first

appeared, I was driven back by a vapor that well nigh stifled me. Cospetto! I have spat blood ever since."

"Now will I lay a wager that you fancy this fire-king must be Zanoni," whispered Mervale, laughing.

The little party had now arrived nearly at the summit of the mountain; and unspeakably grand was the spectacle on which they gazed. From the crater arose a vapor, intensely dark, that overspread the whole background of the heavens; in the centre whereof rose a flame, that assumed a form singularly beautiful. It might have been compared to a crest of gigantic feathers, the diadem of the mountain, high-arched, and drooping downward, with the hues delicately shaded off, and the whole shifting and tremulous as the plumage on a warrior's helmet.

The glare of the flame spread, luminous and crimson, over the dark and rugged ground on which they stood, and drew an innumerable variety of shadows from crag and hollow. An oppressive and sulphureous exhalation served to increase the gloomy and sublime terror of the place. But on turning from the mountain, and towards the distant and unseen ocean, the contrast was wonderfully great; the heavens serene and blue, the stars still and calm as the eyes of Divine Love. It was as if the realms of the opposing principles of Evil and of Good were brought in one view before the gaze of man! Glyndon—once more the enthusiast, the artist—was enchained and entranced by emotions vague and undefinable, half of delight and half of pain. Leaning on the shoulder of his friend, he gazed around him, and heard, with deepening awe, the rumbling of the earth below, the wheels and voices of the Ministry of Nature in her darkest and most inscrutable recess. Suddenly as a bomb from a shell, a huge stone was flung hundreds of yards up from the jaws of the crater, and, falling with a mighty crash upon the rock below, split into ten thousand fragments, which bounded down the sides of the mountain, sparkling and groaning as they went. One of these, the largest fragment, struck the narrow space of soil between the Englishman and the guide, not three feet from the spot where the former stood. Mervale uttered an exclamation of terror, and Glyndon held his breath, and shuddered.

"*Diavola!*" cried the guide. "Descend, Excellencies—descend! we have not a moment to lose: follow me close!"

So saying, the guide and the peasant fled with as much swiftness as they were able to bring to bear. Mervale, ever more prompt and ready than his friend, imitated their example; and Glyndon, more confused than alarmed, followed close. But they had not gone many yards, before, with a rushing and sudden blast, came from the crater an enormous volume of vapor. It pursued—it overtook—it overspread them. It swept the light from the heavens. All was abrupt and utter darkness; and through the gloom was heard the shout of the guide, already distant, and lost in an instant amidst the sound of the rushing gust, and the groans of the earth beneath. Glyndon paused. He was separated from his friend—from the guide. He was alone—with the Darkness and the Terror. The vapor rolled sullenly away; the form of the plumed fire was again dimly visible, and its struggling and perturbed reflection again shed a glow over the horrors of the path. Glyndon recovered himself, and sped onward. Below, he heard the voice of Mervale calling on him, though he no longer saw his form. The sound served as a guide. Dizzy and breathless, he bounded forward; when—hark!—a sullen, slow, rolling sound in his ear! He halted—and turned back to gaze. The fire had overflowed its course: it had opened itself a channel amidst the furrows of the mountain. The stream pursued him fast—fast; and the hot breath of the chasing and preternatural foe came closer and closer upon his cheek! He turned aside; he climbed desperately, with hands and feet, upon a crag, that, to the right, broke the scathed and blasted level of the soil. The stream rolled beside and beneath him, and then, taking a sudden wind round the spot on which he stood, interposed its liquid fire—a broad and impassable barrier, between his resting-place and escape. There he stood, cut off from descent, and with no alternative but to retrace his steps towards the crater, and thence seek, without guide or clew, some other pathway.

For a moment his courage left him: he cried in despair, and in that over-strained pitch of voice which is never heard afar off, to the guide—to Mervale, to return to aid him.

No answer came; and the Englishman, thus abandoned solely to his own resources, felt his spirit and energy rise against the danger. He turned back, and ventured as far towards the crater as the noxious exhalation would permit; then, gazing below, carefully and deliberately he chalked out for himself a path, by which he trusted to shun the direction the fire-stream had taken; and trod firmly and quickly over the crumbling and heated strata.

He had proceeded about fifty yards, which he halted abruptly; an unspeakable and unaccountable horror, not hitherto experienced amidst all his peril, came over him. He shook in every limb: his muscles refused his will—he felt, as it were, palsied and death stricken. The horror, I say, was unaccountable, for the path seemed clear and safe. The fire, above and behind, burned clear and far; and beyond, the stars lent him their cheering guidance. No obstacle was visible—no danger seemed at hand. As thus, spell-bound and panic-stricken, he stood chained to the soil—his breast heaving; large drops rolling down his brow; and his eyes starting wildly from their sockets—he saw before him, at some distance, gradually shaping itself more and more distinctly to his gaze, a Colossal Shadow—a shadow that seemed partially borrowed from the human shape, but immeasurably above the human stature; vague, dark, almost formless; and differing, he could not tell where, or why, not only from the proportions, but also from the limbs and outline of man.

The glare of the volcano, that seemed to shrink and collapse from this gigantic and appalling apparition, nevertheless threw its light, redly and steadily, upon another shape that stood beside, quiet, and motionless; and it was, perhaps, the contrast of these two things—the Being and the Shadow—that impressed the beholder—with the difference between them—the Man and the Superhuman. It was but for a moment—nay, for the tenth part of a moment, that this sight was permitted to the wanderer. A second eddy of sulphureous vapors from the volcano, yet more rapidly, yet more densely than its predecessor, rolled over the mountain; and either the nature of the exhalation, or the excess of his own dread, was such, that Glyndon, after one wild gasp for breath, fell senseless on the earth.

CHAPTER XI.

Was hab' ich
Wenn ich nicht Alles habe?—sprach der Jüngling.*
—Das Verschleierte Bild zu Sais.

Mervale and the Italians arrived in safety at the spot where they had left the mules; and not till they had recovered their own alarm and breath did they think of Glyndon. But then, as the minutes passed, and he appeared not, Mervale whose heart was as good, at least, as human hearts are in general grew seriously alarmed. He insisted on returning, to search for his friend; and by dint of prodigal promises, prevailed at last on the guide to accompany him The lower part of the mountain lay calm and white in the starlight; and the guide's practised eye could discern all objects on the surface, at a considerable distance. They had not, however, gone very far, before they perceived two forms, slowly approaching towards them.

As they came near, Mervale recognized the form of his friend. "Thank Heaven, he is safe." he cried, turning to the guide.

"Holy angels befriend us!" said the Italian, trembling—"Behold the very being that crossed me last Friday night. It is he! but his face is human now!"

"Signor Inglese," said the voice of Zanoni, as Glyndon—pale, wan, and silent—returned passively the joyous gretting of Mervale—"Signor Inglese, I told your friend that we should meet to-night. You see you have *not* foiled my prediction."

"But how?—but where?" stammered Mervale, in great confusion and surpise.

"I found your friend stretched on the ground, overpowered by the mephitic exhalation of the crater. I bore him to a purer atmosphere; and, as I know the mountain well, I have conducted him safely to you. This is all our history. You see, sir, that were it not for that prophecy which you desired to frustrate, your friend would, ere this time have been a corpse: one minute more, and the vapor had done its work. Adieu; good night, and pleasant dreams."

"But, my preserver, you will not leave us!" said Glyndon, anxiously, and speaking for the first time. "Will you not return with us?"

Zanoni paused, and drew Glyndon aside.

* "What have I, if I possess not All?" said the youth.

"Young man," said he, gravely, "it is necessary that we should again meet to-night. It is necessary that you should ere the first hour of morning decide on your own fate. I know that you have insulted her whom you profess to love. It is not too late to repent. Consult not your friend—he is sensible and wise; but not now is his wisdom needed. There are times in life when, from the imagination, and not the reason, should wisdom come—this, for you, is one of them. I ask not your answer now. Collect your thoughts—recover your jaded and scattered spirits. It wants two hours of midnight. Before midnight I will be with you."

"Incomprehensible being!" replied the Englishman, "I would leave the life you have preserved in your own hands; but what I have seen this night has swept even Viola from my thoughts. A fiercer desire than that of love burns in my veins—the desire not to resemble but to surpass my kind—the desire to penetrate and to share the secret of your own existence—the desire of a preternatural knowledge and unearthly power. I make my choice. In my ancestor's name, I adjure and remind thee of thy pledge. Instruct me; school me; make me thine; and I surrender to thee at once, and without a murmur, the woman whom, till I saw thee, I would have defied a world to obtain."

"I bid thee consider well; on the one hand, Viola, a tranquil home, a happy and serene life. On the other hand, all is darkness—darkness, that even these eyes cannot penetrate."

"But thou hast told me, that if I wed Viola, I must be contented with the common existence,—if I refuse, is is to aspire to thy knowledge and thy power."

"Vain man!—knowledge and power are not happiness."

"But they are better than happiness. Say!—if I marry Viola, wilt thou be my master—my guide? Say this, and I am resolved."

"It were impossible."

"Then I renounce her! I renounce love. I renounce happiness. Welcome solitude—welcome despair; if they are the entrances to thy dark and sublime secret."

"I will not take thy answer now. Before the last hour of night thou shalt give it in one word—ay or no! Farewell till then."

Zanoni waved his hand; and decending rapidly, was seen no more.

Glyndon rejoined his impatient and wondering friend; but Mervale, gazing on his face, saw that a great change had passed there. The flexile and dubious expression of youth was for ever gone. The features were locked, rigid, and stern; and so faded was the natural bloom, that an hour seemed to have done the work of years.

CHAPTER XII.

Was ist 's
Das hinter diesem Schleier sich verbirgt?*
—DAS VERSCHLEIERTE BILD ZU SAIS.

ON returning from Vesuvius or Pompeii, you enter Naples, through its most animated, its most Neapolitan, quarter—through that quarter in which Modern life most closely resembles the Ancient; and in which, when, on a fair day, the thoroughfare swarms alike with Indolence and Trade, you are impressed at once with the recollection of that restless, lively race, from which the population of Naples derives its origin: so that in one day you may see at Pompeii the habitations of a remote age; and on the Mole, at Naples, you may imagine you behold the very beings with whom those habitations had been peopled.

But now, as the Englishmen rode slowly through the deserted streets, lighted but by the lamps of heaven, all the gaiety of day was hushed and breathless. Here and there, stretched under a portico or a dingy booth, were sleeping groups of houseless Lazzaroni; a tribe now merging its indolent individuality amidst an energetic and active population.

The Englishmen rode on in silence; for Glyndon neither appeared to heed nor hear the questions and comments of Mervale, and Mervale himself was almost as weary as the jaded animal he bestrode.

Suddenly the silence of earth and ocean was broken by the sound of a distant clock, that proclaimed the quarter preceding the last hour of night. Glyndon started from his reverie, and looked anxiously round. As the final stroke died, the noise of hoofs rung on the broad stones of the pavement; and from a

* What is it that conceals itself behind this veil.

narrow street to the right, emerged the form of a solitary horseman. He neared the Englishmen, and Glyndon recognized the features and mien of Zanoni.

"What! do we meet again, Signor?" said Mervale, in a vexed but drowsy tone.

"Your friend and I have business together," replied Zanoni, as he wheeled his steed to the side of Glyndon. "But it will be soon transacted. Perhaps you, sir, will ride on to your hotel."

"Alone?"

"There is no danger!" returned Zanoni, with a slight expression of disdain in his voice.

"None to me;—but to Glyndon?"

"Danger from me! Ah, perhaps you are right."

"Go on, my dear Mervale," said Glyndon. "I will join you before you reach the hotel."

Mervale nodded, whistled, and pushed his horse into a kind of amble.

"Now your answer—quick!"

"I have decided. The love of Viola has vanished from my heart. The pursuit is over."

"You have decided?"

"I have; and now my reward."

"Thy reward! Well; ere this hour to-morrow it shall await thee."

Zanoni gave the rein to his horse; it sprang forward with a bound: the sparks flew from its hoofs, and horse and rider disappeared amidst the shadows of the street whence they had emerged.

Mervale was surprised to see his friend by his side, a minute after they had parted.

What has passed between you and Zanoni?"

"Mervale, do not ask me to-night; I am in a dream."

"I do not wonder at it, for even I am in a sleep. Let us push on."

In the retirement of his chamber, Glyndon sought to recollect his thoughts. He sat down on the foot of his bed, and pressed his hands tightly to his throbbing temples. The events of the last few hours; the apparition of the gigantic and shadowy Companion of the Mystic, amidst the fires and clouds of Vesuvius; the strange encounter with Zanoni himself, on a spot in which he could never, by ordinary reasoning, have calculated on finding Glyndon, filled his mind with emotions, in which terror and awe the least prevailed. A fire, the train of which had been long laid, was lighted at his heart—the asbestos-fire, that, once lit, is never to be quenched. All his early aspirations—his young ambition—his longings for the laurel, were merged in one passionate yearning to surpass the bounds of the common knowledge of man, and reach that solemn spot, between two worlds, on which the mysterious stranger appeared to have fixed his home.

Far from recalling with renewed affright the remembrance of the apparition that had so appalled him, the recollection only served to kindle and concentrate his curiosity into a burning focus. He had said aright—*love had vanished from his heart;* there was no longer a serene space amidst its disordered elements for human affection to move and breathe. The enthusiast was rapt from this earth; and he would have surrendered all that mortal beauty ever promised, that mortal hope ever whispered for one hour with Zanoni beyond the portals of the visible world.

He rose, oppressed and fevered with the new thoughts that raged within him, and threw open his casement for air. The ocean lay suffused in the starry light, and the stillness of the heavens never more eloquently preached the morality of repose to the madness of earthly passions. But such was Glyndon's mood, that their very hush only served to deepen the wild desires that preyed upon his soul. And the solemn stars, that are mysteries in themselves, seemed by a kindred sympathy to agitate the wings of the spirit no longer contented with its cage. As he gazed, a Star shot from its brethren, and vanished from the depth of space.

CHAPTER XIII.

——— O, be gone!
By heaven I love thee better than myself,
For I came hither arm'd against myself.
—ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE young actress and Gionetta had returned from the theatre; and Viola, fatigued and exhausted, had thrown herself on the sofa, while Gionetta, busied herself with the long tresses which, released from the fillet that bound hem, half concealed the form of the actress, like a veil of threads of gold. As

she smoothed the luxuriant locks, the old nurse ran gossiping on about the little events of the night, the scandal and politics of the scenes, and the tireroom. Gionetta was a worthy soul. Almanzor, in Dryden's tragedy of "Almahide," did not change sides with more gallant indifference than the exemplary nurse. She was as last grieved and scandalized that Viola had not selected one chosen cavalier. But the choice she left wholly to her fair charge. Zegri or Abencerrage, Glyndon or Zanoni, it had been the same to her, except that the rumors she had collected respecting the latter, combined with his own recommendations of his rival, had given her preference to the Englishman. She interpreted ill the impatient and heavy sigh which Viola greeted her praises of Glyndon, and her wonder that he had of late so neglected his attentions behind the scenes, and she exhausted all her powers of panegyric upon the supposed object of the sigh. "And then too," she said, "if nothing else were to be said against the other Signor, it is enough that he is about to leave Naples."

"Leave Naples!—Zanoni?"

"Yes, darling! In passing by the Mole to day, there was a crowd round some outlandish-looking sailors. His ship arrived this morning, and anchors in the bay. The sailors say that they are to be prepared to sail with the first wind; they were taking in fresh stores. They—"

"Leave me, Gionetta! Leave me!"

The time had already passed when the girl could confide in Gionetta. Her thoughts had advanced to that point when the heart recoils from all confidence, and feels that it cannot be comprehended. Alone now, in the principal apartment of the house, she paced its narrow boundaries with tremulous and agitated steps; she recalled the frightful suit of Nicot; the injurious taunt of Glyndon; and she sickened at the remembrance of the hollow applauses which, bestowed on the actress, not the woman, only subjected her to contumely and insult. In that room the recollection of her father's death, the withered laurel and the broken chords, rose chillingly before her. Hers, she felt, was a yet gloomier fate—the chords may break while the laurel is yet green. The lamp, waning in its socket, burned pale and dim, and her eyes instinctively turned from the darker corner of the room. Orphan! by the hearth of thy parents, dost thou fear the presence of the dead!

And was Zanoni indeed about to quit Naples? Should she see him no more! Oh, fool, to think that there was grief in any other thought! The Past, that was gone!—The Future! there was no Future to her—Zanoni absent! But this was the night of the third day on which Zanoni had told her that, come what might, he would visit her again. It was, then, if she might believe him, some appointed crisis in her fate; and how should she tell him of Glyndon's hateful words? The pure and the proud mind can never confide its wrongs to another, only its triumphs and its happiness. But at that late hour would Zanoni visit her—could she receive him? Midnight was at hand. Still in undefined suspense, in intense anxiety, she lingered in the room. The quarter before midnight sounded dull and distant. All was still, and she was about to pass to her sleeping-room, when she heard the hoofs of a horse at full speed; the sound ceased; there was a knock at the door. Her heart beat violently; but fear gave way to another sentiment when she heard a voice, too well known, calling on her name. She paused, and then with the fearlessness of innocence, descended, and unbarred the door.

Zanoni entered with a light and hasty step. His horseman's cloak fitted tightly to his noble form; and his broad hat threw a gloomy shade over his commanding features.

The girl followed him into the room she had just left, trembling and blushing deeply, and stood before him with the lamp she held shining upward on her cheek, and the long hair that fell like a shower of light over the half clad shoulders and heaving bust.

"Viola," said Zanoni, in a voice that spoke deep emotion, "I am by thy side once more to save thee. Not a moment is to be lost. Thou must fly with me, or remain the victim of the Prince di ——. I would have made the charge I now undertake another's; thou knowest I would—thou knowest it!—but he is not worthy of thee, the cold Englishman! I throw myself at thy feet; have trust in me and fly."

He grasped her hand passionately as he dropped on his knee, and looked up into her face with his bright beseeching eyes.

"Fly with thee!" said Viola, scarce believing her senses.

"With me. Name, fame, honor—all will be sacrificed if thou dost not."

"Then—then," said the wild girl, falteringly, and turning aside her face; "then I am not indifferent to thee? Thou wouldst not give me to another?"

Zanoni was silent; but his breast heaved, his cheeks flushed, his eyes darted dark and impassioned fire.

"Speak!" exclaimed Viola, in jealous suspicion of his silence.

"Indifferent to me! No; but I dare not yet say that I love thee."

"Then what matters my fate?" said Viola, turning pale, and shrinking from his side; "leave me—I fear no danger. My life, and therefore my honor, is in mine own hands."

"Be not so mad," said Zanoni. "Hark! do you hear that neigh of my steed?—it is an alarm that warns us of the approaching peril. Haste, or you are lost!"

"Why dost thou care for me? said the girl, bitterly. "Thou hast read my heart; thou knowest thou art become the lord of my destiny. But to be bound beneath the weight of a cold obligation: to be a beggar on the eyes of indifference; to cast myself on one who loves me not; *that* were indeed the vilest sin of my sex. Ah, Zanoni, rather let me die!"

She had thrown back her clustering hair from her face while she spoke; and as she now stood, with her arms drooping mournfully, and her hands clasped together with the proud bitterness of her wayward spirit, giving new zest and charm to her singular beauty, it was impossible to conceive a sight more irresistible to the eye and the heart.

"Tempt me not to thine own danger—perhaps destruction!" exciaimed Zanoni, in faltering accents. "Thou canst not dream of what thou wouldst demand—come!" and, advancing, he wound his arm round her waist. "Come, Viola; believe at least in my friendship, my honor, my protection——"

"And not thy love," said the Italian, turning on him her reproachful eyes. Those eyes met his, and he could not withdraw from the charm of their gaze. He felt her heart throbbing beneath his own; her breath came warm upon his cheek. He trembled—*He!* the lofty, the mysterious Zanoni, who seemed to stand aloof from his race. With a deep and burning sigh, he murmured, "Viola, I love thee! Oh!" he continued, passionately, and releasing his hold, he threw himself abruptly at her feet, "I no more command;—as woman should be wooed, I woo thee. From the first glance of those eyes—from the first sound of thy voice, thou becamest too fatally dear to me. Thou speakest of fascination—it lives and breathes in thee! I fled from Naples to fly from thy presence—it pursued me. Months, years passed, and thy sweet face still shone upon my heart. I returned, because I pictured thee alone and sorrowful in the world; and knew that dangers from which I might save thee were gathering near thee and around. Beautiful soul! whose leaves I have read with reverence, it was for thy sake, thine alone, that I would have given thee to one who might make thee happier on earth than I can. Viola! Viola! thou knowest not—never canst thou know—how dear thou art to me!"

It is in vain to seek for words to describe the delight—the proud, the full, the complete, and the entire delight that filled the heart of the Neapolitan. He whom she had considered too lofty even for love—more humble to her than those she had half despised! She was silent, but her eyes spoke to him; and then slowly, as aware, at last, that the human love had advanced on the ideal, she shrunk into the terrors of a modest and virtuous nature. She did not dare—she did not dream to ask him the question she had so fearlessly made to Glyndon; but she felt a sudden coldness—a sense that a barrier was yet between love and love. "Oh, Zanoni!" she murmured, with downcast eyes, "ask me not to fly with thee; tempt me not to my shame. Thou wouldst protect me from others. Oh, protect me from thyself!"

"Poor orphan!" said he, tenderly, "and canst thou think that I ask from thee one sacrifice,—still less the greatest that woman can give to love? As my wife I woo thee, and by every tie, and by every vow that can hallow and endear affection. Alas, they have belied love to thee indeed, if thou dost not know the religion that belongs to it! They who truly love would seek, for the treasure they obtain, every bond that can make it lasting and secure. Viola, weep not, unless thou givest me the holy right to kiss away thy tears!"

And that beautiful face, no more averted, drooped upon his bosom; and as he bent down, his lips sought the rosy mouth: a long and burning kiss—danger—life—the world was forgotten! Suddenly Zanoni tore himself from her.

"Hearest thou the wind that sighs, and dies away? As that wind, my power to preserve thee, to guard thee, to foresee the storm in thy skies, is gone. No matter. Haste, haste; and may love supply the loss of all that it has dared to sacrifice! Come."

Viola hesitated no more. She threw her mantle over her shoulders, and gathered up her dishevelled hair; a moment, and she was prepared, when a sudden crash was heard below.

"Too late!—fool that I was—too late!" cried Zanoni, in a sharp tone of agony, as he hurried to the door. He opened it, only to be borne back by the press of armed men. The room literally swarmed with the followers of the ravisher, masked, and armed to the teeth.

Viola was already in the grasp of two of the myrmidons. Her shriek smote the ear of Zanoni. He sprang forward; and Viola heard his wild cry in a foreign tongue! She saw the blades of the ruffians pointed at his breast! She lost her senses; and when she recovered, she found herself gagged, and in a carriage that was driven rapidly, by the side of a masked and motionless figure. The carriage stopped at the portals of a gloomy mansion. The gates opened noiselessly; a broad flight of steps, brilliantly illumined, was before her. She was in the palace of the Prince di ——.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ma lasciamo, per Dio, Signore, orma
Di parlar d'ira, e di cantar di morte.*
—Orl. Fur., Canto xvii. xvii.

The young actress was led to, and left alone in, a chamber adorned with all the luxurious and half-Eastern taste that, at one time, characterized the palaces of the great seigneurs of Italy. Her first thought was for Zanoni. Was he yet living? Had he escaped unscathed the blades of the foe? her new treasure—the new light of her life—her lord, at last her lover?

She had short time for reflection. She heard steps approaching the chamber; she drew back, but trembled not. A courage, not of herself, never known before, sparkled in her eyes, and dilated her stature. Living or dead, she would be faithful still to Zanoni! There was a new motive to the preservation of honor. The door opened, and the Prince entered in the gorgeous and gaudy costume still worn at that time in Naples.

"Fair and cruel one," said he, advancing, with a half sneer upon his lip, "thou wilt not too harshly blame the violence of love." He attempted to take her hand as he spoke.

"Nay," said he, as she recoiled, "reflect that thou art now in the power of one that never faltered in the pursuit of an object less dear to him than thou art. Thy lover, presumptuous though he be, is not by to save thee. Mine thou art; but instead of thy master, suffer me to be thy slave."

"Prince," said Viola, with a stern gravity, "your boast is in vain. Your power! I am *not* in your power. Life and death are in my own hands. I will not defy; but I do not fear you: I feel — and in some feelings," added Viola, with a solemnity almost thrilling, "there is all the strength, and all the divinity of knowledge—I feel that I am safe even here; but you—you, Prince di——, have brought danger to your home and hearth!"

The Neapolitan seemed startled by an earnestness and boldness he was but little prepared for. He was not, however, a man easily intimidated or deferred from any purpose he had formed; and, approaching Viola, he was about to reply with much warmth, real or affected, when a knock was heard at the door of the chamber. The sound was repeated, and the Prince, chafed at the interruption, opened the door and demanded, impatiently, who had ventured to disobey his orders, and invade his leisure. Mascari presented himself, pale and agitated: "My lord," said he, in a whisper, "pardon me; but a stranger is below, who insists on seeing you; and, from some words he let fall, I judged it advisable even to infringe your commands."

"A stranger!—and at this hour! What business can he pretend? Why was he even admitted?"

* But leave me, I solemnly conjure thee Signor, to speak of wrath, and to sing of death.

"He asserts that your life is in imminent danger. The source whence it proceeds he will relate to your Excellency alone."

The Prince frowned; but his color changed. He mused a moment, and then re-entering the chamber, and advancing towards Viola, he said—

"Believe me, fair creature, I have no wish to take advantage of my power. I would fain trust alone to the gentler authorities of affection. Hold yourself queen within these walls more absolutely than you have ever enacted that part on the stage. To-night, farewell! May your sleep be calm, and your dreams propitious to my hopes."

With these words he retired, and in a few moments Viola was surrounded by officious attendants, whom she at length, with some difficulty, dismissed; and refusing to retire to rest, she spent the night in examining the chamber, which she found was secured, and in thoughts of Zanoni, in whose power she felt an almost preternatural confidence.

Meanwhile, the Prince descended the stairs, and sought the room into which the stranger had been shown.

He found the visitor wrapped from head to foot in a long robe—half gown, half mantle—such as was sometimes worn by ecclesiastics. The face of this stranger was remarkable! So sunburnt and swarthy were his hues, that he must, apparently, have derived his origin amongst the races of the furthest East. His forehead was lofty, and his eyes so penetrating, yet so calm in their gaze, that the Prince shrunk from them as we shrink from a questioner who is drawing forth the guiltiest secret of our hearts.

"What would you with me?" asked the Prince, motioning his visitor to a seat.

"Prince of ——," said the stranger, in a voice deep and sweet, but foreign in its accent; "son of the most energetic and masculine race that ever applied godlike genius to the service of Human Will, with its winding wickedness and its stubborn grandeur; descendant of the great Visconti, in whose chronicles lies the History of Italy in her palmy day, and in whose rise was the development of the mightiest intellect, ripened by the most restless ambition, I come to gaze upon the last star in a darkening firmament. By this hour to-morrow space shall know it not. Man! unless thy whole nature change, thy days are numbered!"

"What means this jargon?" said the Prince, in visible astonishment and secret awe. "Comest thou to menace me in my own halls, or wouldst thou warn me of a danger? Art thou some itinerant mountebank, or some unguessed-of friend? Speak out plainly. What danger threatens me?"

"Zanoni and thy ancestor's sword," replied the stranger.

"Ha! ha!" said the Prince laughing scornfully. "I half suspected thee from the first. Thou art then the accomplice or the tool of that most dexterous, but, at present, defeated charlatan? And I suppose thou wilt tell me that, if I were to release a certain captive I have made, the danger would vanish, and the hand of the dial would be put back?"

"Judge of me as thou wilt, Prince di——. I confess my knowledge of Zanoni. Thou, too, wilt know his power, but not till it consume thee. I would save, therefore I warn thee. Dost thou ask me why? I will tell thee. Canst thou remember to have heard wild tales of thy grandsire?—of his desire for a knowledge that passes that of the schools and cloisters?—of a strange man from the East, who was his familiar and master in lore, against which the Vatican has, from age to age, launched its mimic thunder? Dost thou call to mind the fortunes of thy ancestor?—how he succeeded in youth to little but a name?—how, after a career wild and desolute as thine, he disappeared from Milan, a pauper, and a self-exile?—how after years spent, none knew in what climes or in what pursuits, he again revisited the city where his progenitors had reigned?—how with him came the wise man of the East, the mystic Mejnour?—how they who beheld him, beheld with amaze and fear that time had ploughed no furrow on his brow; that youth seemed fixed, as by a spell, upon his face and form? Dost thou not know that from that hour his fortunes rose? Kinsmen the most remote died: estate upon estate fell into the hands of the ruined noble. He became the guide of princes, the first magnate of Italy. He founded anew the house of which thou art the last lineal upholder, and transferred his splendor from Milan to the Sicilian Realms. Visions of high ambition were then present with him nightly and daily. Had he

lived, Italy would have known a new dynasty, and the Visconti would have reigned over Magna-Græcia. He was a man such as the world rarely sees; but his ends, too earthly, were at war with the means he sought. Had his ambition been more or less, he had been worthy of a realm mightier than the Cæsars swayed; worthy of our solemn order; worthy of the fellowship of Mejnour, whom you now behold before you."

The Prince who had listened with deep and breathless attention to the words of his singular guest, started from his seat at his last words. "Impostor!" he cried, "can you dare thus to play with my credulity? Sixty years have flown since my grandsire died; were he living he had passed his hundred and twentieth year; and you, whose old age is erect and vigorous, have the assurance to pretend to have been his contemporary! But you have imperfectly learned your tale. You know not, it seems that my grandsire, wise and illustrious indeed, in all save his faith in a charlaton, was found dead in his bed, in the very hour when his colossal plans were ripe for execution, and that Mejnour was guilty of his murder."

"Alas!" answered the stranger, in a voice of great sadness. "had he but listened to Mejnour, had he but delayed the last and most perilous ordeal of daring wisdom until the requisite training and initiation had been completed, your ancestor would have stood with me upon an eminence which the waters of Death itself wash everlastingly, but cannot overflow. Your grandsire resisted my fervent prayers, disobeyed my most absolute commands, and in the sublime rashness of a soul that panted for secrets, which he who desires orbs and sceptres never can obtain, perished, the victim of his own frenzy."

"He was poisoned, and Mejnour fled."

"Mejnour fled not," answered the stranger proudly; "Mejnour could not fly from danger; for, to him, danger is a thing long left behind. It was the day before the duke took the fatal draught which he believed was to confer on the mortal the immortal boon, that finding my power over him was gone, I abandoned him to his doom. But a truce with this; I loved your grandsire! I would save the last of his race. Oppose not thyself to Zanoni. Yield not thy soul to thine evil passions. Draw back from the precipice while there is yet time. In thy front, and in thine eyes, I detect some of that diviner glory which belong to thy race. Thou hast in thee some germs of their hereditary genius, but they are choked up by worse than thy hereditary vices. Recollect that by genius thy house rose; by vice it ever failed to perpetuate its power. In the laws which regulate the Universe it is decreed, that nothing wicked can long endure. Be wise, and let history warn thee. Thou standest on the verge of two worlds, the Past and the Future; and voices from either shriek omen in thy ear. I have done. I bid thee farewell!"

"Not so; thou shalt not quit these walls. I will make experiment of thy boasted power. What, ho there!—ho!"

The Prince shouted; the room was filled with his minions.

"Seize that man!" he cried, pointing to the spot which had been filled by the form of Mejnour. To his inconceivable amaze and horror, the spot was vacant. The mysterious stranger had vanished like a dream. But a thin and fragrant mist undulated, in pale volumes, round the walls of the chamber. "Look to my lord," cried Mascari. The Prince had fallen to the floor insensible. For many hours he seemed in a kind of trance. When he recovered he dismissed his attendants, and his step was heard in his chamber, pacing to and fro, with heavy and disordered strides. Not till an hour before his banquet the next day did he seem restored to his wonted self.

CHAPTER XV.

Oime! come poss 'io
Altri trovar, se me trovar non posso.*
—AMINT., At. i. Sc. ii.

THE sleep of Glyndon, the night after his last interview with Zanoni, was unusually profound; and the sun streamed full upon his eyes, as he opened them to the day. He rose refreshed, and with a strange sentiment of calmness, that seemed more the result of resolution than exhaustion. The incidents and emotions of the past night had settled into distinct and clear impressions. He thought of them but slightly—he thought rather of

* Alas! how can I find another, when I cannot find myself?

the future. He was as one of the initiated in the old Egyptian mysteries, who have crossed the gate only to long more ardently for the penetralia.

He dressed himself, and was relieved to find that Mervale had joined a party of his countrymen on an excursion to Ischia. He spent the heat of noon in thoughtful solitude, and gradually the image of Viola returned to his heart. It was a holy—for it was a *human*—image. He had resigned her; and though he repented not, he was troubled at the thought that repentance would have come too late.

He started impatiently from his seat, and strode with rapid steps to the humble abode of the actress.

The distance was considerable, and the air oppressive. Glyndon arrived at the door breathless and heated. He knocked; no answer came. He lifted the latch and entered. He ascended the stairs; no sound, no sight of life met his ear and eye. In the front chamber, on a table, lay the guitar of the actress and some manuscript parts in the favorite operas. He paused, and summoning courage, tapped at the door which seemed to lead into the inner apartment. The door was ajar; and, hearing no sound within, he pushed it open, It was the sleeping chamber of the young actress, that holiest ground to a lover; and well did the place become the presiding deity; none of the tawdry finery of the profession was visible, on the one hand; none of the slovenly disorder common to the humbler classes of the south, on the other. All was pure and simple; even the ornaments were those of an innocent refinement; a few books, placed carefully on shelves, a few half-faded flowers in an earthen vase, which was modelled and painted in the Etruscan fashion. The sun-light streamed over the snowy draperies of the bed, and a few articles of clothing on the chair beside it. Viola was not there; but the nurse!—was she gone also? He made the house resound with the name of Gionetta, but there was not even an echo to reply. At last, as he reluctantly quitted the desolate abode, he perceived Gionetta coming towards him from the street.

The poor old woman uttered an exclamation of joy on seeing him; but to their mutual disappointment, neither had any cheerful tidings or satisfactory explanation to afford the other. Gionetta had been aroused from her slumber the night before by the noise in the rooms below; but, ere she could muster courage to descend, Viola was gone! She found the marks of violence on the door without; and all she had since been able to learn in the neighborhood, was, that a Lazzarone, from his nocturnal resting-place on the Chiaja, had seen by the moonlight a carriage, which he recognized as belonging to the Prince di ——, pass and repass that road about the first hour of morning. Glyndon, on gathering, from the confused words and broken sobs of the old nurse, the heads of this account, abruptly left her and repaired to the palace of Zanoni. There he was informed that the Signor was gone to the banquet of the Prince di ——, and would not return till late. Glyndon stood motionless with perplexity and dismay; he knew not what to believe, or how to act. Even Mervale was not at hand to advise him. His conscience smote him bitterly. He had had the power to save the woman he had loved, and had foregone that power; but how was it that in this Zanoni himself had failed? How was it that he was gone to the very banquet of the ravisher? Could Zanoni be aware of what had passed? If not, should he lose a moment in apprising him? Though mentally irresolute, no man was more physically brave. He would repair at once to the palace of the Prince himself, and if Zanoni failed in the trust he had half appeared to arrogate, he, the humble foreigner, would demand the captive of fraud and force, in the very halls and before the assembled guests of the Prine di ——.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ardua vallatur duris sapientia scrupis.*
—Hadr. Jun., *Emblem.* xxxvii.

We must go back some hours in the progress of this narrative. It was the first faint and gradual break of the summer dawn; and two men stood in a balcony overhanging a garden fragrant with the scents of the awakening bowers. The stars had not yet left the sky—the birds were yet silent on the boughs; all was still, hushed, and tranquil; but how differ-

* Lofty wisdom is circled round with rugged rocks.

ent the tranquillity of reviving day from the solemn repose of night! In the music of silence there are a thousand variations. These men, who alone seemed awake in Naples, were Zanoni and the mysterious stranger, who had but an hour or two ago startled the Prince di —— in his voluptuous palace.

"No," said the latter; "hadst thou delayed the acceptance of the Arch Gift until thou hadst attained to the years, and passed through all the desolate bereavements, that chilled and seared myself, ere my researches had made it mine, thou wouldst have escaped the curse of which thou complainest now, thou wouldst not have mourned over the brevity of human affection as compared to the duration of thine own existence; for thou wouldst have survived the very desire and dream of the love of woman. Brightest, and, but for that error, perhaps the loftiest, of the secret and solemn race that fills up the interval in creation between mankind and the children of the Empyreal, age after age wilt thou rue the splendid folly which made thee ask to carry the beauty and the passions of youth into the dreary grandeur of earthly immortality."

"I do not repent, nor shall I," answered Zanoni. "The transport and the sorrow, so wildly blended, which have at intervals diversified my doom, are better than the calm and bloodless tenor of thy solitary way. Thou, who lovest nothing, hatest nothing, feelest nothing; and walkest the world with the noiseless and joyless footsteps of a dream!"

"You mistake," replied he who had owned the name of Mejnour,—"though I care not for love, and am dead to every *passion* that agitates the sons of clay, I am not dead to their more serene enjoyments. I carry down the stream of the countless years, not the turbulent desires of youth—but the calm and spiritual delights of age. Wisely and deliberately I abandoned youth for ever when I separated my lot from men. Let us not envy or reproach each other. I would have saved this Neapolitan, Zanoni (since so it now pleases thee to be called), partly because his grandsire was but divided by the last airy barrier from our own brotherhood—partly because I know that in the man himself lurk the elements of ancestral courage and power, which in earlier life would have fitted him for one of us. Earth holds but few to whom nature has given the qualities that can bear the ordeal! But time and excess, that have thickened his grosser senses, have blunted his imagination. I relinquish him to his doom."

"And still, then, Mejnour, you cherish the desire to revive our order, limited now to ourselves alone, by new converts and allies; surely—surely—thy experience might have taught thee, that scarcely once in a thousand years is born the being who can pass through the horrible gates that lead into the worlds without. Is not thy path already strewd with thy victims? Do not their ghastly faces of agony and fear—the blood-stained suicide, the raving maniac—rise before thee, and warn what is yet left to thee of human sympathy from thy insane ambition?"

"Nay," answered Mejnour; "have I not had success to counterbalance failure? And can I forego this lofty and august hope, worthy alone of our high condition—the hope to form a mighty and numerous race with a force and power sufficient to permit them to acknowledge to mankind their majestic conquests and dominion—to become the true lords of this planet—invaders, perchance of others,—masters of the inimical and malignant tribes by which at this moment we are surrounded,—a race that may proceed, in their deathless destinies, from stage to stage of celestial glory, and rank at last amongst the nearest ministrants and agents gathered round the Throne of Thrones? What matter a thousand victims for one convert to our band? And you, Zanoni," continued Mejnour, after a pause—"you, even you, should this affection for a mortal beauty that you have dared, despite yourself, to cherish, be more than a passing fancy—should it, once admitted into your inmost nature, partake of its bright and enduring essence—even you may brave all things to raise the beloved one into your equal. Nay, interrupt me not. Can you see sickness menace her—danger hover around—years creep on—the eyes grow dim—the beauty fade—while the heart, youthful still, clings and fastens round your own,—can you see this, and know it is yours to——"

"Cease!" cried Zanoni, fiercely. "What is all other fate as compared to the death of terror? What, when, the coldest sage—the most heated enthusiast—the hardiest warrior, with his nerves of iron—have been found dead in

their beds, with straining eyeballs and horrent hair, at the first step of the Dead Progress,—thinkest thou that this weak woman—from whose cheek a sound at the window, the screech of the night-owl, the sight of a drop of blood on a man's sword, would start the color—could brave one glance of——Away! —the very thought of such sights for her makes even myself a coward!"

"When you told her you loved her—when you clasped her to your breast, you renounced all power to foresee her future lot, or protect her from harm. Henceforth to her you are human, and human only. How know you, then, to what you may be tempted? how know you what her curiosity may learn and her courage brave? But enough of this—you are bent on your pursuit?"

"The fiat has gone forth."

"And to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, at this hour, our bark will be bounding over yonder ocean, and the weight of ages will have fallen from my heart! I compassionate thee, O foolish sage,—*thou* hast given up *thy* youth!

CHAPTER XVII.

ALCH. Thou always speakest riddles. Tell me if thou art that fountain of which Bernard Lord Trevizan writ?

MERC. I am not that fountain, but I am the water. The fountain compasseth me about.

—SANDIVOGIUS, *New Light of Alchymy.*

THE Prince di —— was not a man whom Naples could suppose to be addicted to superstitious fancies. Still, in the south of Italy, there was then, and there still lingers, a certain spirit of credulity, which may, ever and anon, be visible amidst the boldest dogmas of their philosophers and sceptics. In his childhood, the Prince had learned strange tales of the ambition, the genius, and the career of his grandsire,—and secretly, perhaps influenced by ancestral example, in earlier youth he himself had followed science, not only through her legitimate course, but her antiquated and erratic windings. I have, indeed, been shown in Naples a little volume, blazoned with the arms of the Visconti, and ascribed to the noble man I refer to, which treats of alchymy in a spirit half mocking and half reverential.

Pleasure soon distracted him from such speculations, and his talents, which were unquestionably great, were wholly perverted to extravagant intrigues, or to the embellishment of a gorgeous ostentation with something of classic grace. His immense wealth, his imperious pride, his unscrupulous and daring character, made him an object of no inconsiderable fear to a feeble and timid court; and the ministers of the indolent government willingly connived at excesses which allured him at least from ambition. The strange visit, and yet more strange departure, of Mejnour, filled the breast of the Neapolitan with awe and wonder, against which all the haughty arrogance and learned scepticism of his maturer manhood combated in vain. The apparition of Mejnour served, indeed, to invest Zanoni with a character in which the Prince had not hitherto regard him. He felt a strange alarm at the rival he had braved—at the foe he had provoked. When, a little before his banquet, he had resumed his self-possession, it was with a fell and gloomy resolution that he brooded over the perfidious schemes he had prievously formed. He felt as if the death of the mysterious Zanoni were necessary for the perservation of his own life, and if at an earlier period of their rivalry he had determined on the fate of Zanoni, the warnings of Mejnour only served to confirm his resolve.

"We will try if his magic can invent an antidote to the bane," said he, half-aloud, and with a stern smile, as he summoned Mascari to his presence. The poison which the Prince, with his own hands, mixed into the wine intended for his guest, was compounded from materials, the secret of which had been one of the proudest heir-looms of that able and evil race, which gave to Italy her wisest and guiltiest tyrants. Its operation was quick, yet not sudden—it produced no pain—it left on the form no grim convulsion, on the skin no purpling spot, to arouse suspicion,—you might have cut and carved every membrane and fibre of the corpse, but the sharpest eyes of the leech would not have detected the presence of the subtle life-queller. For twelve hours the victim felt nothing, save a joyous and elated exhilaration of the blood—a delicious languor followed, the sure forerunner of apoplexy. No lancet then could save! Apoplexy had run much in families of the enemies of the Visconti!

The hour of the feast arrived—the guests assembled. There were the flower of the Neapolitan *seignorie*, the descendants of the Norman, the Teuton, the Goth; for Naples had then a nobility, but derived it from the North, which has indeed been the *Nutrix Leonum*, the nurse of the lion-hearted chivalry of the world.

Last of the guests came Zanoni; and the crowd gave way as the dazzling foreigner moved along to the lord of the palace. The Prince greeted him with a meaning smile, to which Zonani answered by a whisper—"He who plays with loaded dice does not always win."

The Prince bit his lip; and Zanoni, passing on, seemed deep in conversation with the fawning Mascari.

"Who is the Prince's heir?" asked the Guest.

"A distant relation on the mother's side; with his Excellency dies the male line."

"Is the heir present at our host's banquet?"

"No; they are not friends."

"No matter; he will be here to-morrow!"

Mascari stared in surprise; but the signal for the banquet was given and the guests were marshalled to the board. As was the custom then, the feast took place not long after midday. It was a long oval hall, the whole of one side opening by a marble colonnade upon a court or garden, in which the eye rested gratefully upon cool fountains and statues of whitest marble, half sheltered by orange trees. Every art that luxury could invent to give freshness and coolness to the languid and breezeless heat of the day without (a day on which the breath of the sirocco was abroad) had been called into existence. Artificial currents of air through invisible tubes, silken blinds waving to and fro as if to cheat the senses into the belief of an April wind, and miniature *jets d'eau* in each corner of the apartment, gave to the Italians the same sense of exhilaration and *comfort* (if I may use the word) which the well-drawn curtains and the blazing hearth afford to the children of colder climes.

The conversation was somewhat more lively and intellectual than is common amongst the languid pleasure-hunters of the south; for the Prince, himself accomplished, sought his acquaintance not only amongst the *beaux esprits* of his own country, but amongst the gay foreigners who adorned and relieved the monotony of the Neapolitan circles. There were present two or three of the brilliant Frenchmen of the old *régime*, who had already emigrated from the advancing revolution, and their peculiar turn of thought and wit was well calculated for the meridian of a society that made the *Dolce far niente* at once its philosophy and its faith. The Prince, however, was more silent than usual; and when he sought to rouse himself, his spirits were forced and exaggerated. To the manners of his host, those of Zanoni afforded a striking contrast. The bearing of this singular person was at all times characterized by a calm and polished ease, which was attributed by the courtiers to the long habit of society. He could scarcely be called gay; yet few persons more tended to animate the general spirits of a convival circle. He seemed, by a kind of intuition, to elicit from each companion the qualities in which he most excelled; and if occasionally a certain tone of latent mockery characterized his remarks upon the topics on which the conversatiod fell, it appeared to men who took nothing in earnest to be the language both of wit and wisdom. To the Frenchmen in particular there was something startling in his intimate knowledge of the minutest events in their own capital and country, and his profound penetration (evinced but in epigrams and sarcasms) into the eminent characters who were then playing a part upon the great stage of Continental intrigue.

It was while this conversation grew animated, and the feast was at its height, that Glyndon arrived at the palace. The porter, perceiving by his dress that he was not one of the invited guests, told him that his Excellency was engaged, and on no account could be disturbed; and Glyndon then, for the first time became aware how strange and embarrassing was the duty he had taken on himself. To force an entrance into the banquet hall of a great and powerful Noble, surrounded by the rank of Naples, and arraign him for what to his boon companions would appear but an act of gallantry, was an exploit that could not fail to be at once ludicrous and impotent. He mused a moment; and slipping a piece of gold into the porter's hand, said that

he was commissioned to seek the Signor Zanoni upon an errand of life and death; and easily won his way across the court and into the interior building. He passed up the broad staircase, and the voices and merriment of the revellers smote his ear at a distance. At the entrance of the reception-rooms he found a page, whom he despatched with a message to Zanoni. The page did the errand; and Zanoni, on hearing the whispered name of Glyndon, turned to his host.

"Pardon me, my lord; an English friend of mine, the Signor Glyndon (not unknown by name to your Excellency) waits without—the business must indeed be urgent on which he has sought me in such an hour. You will forgive my momentary absence."

"Nay, signor," answered the Prince, courteously, but with a sinister smile on his countenance, "would it not be better for your friend to join us? An Englishman is welcome everywhere; and even were he a Dutchman, your friendship would invest his presence with attraction. Pray his attendance,—we would not spare you even for a moment."

Zanoni bowed—the page was despatched with all flattering messages to Glyndon—a seat next to Zanoni was placed for him, and the young Englishman entered.

"You are most welcome, sir. I trust your business to our illustrious guest is of good omen and pleasant import. If you bring evil news, defer it, I pray you."

Glyndon's brow was sullen; and he was about to startle the guests by his reply, when Zanoni, touching his arm significantly, whispered in English—"I know why you have sought me. Be silent and witness what ensues."

"You know, then, that Viola, whom you boasted you had the power to save from danger"—

"Is in this house!—yes. I know also that Murder sits at the right hand of our host. But his fate is now separated from hers for ever; and the mirror which glasses it to my eye is clear through the steams of blood. Be still, and learn the fate that awaits the wicked!"

"My lord," said Zanoni, speaking aloud, "the Signor Glyndon has indeed brought me tidings, not wholly unexpected. I am compelled to leave Naples—an additional motive to make the most of the present hour."

"And what, if I may venture to ask, may be the cause that brings such affliction on the fair dames of Naples?"

"It is the approaching death of one who honored me with most loyal friendship," replied Zanoni, gravely. "Let us not speak of it; grief cannot put back the dial. As we supply by new flowers those that fade in our vases, so it is the secret of worldly wisdom to replace by fresh friendships those that fade from our path."

"True philosophy!" exclaimed the Prince. "'*Not to admire*,' was the Roman's maxim; '*Never to mourn*,' is mine. There is nothing in life to grieve for, save, indeed, Signor Zanoni, when some young beauty on whom we have set our hearts, slips from our grasp. In such a moment we have need of all our wisdom, not to succumb to despair, and shake hands with death. What say you, Signor? You smile! Such never could be your lot. Pledge me in a sentiment—'Long life to the fortunate lover—a quick release to the baffled suitor?'"

"I pledge you," said Zanoni. And as the fatal wine was poured into his glass, he repeated, fixing his eyes on the Prince, "I pledge you even in this wine!"

He lifted the glass to his lips. The Prince seemed ghastly pale while the gaze of his Guest bent upon him, with an intent and stern brightness beneath which the conscious-stricken host cowered and quailed. Not till he had drained the draught, and replaced the glass upon the board, did Zanoni turn his eyes from the Prince; and he then said, "Your wine has been kept too long; it has lost its virtues. It might disagree with many, but do not fear; it will not harm me, Prince. Signor Mascari, you are a judge of the grape; will you favor us with your opinion?"

"Nay," answered Mascari, with well-affected composure, "I like not the wines of Cyprus; they are heating. Perhaps Signor Glyndon may not have the same distate? The English are said to love their potations warm and pungent."

"Do you wish my friend also to taste the wine, Prince?" said Zanoni. "Recollect, all cannot drink it with the same impunity as myself."

"No," said the Prince, hastily; "if you do not recommend the wine, Heaven forbid that

we should constrain our guests! My Lord Duke," turning to one of the Frenchmen, "yours is the true soil of Bacchus. What think you of this cask from Burgundy? Has it borne the journey?"

"Ah," said Zanoni, "let us change both the wine and the theme."

With that, Zanoni, "grew yet more animated and brilliant. Never did wit more sparkling, airy, exhilarating, flash from the lips of reveller. His spirits fascinated all present—even the Prince himself, even Glyndon,—with a strange and wild contagion. The former, indeed, whom the words and gaze of Zanoni, when he drained the poison, and filled with fearful misgivings, now hailed in the brilliant eloquence of his wit, a certain sign of the operation of the bane. The wine circulated fast; but none seemed conscious of its effects. One by one the rest of the party fell into a charmed and spell-bound silence, as Zanoni continued to pour forth sally upon sally, tale upon tale. They hung on his words, they almost held their breath to listen. Yet, how bitter was his mirth!—how full of contempt for the triflers present, and for the trifles which made their life.

Night came on; the room grew dim, and the feast had lasted several hours longer than was the customary duration of similar entertainments at that day. Still the guests stirred not, and still Zanoni continued, with glittering eye and mocking lip, to lavish his stores of intellect and ancedote; when suddenly the moon rose, and shed its rays over the flowers and fountains in the court without, leaving the room itself half in shadow and half tinged by a quiet and ghostly light.

It was then that Zanoni rose.

Well, gentlemen," said he, "we have not yet wearied our host, I hope; and his garden offers a new temptation to protract our stay. Have you no muscicians among your train, Prince, that might regale our ears while we inhale the fragrance of your orange trees?"

"An excellent thought!" said the Prince. "Mascari, see to the music."

The party rose simultaneously to adjourn to the garden; and then for the first time, the effect of the wine they had drunk seemed to make itself felt.

With flushed cheeks and unsteady steps they came into the open air, which tended yet more to stimulate that glowing fever of the grape. As if to make up for the silence with which the guests had hitherto listened to Zanoni, every tongue was now loosened—every man talked, no man listened. There was something wild and fearful in the contrast between the calm beauty of the night and scene, and the hubbub and clamor of these disorderly roysters. One of the Frenchmen, in especial, the young Duc de R——, a nobleman of the highest rank, and of all the quick, vivacious, and irascible temperament of his countrymen, was particularly noisy and excited. And as circumstances, the remembrance of which is still preserved among certain circles of Naples, rendered it afterwards necessary that the Duc should himself give evidence of what occurred, I will here translate the short account he drew up, and which was kindly submitted to me some few years ago by my accomplished and lively friend, il Cavaliere di B—

"I never remember," writes the Duc, "to have felt my spirits so excited as on that evening; we were like so many boys released from school, jostling each other as we reeled or ran down the flight of seven or eight stairs that led from the colonnade into the garden,—some laughing, some whooping, some scolding, some babbling. The wine had brought out, as it were, each man's inmost character. Some were loud and quarrelsome, otherc sentimental and whining; some whom we had hitherto thought dull, most mirthful; some whom we had ever regarded as discreet and taciturn, most garrulous and uproarious. I remember that in the midst of our clamorous gaiety, my eye fell upon the cavalier, Signor Zanoni, whose conversation had so enchanted us all; and I felt a certain chill come over me to perceive that he wore the same calm and unsympathizing smile upon his countenance which had chearacterized it in his singular and curious stories of the Court of Louis XIV. I felt indeed, half inclined to seek a quarrel with one whose composure was almost an insult to our disorder. Nor was such an effect of this irritating and mocking tranquillity confined to myself alone. Several of the party have told me since, that, on looking at Zanoni, they felt their blood yet more heated, and gaiety change to resentment. There seemed in his icy smile a very charm to wound vanity and provoke rage. It was at this moment that the Prince came up to me, and, passing his arm into mine, led me a little apart from the rest. He had certainly indulged in the same excess as ourselves, but it did not produce the same effect of noisy excitement. There was, on the contrary, a certain cold arrogance and supercilious scorn in his bearing and language, which, even while affecting so much caressing courtesy towards me, roused my self-love against him. He seemed as if Zanoni had infected him; and in imitating the manner of his guest, he surpassed the original. He rallied me on some court gossip, which had honored my name by associating it with a certain

beautiful and distinguished Sicilian lady, and affected to treat with contempt that which, had it been true, I should have regarded as a boast. He spoke, indeed, as if he himself had gathered all the flowers of Naples, and left us foreigners only the gleanings he had scorned. At this, my natural and national gallantry was piqued, and I retorted by some sarcasms that I certainly should have spared had my blood been cooler. He laughed heartily, and left me in a strange fit of resentment and anger. Perhaps (I must own the truth) the wine had produced in me a wild disposition to take offence and provoke quarrel. As the Prince left me, I turned, and saw Zanoni at my side.

"'The Prince is a braggart,' said he, with the same smile that displeased me before. 'He would monopolize all fortune and all love. Let us take our revenge.'

"'And how?'

"'He has, at this moment, in his house the most enchanting singer in Naples—the celebrated Viola Pisani. She is here, it is true, not by her own choice; he carried her hither by force, but he will pretend that she adores him. Let us insist on his producing this secret treasure, and when she enters, the Duc de R—— can have no doubt that his flatteries and attentions will charm the lady, and provoke all the jealous fears of our host. It would be a fair revenge upon his imperious self-conceit.'

"This suggestion delighted me. I hastened to the Prince. At that instant the musicians had just commenced; I waved my hand, ordered the music to stop, and addressing the Prince, who was standing in the centre of one of the gayest groups, complained of his want of hospitality in affording to us such poor proficients in the art, while he reserved for his own solace the lute and voice of the first performer in Naples. I demanded, half laughingly, half seriously, that he should produce the Pisani. My demand was received with shouts of applause by the rest. We drowned the replies of our host with uproar, and would hear no denial. 'Gentlemen,' at last said the Prince, when he could obtain an audience, 'even were I to assent to your proposal, I could not induce the Signora to present herself before an assemblage as riotous as they are noble. You have too much chivalry to use compulsion with her, though the Duc de R—— forgets himself sufficiently to administer it to me.'

"I was stung by this taunt, however well deserved. 'Prince,' said I, 'I have for the indelicacy of compulsion so illustrious an example, that I cannot hesitate to pursue the path honored by your own footsteps. All Naples knows that the Pisani despises at once your gold and your love—that force alone could have brought her under your roof; and that you refuse to produce her, because you fear her complaints, and know enough of the chivalry your vanity sneers at to feel assured that the gentlemen of France are not more disposed to worship beauty than to defend it from wrong.'

"'You speak well, sir,' said Zanoni, gravely. 'The Prince dares not produce his prize!'

"The Prince remained speechless for a few moments, as if with indignation. At last he broke out into expressions the most injurious and insulting against Signor Zanoni and myself. Zanoni replied not; I was more hot and hasty. The guests appeared to delight in our dispute. None, except Mascari, whom we pushed aside and disdained to hear, strove to conciliate; some took one side, some another. The issue may be well foreseen. Swords were called for and procured. Two were offered me by one of the party. I was about to choose one, when Zanoni placed in my hand the other, which, from its hilt, appeared of antiquated workmanship. At the same moment, looking towards the Prince, he said, smilingly, 'The Duc takes your grandsire's sword. Prince, you are too brave a man for superstition; you have forgot the forfeit!' Our host seemed to me to recoil and turn pale at those words; nevertheless, he returned Zanoni's smile with a look of defiance. The next moment all was broil and disorder. There might be some six or eight persons engaged in a strange and confused kind of *melee*, but the Prince and myself only sought each other. The noise around us, the confusion of the guests, the cries of the musicians, the clash of our own swords, only served to stimulate our unhappy fury. We feared to be interrupted by the attendants, and fought like madmen, without skill or method. I thrust and parried mechanically, blind and frantic as if a demon had entered into me, till I saw the Prince stretched at my feet, bathed in his blood, and Zanoni bending over him and whispering in his ear. That sight cooled us all. The strife ceased; we gathered in shame, remorse, and horror round our ill-fated host—but it was too late—his eyes rolled fearfully in his head. I have seen many men die, but never one who wore such horror on his countenance. At last, all was over! Zanoni rose from the corpse, and, taking, with great composure, the sword from my hand, said, calmly—'Ye are witnesses, gentlemen, that the Prince brought his fate upon himself. The last of that illustrious house has perished in a brawl.'

"I saw no more of Zanoni. I hastened to our envoy to narrate the event, and abide the issue. I am grateful to the Neapolitan government, and to the illustrious heir of the unfortunate nobleman, for the lenient and generous, yet just, interpretation put upon a misfortune, the memory of which will afflict me to the last hour of my life.

(Signed)

"LOUIS VICTOR, DUC DE R."

In the above memorial, the reader will find the most exact and minute account yet given of an event which created the most lively sensation at Naples in that day.

Glyndon had taken no part in the affray, neither had he participated largely in the excesses of the revel. For his exemption from both, he was perhaps indebted to the whispered exhortations of Zanoni. When the last rose from the corpse, and withdrew from that scene of confusion, Glyndon remarked that in passing the crowd he touched Mascari on the shoulder, and said something which the Englishman did not overhear. Glyndon followed Zanoni into the banquet room, which, save where the moonlight slept on the marble floor, was rapt in the sad and gloomy shadows of the advancing night.

"How could you fortell this fearful event?

He fell not by your arm!" said Glyndon, in a tremulous and hollow tone.

"The general who calculates on the victory does not fight in person," answered Zanoni; "let the past sleep with the dead. Meet me at midnight by the sea-shore, half a mile to the left of your hotel. You will know the spot by a rude pillar—the only one near—to which a broken chain is attached. There and then, if thou wouldst learn our lore, thou shalt find the master. Go;—I have business here yet. Remember, Viola is still in the house of the dead man!"

Here Mascari approached, and Zanoni, turning to the Italian, and waving his hand to Glyndon, drew the former aside. Glyndon slowly departed.

"Mascari," said Zanoni, "your patron is no more; your services will be valueless to his heir; a sober man, whom poverty has preserved from vice. For yourself, thank me that I do not give you up to the executioner; recollect the wine of Cyprus. Well, never tremble, man; it could not act on me, though it might re-act on others; in that it is a common type of crime. I forgive you; and if the wine should kill me, I promise you that my ghost shall not haunt so worshipful a penitent. Enough of this; conduct me to the chamber of Viola Pisani. You have no further need of her. The death of the jailer opens the cell of the captive. Be quick, I would be gone."

Mascari muttered some inaudible words, bowed low, and led the way to the chamber in which Viola was confined.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MERC. Tell me, therefore, what thou seekest after, and what thou wilt have. What dost thou desire to make?
ALCH. The Philosopher's Stone.—SANDIVOGIUS.

IT wanted several minutes of midnight, and Glyndon repaired to the appointed spot. The mysterious empire which Zanoni had acquired over him, was still more solemnly confirmed by the events of the last few hours; the sudden fate of the Prince, so deliberately foreshadowed, and yet so seemingly accidental, brought out by causes the most commonplace, and yet associated with words the most prophetic, impressed him with the deepest sentiments of admiration and awe. It was as if this dark and wondrous being could convert the most ordinary events and the meanest instruments into the agencies of his inscrutable will; yet if so, why have permitted the capture of Viola? Why not have prevented the crime, rather than punish the criminal? And did Zanoni really feel love for Viola? Love, and yet offer to resign her to himself; to a rival whom his arts could not have failed to baffle. He no longer reverted to the belief that Zanoni or Viola had sought to dupe him into marriage. His fear and reverence for the former now forbade the notion of so poor an imposture. Did he any longer love Viola himself! No; when that morning he had heard of her danger, he had, it is true, returned to the sympathies and the fears of affection; but with the death of the Prince her image faded from his heart, and he felt no jealsous pang at the thought that she had been saved by Zanoni,—that at that moment she was, perhaps, beneath his roof. Whoever has, in the course of his life, indulged the absorbing passion of the gamester, will remember how all other pursuits and objects vanished from his mind; how solely he was wrapped in the one wild delusion; with what a sceptre of magic power the despot-dæmon ruled every feeling and every thought. Far more intense than the passion of the gamester was the frantic, yet sublime desire that mastered the breast of Glyndon. He would be the rival of Zanoni, not in human and perishable affections, but in preternatural and eternal lore. He would have laid down life with content—nay, rapture, as the price of learning those solemn secrets which separated the stranger from mankind. Enamoured of the goddess of goddesses, he stretched forth his arms—the wild Ixion—and embraced a cloud!

The night was most lovely and serene, and the waves scarcely rippled at his feet, as the Englishman glided on by the cool and starry beach. At length he arrived at the spot, and there, leaning against the broken pillar, he beheld a man wrapped in a long mantle, and in an attitude of profound repose. He approached and uttered the name of Zanoni. The figure turned, and he saw the face of a stranger; a face not stamped by the glorious beauty of Zanoni, but equally majestic in its aspect, and perhaps still more impressive from

the mature age and the passionless depth of thought that characterized the expanded forehead, and deep-set but piercing eyes.

"You seek Zanoni," said the stranger, "he will be here anon; but, perhaps, he whom you see before you, is more connected with your destiny, and more disposed to realize your dreams."

"Hath the earth then another Zanoni?"

"If not," replied the stranger, "why do you cherish the hope and the wild faith to be yourself a Zanoni? Think you that none others have burned with the same godlike dream? Who, indeed, in his first youth—youth when the soul is nearer to the heaven from which it sprung, and its divine and primal longings are not all effaced by the sordid passions and petty cares that are begot in time—who is there in youth that has not nourished the belief that the universe has secrets not known to the common herd, and panted, as the hart for the water-springs, for the fountains that lie hid and far away amidst the broad wilderness of trackless science? The music of the fountain is heard in the soul *within*, till the steps, deceived and erring, rove away from its waters, and the wanderer dies in the mighty desert. Think you that none who have cherished the hope have found the truth? or that the yearning after the Ineffable Knowledge was given to us utterly in vain? No! Every desire in human hearts is but a glimpse of things that exist, alike distant and divine. No! in the world there have been from age to age, some brighter and happier spirits who have attained to the air in which the beings above mankind move and breathe. Zanoni, great though he be, stands not alone. He has had his predecessors, and long lines of successors may be yet to come."

"And will you tell me," said Glyndon, "that in yourself I behold one of that mighty few over whom Zanoni has no superiority in power and wisdom?"

"In me," answered the stranger, "you see one from whom Zanoni himself learned some of his loftiest secrets. On these shores, on this spot have I stood in ages that your chroniclers but feebly reach. The Phœnician, the Greek, the Oscan, the Roman, the Lombard, I have seen them all!—leaves gay and glittering on the trunk of the universal life, scattered in due season and again renewed; till indeed, the same race that gave its glory to the ancient world bestowed a second youth upon the new. For the pure Greeks, the Hellenes, whose origin has bewildered your dreaming scholars, were of the same great family as the Norman tribe, born to be the lords of the universe, and in no land on earth destined to become the hewers of wood. Even the dim traditions of the learned, which bring the sons of Hellas from the vast and undetermined territories of northern Thrace, to be the victors of the pastoral Pelasgi, and the founders of the line of demi-gods;—which assign to a population bronzed beneath the suns of the west, the blue-eyed Minerva and the yellow-haired Achilles (physical characteristics of the north);—which introduce amongst a pastoral people, warlike aristocracies, and limited monarchies, the feudalism of the classic time; even these might serve you to trace back the primeval settlements of the Hellenes to the same region whence, in later times, the Norman warriors broke on the dull and savage hordes of the Celt, and became the Greeks of the Christian world. But this interests you not, and you are wise in your indifference. Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than men."

"And what books contain that science—from what laboratory is it wrought?"

"Nature supplies the materials; they are around you in your daily walks. In the herbs that the beast devours and the chemist disdains to cull; in the elements, from which matter in its meanest and its mightiest shapes is deduced; in the wide bosom of the air; in the black abysses of the earth; everywhere are given to mortals the resources and libraries of immortal lore. But as the simplest problems in the simplest of all studies are obscure to one who braces not his mind to their comprehension, as the rower in yonder vessel cannot tell you why two circles can touch each other only in one point; so, though all earth were carved over and inscribed with the letters of diviner knowledge, the characters would be valueless to him who does not pause to inquire the language, and meditate the truth. Young man, if thy imagination is vivid, if thy heart is daring, if thy curiosity is insatiate, I will accept thee as my pupil. But the first lessons are stern and dread."

"If thou hast mastered them, why not I?" answered Glyndon, boldly. "I have felt from my boyhood that strange mysteries were reserved for my career; and from the proudest ends of ordinary ambition, I have carried my gaze into the cloud and darkness that stretch beyond. The instant I beheld Zanoni, I felt as if I had discovered the guide and the tutor for which my youth had idly languished and vainly burned."

"And to me his duty is transferred," replied the stranger. "Yonder lies, anchored in the bay, the vessel in which Zanoni seeks a fairer home; a little while and the breeze will rise, the sail will swell, and the stranger will have passed, like a wind, away. Still, like the wind, he leaves in thy heart the seeds that may bear the blossom and the fruit. Zanoni hath performed his task, he is wanted no more; the perfecter of his work is at thy side.—— He comes! I hear the dash of the oar. You will have your choice submitted to you. According as you decide, we shall meet again." With these words the stranger moved slowly away, and disappeared beneath the shadow of the cliffs. A boat glided rapidly across the waters; it touched land; a man leapt on shore, and Glyndon recognized Zanoni.

"I give thee, Glyndon, I give thee no more the option of happy love and serene enjoyment. That hour is past, and fate has linked the hand that might have been thine own, to mine. But I have ample gifts to bestow upon thee, if thou wilt abandon the hope that gnaws thy heart, and the realization, of which, even *I* have not the power to foresee. Be thine ambition human, and I can gratify it to the full. Men desire four things in life—love, wealth, fame, power. The first I cannot give thee, the rest are at my disposal. Select which of them thou wilt, and let us part in peace."

"Such are not the gifts I covet. I choose knowledge, that knowledge must be thine own. For this, and for this alone, I surrendered the love of Viola; this, and this alone, must be my recompense."

"I cannot gainsay thee, though I can warn. The desire to learn does not always contain the faculty to acquire. I can give thee, it is true, the teacher—the rest must depend on thee. Be wise in time, and take that which I can assure to thee."

"Answer me but these questions, and according to your answer I will decide. Is it in the power of man to attain intercourse with the beings of other worlds? Is it in the power of man to influence the elements, and to ensure life against the sword and against disease?"

"All this may be possible," answered Zanoni, evasively, "to the few. But for one who attains such secrets, millions may perish in the attempt."

"One question more. Thou——."

"Beware! Of myself, as I have said before, I render no account."

"Well, then, the stranger I have met this night, are his boasts to be believed? Is he in truth one of the chosen seers whom you allow to have mastered the mysteries I yearn to fathom?"

"Rash man," said Zanoni, in a tone of compassion, "thy crisis is past, and thy choice made! I can only bid thee be bold and prosper; yes, I resign thee to a master who *has* the power and the will to open to thee the gates of an awful world. Thy weal or woe are as nought in the eyes of his relentless wisdom. I would bid him spare thee, but he will heed me not. Mejnour, receive thy pupil!" Glyndon turned, and his heart beat when he perceived that the stranger, whose footsteps he had not heard upon the pebbles, whose approach he had not beheld in the moonlight, was once more by his side!

"Farewell," resumed Zanoni; "thy trial commences. When next we meet, thou wilt be the victim or the victor."

Glyndon's eyes followed the receding form of the mysterious stranger. He saw him enter the boat, and he then for the first time noticed that besides the rowers there was a female, who stood up as Zanoni gained the boat. Even at the distance he recognized the once-adored form of Viola. She waved her hand to him, and across the still and shining air, came her voice, mournfully and sweetly in her mother's tongue—"Farewell, Clarence—I forgive thee!—farewell, farewell!"

He strove to answer, but the voice struck a chord at his heart, and the words failed him. Viola was then lost for ever; gone with this dread stranger; darkness was round her lot! And he himself had decided her fate and his own! The boat bounded on, the soft waves

flashed and sparkled beneath the oars, and it was along one sapphire track of moonlight that the frail vessel bore away the lovers. Farther, and farther from his gaze, sped the boat, till at last the speck, scarcely visible, touched the side of the ship that lay lifeless in the glorious bay. At that instant, as if by magic, up sprang, with a glad murmur, the playful and freshening wind: And Glyndon turned to Mejnour and broke the silence.

"Tell me, (if thou canst read the future), tell me that *her* lot will be fair, and that *her* choice at least is wise?"

"My pupil!" answered Mejnour in a voice, the calmness of which well accorded with the chilling words, "thy first task must be to withdraw all thought, feeling, sympathy from others. The elementary stage of knowledge is to make self, and self alone, thy study and thy world. Thou hast decided thine own career; thou hast renounced love; thou hast rejected wealth, fame, and the vulgar pomps of power. What then are all mankind to thee? To perfect thy faculties, and concentrate thy emotions, is henceforth thy only aim!"

"And will happiness be the end?"

"If happiness exist," answered Mejnour, "it must be centered in a SELF to which all passion is unknown. But happiness is the last state of being; and as yet thou art on the threshold of the first."

As Mejnour spoke, the distant vessel spread its sails to the wind, and moved slowly along the deep. Glyndon sighed, and the pupil and the master retraced their steps towards the city.

BOOK FOURTH.

THE DWELLER OF THE THRESHOLD.

Bey hinter ihm was will! Ich heb ihn auf.
—Das verschleierte Bildzu Sais.

Be behind what there may.—I raise the veil.

CHAPTER I.

Comme vittima io vengo all' ara.*
—Metast., At. ii. Sc. 7.

It was about a month after the date of Zanoni's departure, and Glyndon's introduction to Mejnour, when two Englishmen were walking arm in arm, through the Toledo.

"I tell you," said one (who spoke warmly), "that if you have a particle of common sense left in you, you will accompany me to England. This Mejnour is an impostor more dangerous, because more in earnest, than Zanoni. After all, what do his promises amount to? You allow that nothing can be more equivocal. You say that he has left Naples—that he has selected a retreat more conjenial than the crowded thoroughfares of men to the studies in which he is to initiate you; and this retrêat is among the haunts of the fiercest bandits of Italy—haunts which justice itself dares not penetrate. Fitting hermitage for a sage! I tremble for you. What if this stranger—of whom nothing is known—be leagued with the robbers; and these lures for your credulity bait but the traps for your property—perhaps your life? You might come off cheaply by a ransom of half your fortune. You smile indignantly! Well; put common sense out of the question; take your own view of the matter. You are to undergo an ordeal which Mejnour himself does not profess to describe as a very tempting one. It may, or it may not succeed; if it does not, you are menaced with the darkest evils; and if it does, you cannot be better off than the dull and joyless mystic whom you have taken for a master. Away with this folly; enjoy youth while it is left to you. Return with me to England; forget these dreams. Enter your proper career; form affections more respectable than those which lured you awhile to an Italian adventuress. Attend to your fortune, make money, and become a happy and distinguished man. This is the advice of sober friendship; yet the promises I hold out to you are fairer than those of Mejnour."

"Mervale," said Glyndon, doggedly, "I cannot, if I would, yield to your wishes. A power that is above me urges me on; I cannot resist its influence. I will proceed to the last in the strange career I have commenced. Think of me no more. Follow yourself the advice you give to me, and be happy."

"This is madness," said Mervale; "your health is already failing; you are so changed I should scarcely know you. Come; I have already had your name entered in my passport; in another hour I shall be gone, and you, boy that you are, will be left without a friend, to the deceits of your own fancy and the machinations of this relentless mountebank."

"Enough!" said Glyndon, coldly; "you cease to be an effective counsellor when you suffer your prejudices to be thus evident. I have already had ample proof," added the Englishman, and his pale cheek grew more pale, "of the power of this man—if man he be, which I sometimes doubt—and, come life, come death, I will not shrink from the paths that allure me. Farewell, Mervale, if we never

* As a victim I go to the altar.

meet again,—if you hear, amidst our old and cheerful haunts, that Clarence Glyndon sleeps the last sleep by the shores of Naples, or amidst yon distant hills, say to the friends of our youth—'He died worthily, as thousands of Martyr-students have died before him, in the pursuit of knowledge.'"

He wrung Mervale's hand as he spoke, darted from his side, and disappeared amidst the crowd.

By the corner of the Toledo, he was arrested by Nicot.

"Ah, Glyndon! I have not seen you this month. Where have you hid yourself? Have you been absorbed in your studies?"

"Yes."

"I am about to leave Naples for Paris. Will you accompany me? Talent of all order is eagerly sought for there, and will be sure to rise."

"I thank you; I have other schemes for the present."

"So laconic!—what ails you? Do you grieve for the loss of the Pisani? Take example by me. I have already consoled myself with Bianca Sacchini—a handsome woman—enlightened—no prejudices. A valuable creature I shall find her, no doubt. But as for this Zanoni!"—

"What of him?"

"If ever I paint an allegorical subject, I will take his likeness as Satan. Ha, ha! a true painter's revenge—eh? And the way of the world, too! When we can do nothing else against a man whom we hate, we can at least paint his effigies as the Devil's. Seriously though: I abhor that man"——

"Wherefore?"

"Wherefore! Has he not carried off the wife and the dowry I had marked for myself? Yet after all," added Nicot, musingly, "had he served instead of injured me, I should have hated him all the same. His very form, and his very face, made me at once envy and detest him. I feel that there is something antipathetic in our natures. I feel, too, that we shall meet again, when Jean Nicot's hate may be less impotent. We, too, *cher confrère*—we, too, may meet again? *Vive la Republique!* I to my new world!"—

"And I to mine. Farewell!"

That day Mervale left Naples; the next morning Glyndon also quitted the City of Delight, alone, and on horseback. He bent his way into those picturesque, but dangerous parts of the country, which at that time were infested by banditti, and which few travellers dared to pass, even in broad daylight, without a strong escort. A road more lonely cannot well be conceived than that on which the hoofs of his steed, striking upon the fragments of rock that encumbered the neglected way, woke a dull and melancholy echo. Large tracts of waste land, varied by the rank and profuse foliage of the south, lay before him; occasionally, a wild goat peeped down from some rocky crag, or the discordant cry of a bird of prey startled in its sombre haunt, was heard above the hill. These were the only signs of life; not a human being was met—not a hut was visible. Wrapped in his own ardent and solemn thoughts, the young man continued his way, till the sun had spent its noon-day heat, and a breeze that announced the approach of eve sprung up from the unseen ocean which lay far distant to his right. It was then that a turn in the road brought before him one of those long, desolate, gloomy villages which are found in the interior of the Neapolitan dominions; and now he came upon a small chapel on one side of the road, with a gaudily painted image of the Virgin in the open shrine. Around this spot, which in the heart of a Christian land, retained the vestige of the old idolatry, (for just such were the chapels that in the pagan age were dedicated to the demon-saints of mythology), gathered six or seven miserable and squalid wretches, whom the Curse of the Leper had cut off from mankind. They set up a shrill cry as they turned their ghastly visages towards the horseman; and, without stirring from the spot, stretched out their gaunt arms, and implored charity in the name of the Merciful Mother! Glyndon hastily threw them some small coins, and, turning away his face, clapped spurs to his horse, and relaxed not his speed till he entered the village. On either side the narrow and miry street, fierce and haggard forms—some leaning against the ruined walls of blackened huts, some seated at the threshold, some lying at full length in the mud—presented groups that at once invoked pity and aroused alarm, pity for their squalor, alarm for the ferocity imprinted on their savage aspects. They gazed at him, grim and sullen, as he rode

slowly up the rugged street; sometimes whispering significantly to each other, but without attempting to stop his way. Even the children hushed their babble, and ragged urchins, devouring him with sparkling eyes, muttered to their mothers, "We shall feast well to-morrow!" It was, indeed, one of those hamlets in which Law sets not its sober step, in which Violence and Murder house secure—hamlets common then in the wilder parts of Italy—in which the peasant was but the gentle name for the robber.

Glyndon's heart somewhat failed him as he looked around, and the question he desired to ask died upon his lips. At length, from one of the dismal cabins emerged a form superior to the rest. Instead of the patched and ragged overall, which made the only garment of the men he had hitherto seen, the dress of this person was characterized by all the trappings of the national bravery. Upon his raven hair, the glossy curls of which made a notable contrast to the matted and elfin locks of the savages around, was placed a cloth cap with a gold tassel that hung down to his shoulder, his mustaches were trimmed with care, and a silk kerchief of gay hues was twisted round a well-shaped but sinewy throat; a short jacket of rough cloth was decorated with several rows of gilt filagree buttons; his nether garments fitted tight to his limbs, and were curiously braided: while, in a broad parti-colored sash, were placed two silver-hilted pistols, and the sheathed knife, usually worn by Italians of the lower order, mounted in ivory elaborately carved. A small carbine of handsome workmanship was slung across his shoulder, and completed his costume. The man himself was of middle size, atheletic yet slender, with straight and regular features, sun-burnt, but not swarthy; and an expression of countenance which, though reckless and bold, had in it frankness rather than ferocity and, if defying, was not altogether unprepossessing.

Glyndon, after eyeing this figure for some moments, with great attention, checked his rein, and asked the way to the "Castle of the Mountain."

The man lifted his cap as he heard the question, and, approaching Glyndon, laid his hand upon the neck of the horse, and said, in a low voice, "Then you are the cavalier whom our patron the signor expected. He bade me wait for you here, and lead you to the castle. And indeed, signor, it might have been unfortunate if I had neglected to obey the command.

The man then, drawing a little aside, called out to the by-standers, in a loud voice, "Ho, ho! my friends, pay henceforth and for ever all respect to this worshipful cavalier. He is the expected guest of our blessed patron of the Castle of the Mountain. Long life to him! May he, like his host, be safe by day and by night—on the hill and in the waste—against the dagger and the bullet—in limb and in life! Cursed be he who touches a hair of his head, or a baioccho in his pouch. Now and for ever we will protect and honor him—for the law or against the law—with the faith, and to the death, Amen! Amen!"

"Amen!" responded, in wild chorus, a hundred voices; and the scattered and straggling groups pressed up the street, nearer and nearer to the horseman.

"And that he may be known," continued the Englishman's strange protector, "to the eye and to the ear, I place around him the white sash, and I give him the sacred watchword—'*Peace to the Brave.*' Signor, when you wear this sash, the proudest in these parts will bare the head and bend the knee. Signor, when you utter this watchword, the bravest hearts will be bound to your bidding. Desire you safety, or ask you revenge—to gain a beauty, or to lose a foe—speak but the word, and we are yours,—we are yours! Is it not so, comrades?" And again the hoarse voices shouted "Amen, Amen!"

"Now, signor," whispered the bravo, "if you have a few coins to spare, scatter them amongst the crowd, and let us be gone."

Glyndon, not displeased at the concluding sentence, emptied his purse in the streets; and while, with mingled oaths, blessings, shrieks, and yells, men, women, and children scrambled for the money, the bravo, taking the rein of the horse, led it a few paces through the village at a brisk trot, and then, turning up a narrow lane to the left, in a few minutes neither houses nor men were visible, and the mountains closed their path on either side. It was then that, releasing the bridle and slackening his pace, the guide turned his dark eyes on Glyndon with an arch expression, and said—

"Your Excellency was not, perhaps, pre-

pared for the hearty welcome we have given you."

"Why, in truth, I *ought* to have been prepared for it, since the signor, to whose house I am bound, did not disguise from me the character of the neighborhood. And your name my friend, if I may so call you?"

"Oh, no ceremonies with me, Excellency. In the village I am generally called Maéstro Páolo. I had a surname once, though a very equivocal one; and I have forgotten *that* since I retired trom the world."

"And was it from disgust, from poverty, or from some—some ebullition of passion which entailed punishment, that you betook yourself to the mountains?"

"Why, signor," said the bravo, with a gay laugh, "hermits of my class seldom love the confessional. However, I have no secrets while my step is in these defiles, my whistle in my pouch, and my carbine at my back." With that the robber, as if he loved permission to talk at his will, hemmed thrice, and began with much humor; though as his tale proceeded, the memories it roused seemed to carry him farther than he at first intended, and reckless and light-hearted ease gave way to that fierce and varied play of countenance and passion of gesture which characterize the emotions of his countrymen.

"I was born at Terracina—a fair spot, is it not? My father was a learned monk, of high birth; my mother—Heaven rest her!—an inn-keeper's pretty daughter. Of course there could be no marriage in the case; and when I was born, the monk gravely declared my appearance to be miraculous. I was dedicated from my cradle to the altar; and my head was universally declared to be the orthodox shape for a cowl. As I grew up, the monk took great pains with my education; and I learned Latin and psalmody as soon as less miraculous infants learn crowing. Nor did the holy man's care stint itself to my interior accomplishments. Although vowed to poverty, he always contrived that my mother should have her pockets full: and, between her pockets and mine, there was soon established a clandestine communication; accordingly, at fourteen, I wore my cap on one side, stuck pistols in my belt, and assumed the swagger of a cavalier and a gallant. At that age my poor mother died; and about the same period, my father, having written a History of the Pontifical Bulls, in forty volumes, and being, as I said, of high birth, obtained a Cardinal's hat. From that time he thought fit to disown your humble servant. He bound me over to an honest notary at Naples, and gave me two hundred crowns by way of provision. Well, Signor, I saw enough of the law to convince me that I should never be rogue enough to shine in the profession. So, instead of spoiling parchment, I made love to the notary's daughter. My master discovered our innocent amusement, and turned me out of doors; that was disagreeable. But my Ninetta loved me, and took care that I should not lie out in the streets with the lazzeroni. Little jade, I think I see her now, with her bare feet and her finger to her lips, opening the door in the summer nights, and bidding me creep softly into the kitchen, where praised be the saints, a flask and a manchet always awaited the hungry amorso.

"At last, however, Ninetta grew cold. It is the way of the sex, signor. Her father found her an exeellent marriage in the person of a withered old picture-dealer. She took the spouse, and very properly clapped the door in the face of the lover. I was not disheartened, Excellency; no, not I. Women are plentiful while we are young. So, without a ducat in my pocket, or a crust for my teeth, I set out to seek my fortune on board of a Spanish merchantman. That was duller work than I expected; but luckily we were attacked by a pirate—half the crew were butchered, the rest captured. I was one of the last—always in luck, you see, signor—monks' sons have a knack that way! The captain of the pirates took a fancy to me. 'Serve with us?' said he. 'Too happy,' said I. Behold me, then, a pirate! O jolly life! how I blest the old notary for turning me out of doors! What feasting, what fighting, what wooing, what quarrelling! Sometimes we ran ashore and enjoyed ourselves like princes: sometimes we lay in a calm for days together on the loveliest sea that man ever traversed. And then, if the breeze rose and a sail came in sight, who so merry as we? I passed three years in that charming profession, and then, signor, I grew ambitious. I cabled against the captain; I wanted his post. One still night we struck the blow. The ship was like a log in the sea,

no land to be seen from the mast-head, the waves like glass, and the moon at its full. Up we rose; thirty of us and more. Up we rose with a shout; we poured into the captain's cabin, I at the head. The brave old boy had caught the alarm, and there he stood at the doorway, a pistol in each hand; and his one eye (he had only one !) worse to meet than the pistols were.

"'Yield !' cried I, 'your life shall be safe.'

"'Take that,' said he, and whiz went the pistol; but the saints took care of their own, and the ball passed by my cheek, and shot the boatswain behind me. I closed with the captain, and the other pistol went off without mischief in the struggle. Such a fellow he was—six feet four without his shoes ! Over we went, rolling each on the other. Santa Maria ! no time to get hold of one's knife. Meanwhile, all the crew were up, some for the captain, some for me—clashing and firing, and swearing and groaning, and now and then a heavy splash in the sea ! Fine supper for the sharks that night ! At last old Bilboa got uppermost; out flashed his knife; down it came, but not in my heart. No ! I gave my left arm as a shield; and the blade went through to the hilt, with the blood spirting up like the rain from a whale's nostril ! With the weight of the blow the stout fellow came down, so that that his face touched mine; with my right hand I caught him by the throat, turned him over like a lamb, signor, and faith it was soon all up with him—the boatswain's brother, a fat Dutchman, ran him through with a pike.

"'Old fellow,' said I, as he turned his terrible eye to me, 'I bear you no malice, but we must try to get on in the world, you know.' The captain grinned and gave up the ghost. I went upon the deck—what a sight ! Twenty bold fellows stark and cold, and the moon sparkling on the puddles of blood as calmly as if it were water. Well, signor, the victory was ours, and the ship mine; I ruled merrily enough for six months. We then attacked a French ship twice our size; what sport it was ! And we had not had a good fight so long, we were quite like virgins at it ! We got the best of it, and won ship and cargo. They wanted to pistol the captain, but that was against my laws; so we gagged him, for he scolded as loud as if we were married to him; left him and the rest of his crew on board our own vessel, which was terribly battered; clapped our black flag on the Frenchman's, and set off merrily, with a brisk wind in our favor. But luck deserted us on forsaking our own dear old ship. A storm came on, a plank struck; several of us escaped in the boat; we had lots of gold with us, but no water ! For two days and two nights we suffered horribly; but at last we ran ashore near a French seaport. Our sorry plight moved compassion, and as we had money we were not suspected—people only suspect the poor. Here we soon recovered our fatigues, rigged ourselves out gaily, and your humble servant was considered as noble a captain as ever walked deck.

But now, alas, my fate would have it that I should fall in love with a silk mercer's daughter. Ah, how I loved her !—the pretty Clara ! Yes, I loved her so well, that I was seized with horror at my past life ! I resolved to repent, to marry her, and settle down into an honest man. Accordingly, I summoned my messmates, told them my resolution, resigned my command, and persuaded them to depart. They were good fellows; engaged with a Dutchman, against whom I heard afterwards they made a successful mutiny, but I never saw them more. I had two thousand crowns still left; with this sum I obtained the consent of the silk-mercer, and it was agreed that I should become a partner in the firm. I need not say that no one suspected that I had been so great a man, and I passed for a Neapolitan goldsmith's son instead of a cardinal's.—I was very happy then, signor, very—I could not have harmed a fly ! Had I married Clara, I had been as gentle a mercer as ever handled a measure."

The bravo paused a moment, and it was easy to see that he felt more than his words and tone betokened. "Well, well, we must not look back at the past too earnestly—the sunlight upon it makes one's eyes water. The day was fixed for our wedding—it approached. On the evening before the appointed day, Clara, her mother, her little sister, and myself, were walking by the port, and as we looked on the sea I was telling them old gossip-tales of mermaids and sea-serpents, when a red-faced bottle-nosed Frenchman clapped himself right before me, and placing his spectacles very deliberately astride his proboscis,

echoed out '*Sacré, mille tonnerres*, this is the damned pirate who boarded the *Niobe!*'

"'None of your jests,' said I, mildly. 'Ho, ho!' said he; 'I can't be mistaken; help there!' and he griped me by the collar. I replied, as you may suppose, by laying him in the kennel; but it would not do. The French captain had a French lieutenant at his back, whose memory was as good as his chief's. A crowd assembled; other sailors came up; the odds were against me. I slept that night in prison; and in a few weeks afterwards, I was sent to the galleys. They spared my life, because the old Frenchman politely averred that I had made my crew spare his. You may believe that the oar and the chain was not to my taste. I and two others, escaped, they took to the road, and have, no doubt, been long since broken on the wheel. I, soft soul, would not commit another crime to gain my bread, for Clara was still at my heart with her sweet eyes: so, limiting my rogueries to the theft of a beggar's rags, which I compensated by leaving him my galley attire instead, I begged my way to the town where I left Clara. It was a clear winter's day when I approached the outskirts of the town. I had no fear of detection, for my beard and hair were as good as a mask. Oh, Mother of Mercy! there came across my way a funeral procession! There, now you know it; I can tell you no more. She had died, perhaps of love, more likely of shame. Can you guess how I spent that night—I stole a pickaxe from a mason's shed, and all alone and unseen, under the frosty heavens, I dug the fresh mould from the grave; I lifted the coffin, I wrenched the lid, I saw her again—again! Decay had not touched her. She was always pale in life! I could have sworn she lived! It was a blessed thing to see her once more, and all alone too! But then, at dawn, to give her back to the earth—to close the lid, to throw down the mould, to hear the pebbles rattle on the coffin—that was dreadful? Signor, I never knew before, and I don't wish to think now, how valuable a thing human life is. At sunrise I was again a wanderer; but now that Clara was gone, my scruples vanished, and again I was at war with my betters. I contrived at last, at O——, to get taken on board a vessel bound to Leghorn, working out my passage. From Leghorn I went to Rome, and stationed myself at the door of the cardinal's palace. Out he came, his gilded coach at the gate.

"'Ho, father!' said I; 'don't you know me?'

"'Who are you?'

"'Your son,' said I, in a whisper.

"The cardinal drew back, looked at me earnestly, and mused a moment. 'All men are my sons,' quoth he then, very mildly, 'there is gold for thee! To him who begs once, alms are due; to him who begs twice jails are open. Take the hint, and molest me no more. Heaven bless thee!' With that he got into his coach, and drove off to the Vatican. His purse which he had left behind was well supplied. I was grateful and contented, and took my way to Terracina. I had not long passed the marshes, when I saw two horsemen approach at a canter.

"'You look poor, friend,' said one of them, halting; 'yet you are strong.'

"'Poor men and strong are both serviceable and dangerous, Signor Cavalier.'"

"'Well said: follow us.

"I obeyed, and became a bandit. I rose by degrees; and as I have always been mild in my calling, and have taken purses without cutting throats, I bear an excellent character, and can eat my macaroni at Naples without any danger to life and limb. For the last two years I have settled in these parts, where I hold sway, and where I have purchased land. I am called a farmer, signor; and I myself now only rob for amusement, and to keep my hand in. I trust I have satisfied your curiosity. We are within a hundred yards of the castle."

"And how," asked the Englishman, whose interest had been much elated by his companion's narrative; and how came you acquainted with my host?—and by what means has he so well conciliated the good will of yourself and your friends?"

Maéstro Páola turned his black eyes very gravely towards his questioner. "Why, signor," said he, "you must surely know more of the foreign cavalier with the hard name than I do. All I can say is, that about a fortnight ago I chanced to be standing by a booth in the Toledo at Naples, when a sober-looking gentleman touched me by the arm, and said, "Maéstro Páolo, I want to make your acquaintance; do me the favor to come into

yonder tavern, and drink a flask of lácrima.' 'Willingly,' said I. So we entered the tavern. When we were seated, my new acquaintance thus accosted me: 'The Count d'O—— has offered to let me hire his old castle near B——. You know the spot?'

"'Extremely well; no one has inhabited it for a century at least; it is half in ruins, signor. A queer place to hire; I hope the rent is not heavy.'

"'Maéstro Páolo,' said he, 'I am a philosopher, and don't care for luxuries. I want a quiet retreat for some scientific experiments. The castle will suit me very well, provided you will accept me as a neighbor, and place me and my friends under your special protection. I am rich; but I shall take nothing to the castle worth, robbing. I will pay one rent to the count, and another to you.'

"With that we soon came to terms; and as the strange signor doubled the sum I myself proposed, he is in high favor with all his neighbors. We would guard the old castle against an army. And now, signor, that I have been thus frank, be frank with me. Who is this singular cavalier?"

"Who?—he himself told you, a philosopher."

"Hem! searching for the philosopher's stone,—eh? a bit of a magician; afraid of the priests?"

"Precisely. You have hit it."

"I thought so; and you are his pupil?"

"I am."

"I wish you well through it," said the robber seriously, and crossing himself with much devotion: "I am not much better than other people, but one's soul is one's soul. I do not mind a little honest robbery, or knocking a man on the head if need be—but to make a bargain with the devil!—Ah! take care, young gentleman, take care."

"You need not fear," said Glyndon, smiling; "my preceptor is too wise and too good for such a compact. But here we are, I suppose. A noble ruin—a glorious prospect!"

Glyndon paused delightedly, and surveyed the scene before and below with the eye of a painter. Insensibly, while listening to the bandit, he had wound up a considerable ascent, and now he was upon a broad ledge of rock covered with mosses and dwarf shrubs. Between this eminence and another of equal height upon which the castle was built, there was a deep but narrow fissure, overgrown with the most profuse foliage, so that the eye could not penetrate many yards below the rugged surface of the abyss; but the profoundness might be well conjectured by the hoarse, low, monontonous roar of waters unseen that rolled below, and the subsequent course of which was visible at a distance in a perturbed and rapid stream, that intersected the waste and desolate valleys.

To the left, the prospect seemed almost boundless; the extreme clearness of the purple air serving to render distinct the features of a range of country that a conqueror of old might have deemed in itself a kingdom. Lonely and desolate as the road which Glyndon had passed that day had appeared, the landscape now seemed studded with castles, spires, and villages. Afar off, Naples gleamed whitely in the last rays of the sun, and the rose-tints of the horizon melted into the azure of her glorious bay. Yet more remote, and in another part of the prospect, might be caught, dim and shadowy, and backed by the darkest foliage, the ruined pillars of the ancient Posidonia. There, in the midst of his blackened and sterile realms, rose the dismal Mount of Fire; while, on the other hand, winding through variegated plains, to which distance lent all its magic, glittered many and many a stream, by which Etruscan and Sybarite, Roman and Saracen, and Norman, had, at intervals of ages, pitched the invading tent. All the visions of the past—the stormy and dazzling histories of southern Italy—rushed over the artist's mind as he gazed below. And then, slowly turning to look behind, he saw the grey and mouldering walls of the castle, in which he sought the secrets that were to give to hope in the Future a mightier empire than memory owns in the past. It was one of those baronial fortresses with which Italy was studded in the earlier middle ages, having but little of the Gothic grace or grandeur which belongs to the ecclesiastical architecture of the same time; but rude, vast, and menacing, even in decay. A wooden bridge was thrown over the chasm, wide enough to admit two horsemen abreast; and the planks trembled and gave back a hollow sound as Glyndon urged his jaded steed across.

A road which had once been broad and

paved with rough flags, but which now was half obliterated by long grass and rank weeds, conducted to the outer court of the castle hard by; the gates were open, and half the building in this part was dismantled; the ruins partially hid by ivy that was the growth of centuries. But on entering the inner court, Glyndon was not sorry to notice that there was less appearance of neglect and decay; some wild roses gave a smile to the grey walls, and in the centre there was a fountain, in which the waters still trickled coolly, and with a pleasing murmur, from the jaws of a gigantic Triton. Here he was met by Mejnour with a smile.

"Welcome, my friend and pupil," said he; "he who seeks for Truth can find in these solitudes an immortal Academe."

CHAPTER II.

And Abaris, so far from esteeming Pythagoras, who taught these things, a necromancer or wizard, rather revered and admired him as something divine.
—IAMBLICH, *Vit. Pythag.*

THE attendants whom Mejnour had engaged for his strange abode, were such as might suit a philosopher of few wants. An old Armenian, whom Glyndon recognized as in the mystic's service at Naples; a tall, hard-featured woman, from the village, recommended by Maéstro Páolo, and two long-haired, smooth-spoken, but fierce-visaged youths from the same place, and honored by the same sponsorship, constituted the establishment. The rooms used by the sage were commodious and weather-proof, with some remains of ancient splendor in the faded arras that clothed the walls, and the huge tables of costly marble and elaborate carving. Glyndon's sleeping apartment communicated with a kind of Belvidere, or terrace, that commanded prospects of unrivalled beauty and extent, and was separated on the other side by a long gallery, and a flight of ten or a dozen stairs, from the private chambers of the mystic. There was about the whole place a sombre and yet not displeasing depth of repose. It suited well with the studies to which it was now to be appropriated.

For several days Mejnour refused to confer with Glyndon on the subjects nearest to his heart.

"All without," said he, "is prepared, but not all within; your own soul must grow accustomed to the spot, and filled with the surrounding nature; for nature is the source of all inspiration."

With these words Mejnour turned to lighter topics. He made the Englishman accompany him in long rambles throught the wild scenes around, and he smiled approvingly when the young artist gave way to the enthusiasm which their fearful beauty could not have failed to rouse in a duller breast; and then Mejnour poured forth to his wondering pupil the stores of a knowledge that seemed inexhaustible and boundless. He gave accounts the most curious, graphic, and minute, of the various races, (their characters, habits, creeds, and manners), by which that fair land had been successively overrun. It is true, that his descriptions could not be found in books, and were unsupported by learned authorities; but he possessed the true charm of the tale-teller, and spoke of all with the animated confidence of a personal witness. Sometimes, too, he would converse upon the more durable and the loftier mysteries of Nature with an eloquence and a research which invested them with all the colors rather of poetry than science. Insensibly the young artist found himself elevated and soothed by the lore of his campanion; the fever of his wild desires was slaked. His mind became more and more lulled into the divine tranquillity of contemplation; he felt himself a nobler being; ane in the silence of his senses he imagined that he heard the voice of his soul.

It was to this state that Mejnour evidently sought to bring the Neophyte, and in this elementary initiation the mystic was like every more ordinary sage. For he who seeks to DISCOVER, must first reduce himself into a kind of abstract idealism, and be rendered up, in solemn and sweet bondage, to the faculties which CONTEMPLATE and IMAGINE.

Glyndon noticed that, in their rambles, Mejnour often paused where the foliage was rifest, to gather some herb or flower; and this reminded him that he had seen Zanoni similarly occupied. "Can these humble children of nature," said he one day to Mejnour, "things that bloom and wither in a day, be

serviceable to the science of the higher secrets? Is there a pharmacy for the soul as well as the body, and do the nurslings of the summer minister not only to human health but spiritual immortality?"

"If," answered Mejnour, "a stranger had visited a wandering tribe before one property of herbalism was known to them; if he had told the savages that the herbs, which every day they trampled under foot, were endowed with the most potent virtues; that one would restore to health a brother on the verge of death; that another would paralyze into idiocy their wisest sage; that a third would strike lifeless to the dust their most stalwart champion; that tears and laughter, vigor and disease, madness and reason, wakefulness and sleep, existence and dissolution, were coiled up in those unregarded leaves,—would they not have held him a sorcerer or a liar? To half the virtues of the vegetable world mankind are yet in the darkness of the savages I have supposed. There are faculties within us with which certain herbs have affinity, and over which they have power. The moly of the ancients is not all a fable."

The apparent character of Mejnour differed in much from that of Zanoni; and while it fascinated Glyndon less, it subdued and impressed him more. The conversation of Zanoni evinced a deep and general interest for mankind—a feeling approaching to enthusiasm for Art and Beauty. The stories circulated concerning his habits elevated the mystery of his life by actions of charity and beneficence. And in all this there was something genial and humane that softened the awe he created, and tended, perhaps, to raise suspicions as to the loftier secrets that he arrogated to himself. But Mejnour seemed wholly indifferent to all the actual world. If he committed no evil, he seemed equally apathetic to good. His deeds relieved no want, his words pitied no distress. What we call the heart appeared to have merged into the intellect. He moved, thought, and lived, like some regular and calm Abstraction, rather than one who yet retained, with the form, the feelings and sympathies of his kind!

Glyndon once, observing the tone of supreme indifference with which he spoke of those changes on the face of earth, which he asserted he had witnessed, ventured to remark to him the distinction he had noted.

"It is true," said Mejnour, coldly.—My life is the life that contemplates—Zanoni's is the life that enjoys; when I gather the herb, I think but of its uses; Zanoni will pause to admire its beauties."

"And you deem your own the superior and the loftier existence?"

"No. His is the existence of youth—mine of age. We have cultivated different faculties. Each has powers the other cannot aspire to. Those with whom he associates, live better—those who associate with me, know more."

"I have heard, in truth," said Glyndon, "that his companions at Naples were observed to lead purer and nobler lives after intercourse with Zanoni; yet were they not strange companions, at the best, for a sage? This terrible power, too, that he exercises at will, as in the death of the Prince di ——, and that of the Count Ughelli, scarcely becomes the tranquil seeker after good."

"True," said Mejnour, with an icy smile; "such must ever be the error of those philosophers who would meddle with the active life of mankind. You cannot serve some without injuring others; you cannot protect the good without warring on the bad: and if you desire to reform the faulty, why you must lower yourself to live with the faulty to know their faults. Even so saith Paracelsus, a great man, thought often wrong.* Not mine this folly; I live but in knowledge—I have no life in mankind!"

Another time, Glyndon questioned the mystic as to the nature of that union or fraternity to which Zanoni had once referred.

"I am right, I suppose," said he, "in conjecturing that you and himself profess to be the brothers of the Rosy Cross?"

"Do you imagine," answered Mejnour, "that there were no mystic and solemn unions of men seeking the same end through the same means, before the Arabians of Damus, in 1378, taught to a wandering German the secrets which founded the Institution of the Rosicrucians? I allow, however, that the Rosicrucians formed a sect descended from the greater and earlier school. They were wiser

* "It is as necessory to know evil things as good, for who can know what is good without the knowing what is evil?" etc.—*Paracelsus De. Nat. Rer.*, lib. 3.

than the Alchemists—their masters are wiser than they."

"And of this early and primary order how many still exist?"

"Zanoni and myself."

"What, two only!—and you profess the power to teach to all the secret that baffles Death?"

"Your ancestor attained that secret; he died rather than survive the only thing he loved. We have, my pupil, no arts by which we *can put Death out of our option*, or out of the will of Heaven. These walls may crush me as I stand. All that we profess to do is but this—to find out the secrets of the human frame, to know why the parts ossify and the blood stagnates, and to apply continual preventives to the effects of Time. This is not Magic; it is the Art of Medicine rightly understood. In our order we hold most noble—first, that knowledge which elevates the intellect; secondly, that which preserves the body. But the mere art (extracted from the juices and simples, which recruits the animal vigor and arrests the progress of decay, or that more noble secret which I will only hint to thee at present, by which HEAT or CALORIC, as ye call it, being, as Heraclitus wisely taught, the primordial principle of life, can be made its perpetual renovator—these, I say, would not suffice for safety. It is ours also to disarm and elude the wrath of men, to turn the swords of our foes against each other, to glide (if not incorporeal) invisible to eyes over which we can throw a mist and darkness. And this some seers have professed to be the virtue of a stone of agate. Abaris placed it in his arrow. I will find you a herb in yon valley that will give a surer charm than the agate and the arrow. In one word, know this, that the humblest and meanest products of Nature are those from which the sublimest properties are to be drawn."

"But," said Glyndon, "if possessed of these great secrets, why so churlish in withholding their diffusion. Does not the false or charlatanic science differ in this from the true and indisputable—that the last communicates to the world the process by which it attains its discoveries: the first boasts of marvellous results, and refuses to explain the causes?"

"Well said, O Logician of the schools;—but think again. Suppose we were to impart all our knowledge to all mankind, indiscriminately, alike to the vicious and the virtuous—should we be benefactors or scourges? Imagine the tyrant, the sensualist, the evil and corrupted being possessed of these tremendous powers: would he not be a demon let loose on earth? Grant that the same privilege be accorded also to the good; and in what state would be society? Engaged in a Titan war—the good forever on the defensive, the bad forever in assault. In the present condition of the earth, evil is a more active principle than good, and the evil would prevail. It is for these reasons that we are not only solemnly bound to administer our lore only to those who will not misuse and pervert it; but that we place our ordeal in tests that purify the passions, and elevate the desires. And Nature in this controls and assists us: for it places awful guardians and insurmountable barriers between the ambition of vice and the heaven of the loftier science."

Such made a small part of the numerous conversations Mejnour held with his pupil.—conversations that, while they appeared to address themselves to the reason, inflamed yet more the fancy. It was the very disclaiming of all powers which Nature, properly investigated, did not suffice to create, that gave an air of probability to those which Mejnour asserted Nature might bestow.

Thus days and weeks rolled on; and the mind of Glyndon, gradually fitted to this sequestered and musing life, forgot at last the vanities and chimeras of the world without.

One evening he had lingered alone and late upon the ramparts, watching the stars as, one by one, they broke upon the twilight. Never had he felt so sensibly the mighty power of the heavens and the earth upon man! how much the springs of our intellectual being are moved and acted upon by the solemn influences of nature! As a patient on whom, slowly and by degrees, the agencies of mesmerism are brought to bear, he acknowledged to his heart the growing force of that vast and universal magnetism which is the life of creation, and binds the atom to the whole. A strange and ineffable consciousness of power, of the SOMETHING GREAT within the perishable clay, appealed to feelings at once dim and glorious,—like the faint recognitions of a holier and former being. An impulse, that he could not

resist, led him to seek the mystic. He would demand, that hour, his initiation into the worlds beyond our world—he was prepared to breathe a diviner air. He entered the castle, and strode the shadowy and star-lit gallery which conducted to Mejnour's apartment.

CHAPTER III.

Man is the eye of things.—CURYPH. *de Vit. Hum.*

* * * There is, therefore, a certain ecstatical or transporting power which, if at any time it shall be excited or stirred up by an ardent desire and most strong imagination, is able to conduct the spirit of the more outward, even to some absent and far distant object.—VON HELMONT.

THE rooms that Mejnour occupied consisted of two chambers communicating with each other, and a third in which he slept. All these rooms were placed in the huge square tower that beetled over the dark and bush-grown precipice. The first chamber which Glyndon entered was empty. With a noiseless step he passed on, and opened the door that admitted into the inner one. He drew back at the threshold, overpowered by a strong fragrance which filled the chamber: a kind of mist thickened the air, rather than obscured it, for this vapor was not dark, but resembled a snow-cloud moving slowly, and in heavy undulations, wave upon wave, regularly over the space. A mortal cold struck to the Englishman's heart, and his blood froze. He stood rooted to the spot; and, as his eyes strained involuntarily through the vapor, he fancied (for he could not be sure that it was not the trick of his imagination) that he saw dim, spectre-like, but gigantic forms floating through the mist; or was it not rather the mist itself that formed its vapors fantastically into those moving, impalpable, and bodiless apparitions?

A great painter of antiquity, is said, in a picture of Hades, to have represented the monsters, that glide through the ghostly River of the Dead, so artfully, that the eye perceived at once that the river itself was but a spectre, and the bloodless things that tenanted it had no life, their forms blending with the dead waters till, as the eye continued to gaze, it ceased to discern them from the preternatural element they were supposed to inhabit. Such were the moving outlines that coiled and floated through the mist; but before Glyndon had even drawn breath in this atmosphere—for his life itself seemed arrested or changed into a kind of horrid trance—he felt his hand seized, and he was led from that room into the outer one. He heard the door close—his blood rushed again through his veins, and he saw Mejnour by his side. Strong convulsions then suddenly seized his whole frame—he fell to the ground insensible. When he recovered, he found himself in the open air, in a rude balcony of stone that jutted from the chamber; the stars shining serenely over the dark abyss below, and resting calmly upon the face of the mystic, who stood beside him with folded arms.

"Young man," said Mejnour, "judge by what you have just felt, how dangerous it is to seek knowledge until prepared to receive it. Another moment in the air of that chamber and you had been a corpse."

"Then of what nature was the knowledge that you, once mortal like myself, could safely have sought in that icy atmosphere, which it was death for me to breathe?—Mejnour," continued Glyndon, and his wild desire, sharpened by the very danger he had passed, once more animated and nerved him; "I am prepared, at least for the first steps. I come to you, as of old, the pupil to the Hierophant, and demand the initiation."

Mejnour passed his hand over the young man's heart—it beat loud, regularly, and boldly. He looked at him with something almost like admiration in his passionless and frigid features, and muttered, half to himself—"Surely, in so much courage the true disciple is found at last." Then, speaking aloud he added—"Be it so; man's first initiation is in TRANCE. In dreams commences all human knowledge; in dreams hovers over measureless space the first faint bridge between spirit and spirit—this world and the worlds beyond! Look steadfastly on yonder star!"

Glyndon obeyed, and Mejnour retired into the chamber; from which there then slowly emerged a vapor, somewhat paler and of fainter odor than that which had nearly produced so fatal an effect on his frame. This, on the contrary, as it coiled around him, and then melted in thin spires into the air, breathed a re-

freshing and healthful fragrance. He still kept his eyes on the star, and the star seemed gradually to fix and command his gaze. A sort of languor next seized his frame, but without, as he thought, communicating itself to the mind; and as this crept over him, he felt his temples sprinkled with some volatile and fiery essence. At the same moment, a slight tremor shook his limbs, and thrilled through his veins. The languor increased; still he kept his gaze upon the star; and now its luminous circumference seemed to expand and dilate. It became gradually softer and clearer in its light; spreading wider and broader, it diffused all space—all space seemed swallowed up in it. And at last, in the midst of a silver shining atmosphere, he felt as if something burst within his brain—as if a strong chain were broken; and at that moment a sense of heavenly liberty, of unutterable delight, of freedom from the body, of birdlike lightness, seemed to float him into the space itself. "Whom, now upon earth dost thou wish to see?" whispered the voice of Mejnour. "Viola and Zanoni!" answered Glyndon, in his heart; but he felt that his lips moved not.

Suddenly at that thought — through this space, in which nothing save one mellow, translucent light had been discernible,—a swift succession of shadowy landscapes seemed to roll; trees, mountains, cities, seas, glided along, like the changes of a phantasmagoria; and at last, settled and stationary, he saw a cave by the gradual marge of an ocean shore —myrtles and orange trees clothing the gentle banks. On a height, at a distance, gleamed the white but shattered relics of some ruined heathen, edifice; and the moon, in calm splendor, shining over all, literally bathed with its light two forms without the cave, at whose feet the blue waters crept, and he thought that he even heard them murmur. He recognized both the figures. Zanoni was seated on a fragment of stone; Viola, half reclining by his side, was looking into his face, which was bent down to her, and in her countenance was the expression of that perfect happiness which belongs to perfect love. "Wouldst thou hear them speak?" whispered Mejnour; and again, without sound, Glyndon inly answered, "Yes!" Their voices then came to his ear, but in tones that seemed to him strange; so subdued were they, and sounding, as it were, so far off, that they were as voices heard in the visions of some holier men, from a distant sphere.

"And how is it," said Viola, "that thou canst find pleasure in listening to the ignorant?"

"Because the heart is never ignorant; because the mysteries of the feelings are as full of wonder as those of the intellect. If at times thou canst not comprehend the language of my thoughts, at times, also, I hear sweet enigmas in that of thy emotions."

"Ah, say not so!" said Viola, winding her arm tenderly round his neck, and under that heavenly light her face seemed lovelier for its blushes. "For the enigmas are but love's common language, and love should solve them. Till I knew thee—till I lived with thee—till I learned to watch for thy footstep when absent —yet even in absence to see thee everywhere! —I dreamed not how strong and all-pervading is the connection between nature and the human soul! . . . . .

"And yet," she continued, "I am now assured of what I at first believed—that the feelings which attracted me towards thee at first were not those of love. I know *that*, by comparing the Present with the Past,—it was a sentiment then wholly of the mind or the spirit! I could not hear thee now say, 'Viola, be happy with another!'"

"And I could not now tell thee so! Ah, Viola! never be weary of assuring me that thou art happy!"

"Happy, while thou art so. Yet, at times, Zanoni, thou art so sad!"

"Because human life is so short; because we must part at last; because yon moon shines on when the nightingale sings to it no more! A little while, and thine eyes will grow dim, and thy beauty haggard, and these locks that I toy with now will be gray and loveless."

"And thou, cruel one!" said Viola, touchingly, "I shall never see the signs of age in thee! But shall we not grow old together, and our eyes be accustomed to a change which the heart shall not share!"

Zanoni sighed! He turned away, and seemed to commune with himself.

Glyndon's attention grew yet more earnest.

"But were it so," muttered Zanoni; and then looking steadfastly at Viola, he said, with

a half smile, "Hast thou no curiosity to learn more of the Lover thou once couldst believe the agent of the evil one?"

"None; all that one wishes to know of the beloved one, I know,—*that thou lovest me!*"

"I have told thee that my life is apart from others. Wouldst thou not seek to share it?"

"I share it now!"

"But were it possible to be thus young and fair for ever, till the world blazes round us as one funeral pyre!"

"We shall be so, when we leave the world!"

Zanoni was mute for some moments, and at length he said—

"Canst thou recall those brilliant and aerial dreams which once visited thee, when thou didst fancy that thou wert pre-ordained to some fate aloof and afar from the common children of the earth!"

"Zanoni, the fate is found."

"And hast thou no terror of the future?"

"The future! I forget it! Time past, and present, and to come, reposes in thy smile. Ah! Zanoni, play not with the foolish credulities of my youth! I have been better and humbler since thy presence has dispelled the mist of the air. The Future!—well, when I have cause to dread it, I will look up to heaven; and remember who guides our fate!"

As she lifted her eyes above, a dark cloud swept suddenly over the scene. It wrapt the orange trees, the azure ocean, the dense sands; but still the last images that it veiled from the charmed eyes of Glyndon were the forms of Viola and Zanoni. The face of the one rapt, serene, and radiant; the fact of the other, dark, thoughtful, and locked in more than its usual rigidness of melancholy beauty and profound repose.

"Rouse thyself," said Mejnour, "thy ordeal has commenced! There are pretenders to the solemn science, who could have shown thee the absent; and prated to thee, in their charlatanic jargon, of the secret electricities and the magnetic fluid, of whose true properties they know but the germs and elements. I will lend thee the books of those glorious dupes, and thou wilt find, in the dark ages, how many erring steps have stumbled upon the threshold of the mighty learning, and fancied they had pierced the temple. Hermes, and Albert, and Paracelsus, I knew ye all; but, noble as ye were, ye were fated to be deceived. Ye had not souls of faith, and daring fitted for the destinies at which ye aimed! Yet Paracelsus—modest Paracelsus,—had an arrogance that soared higher than all our knowledge. Ho! ho!—he thought he could make a race of men from chemistry; he arrogated to himself the Divine gift—the breath of life.*

He would have made men, and after all, confessed that they could be but pigmies! My art is to make men above mankind. But you are impatient of my digressions. Forgive me. All these men (they were great dreamers, as you desire to be), were intimate friends of mine. But they are dead and rotten. They talked of spirits—but they dreaded to be in other company than that of men. Like orators whom I have heard, when I stood by the Pnyx of Athens, blazing with words like comets in the assembly, and extinguishing their ardor like holyday rockets when they were in the field. Ho! ho! Demosthenes, my hero-coward, how nimble were thy heels at Chæronea! And thou art impatient still! Boy, I could tell thee such truths of the Past, as would make thee the luminary of schools. But thou lustest only for the shadows of the Future. Thou shalt have thy wish. But the mind must be first exercised and trained. Go to thy room, and sleep; fast austerely; read no books; meditate, imagine, dream, bewilder thyself, if thou wilt. Thought shapes out its own chaos at last. Before midnight, seek me again!"

CHAPTER IV.

It is fit that we who endeavor to rise to an elevation so sublime, should study first to leave behind carnal affections, the frailty of the senses, the passions that belong to matter; secondly, to learn by what means we may ascend to the climax of pure intellect, united with the powers above, without which never can we gain the lore of secret things, nor the magic that effects true wonders.—TRITEMIUS *on Secret Things and Secret Spirits.*

IT wanted still many minutes of midnight, and Glyndon was once more in the apartment of the mystic. He had rigidly observed the fast ordained to him; and in the rapt and in-

* Paracelsus, De Nat. Rer., lib. i.

tense reveries into which his excited fancy had plunged him, he was not only insensible to the wants of the flesh—he felt above them.

Mejnour, seated beside his disciple, thus addressed him:—

"Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance. Man's natural tendency is to egotism. Man in his infancy of knowledge, thinks that all creation was formed for him. For several ages he saw in the countless worlds, that sparkle through space like the bubbles of a shoreless ocean, only the petty candles, the household torches, that Providence has been pleased to light for no other purpose but to make the night more agreeable to man. Astronomy has corrected this delusion of human vanity: And man now reluctantly confesses that the stars are worlds, larger and more glorious than his own,—that the earth on which he crawls is a scarce visible speck on the vast chart of creation. But in the small as in the vast, God is equally profuse of life. The traveller looks upon the tree, and fancies its boughs were formed for his shelter in the summer sun, or his fuel in the winter frosts. But in each leaf of these boughs the Creator has made a world; it swarms with innumerable races. Each drop of the water in yon moat is an orb more populous than a kingdom of men. Everywhere, then, in this immense Design, Science brings new life to light. Life is the one pervading principle, and even the thing that seems to die and putrify, but engenders new life, and changes to fresh forms of matter. Reasoning, then, by evident analogy—if not a leaf, if not a drop of water, but is, no less than yonder star, a habitable and breathing world—nay, if even man himself is a world to other lives, and millions and myriads dwell in the rivers of his blood, and inhabit man's frame as man inhabits earth, common sense (if your schoolmen had it) would suffice to teach that the circumfluent infinite which you call space—the boundless Impalpable which divides earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life. Is it not a visible absurdity to suppose that Being is crowded upon every leaf, and yet absent from the immensities of space? The law of the Great System forbids the waste even of an atom; it knows no spot where something of life does not breathe. In the very charnel-house is the nursery of production and animation. Is that true? Well, then, can you conceive that space which is the Infinite itself is alone a waste, is alone lifeless, is less useful to the one design of universal being than the dead carcass of a dog, than the peopled leaf, than the swarming globule? The microscope shows you the creatures on the leaf; no mechanical tube is yet invented to discover the nobler and more gifted things that hover in the illimitable air. Yet between these last and man is a mysterious and terrible affinity. And hence, by tales and legends, not wholly false nor wholly true, have arisen from time to time, beliefs in apparitions and spectres. If more common to the earlier and simpler tribes than to the men of your duller age, it is but that, with the first, the senses are more keen and quick. And as the savage can see or scent, miles away, the traces of a foe, invisible to the gross sense of the civilized animal, so the barrier itself between him and the creatures of the airy world is less thickened and obscured. Do you listen?"

"With my soul!"

"But first, to penetrate this barrier, the soul with which you listen must be sharpened by intense enthusiasm, purified from all earthlier desires. Not without reason have the so-styled magicians, in all lands and times, insisted on chastity and abstemious reverie as the communicants of inspiration. When thus prepared, science can be brought to aid it; the sight itself may be rendered more subtle, the nerves more acute, the spirit more alive and outward, and the element itself—the air, the space—may be made, by certain secrets of the higher chemistry, more palpable and clear. And this, too, is not magic as the credulous call it;—as I have so often said before, magic (or science that violates Nature) exists not;—it is but the science by which Nature can be controlled. Now, in space there are millions of beings, not literally spiritual, for they have all, like the animalculæ unseen by the naked eye, certain forms of matter, though matter so delicate, air-drawn, and subtle, that it is, as it were, but a film, a gossamer that clothes the spirit. Hence the Rosicrucian's lovely phantoms of sylph and gnome. Yet, in truth, these races and tribes differ more widely, each from each, than the Calmuck from the Greek differ in attributes and powers. In the drop of water you see how the animalculæ vary,

how vast and terrible are some of those monster-mites as compared with others. Equally so with the Inhabitants of the atmosphere: some of surpassing wisdom, some of horrible malignity; some hostile as fiends to men, others gentle as messengers between earth and heaven.

"He who would establish intercourse with these varying beings resembles the traveller who would penetrate into unknown lands. He is exposed to strange dangers and unconjectured terrors. *That intercourse once gained, I cannot secure thee from the chances to which thy journey is exposed.* I cannot direct thee to paths free from the wanderings of the deadliest foes. Thou must alone, and of thyself, face and hazard all. But if thou art so enamoured of life, as to care only to live on, no matter for what ends, recruiting the nerves and veins with the alchemist's vivifying elixir, why seek these dangers from the intermediate tribes? Because the very elixir that pours a more glorious life into the frame, so sharpens the senses that those larvæ of the air become to thee audible and apparent; so that, unless trained by degrees to endure the phantoms and subdue their malice, a life thus gifted would be the most awful doom man could bring upon himself. Hence it is that though the elixir be compounded of the simplest herbs, his frame only is prepared to receive it who has gone through the subtlest trials. Nay, some, scared and daunted into the most intolerable horror by the sights that burst upon their eyes at the first draught, have found the potion less powerful to save than the agony and travail of Nature to destroy. To the unprepared the elixir is thus but the deadliest poison. Amidst the dwellers of the threshold is ONE, too, surpassing in malignity and hatred all her tribe—one whose eyes have paralyzed the bravest, and whose power increases over the spirit precisely in proportion to its fear. Does thy courage falter?"

"Nay; thy words but kindle it."

"Follow me, then; and submit to the initiatory labors."

With that, Mejnour led him into the interior chamber, and proceeded to explain to him certain chemical operations, which though extremely simple in themselves, Glyndon soon perceived were capable of very extraordinary results.

"In the remoter times," said Mejnour, smiling, "our brotherhood were often compelled to recur to delusions to protect realities; and, as dexterous mechanicians or expert chemists, they obtained the name of sorcerers. Observe how easy to construct is the Spectre Lion that attended the renowned Leonardo da Vinci!"

And Glyndon beheld with delighted surprise, the simple means by which the wildest cheats of the imagination can be formed. The magical landscapes in which Baptista Porta rejoiced; the apparent change of the seasons with which Albertus Magnus startled the Earl of Holland; nay, even those more dread delusions of the Ghost and Image with which the Necromancers of Heraclea woke the conscience of the Conqueror of Platæa *—all these, as the showman enchants some trembling children on a Christmas Eve with his lanthorn and phantasmagoria, Mejnour exhibited to his pupil.

* * * * *

"And now laugh for ever at magic! when these, the very tricks, the very sports and frivolities of science, were the very acts which men viewed with abhorrence; and Inquisitors and Kings rewarded with the rack and the stake."

"But the Alchemist's transmutation of metals——"

"Nature herself is a laboratory in which metals, and all elements, are for ever at change. Easy to make gold,—easier, more commodious, and cheaper still, to make the pearl, the diamond, and the ruby. Oh, yes; wise men found sorcery in this, too; but they found no sorcery in the discovery, that by the simplest combination of things of every-day use they could raise a Devil that would sweep away thousands of their kind by the breath of consuming fire. Discover what will destroy life, and you are a great man!—what will prolong it, and you are an imposter!—Discover some invention in machinery that will make the rich more rich and the poor more poor, and they will build you a statue! Discover some mystery in art, that will equalize physical disparities, and they will pull down their own houses to stone you! Ha, ha, my pupil! such is the world Zanoni still cares for! you and I will leave this world to itself. And now

* Pausanias—Plutarch.

that you have seen some few of the effects of science, begin to learn its grammar."

Mejnour then set before his pupil certain tasks, in which the rest of the night wore itself away.

CHAPTER V.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore,
And toyle endured * * * * * *
There on a day—
He chaunts to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pipes and caroling apace.
* * * * He, there, besyde
Saw a faire damzell.
—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, cant. ix.

FOR a considerable period, the pupil of Mejnour was now absorbed in labor dependent on the most vigilant attention, on the most minute and subtle calculation. Results astonishing and various rewarded his toils and stimulated his interest. Nor were these studies limited to chemical discovery—in which it is permitted me to say that the greatest marvels upon the organization of physical life seemed wrought by experiments of the vivifying influence of Heat. Mejnour professed to find a link between all intellectual beings in the existence of a certain all-pervading and invisible fluid resembling electricity, yet distinct from the known operations of that mysterious agency—a fluid that connected thought to thought with the rapidity and precision of the modern telegraph, and the influence of this fluid, according to Mejnour, extended to the remotest past—that is to say, whenever and wheresoever man had thought. Thus, if the doctrine were true, all human knowledge became attainable through a medium established between the brain of the individual inquirer and all the farthest and obscurest regions in the universe of ideas. Glyndon was surprised to find Mejnour attached to the abstruse mysteries which the Pythagoreans ascribed to the occult science of NUMBERS. In this last, new lights glimmered dimly on his; and he began to perceive that even the power to predict, or rather to calculate, results, might by——*

* * * *

But he observed that the last brief process by which, in each of these experiments, the wonder was achieved. Mejnour, reserved for himself, and refused to communicute the secret. The answer he obtained to his remonstrances on this head was more stern than satisfactory:—

"Dost thou think," said Mejnour, "that I would give to the mere pupil, whose qualities are not yet tired, powers that may change the face of the social world? The last secrets are entrusted only to him of whose virtue the Master is convinced. Patience! It is labor itself that is the great purifier of the mind; and by degrees the secrets will grow upon thyself as thy mind becomes riper to receive them."

At last Mejnour professed himself satisfied with the progress made by his pupil. "The hour now arrives," he said, "when thou mayst pass the great but airy barrier,—when thou mayst gradually confront the terrible Dweller of the Threshold. Continue thy labors—continue to suppress thine impatience for results until thou canst fathom the causes. I leave thee for one month; if at the end of that period, when I return, the tasks set thee are completed, and thy mind prepared by contemplation and austere thought for the ordeal, I promise thee the ordeal shall commence. One caution alone I give thee, regard it as a peremptory command—Enter not this chamber!" (They were then standing in the room where their experiments had been chiefly made, and in which Glyndon, on the night he had sought the solitude of the Mystic, had nearly fallen a victim to his intrusion.)

"Enter not this chamber till my return; or, above all, if by any search for materials necessary to thy toils, thou shouldst venture hither, forbear to light the naphtha in those vessels, and to open the vases on yonder shelves. I leave the key of the room in thy keeping, in order to try thy abstinence and self-control. Young man, this very temptation is a part of thy trial."

With that, Mejnour placed the key in his hands; and at sunset he left the castle.

For several days Glyndon continued immersed in employments which strained to the utmost all the faculties of his intellect. Even the most partial success depended so entirely on the abstraction of the mind, and the minuteness of its calculations, that there was scarcely room for any other thought than those absorbed in the occupation. And doubtless

* Here there is an erasure in the MS.

this perpetual strain of the faculties was the object of Mejnour in works that did not seem exactly pertinent to the purposes in view. As the study of the elementary mathematics, for example, is not so profitable in the solving of problems, useless in our after-callings, as it is serviceable in training the intellect to the comprehension and analysis of general truths.

But in less than half the time which Mejnour had stated for the duration of his absence, all that the Mystic had appointed to his toils was completed by the Pupil; and then his mind, thus relieved from the drudgery and mechanism of employment, once more sought occupation in dim conjecture and restless fancies. His inquisitive and rash nature grew excited by the prohibiton of Mejnour, and he found himself gazing too often, with perturbed and daring curiosity, upon the key of the forbidden chamber. He began to feel indignant at a trial of constancy which he deemed frivolous and puerile. What nursery tales of Bluebeard and his closet were revived to daunt and terrify him! How could the mere walls of a chamber, in which he had so often securely pursued his labors, start into living danger? If haunted, it could be but by those delusions which Mejnour had taught to despise. A shadowy lion—a chemical phantasm! Tush! he lost half his awe of Mejnour, when he thought that by such tricks the sage could practice upon the very intellect he had awakened and instructed! Still he resisted the impulses of his curiosity and his pride, and, to escape from their dictation, he took long rambles on the hills, or amidst the valleys that surrounded the castle;—seeking by bodily fatigue to subdue the unreposing mind.

One day, suddenly emerging from a dark ravine, he came upon one of those Italians scenes of rural festivity and mirth in which the classic age appears to revive. It was a festival, partly agricultural, partly religious, held yearly by the peasants of that district. Assembled at the outskirts of a village, animated crowds, just returned from a procession to a neighboring chapel, were now forming themselves into groups—the old to taste the vintage, the young to dance—all to be gay and happy. This sudden picture of easy joy, and careless ignorance, contrasting so forcibly with the intense studies and that parching desire for wisdom which had so long made up his own life, and burned at his own heart, sensibly affected Glyndon. As he stood aloof and gazing on them, the young man felt once more that he was young! The memory of all he had been content to sacrifice spoke to him like the sharp voice of remorse. The flitting forms of the women in their picturesque attire, their happy laughter ringing through the cool, still air of the autumn noon, brought back to the heart, or rather perhaps to the senses, the images of his past time, the "golden shepherd hours," when to live was but to enjoy.

He approached nearer and nearer to the scene, and suddenly a noisy group swept round him; and Maêstro Páolo, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, exclaimed, in a hearty voice, "Welcome, Excellency!—we are rejoiced to see you amongst us." Glyndon was about to reply to this salutation, when his eyes rested upon the face of a young girl, leaning on Páolo's arm, of a beauty so attractive, that his color rose and his heart beat as he encountered her gaze. Her eyes sparkled with a roguish and petulant mirth, her parted lips showed teeth like pearls,—as if impatient at the pause of her companion from the revel of the rest, her little foot beat the ground to a measure that she half hummed, half chanted. Páola laughed as he saw the effect the girl had produced upon the young foreigner.

"Will you not dance, Excellency? Come, lay aside your greatness, and be merry, like us poor devils. See how our pretty Fillide is longing for a partner. Take compassion on her."

Fillide pouted at this speech; and, disengaging her arm from Páolo's, turned away, but threw over her shoulder a glance half inviting, half defying. Glyndon almost involuntarily, advanced to her, and addressed her.

Oh yes, he addresses her! She looks down and smiles. Páolo leaves them to themselves, sauntering off with a devil-me-carish air. Fillide speaks now, and looks up at the scholar's face with arch invitation. He shakes his head: Fillide laughs, and her laugh is silvery. She points to a gay mountaineer, who is tripping up to her merrily. Why does Glyndon feel jealous? Why, when she speaks again, does he shake his head no more? He offers his hand; Fillide blushes, and takes it with a demure coquetry. What! is it so, indeed! They

whirl into the noisy circle of the revellers. Ha! ha! is not this better than distilling herbs, and breaking thy brains on Pythagorean numbers? How lightly Fillide bounds along! How her lithesome waist supples itself to thy circling arm! Tara-ra-tara, ta-tara, rara-ra! What the devil is in the measure, that it makes the blood course like quicksilver through the veins? Was there ever a pair of eyes like Fillide's? Nothing of the cold stars there! Yet how they twinkle and laugh at thee! And that rosy, pursed up mouth, that will answer so sparingly to thy flatteries, as if words were a waste of time, and kisses were their proper language.

Oh, pupil of Mejnour! oh, would-be Rosicrusian — Platonist — Magian — I know not what! I am ashamed of thee! What, in the names of Averroes, and Burri, and Agrippa, and Hermes, have become of thy austere contemplations? Was it for this thou didst resign Viola? I don't think thou hast the smallest recollection of the elixir or the cabala. Take care! What are you about, sir? Why do you clasp that small hand locked within your own? Why do you—Tara-rara tara-rara, tara-rara-ra, rarara, ta-ra a-ra! Keep your eyes off those slender ankles, and that crimson boddice! Tara-rara-ra? There they go again! And now they rest under the broad trees. The revel has whirled away from them. They hear—or do they not hear—the laughter at the distance? They see—or if they have their eyes about them, they *should* see — couple after couple, gliding by, love talking and love-looking. But I will lay a wager, as they sit under that tree, and the round sun goes down behind the mountains, that they see or hear very little except themselves!

"Hollo, Signor Excellency! and how does your partner please you? Come and join our feast, Loiterers; one dances more merrily after wine."

Down goes the round sun; up comes the autumn moon. Tara, tara, rarara, rarara, tarara-ra! Dancing again; is it a dance, or some movement gayer, noisier, wilder still? How they glance and gleam through the night-shadows—those flitting forms! What confusion!—what order! Ha, that is the Tarantula dance; Maéstro Páolo foots it bravely! Diavolo, what fury! the tarantula has stung them all. Dance or die; it is fury—the Corybantes —the Mænads—the——. Ho, ho! more wine! the Sabbat of the Witches at Benevento is a joke to this! From cloud to cloud wanders the moon—now shining, now lost. Dimness while the maiden blushes; light when the maiden smiles.

"Fillide, thou art an enchantress!"

"*Buona notte*, Excellency; you will see me again!"

"Ah, young man," said an old decrepit, hollow-eyed octogenarian, leaning on his staff, "make the best of your youth. I, too, once had a Fillide! I was handsomer than you then! Alas! if we could be always young!"

"Always young!" Glyndon started, as he turned his gaze from the fresh fair rosy face of the girl, and saw the eyes dropping rheum —the yellow wrinkled skin—the tottering frame of the old man.

"Ha, ha!" said the decrepit creature, hobbling near to him, and with a malicious laugh. "Yet I, too, was young once! Give me a baiocco for a glass of acqua vita!"

Tara, rara, ra-rara, tara, rara-ra! There dances Youth! Wrap thy rags round thee, and totter off, Old Age!

CHAPTER VI.

Whilest Colidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmindful of his vow and high behest
Which by the Faerie Queene was on him layd.
—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, cant. x.

It was that gray, indisdinct, struggling interval between the night and the dawn, when Clarence stood once more in his chamber. The abstruse calculations lying on his table caught his eye, and filled him with a sentiment of weariness and distaste. "But—Alas, if we could be always young! Oh, thou horrid spectre of the old rheum-eyed man! What apparition can the mystic chamber shadow forth more ugly and more hateful than thou? Oh, yes; if we could be always young! But not (thinks the Neophyte now)—not to labor for ever at these crabbed figures and these cold compounds of herbs and drugs. No; but to enjoy, to love, to revel! What should be the companion of youth but pleasure?—And the gift of eternal youth may be mine this very hour! What means this prohibition of Mejnour's? is it not of the same complexion

as his ungenerous reserve even in the minutest secrets of chemistry, or the numbers of his cabala?—compelling me to perform all the toils, and yet withholding from me the knowledge of the crowning result? No doubt he will still, on his return, show me that the great mystery *can* be attained; but will still forbid *me* to attain it. Is it not as if he desired to keep my youth the slave to his age?—to make me dependent solely on himself? to bind me to a journeyman's service by perpetual excitement to curiosity, and the sight of the fruits he places beyond my lips?"

These, and many reflections still more repining, disturbed and irritated him. Heated with wine—excited by the wild revels he had left—he was unable to sleep. The image of that revolting Old Age which Time, unless defeated, must bring upon himself, quickened the eagerness of his desire for the dazzling and imperishable Youth he ascribed to Zanoni. The prohibition only served to create a spirit of defiance. The reviving day, laughing jocundly through his lattice, dispelled all the tears and superstitions that belong to night. The mystic chamber presented to his imagination nothing to differ from any other apartment in the castle. What foul or malignant apparition could harm him in the light of that blessed sun! It was the peculiar, and on the whole most unhappy, contradiction in Glyndon's nature, that while his reasonings led him to doubt—and doubt rendered him in *moral* conduct irresolute and unsteady—he was *physically* brave to rashness. Nor is this uncommon: scepticism and presumption are often twins. When a man of this character determines upon any action, personal fear never deters him; and for the moral fear, any sophistry suffices to self-will. Almost without analyzing himself the mental process by which his nerves hardened themselves and his limbs moved, he traversed the corridor, gained Mejnour's appartment, and opened the forbidden door. All was as he had been accustomed to see it, save that on a table in the centre of the room lay open a large volume. He approached, and gazed on the characters on the page; they were in a cipher, the study of which had made a part of his labors. With but slight difficulty he imagined that he interpreted the meaning of the first sentences, and that they ran thus:—

"To quaff the inner life, is to see the outer life; to live in defiance of time, is to live in the whole. He who discovers the elixir, discovers what lies in space; for the spirit that vivifies the frame strengthens the senses. There is attraction in the elementary principle of light. In the lamps of Rosicrusius, the fire is the pure elementary principle. Kindle the lamps while thou openest the vessel that contains the elixir, and the light attracts towards thee those beings whose life is that light. Beware of Fear: Fear is the deadliest enemy to Knowledge."

Here the ciphers changed their character, and became incomprehensible. But had he not read enough? Did not the last sentence suffice?—"Beware of Fear!" It was as if Mejnour had purposely left the page open—as if the trial was, in truth, the reverse of the one pretended—as if the Mystic had designed to make experiment of his *courage* while affecting but that of his *forbearance*. Not Boldness, but Fear was the deadliest enemy to Knowledge. He moved to the shelves on which the crystal vases were placed; with an untrembling hand he took from one of them the stopper, a delicious odour suddenly diffused itself through the room. The air sparkled as if wtth a diamond dust. A sense of unearthly delight—of an existence that seemed all spirit, flashed through his whole frame; and a faint, low, but exquisite music crept, thrilling, through the chamber. At this moment he heard a voice in the corrider, calling on his name; and presently there was a knock at the door without. "Are you there, Signor?" said the clear tones of Maêstro Páolo. Glyndon hastily reclosed and replaced the vial; aad bidding Páolo await him in his own apartment, tarried till he heard the intruder's steps depart; he then locked the door, he still heard the dying strain of that fairy music; and with a light step, and a joyous heart, he repaired to Páolo, inly resolving to visit again the chamber at an hour when his experiment would be safe from interruption.

As he crossed his threshold, Páolo started back, and exclaimed, "Why, Excellency! I scarcely recognize you! Amusement I see is a great beautifier to the young. Yesterday you looked so pale and haggard; but Fillide's merry eyes have done more for you than the philosopher's stone (Saints, forgive me for naming it!) ever did for the wizards." And Glyndon, glancing at the old Venetian mirror, as Páolo spoke, was scarcely less startled than

Páolo himself at the change in his own mien and bearing. His form, before bent with thought, seemed to him taller by half the head, so lithesome and erect rose his slender stature; his eyes glowed, his cheeks bloomed with health and the innate and prevading pleasure. If the mere fragrance of the elixir was thus potent, well might the alchemists have ascribed life and youth to the draught!

"You must forgive me, Excellency, for disturbing you," said Páolo, producing a letter from his pouch; "but our Patron has just written to me to say that he will be here to-morrow, and desired me to lose not a moment in giving to yourself this billet, which he enclosed."

"Who brought the letter?"

"A horseman, who did not wait for any reply."

"Glyndon opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"I return a week sooner than I had intended, and you will expect me to-morrow. You will then enter on the ordeal you desire; but remember that, in doing so, you must reduce Being as far as possible into Mind. The senses must be mortified and subdued—not the whisper of one passion heard. Thou mayst be master of the Cabala and the Chemistry: but thou must be master also over the Flesh and the Blood—over Love and Vanity, Ambition and Hate. I will trust to find thee so. Fast and meditate till we meet!"

Glyndon crumpled the letter in his hand with a smile of disdain. What! more drudgery—more abstinence! Youth without love and pleasure! Ha, ha! baffled Mejnour, thy pupil shall gain thy secrets without thine aid!

"And Fillide! I passed her cottage in my way—she blushed and sighed when I jested her about you, Excellency!"

"Well, Páolo! I thank thee for so charming an introduction. Thine must be a rare life."

"Ah, Excellency, while we are young, nothing like adventure—except love, wine, and laughter!"

"Very true. Farewell, Maêstro Páolo; we will talk more with each other in a few days."

All that morning Glyndon was almost overpowered with the new sentiment of happiness that had entered into him. He roamed into the woods, and he felt a pleasure that resembled his earlier life of an artist, but a pleasure yet more subtle and vivid, in the various colors of the autumn foliage. Certainly, Nature seemed to be brought closer to him; he comprehended better all that Mejnour had often preached to him of the mystery of sympathies and attractions. He was about to enter into the same law as those mute children of the forests! He was to know the *renewal of life;* the seasons that chilled to winter should yet bring again the bloom and the mirth of spring. Man's common existence is as one year to the vegetable world: he has his spring, his summer, his autumn, and winter—but only *once.* But the giant oaks around him go through a revolving series of verdure and youth, and the green of the centenarian is as vivid in the beams of May as that of the sapling by its side. "Mine shall be your spring, but not your winter!" exciaimed the Aspirant.

Wrapt in these sanguine and joyous reveries, Glyndon, quitting the woods, found himself amidst cultivated fields and vineyards to which his footstep had not before wandered: and there, stood, by the skirts of a green lane that reminded him of verdant England, a modest house—half cottage, half farm. The door was open, and he saw a girl at work with her distaff. She looked up, uttered a slight cry, tripping gaily into the lane to his side, he recognized the dark-eyed Fillide.

"Hist!" she said, archly putting her finger to her lip; "do not speak loud—my mother is asleep within; and I knew you would come to see me. It is kind!"

Glyndon, with a little embarrassment, accepted the compliment to his kindness, which he did not exactly deserve. "You have thought, then, of me, fair Fillide?"

"Yes," answered the girl coloring, but with that frank, bold, ingenuousness which characterizes the females of Italy, especially of the lower class, and in the southern provinces—"Oh yes! I have thought of little else. Páolo said he knew you would visit me."

"And what relation is Páolo to you?"

"None; but a good friend to us all. My brother is one of his band."

"One of his band!—A robber?"

"We, of the mountains, do not call a mountaineer 'a robber,' Signor."

"I ask pardon. Do not you tremble sometimes for your brother's life! The law——"

"Law never ventures into these defiles. Tremble for him! No. My father and grand-

sire were of the same calling. I often wish I were a man!"

"By these lips, I am enchanted that your wish cannot be realized!"

"Fie, Signor! And do you really love me?"

"With my whole heart!"

"And I thee!" said the girl, with a candor that seemed innocent, as she suffered him to clasp her hand.

"But," she added, "thou wilt soon leave us: and I——" She stopped short, and the tears stood in her eyes.

There was something dangerous in this, it must be confessed. Certainly Fillide had not the seraphic loveliness of Viola; but hers was a beauty that equally at least touched the senses. Perhaps Glyndon had never really loved Viola; perhaps the feelings with which she had inspired him were not of that ardent character which deserves the name of love. However that be, he thought as he gazed on those dark eyes that he had never loved before.

"And couldst thou not leave thy mountains?" he whispered, as he drew yet nearer to her.

"Dost thou ask me?" she said retreating, and looking him steadfastly in the face. "Dost thou know what we daughters of the mountains are? You gay, smooth cavaliers of cities seldom mean what you speak. With you, love is amusement; with us, it is life. Leave these mountains! Well! I should not leave my nature."

"Keep thy nature ever—it is a sweet one."

"Yes, sweet while thou art true; stern, if thou art faithless. Shall I tell thee what I—what the girls of this country, are? Daughters of men, whom you call robbers, we aspire to be the companions of our lovers or our husbands. We love ardently, we own it boldly. We stand up your side in danger; we serve you as slaves in safety; we never change, and we resent change. You may reproach, strike us, trample us as a dog,—we bear all without a murmur; betray us, and no tiger is more relentless. Be true, and our hearts reward you; be false, and our hands revenge!—Dost thou love me now?"

During this speech, the Italian's countenance had most eloquently aided her words—by turns soft, frank, fierce,—and, at the last question, she inclined her head humbly, and stood, as in fear of his reply, before him. The stern, brave, wild spirit, in which what seemed unfeminine was yet, if I may so say, still womanly, did not recoil, it rather captivated Glyndon. He answered readily, briefly, and freely—"Fillide—yes!"

Oh, "yes!" forsooth, Clarence Glyndon! Every light nature answers "yes" lightly to such a question from lips so rosy! Have a care—have a care! Why the deuce, Mejnour, do you leave your pupil of four-and-twenty to the mercy of these wild cats-a-mountain! Preach fast, and abstinence, and sublime renunciation of the cheats of the senses! Very well in you, sir, heaven knows how many ages old! but, at four-and-twenty, your Hierophant would have kept you out of Fillide's way, or you would have had small taste for the cabala!

And so they stood, and talked, and vowed, and whispered, till the girl's mother made some noise within the house, and Fillide bounded back to the distaff, her finger once more on her lip.

"There is more magic in Fillide than in Mejnour," said Glyndon to himself, walking gaily home; "yet, on second thoughts, I know not if I quite so well like a character so ready for revenge! But he who has the real secret can baffle even the vengeance of a woman, and disarm all danger!"

Sirrah! dost thou even already meditate the possibility of treason? Oh, well said Zanoni, "to pour pure water into the muddy well does but disturb the mud!"

CHAPTER VII.

——— Cernis, custodia qualis
Vestibulo sedeat? facies quæ limina servet?*
—ÆNEID, lib. vi. 574.

AND it is profound night. All is at rest within the old castle—all is breathless under the melancholy stars. Now is the time. Mejnour with his austere wisdom—Mejnour, the enemy to love—Mejnour, whose eye will read thy heart, and refuse thee the promised secrets, because the sunny face of Fillide dis-

* See you, what porter sits within the vestibule?—what face watches at the threshold?

turbs the lifeless shadow that he calls repose—Mejnour comes to-morrow! Seize the night! Beware of fear! Never, or this hour! So, brave youth,—brave despite all thy errors—so, with a steady pulse, thy hand unlocks once more the forbidden door!

He placed his lamp on the table beside the book, which still lay there opened; he turned over the leaves, but could not decipher their meaning till he came to the following passage:—

"When, then, the pupil is thus initiated and prepared, let him open the casement, light the lamps, and bathe his temples with the elixir. He must beware how he presume yet to quaff the volatile and fiery spirit. To taste, till repeated inhalations have accustomed the frame gradually to the ecstatic liquid, is to know not life, but death."

He could penetrate no farther into the instructions; the cipher again changed. He now looked steadily and earnestly round the chamber. The moonlight came quietly through the lattice as his hand opened it, and seemed, as it rested on the floor and filled the walls, like the presence of some ghostly and mournful Power. He ranged the mystic lamps (nine in number), round the centre of the room, and lighted them one by one. A flame of silvery and azure tints sprung up from each, and lighted the apartment with a calm and yet most dazzling splendor; but presently this light grew more soft and dim, as a thin grey cloud, like a mist, gradually spread over the room; and an icy thrill shot through the heart of the Englishman, and quickly gathered over him like the coldness of death. Instinctively aware of his danger he tottered, though with difficulty, for his limbs seemed rigid and stone-like to the shelf that contained the crystal vials; hastily he inhaled the spirit, and laved his temples with the sparkling liquid. The same sensation of vigor, and youth, and joy, and airy lightness, that he felt in the morning, instantaneously replaced the deadly numbness that just before had invaded the citadel of life. He stood, with his arms folded on his bosom, erect and dauntless, to watch what should ensue.

The vapor had now the assumed almost the thickness and seeming consistency of a snow-cloud; the lamps piercing it like stars. And now he distinctly saw shapes, somewhat resembling in outline those of the human form, gliding slowly and with regular evolutions through the cloud. They appeared bloodless; their bodies were transparent, and contracted or expanded, like the folds of a serpent. As they moved in majestic order, he heard a low sound—the ghost as it were of voice—which each caught and echoed from the other; a low sound, but musical, which seemed the chant of some unspeakably tranquil joy. None of these apparitions heeded him. His intense longing to accost them, to be of them, to make one of this movement of aerial happiness—for such it seemed to him—made him stretch forth his arms and seek to cry aloud, but only an inarticulate whisper passed his lips; and the movement and the music went on the same as if the mortal were not there. Slowly they glided round and aloft, till, in the same majestic order, one after one, they floated through the casement and were lost in the moonlight; then, as his eyes followed them, the casement became darkened with some object undistinguishable at the first gaze, but which sufficed mysteriously to change into ineffable horror the delight he had before experienced. By degrees, this object shaped itself to his sight. It was as that of a human head, covered with a dark veil, through which glared with livid and demoniac fire, eyes that froze the marrow of his bones. Nothing else of the face was distinguishable—nothing but those intolerable eyes; but his terror, that even at the first seemed beyond nature to endure, was increased a thousand fold, when, after a pause, the Phantom glided slowly into the chamber.

The cloud retreated from it as it advanced; the bright lamps grew wan, and flickered restlessly as at the breath of its presence. Its form was veiled as the face, but the outline was that of a female; yet it moved not as move even the ghosts that simulate the living. It seemed rather to crawl as some vast misshapen reptile; and pausing, at length it cowered beside the table which held the mystic volume, and again fixed its eyes through the filmy veil on the rash invoker. All fancies, the most grotesque, of Monk or Painter in the early North, would have failed to give to the visage of imp or fiend that aspect of deadly malignity which spoke to the shuddering nature in those eyes alone. All else so dark—shrouded—veiled and larva-like. But that

burning glare so intense, so livid, yet so living, had in it something that was almost *human*, in its passion of hate and mockery—something that served to show that the shadowy Horror was not all a spirit, but partook of matter enough, at least, to make it more deadly and fearful an enemy to material forms. As, clinging with the grasp of agony to the wall—his hair erect—his eyeballs starting, he still gazed back upon that appalling gaze—the Image spoke to him—his soul rather than his ear comprehended the words it said.

"Thou hast entered the immeasurable region. I am the Dweller of the Threshold. What wouldst thou with me? Silent? Dost thou fear me? Am I not thy beloved? Is it not for me that thou hast rendered up the delights of thy race? Wouldst thou be wise? Mine is the wisdom of the countless ages. Kiss me, my mortal lover. And the Horror crawled near and nearer to him; it crept to his side, its breath breathed upon his cheek! With a sharp cry he fell to the earth insensible, and knew no more till, far in the noon of the next day, he opened his eyes and found himself in his bed,—the glorious sun streaming through his lattice, and the bandit Páolo by his side, and whistling a Calabrian love air.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thus man pursues his weary calling,
And wrings the hard life from the sky,
While Happiness unseen is falling
Down from God's bosom silently.
—SCHILLER.

In one of those islands whose history the imperishable literature and renown of Athens yet invest with melancholy interest, and on which Nature, in whom "there is nothing melancholy," still bestows a glory of scenery and climate equally radiant for the freeman or the slave—the Ionian, the Venetian, the Gaul, the Turk, or the restless Briton,—Zanoni had fixed his bridal Home. There the air carries with it the perfumes of the plains for miles along the blue translucent deep.* Seen from one of its green sloping heights, the island he had selected seemed one delicious garden. The towers and the turrets of its capital gleaming amidst groves of oranges and lemons;—vineyards and olivewoods filling up the valleys, and clambering along the hill-sides; and villa, farm, and cottage covered with luxuriant trellises of dark green leaves and purple fruit. For, there, the prodigal beauty yet seems half to justify those graceful superstitions of a creed, too enamoured of earth, rather brought the deities to man, than raised the man to their less alluring and less voluptuous Olympus.

And still to the fishermen, weaving yet their antique dances on the sand—to the maiden, adorning yet, with many a silver fibula, her glossy tresses under the tree that overshadows her tranquil cot—the same Great Mother that watched over the wise Samos—the democracy of Corcyra—the graceful and deep-taught loveliness of Miletus—smiles as graciously as of yore. For the North, philosophy and freedom are essentials to human happiness. In the lands which Aphrodite rose from the waves to govern, as the Seasons, hand in hand, stood to welcome her on the shores,* Nature is all-sufficient.

This isle which Zanoni had selected was one of the loveliest in that divine sea. His abode, at some distance from the city, but near one of the creeks on the shore, belonged to a Venetian, and though small, had more of elegance than the natives ordinarily cared for. On the seas, and in sight, rode his vessel. His Indians, as before, ministered in mute gravity to the service of the household. No spot could be more beauliful—no solitude less invaded. To the mysterious knowledge of Zanoni—to the harmless ignorance of Viola—the babbling and garish world of civilized man, was alike unheeded. The loving sky and the lovely earth are companions enough to Wisdom and to ignorance while they love!

Although, as I have before said, there was nothing in the visible occupations of Zanoni that betrayed a cultivator of the occult sciences, his habits were those of a man who remembers or reflects. He loved to roam alone, chiefly at dawn, or at night, when the moon was clear (especially in each month, at its rise and full), miles and miles away over the rich inlands of the island, and to cull herbs and flowers, which he hoarded with jealous care. Sometimes at the dead of night,

* See Dr. Holland's Travels to the Ionian Isles, etc. p. 18.

* Homeric Hymn.

Viola would wake by an instinct that told her he was not by her side, and, stretching out her arms, find that the instinct had not deceived her. But she early saw that he was reserved on his peculiar habits, and if at times a chill, a foreboding, a suspicious awe crept over her, she forebore to question him.

But his rambles were not always unaccompanied—he took pleasure in excursions less solitary. Often, when the sea lay before them like a lake, the barren dreariness of the opposite coast of Cephallenia contrasting the smiling shores on which they dwelt, Viola and himself would pass days in cruising slowly around the coast, or in visits to the neighboring isles. Every spot of the Greek soil, "that fair Fable-Land," seemed to him familiar; and as he conversed of the Past, and its exquisite traditions, he thought Viola to love the race from which have descended the poetry and the wisdom of the world. There was much in Zanoni, as she knew him better, that deepened the fascination in which Viola was from the first enthralled. His love for herself was so tender, so vigilant, and had that best and most enduring attribute, that it seemed rather grateful for the happiness in its own cares than vain of the happiness it created. His habitual mood with all who approached him was calm and gentle, almost to apathy. An angry word never passed his lips—an angry gleam never shot from his eyes. Once they had been exposed to the danger not uncommon in those then half-savage lands. Some pirates who invested the neighboring coasts had heard of the arrival of the strangers, and the seamen Zanoni employed had gossiped of their master's wealth. One night after Viola had retired to rest, she was awakened by a slight noise below. Zanoni was not by her side; she listened in some alarm. Was that a groan that came upon her ear? She started up, she went to the door; all was still. A footstep now slowly approached, and Zanoni entered calm as usual, and seemed unconscious of her fears.

The next morning, three men were found dead at the threshold of the principal entrance, the door of which had been forced. They were recognized in the neighborhood as the most sanguinary and terrible marauders of the coasts—men stained with a thousand murders, and who had never hitherto failed in any attempt to which the lust of rapine had impelled them. The footsteps of many others were tracked to the sea-shore. It seemed that their accomplices must have fled on the death of their leaders. But when the Venetian Proveditore, or authority, of the island, came to examine into the matter, the most unaccountable mystery was the manner in which these ruffians had met their fate. Zanoni had not stirred from the apartment in which he ordinarily pursued his chemical studies. None of the servants had even been disturbed from their slumbers. No marks of human violence were on the bodies of the dead. They died, and made no sign. From that moment Zanoni's house—nay, the whole vicinity, was sacred. The neighboring villages, rejoiced to be delivered from a scourge, regarded the stranger as one whom the Pagiana (or Virgin) held under her especial protection.

In truth, the lively Greeks around, facile to all external impressions, and struck with the singular and majestic beauty of the man who knew their language as a native, whose voice often cheered them in their humble sorrows, and whose hand was never closed to their wants, long after he had left their shore preserved his memory by grateful traditions, and still point to the lofty platanus beneath which they had often seen him seated, alone and thoughtful in the heats of noon. But Zanoni had haunts less open to the gaze than the shade of the platanus. In that isle there are the bituminous springs which Herodotus has commemorated. Often at night, the moon, at least, beheld him emerging from the myrtle and cystus that clothe the hillocks around the marsh that embeds the pools containing the inflammable materia, all the medical uses of which, as applied to the nerves of organic life, modern science has not yet perhaps explored. Yet more often would he pass his hours in a cavern, by the loneliest part of the beach, where the stalactites seem almost arranged by the hand of art, and which the superstition of the peasants associate, in some ancient legends, with the numerous and almost incessant earthquakes to which the island is so singularly subjected.

Whatever the pursuits that instigated these wanderings and favored these haunts, either they were linked with, or else subordinate to, one main and master desire, which every fresh

day, passed in the sweet human company of Viola, confirmed and strengthened.

The scene that Glyndon had witnessed in his trance was faithful to truth. And some little time after the date of that night, Viola was dimly aware that an influence, she knew not of what nature, was struggling to establish itself over her happy life. Visions, indistinct and beautiful, such as those she had known in her earlier days, but more constant and impressive, began to haunt her night and day when Zanoni was absent, to fade in his presence, and seem less fair than *that*. Zanoni questioned her eagerly and minutely of these visitations, but seemed dissatisfied, and at times perplexed, by her answers.

"Tell me not," he said, one day, "of those unconnected images, those evolutions of starry shapes in a choral dance, or those delicious melodies that seem to thee of the music and the language of the distant spheres. Has no *one* shape been to the more distant and more beautiful than the rest—no voice uttering, or seeming to utter, thine own tongue and whispering to thee of strange secrets and solemn knowledge?"

"No; all is confused in these dreams, whether of day or night; and when at the sound of thy footsteps I recover, my memory retains nothing but a vague impression of happiness. How different—how cold—to the rapture of hanging on thy smile, and listening to thy voice when it says—'I love thee!'"

"Yet, how is it that visions less fair than these once seemed to thee so alluring? How is it that they then stirred thy fancies and filled thy heart? Once thou didst desire a fairy land, and now thou seemest so contented with common life!"

"Have I not explained it to thee before? Is it common life, then, to love and to live with the one we love? My true fairy-land is won! Speak to me of no other."

And so Night surprised them by the lonely beach; and Zanoni, allured from his sublimer projects, and bending over that tender face, forgot that, in the Harmonious Infinite which spread around, there were other worlds than that one human heart!

CHAPTER IX.

There is a principle of the soul, superior to all nature, through which we are capable of surpassing the order and systems of the world. When the soul is elevated to natures better than itself, *then* it is entirely separated from subordinate natures, exchanges this for another life, and, deserting the order of things with which it was connected links and mingles itself with another.—IAMBLICHUS.

"ADON-AI! Adon-Ai!—appear, appear!"

And in the lonely cave, whence once had gone forth the oracles of a heathen god, there emerged from the shadows of fantastic rocks a luminous and gigantic column, glittering and shifting. It resembled the shining but misty spray, which, seen afar off, a fountain seems to send up on a starry night. The radiance lit the stalactites, the crags, the arches of the cave, and shed a pale and tremulous splendor on the features of Zanoni.

"Son of Eternal Light," said the invoker, "thou to whose knowledge, grade after grade, race after race, I attained at last, on the broad Chaldæan plains—thou from whom I have drawn so largely of the unutterable knowledge, that yet eternity alone can suffice to drain—thou who, congenial with myself, so far as our various beings will permit, hast been for centuries my familiar and my friend—answer me and counsel!"

From the column there emerged a shape of unimaginable glory. Its face was that of a man in its first youth; but solemn, as with the consciousness of eternity and the tranquillity of wisdom; light, like starbeams, flowed through its transparent veins; light made its limbs themselves, and undulated, in restless sparkles, through the waves of its dazzling hair. With its arms folded on its breast, it stood distant a few feet from Zanoni, and its low voice murmured gently—"My counsels were sweet to thee once; and once, night after night, thy soul could follow my wings through the untroubled splendors of the Infinite. Now thou hast bound thyself back to the earth by its strongest chains, and the attraction to the clay is more potent than the sympathies that drew to thy charms the Dweller of the Starbeam and the Air! When last thy soul hearkened to me, the senses already troubled thine intellect and obscured thy vision. Once again I come to thee; but thy power even to summon me to thy side is fading from thy spirit, as

sunshine fades from the wave, when the winds drive the cloud between the ocean and the sky."

"Alas, Adon-Ai!" answered the seer, mournfully, "I know too well the conditions of the being which thy presence was wont to rejoice. I know that our wisdom comes but from the indifference to to the things of the world which the wisdom masters. The mirror of the soul cannot reflect both earth and heaven; and the one vanishes from the surface as the other is glassed upon its deeps. But it is not to restore me to that sublime abstraction in which the Intellect, free and disembodied, rises, region after region, to the spheres,—that once again, and with the agony and travail of enfeebled power, I have called thee to mine aid. I love; and in love I begin to live in the sweet humanities of another! If wise, yet in all which makes danger powerless against myself, or those on whom I can gaze from the calm height of indifferent science, I am blind as the merest mortal to the destinies of the creature that makes my heart beat with the passions which obscure my gaze."

"What matter!" answered Adon-Ai. "Thy love must be but a mockery of the name; thou canst not love as they do for whom there are death and the grave. A short time!—like a day in thy incalculable life, and the form thou dotest on is dust! Others of the nether world go hand in hand, each with each, unto the tomb; hand in hand they ascend from the worm to new cycles of existence. For thee, below are ages; for her, but hours. And for her and thee—O poor, but mighty one!—will there be even a joint hereafter! Through what grades and heavens of spiritualized being will the soul have passed when thou, the solitary Loiterer, comest from the vapors of the earth to the gates of light!"

"Son of the Starbeam, thinkest thou that this thought is not with me for ever; and seest thou not that I have invoked thee to hearken and minister to my design? Readest thou not my desire and dream to raise the condition of her being to my own? Thou, Adon-Ai, bathing the celestial joy that makes thy life in the oceans of eternal splendor,—thou, save by the sympathies of knowledge, canst conjecture not what I, the offspring of mortals feel—debarred yet from the objects of the tremendous and sublime ambition that first winged my desires above the clay—when I see myself compelled to stand in this low world alone.—I have sought amongst my tribe for comrades, and in vain. At last I have found a mate! The wild bird and the wild beast have theirs; and my mastery over the malignant tribes of terror can banish their larvæ from the path that lead her upward till the air of eternity fits the frame for the exilir that baffles death."

"And thou hast begun the initiation, and thou art foiled! I know it. Thou hast conjured to her sleep the fairest visions; thou hast invoked the loveliest children of the air to murmur their music to her trance, and her soul heeds them not; and, returning to the earth, escapes from their control. Blind one, wherefore? Canst thou not perceive? Because in her soul all is love. There is no intermediate passion with which the things thou wouldst charm to her have association and affinities. Their attraction is but to the desires and cravings of the *intellect*. What have they with the *passion* that is of earth, and the *hope* that goes direct to Heaven?"

"But can there be no medium—no link—in which our souls, as our hearts, can be united, and so mine may have influence over her own?"

"Ask me not—thou wilt not comprehend me!"

"I adjure thee!—speak!"

"When two souls are divided, knowest thou not that a third in which both meet and live is the link between them!"

"I do comprehend thee, Adon-Ai," said Zanoni, with a light of more human joy upon his face than it had ever before been seen to wear; "and if my destiny, which here is dark to mine eyes, vouchsafes to me the happy lot of the humble—if ever there be a child that I may clasp to my bosom and call my own!——"

"And is it to be man at last, that thou hast aspired to be more than man?"

"But a child—a second Viola!" murmured Zanoni, scarcely heeding the Son of Light; "a young soul fresh from Heaven, that I may rear from the first moment it touches earth—whose wings I may train to follow mine through the glories of creation; and through whom the mother herself may be led upward over the realm of death!"

"Beware—reflect! Knowest thou not that thy darkest enemy dwells in the Real? Thy wishes bring thee near and nearer to humanity."

"Ah, Humanity is sweet!" answered Zanoni.

And as the Seer spoke, on the glorious face of Adon-Ai there broke a smile.

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CHAPTER X.

Æterna æternus tribuit, mortalia confert
Mortalis; divina Deus, peritura caducus.*
—AUREL. PRUD. CONTRA SYMMACHUM, lib. ii.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF ZANONI TO MEJNOUR.

LETTER I.

THOU hast not informed me of the progress of thy pupil; and I fear that so differently does Circumstance shape the minds of the generations to which we are descended, from the intense and earnest children of the earlier world, that even thy most careful and elaborate guidance would fail, with loftier and purer natures than that of the Neophyte thou hast admitted within thy gates. Even that third state of being, which the Indian sage† rightly recognizes as being between the sleep and the waking, and describes imperfectly by the name of TRANCE, is unknown to the children of the northern world; and few but would recoil to indulge it, regarding its peopled calm, as the *maya* and delusion of the mind. Instead of ripening and culturing that airy soil, from which nature, duly known, can evoke fruits so rich and flowers so fair, they strive but to exclude it from their gaze; they esteem that struggle of the intellect from men's narrow world, to the spirit's infinite home, as a disease which the leech must extirpate with pharmacy and drugs, and know not even that it is from this condition of their being, in its most imperfect and infant form, that Poetry, Music, Art—all that belong to an Idea of Beauty, to which neither *sleeping* nor *waking* can furnish archetype and actual semblance—take their immortal birth. When we, O Mejnour, in the far time, were ourselves the Neophytes and Aspirants—we were of a class to which the actual world was shut and barred. Our forefathers had no object in life but knowledge. From the cradle we were predestined and reared to wisdom, as to a priesthood. We commenced research where modern Conjecture closes its faithless wings. And with us, those were the common elements of science which the sages of to-day disdain as wild chimeras, or despair of as unfathomable mysteries. Even the fundamental principles, the large, yet simple theories of Electricity and Magnetism, rest obscure and dim in the disputes of their blinded schools; yet, even in our youth, how few ever attained to the first circle of the brotherhood, and, after wearily enjoying the sublime privileges they sought, they voluntarily abandoned the light of the sun, and sunk, without effort, to the grave, like pilgrims in a trackless desert, overawed by the stillness of their solitude, and appalled by the absence of a goal. Thou, in whom nothing seems to live *but the desire to know*—thou, who, indifferent whether it leads to weal or to woe, lendest thyself to all who would tread the path of mysterious science,—a Human Book, insensate to the precepts it enounces; thou hast ever sought, and often made, additions to our number. But to these have only been vouchsafed partial secrets; vanity and passion unfitted them for the rest; and now, without other interest than that of an experiment in science, without love, and without pity, thou exposest this new soul to the hazards of the tremendous ordeal! Thou thinkest that a zeal so inquisitive, a courage so absolute and dauntless, may suffice to conquer; where austerer intellect and purer virtue have so often failed. Thou thinkest, too, that the germ of art that lies in the Painter's mind, as it comprehends in itself an entire embryo of Power and Beauty, may be expanded into the stately flower of the Golden Science. It is a new experiment to thee! Be gentle with thy Neophyte, and if his nature disappoint thee in the first stages of the progress, dismiss him back to the Real, while it is yet time to enjoy the brief and outward life which dwells in the senses, and closes with the tomb. And as I thus admonish thee, O Mejnour, wilt thou smile at my inconsistent hopes? I, who have so invariably refused to initiate others into our mysteries, I begin at last to comprehend why the great law which binds man to his kind, even when seeking most to set himself aloof from their condition, has made thy cold and bloodless sciences the link between thyself and thy race;—why *thou* hast sought converts and pupils—why, in seeing life after life voluntarily dropping from our starry order, thou still aspirest to renew the vanished, and repair the lost—why, amidst thy calculations, restless and unceasing as the wheels of Nature herself, thou recoilest from the thought TO BE ALONE! So with myself; at last I, too, seek a convert—an equal—I, too, shudder to be alone! What thou hast warned me of has come to pass. Love reduces all things to itself. Either must I be drawn down to the nature of the beloved, or hers must be lifted to my own. As whatever belongs to true Art has always necessarily had attraction for *us*, whose very being is in the ideal whence art descends, so in this fair creature I have learned, at last, the secret that bound me to her at the first glance. The daughter of music—music passing into her being, became poetry. It was not the stage that attracted her, with its hollow falsehoods; it was the land in her own fancy which the stage seemed to centre and represent. There the poetry found a voice—there it struggled into imperfect shape; and then (that land, insufficient for it) it fell back upon itself. It colored her thoughts, it suffused her soul; it asked not words, it created not things; it gave birth but to emotions. At last came love; and there, as a river into the sea, it poured its restless waves, to become mute, and deep, and still—the everlasting mirror of the heavens.

And it is not through this poetry which lies within her that she may be led into the large poetry of the universe! Often I listen to her careless talk, and find

* The Eteral gives eternal things, the Mortal gathers mortal things: God, that which is divine, and the perishable that which is perishable.

† The Brahmins, speaking of Brahm, say—"To the Omniscient the three modes of being—sleep, waking, and trance,—are not;" distinctly recognizing trance as a third and coequal condition of being.

oracles in its unconscious beauty, as we find strange virtues in some lonely flower. I see her mind ripening under my eyes, and in its fair fertility what ever-teeming novelties of thought! O Mejnour! how many of our tribe have unravelled the laws of the universe, have solved the riddles of the exterior nature—and deduced the light from darkness! And is not the POET, who studies nothing but the human heart, a greater philosopher than all? Knowledge and atheism are incompatible. To know nature is to know that there must be a God! But does it require this to examine the method and architecture of creation? Methinks, when I look upon a pure mind, however ignorant and childlike, that I see the August and Immaterial One, more clearly than in all the orbs of matter which career at His bidding through the space.

Rightly is it the fundamental decree of our order, that we must impart our secrets only to the pure. The most terrible part of the ordeal is in the temptations that our power affords to the criminal. If it were possible that a malevolent being could attain to our faculties, what disorder it might introduce into the globe! Happy that it is *not* possible; the malevolence would disarm the power. It is in the purity of Viola that I rely, as thou more vainly hast relied on the courage or the genius of thy pupils. Bear me witness, Mejnour! Never since the distant day in which I pierced the Arcana of our knowledge, have I ever sought to make its mysteries subservient to unworthy objects; though, alas! the extension of our existence robs us of a country and a home; though the law that places all science, as all art, in the abstraction from the noisy passions and turbulent ambition of actual life, forbids us to influence the destinies of nations, for which Heaven selects ruder and blinder agencies: yet, wherever have been my wanderings, I have sought to soften distress, and to convert from sin. My power has been hostile only to the guilty; and yet, with all our lore, how in each step we are reduced to be but the permitted instruments of the Power, that vouchsafes our own, but only to direct it. How all our wisdom shrinks into nought, compared with that which gives the meanest herb its virtues, and peoples the smallest globule with its appropriate world. And while we are allowed at times to influence the happiness of others, how mysteriously the shadows thicken round our future doom! We cannot be prophets to ourselves! With what trembling hope I nurse the thought that I may preserve to my solitude the light of a living smile!

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTER II.

Deeming myself not pure enough to initiate so pure a heart, I invoke to her trance those fairest and most tender inhabitants of space that have furnished to Poetry, which is the instinctive guess into creation, the ideas of the Glendoveer and Sylph. And these were less pure than her own thoughts, and less tender than her own love! They could not raise her above her human heart, for *that* has a heaven of its own.

* * * * *
* * * * *

I have just looked on her in sleep—I have heard her breathe my name. Alas! that which is so sweet to others has its bitterness to me; for I think how soon the time may come when that sleep will be without a dream—when the heart that dictates the name will be cold, and the lips that utter it be dumb. What a two-fold shape there is in love! If we examine it coarsely—if we look but on its fleshly ties—its enjoyments of a moment—its turbulent fever and its dull reaction, how strange it seems that this passion should be the supreme mover of the world—that it is this which has dictated the greatest sacrifices, and influenced all societies and all times; that to this the loftiest and loveliest genius has ever consecrated its devotion; that but for love there were no civilization—no music, no poetry, no beauty, no life beyond the brute's.

But examine it in its heavenlier shape—in its utter abnegation of self—in its intimate connection with all that is most delicate and subtle in the spirit—its power above all that is sordid in existence—its mastery over the idols of the baser worship—its ability to create a palace of the cottage, an oasis in the desert, a summer in the Iceland—where it breathes, and fertilizes, and glows; and the wonder rather becomes how so few regard it in its holiest nature. What the sensual call its enjoyments, are the least of its joys. True love is less a passion than a symbol. Mejnour, shall the time come when I can speak to thee of Viola as a thing that was?

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EXTRACT FROM LETTER III.

Knowest thou that of late I have sometimes asked myself, 'Is there no guilt in the knowledge that has so divided us from our race?' It is true that the higher we ascend, the more hateful seem to us the vices of the short-lived creepers of the earth—the more the sense of the goodness of the All-good penetrates and suffuses us, and the more immediately does our happiness seem to emanate from Him. But, on the other hand, how many virtues must lie dead in those, who live in the world of death, and refuse to die! Is not this sublime egotism, this state of abstraction and reverie—this self-wrapt and self-dependent majesty of existence, a resignation of that nobility which incorporates our own welfare, our joys, our hopes, our fears with others? To live on in no dread of foes, undegraded by infirmity, secure through the cares, and free from the disease of flesh, is a spectacle that captivates our pride. And yet dost thou not more admire—him who dies for another? Since I have loved her, Mejnour, it seems almost cowardice to elude the grave which devours the hearts that wrap us in their folds. I feel it—the earth grows upon my spirit. Thou wert right; eternal age, serene, and passionless, is a happier boon than eternal youth, with its yearnings and desires. Until we can be all spirit, the tranquillity of solitude must be indifference.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTER IV.

I have received thy communication. What! is it so? Has thy pupil disappointed thee? Alas, poor pupil! But—

* * * * *

(Here follow comments on those passages in Glyndon's life already known to the reader, or about to be made so, with earnest adjurations

to Mejnour to watch yet over the fate of his scholar.)

* * * * *

But I cherish the same desire, with a warmer heart. My pupil! how the terrors that shall encompass thine ordeal warn me from the task! Once more I will seek the Son of Light.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Yes, Adon-Ai, long deaf to my call, at last has descended to my vision, and left behind him the glory of his presence in the shape of Hope. Oh, not impossible, Viola, not impossible, that we yet may be united, soul with soul.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER V.—(*Many months after the last.*)

Mejnour, awake from thine apathy—rejoice! A new soul will be born to the world. A new soul shall call me Father.—Ah, if they for whom exist all the occupations and resources of human life—if they can thrill, with exquisite emotion, at the thought of hailing again their own childhood in the faces of their children—if, in that birth, they are born once more into the holy Innocence which is the first state of existence—if they can feel that on man devolves almost an Angel's duty, when he has a life to guide from the cradle, and a soul to nurture for the Heaven—what to me must be the rapture, to welcome an Inheritor of all the gifts which double themselves in being shared! How sweet the power to watch, and to guard—to instil the knowledge, to avert the evil, and to guide back the river of life in a richer, and broader, and deeper stream, to the paradise from which it flows! And beside that river our souls shall meet, sweet Mother. Our child shall supply the sympathy that fails as yet; and what shape shall haunt thee, what terror shall dismay, when thy initiation is beside the cradle of thy child!

CHAPTER XI.

They thus beguile the way
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne,
When weening to returne whence they did stray
They cannot finde that path which first was showne,
But wander to and fro in waies unknowne.

—SPENSER'S *Faerie Queene*, book i. canto i. st. x.

YES, Viola, thou art another being than when, by the threshold of thy Italian home, thou didst follow thy dim fancies through the Land of Shadow; or when thou didst vainly seek to give voice to an Ideal beauty, on the boards where Illusion conterfeits Earth and Heaven for an hour, till the weary sense, awaking, sees but the tinsel and the scene-shifter. Thy spirit reposes in its own happiness. Its wanderings have found a goal. In a moment, there often dwells the sense of eternity; for when profoundly happy, we know that it is impossible to die. Whenever the soul *feels itself*, it feels everlasting life!

The initiation is deferred—thy days and nights are left to no other visions than those with which a contented heart enchants a guileless fancy. Glendoveers and sylphs, pardon me if I question whether those visions are not lovlier than yourselves!

They stand by the beach, and see the sun sinking into the sea. How long now have they dwelt on that island? What matters!—it may be months, or years—what matters! Why should I, or they, keep account of that happy time? As in the dream of a moment ages may seem to pass, so shall we measure transport or woe—by the length of the dream, or the number of emotions that the dream involves!

The sun sinks slowly down; the air is arid and oppressive; on the sea, the stately vessel lies motionless; on the shore, no leaf trembles on the trees.

Viola drew nearer to Zanoni; a presentiment she could not define made her heart beat more quickly; and, looking into his face, she was struck with its expression; it was anxious, abstracted, perturbed.

"This stillness awes me," she whispered.

Zanoni did not seem to hear her. He muttered to himself, and his eyes gazed round restlessly. She knew not why, but that gaze, which seemed to pierce into space, that muttered voice in some foreign language, revived dimly her earlier superstitions. She was more fearful since the hour when she knew that she was to be a mother. Strange crisis in the life of woman, and in her love! Something yet unborn begins already to divide her heart with that which had been before its only monarch!

"Look on me, Zanoni," she said, pressing his hand.

He turned—"Thou art pale, Viola; thy hand trembles!"

"It is true. I feel as if some enemy were creeping near us."

"And the instinct deceives thee not. An enemy is indeed at hand. I see it through the heavy air; I hear it through the silence: the Ghostly One—the Destroyer—the PESTILENCE! Ah, seest thou how the leaves swarm with insects, only by an effort visible to the eye.

They follow the breath of the plague!" As he spoke, a bird fell from the boughs at Viola's feet; it fluttered, it writhed an instant, and was dead.

"Oh, Viola!" cried Zanoni, passionately, 'that is death. Dost thou not fear to die?"

"To leave thee? Ah, yes!"

"And if I could teach thee how Death may be defied—if I could arrest for thy youth the course of time—if I could—"

He paused abruptly, for Viola's eyes spoke only terror; her cheek and lips were pale.

"Speak not thus—look not thus," she said, recoiling from him. "You dismay me. Ah, speak not thus, or I should tremble—no, not for myself, but for thy child."

"Thy child! But wouldst thou reject for thy child the same glorious boon?"

"Zanoni!"

"Well!"

"The sun has sunk from our eyes, but to rise on those of others. To disappear from this world, is to live in the world afar. Oh, lover—oh, husband!" she continued, with sudden energy, "tell me that thou didst but jest, that thou didst but trifle with my folly! There is less terror in the pestilence than in thy words."

Zanoni's brow darkened; he looked at her in silence for some moments, and then said, almost severely—

"What hast thou known of me to distrust?"

"Oh pardon, pardon!—nothing!" cried Viola, throwing herself on his breast, and bursting into tears. "I will not believe even thine own words, if they seem to wrong thee!" He kissed the tears from her eyes, but made no answer.

"And ah!" she resumed, with an enchanting and child-like smile, "if thou wouldst give me a charm against the pestilence, see, I will take it from thee." And she laid her hand on a small antique amulet that he wore on his breast."

"Thou knowest how often this has made me jealous of the past: surely, some love-gift, Zanoni? Bt no, thou didst not love the giver as thou dost me. Shall I steal thine amulet?"

"Infant!" said Zanoni, tenderly; "she who placed this round my neck deemed it indeed a charm, for she had superstitions like thyself; but to me it is more than the wizard's spell—it is the relic of a sweet vanished time, when none who loved me could distrust."

He had said these words in a tone of such melancholy reproach, that it went to the heart of Viola; but the tone changed into solemnity which chilled back the gush of her feelings as he resumed: "And this, Viola, one day, perhaps, I will transfer from my breast to thine; yes, whenever thou shalt comprehend me better—*whenever the laws of our being shall be the same!*"

He moved on gently. They returned slowly home; but fear still was in the heart of Viola, though she strove to shake it off. Italian and Catholic she was, with all the superstitions of land and sect. She stole to her chamber, and prayed before a little relic of San Gennaro, which the priest of her house had given to her in childhood, and which had accompanied her in all her wandering. She had never deemed it possible to part with it before. Now, if there was a charm against the pestilence, did she fear the pestilence for herself? The next morning when he woke, Zanoni found the relic of the saint suspended, with his mystic amulet, round his neck.

"Ah! thou wilt have nothing to fear from the pestilence now," said Viola, between tears and smiles; and when thou wouldst talk to me again as thou didst last night, the saint shall rebuke thee."

Well, Zanoni, can there ever indeed be commune of thought and spirit, except with equals?

Yes, the Plague broke out—the island home must be abandoned. Mighty Seer, *thou hast no power to save those whom thou lovest!* Farewell, thou bridal roof!—sweet resting place from Care, farewell! Climates as soft may greet ye, O lovers—skies as serene, and waters as blue and calm. But *that time*, can it ever more return? Who shall say that the heart does not change with the scene—the place where we first dwelt with the beloved one? Every spot *there* has so many memories which the place only can recall. The past that haunts it, seems to command such constancy in the future. If a thought less kind, less trustful, enter within us, the sight of a tree under which a vow has been exchanged, a tear has been kissed away, restores us again to the hours of the first divine illusion. But in a home, where nothing speaks of the first nup-

tials, where there is no eloquence of association, no holy burial places of emotions, whose ghosts are angels!—yes, who that has gone through the sad history of Affection will tell us, that the heart changes not with the scene! Blow fair, ye favoring winds; cheerily swell, ye sails; away from the land where Death has come to snatch the sceptre of Love! The shores glide by; new coasts succeed to the green hills and orange groves of the Bridal Isle. From afar now gleam in the moonlight the columns, yet extant, of a temple which the Athenian dedicated to Wisdom: and, standing on the bark that bounded on in the freshening gale, the votary who had survived the goddess murmured to himself—

"Has the wisdom of ages brought me no happier hours than those common to the shepherd and the herdsman, with no world beyond their village—no aspiration beyond the kiss and the smile of home?"

And the moon resting alike over the ruins of the temple of the departed Creed—over the hut of the living peasant—over the immemorial mountain top, and the perishable herbage that clothed its sides, seemed to smile back its answer of calm disdain to the being who, perchance, might have seen the temple built, and who, in his inscrutable existence, might behold the mountain shattered from its base.

BOOK FIFTH.

THE EFFECTS OF THE ELIXIR.

Frommet's den Schleier aufzuheben,
Wo das nahe Schreckniss droht?
Nur das Irrthum ist das Leben
Und das Wissen ist der Tod,
—SCHILLER, *Kassandro.*

Delusion is the life we live
And knowledge death: oh wherefore, then,
To sight the coming evils give
And lift the veil of Fate to Man?

CHAPTER I.

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust.
* * * *
Was stehst du so, und blickst erstaunt hinaus?*
—FAUST.

IT will be remembered that we left Master Páolo by the bedside of Glyndon; and as, waking from that profound slumber, the recollections of the past night came horribly back to his mind, the Englishman uttered a cry, and covered his face with his hands.

"Good morrow, Excellency," said Páolo gaily. "Corpo di Bacco, you have slept soundly!"

The sound of this man's voice, so lusty, ringing, and healthful, served to scatter before it the Phantasma that yet haunted Glyndon's memory.

He rose erect in his bed. "And where did you find me? Why are you here?"

"Where did I find you!" repeated Páolo, in surprise; "in your bed, to be sure. Why am I here!—because the Padrone bade me await your waking, and attend your commands."

"The Padrone, Mejnour!—is he arrived?"

"Arrived and departed, Signor. He has left this letter for you."

"Give it me, and wait without till I am dressed."

"At your service. I have bespoke an excellent breakfast: you must be hungry. I am a very tolerable cook: a monk's son ought to be! You will be startled at my genius in the dressing of fish. My singing, I trust, will not disturb you. I always sing while I prepare a salad; it harmonizes the ingredients." And slinging his carbine over his shoulder, Páolo sauntered from the room, and closed the door.

Glyndon was already deep in the contents of the following letter:—

"When I first received thee as my pupil, I promised Zanoni, if convinced by thy first trials that thou couldst but swell, not the number of our order, but the list of the victims who have aspired to it in vain, I would not rear thee to thine own wretchedness and doom: I would dismiss thee back to the world. I fulfil my promise. Thine ordeal has been the easiest that Neophyte ever knew. I asked for nothing but abstinence from the sensual, and a brief experiment of thy patience and thy faith. Go back to thine own world; thou hast no nature to aspire to ours!

"It was I who prepared Páolo to receive thee at the revel. It was I who instigated the old beggar to ask thee for alms. It was I who left open the book that thou couldst not read without violating my command. Well, thou hast seen what awaits thee at the threshold of knowledge. Thou hast confronted the first foe that menaces him whom the senses yet grasp and enthral. Dost thou wonder that I close upon thee the gates for ever! Dost thou not comprehend, at last, that it needs a soul tempered, and purified, and raised, not by external spells, but by its own sublimity and valor, to pass the threshold, and disdain the foe? Wretch! all my science avails nothing for the rash, for the sensual—for him who desires our secrets but to pollute them to gross enjoyments and selfish vice?

* Two souls dwell, alas! in my breast.
* * * *
Why standest thou so, and lookest out astonished?

How have the impostors and sorcerers of the earlier times perished by their very attempt to penetrate the mysteries that should purify, and not deprave! They have boasted of the philosopher's stone, and died in rags; of the immortal elixir, and sank to their grave, gray before their time. Legends tell you, that the fiend rent them into fragments. Yes; the fiend of their own unholy desires and criminal designs! What they coveted thou covetest; and if thou hadst the wings of a seraph, thou couldst soar not from the slough of thy mortality. Thy desire for knowledge, but petulant presumption; thy thirst for happiness, but the diseased longing for the unclean and muddied waters of corporeal pleasure; thy very love, which usually elevates even the mean, a passion that calculates treason, amidst the first glow of lust;—*thou*, one of us! Thou, a brother of the August Order! Thou, an aspirant to the Stars that shine in the Shemaiá of the Chaldæan lore! The eagle can raise but the eaglet to the sun. I abandon thee to thy twilight!

"But, alas, for thee, disobedient and profane! thou hast inhaled the elixir; thou hast attracted to thy presence a ghastly and remorseless foe. Thou thyself must exorcise the phantom thou hast raised. Thou must return to the world; but not without punishment and strong effort canst thou regain the calm and the joy of the life thou hast left behind. This for thy comfort will I tell thee: he who has drawn into his frame even so little of the volatile and vital energy of the aerial juices as thyself, has awakened faculties that cannot sleep—faculties that may yet, with patient humility, with sound faith, and the courage that is not of the body like thine, but of the resolute and virtuous mind, attain, if not to the knowledge that reigns above, to high achievement in the career of men. Thou wilt find the restless influence in all that thou wouldst undertake. Thy heart, amidst vulgar joys, will aspire to something holier; thy ambition, amidst coarse excitement, to something beyond thy reach. But deem not that this of itself will suffice for glory. Equally may the craving lead thee to shame and guilt. It is but an imperfect and new-born energy, which will not suffer thee to repose. As thou directest it, must thou believe it to be the emanation of thine evil genius or thy good.

"But woe to thee! insect meshed in the web in which thou hast entangled limbs and wings! Thou hast not only inhaled the elixir, thou hast conjured the spectre; of all the tribes of the space, no foe is so malignant to man—and thou hast lifted the veil from thy gaze. I cannot restore to thee the happy dimness of thy vision. Know, at least, that all of us—the highest and the wisest—who have, in sober truth, passed beyond the threshold, have had, as our first fearful task, to master and subdue its grisely and appalling guardian. Know that thou *canst* deliver thyself from those livid eyes—know that, while they haunt, they cannot harm, if thou resistest the thoughts to which they tempt, and the horror they engender. *Dread them most when thou beholdest them not.* And thus, son of the worm, we part! All that I can tell thee to encourage, yet to warn and to guide, I have told thee in these lines.

"Not from me, from thyself has come the gloomy trial, from which I yet trust thou wilt emerge into peace. Type of the knowledge that I serve, I withhold no lesson from the pure aspirant; I am a dark enigma to the general seeker. As man's only indestructible possession is his memory, so it is not in mine art to crumble into matter the immaterial thoughts that have sprung up within thy breast. The tyro might shatter this castle to the dust, and topple down the mountain to the plain. The master has no power to say, 'Exist no more,' to one THOUGHT that his knowledge has inspired. Thou mayest change the thought into new forms; thou mayest rarify and sublimate it into a finer spirit, but thou canst not annihilate that which has no home but in the memory—no substance but the idea. EVERY THOUGHT IS A SOUL! Vainly, therefore, would I or thou undo the past, or restore to thee the gay blindness of thy youth. Thou must endure the influence of the elixir thou hast inhaled; thou must wrestle with the spectre thou hast invoked!"

The letter fell from Glyndon's hand. A sort of stupor succeeded to the various emotions which had chased each other in the perusal—a stupor, resembling that which follows the sudden destruction of any ardent and long nurst hope in the human heart, whether it be of love, of avarice, of ambition. The loftier world for which he had so thirsted, sacrificed, and toiled, was closed upon him "for ever," and by his own faults of rashness and presumption. But Glyndon's was not of that nature which submits long to condemn itself. His indignation began to kindle against Mejnour, who owned he had tempted, and who now abandoned him—abandoned him to the presence of a spectre. The Mystic's reproaches stung, rather than humbled him. What crime had he committed to deserve language so harsh and disdainful? Was it so deep a debasement to feel pleasure in the smile and the eyes of Fillide? Had not Zanoni himself confessed love for Viola?—had he not fled with her as his companion? Glyndon never paused to consider if there are no distinction between one kind of love and another. Where, too, was the great offence of yielding to a temptation which only existed for the brave? Had not the mystic volume which Mejnour had purposely left open, bid him, but "Beware of fear?"

Was not, then, every wilful provocative held out to the strongest influences of the human mind, in the prohibition to enter the chamber—in the possession of the key which excited his curiosity—in the volume which seemed to dictate the mode by which the curiosity was to be gratified? As, rapidly, these thoughts passed over him, he began to consider the whole conduct of Mejnour either as a perfidious design to entrap him to his own misery, or as the trick of an impostor, who knew that he could not realize the great professions he had made. On glancing again over the more

mysterious threats and warnings in Mejnour's letter, they seemed to assume the language of mere parable and allegory—the jargon of the Platonists and Pythagoreans. By little and little, he began to consider that the very spectra he had seen—even that one phantom so horrid in its aspect—were but the delusions which Mejnour's science had enabled him to raise. The healthful sunlight, filling up every cranny in his chamber, seemed to laugh away the terrors of the past night. His pride and his resentment nerved his habitual courage; and when, having hastily dressed himself, he rejoined Páolo, it was with a flushed cheek, and a haughty step.

"So, Páolo," said he, "the Padrone, as you call him, told you to expect and welcome me at your village feast?"

"He did so, by a message from a wretched old cripple. This surprised me at the time, for I thought he was far distant. But these great philosophers make a joke of two or three hundred leagues."

"Why did you not tell me you had heard from Mejnour?"

"Because the old cripple forbade me."

"Did you not see the man afterwards during the dance?"

"No, Excellency."

"Humph!"

"Allow me to serve you," said Páolo piling Glyndon's plate, and then filling his glass. "I wish, Signor, now the Padrone is gone,—not" (added Páolo, as he cast rather a frightened and suspicious glance round the room), "that I mean to say anything disrespectful of him,—I wish, I say, now that he is gone, that you would take pity on yourself, and ask your own heart what your youth was meant for? Not to bury yourself alive in these old ruins, and endanger body and soul by studies which I am sure no saint could approve of."

"Are the saints so partial, then, to your own occupations, Master Páolo?"

"Why," answered the bandit, a little confused, "a gentleman with plenty of pistoles in his purse, need not, of necessity, make it his profession to take away the pistoles of other people! It is a different thing for us poor rogues. After all, too, I always devote a tithe of my gains to the Virgin; and I share the rest charitably with the poor. But eat, drink, enjoy yourself—be absolved by your confessor for any little peccadilloes, and don't run too long scores at a time—that's my advice. Your health, Excellency! Pshaw, Signor, fasting, except on the days prescribed to a good Catholic, only engenders phantoms."

"Phantoms!"

"Yes; the devil always tempts the empty stomach, To covet—to hate—to thieve—to rob, and to murder—these are the natural desires of a man who is famishing. With a full belly, Signor, we are at peace with all the world. That's right: you like the partridge! Cospetto! When I myself have passed two or three days in the mountains, with nothing from sunset to sunrise but a black crust and onion, I grow as fierce as a wolf. That's not the worst, too. In these times I see little imps dancing before me. Oh, yes; fasting is as full of spectres as a field of battle."

Glyndon thought there was some sound philosophy in the reasoning of his companion; and, certainly, the more he ate and drank, the more the recollection of the past night and of Mejnour's desertion faded from his mind. The casement was open—the breeze blew—the sun shone—all Nature was merry; and merry as Nature herself grew Maêstro Páolo. He talked of adventures, of travel, of women, with a hearty gusto that had its infection. But Glyndon listened yet more complacently when Páolo turned with an arch smile to praises of the eye, the teeth, the ankles, and the shape of the handsome Fillide.

This man, indeed, seemed the very personation of animal sensual life. He would have been to Faust a more dangerous tempter than Mephistopheles. There was no sneer on *his* lip at the pleasures which animated his voice. To one awaking to a sense of the vanities in knowledge, this reckless ignorant joyousness of temper was a worse corruptor than all the icy mockeries of a learned Fiend. But when Páolo took his leave, with a promise to return the next day, the mind of the Englishman again settled back to a graver and more thoughtful mood. The elixir seemed, in truth, to have left the refining effects Mejnour had ascribed to it. As Glyndon paced to and fro the solitary corridor, or pausing, gazed upon the extended and glorious scenery that stretched below, high thoughts of enterprise and ambition—bright visions of glory—passed in rapid succession through his soul.

"Mejnour denies me his science. "Well," said the painter, proudly, "he has not robbed me of my art."

What! Clarence Glyndon! dost thou return to that from which thy career commenced? Was Zanoni right after all?

He found himself in the chamber of the Mystic: not a vessel—not a herb! the solemn volume is vanished—the elixir shall sparkle for him no more! But still in the room itself seems to linger the atmosphere of a charm. Faster and fiercer it burns within thee, the Desire to achieve, to create! Thou longest for a life beyond the sensual!—but the life that is permitted to all genius—that which breathes through the immortal work, and endures in the imperishable name.

Where are the implements for thine art? Tush!—when did the true workman ever fail to find his tools? Thou art again in thine own chamber—the white wall thy canvass—a fragment of charcoal for thy pencil. They suffice, at least, to give outline to the conception, that may otherwise vanish with the morrow.

The idea that thus excited the imagination of the artist was unquestionably noble and august. It was derived from that Egyptian ceremonial which Diodorus has recorded—the Judgment of the Dead by the Living: * when the corpse, duly embalmed, is placed by the margin of the Acherusian Lake, and before it may be consigned to the bark which is to bear it across the waters to its final resting-place, it is permitted to the appointed judges to hear all accusations of the past life of the deceased, and, if proved, to deprive the corpse of the rites of sepulture.

Unconsciously to himself, it was Mejnour's description of this custom, which he had illustrated by several anecdotes not to be found in books, that now suggested the design to the artist, and gave it reality and force. He supposed a powerful and guilty king whom in life scarce a whisper had dared to arraign, but against whom, now the breath was gone, came the slave from his fetters, the mutilated victim from his dungeon, livid and squalid as if dead themselves, invoking with parched lips the justice that outlives the grave.

Strange fervor this, O Artist! breaking suddenly forth from the mists and darkness which the occult science had spread so long over thy fancies—strange that the reaction of the night's terror and the day's disappointment should be back to thine holy art! Oh, how freely goes the bold hand over the large outline! How, despite those rude materials, speaks forth no more the pupil, but the master! Fresh yet from the glorious elixir, how thou givest to thy creatures the finer life denied to thyself?—some power not thine own writes the grand symbols on the wall. Behind, rises the mighty sepulchre, on the building of which repose to the dead, the lives of thousands had been consumed. There, sit in a semicircle the solemn judges. Black and sluggish flows the lake. There lies the mummied and royal dead. Dost thou quail at the frown on his life-like brow? Ha!—bravely done, O Artist!—up rise the haggard form!—pale speak the ghastly faces! Shall not Humanity after death avenge itself on Power? Thy conception, Clarence Glyndon, is a sublime truth; thy design promises renown to genius. Better this magic than the charms of the volume and the vessel. Hour after hour has gone; thou hast lighted the lamp; night sees thee yet at thy labor. Merciful heaven! what chills the atmosphere?—why does the lamp grow wan?—why does thy hair bristle? There!—there!—there! at the casement!—It gazes on thee, the dark, mantled, loathsome Thing! There, with their devilish mockery and hateful craft, glare on thee those horrid eyes!

He stood and gazed. It was no delusion—It spoke not, moved not, till, unable to bear longer that steady and burning look, he covered his face with his hands. With a start, with a thrill he removed them: he felt the nearer presence of the nameless. There, it cowered on the floor beside his design; and, lo! the figures seemed to start from the wall! Those pale accusing figures, the shapes he himself had raised, frowned at him and gibbered. With a violent effort that convulsed his whole being, and bathed his body in the sweat of agony, the young man mastered his horror. He strode towards the Phantom; he endured its eyes; he accosted it with a steady voice; he demanded its purpose and defied its power.

And then, as a wind from a charnel, was heard its voice. What it said, what revealed, it is forbidden the lips to repeat, the hand to record. Nothing, save the subtle life that yet

* Diod., lib. i.

animated the frame, to which the inhalations of the elixir had given vigor and energy beyond the strength of the strongest, could have survived that awful hour. Better to wake in the catacombs and see the buried rise from their cerements, and hear the ghouls, in their horried orgies, among the festering ghastliness of corruption, than to front those features when the veil was lifted, and listen to that whispered voice!

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* * * *
* * * *

The next day Glyndon fled from the ruined castle. With what hopes of starry light had he crossed the threshold; with what memories to shudder evermore at the darkness, did he look back at the frown of its time-worn towers.

CHAPTER II.

FAUST. Wohin soll es nun gehen?
MEPHIST. Wohin es Dir gefällt.
Wir sehen die kleine, dann die grosse Welt.*
—FAUST.

DRAW your chair to the fireside, brush clean the hearth, and trim the lights. Oh, home of sleekness, order, substance, comfort! Oh, excellent thing art thou, Matter of Fact!

It is some time after the date of the last chapter. Here we are, not in moonlit islands, or mouldering castles, but in a room twenty-six feet by twenty-two—well carpeted—well cushioned—solid arm chairs, and eight such bad pictures, in such fine frames, upon the walls! Thomas Mervale Esq., merchant of London, you are an enviable dog!

It was the easiet thing in the world for Mervale, on returning from his continental episode of life to settle down to his desk—his heart had been always there. The death of his father gave him, as a birthright, a high position in a respectable, though second-rate firm. To make this establishment first-rate, was an honorable ambition—it was his! He had lately married, not entirely for money—no! he was worldly rather than mercenary. He had no romantic ideas of love! but he was too sensible a man not to know that a wife should be a companion—not merely a speculation. He did not care for beauty and genius, but he liked health and good temper and a certain proportion of useful understanding. He chose a wife from his reason, not his heart, and a very good choice he made. Mrs. Mervale was an excellent young woman—bustling, managing, economical, but affectionate and good. She had a will of her own, but was no shrew. She had a great notion of the rights of a wife, and a strong perception of the qualities that ensure comfort. She would never have forgiven her husband, had she found him guilty of the most passing fancy for another; but, in return, she had the most admirable sense of propriety herself. She held in abhorrence all levity, all flirtation, all coquetry—small vices, which often ruin domestic happiness, but which a giddy nature incurs without consideration. But she did not think it right to love a husband over much. She left a surplus of affection for all her relations, all her friends, some of her acquaintances, and the possibility of a second marriage, should any accident happen to Mr. M. She kept a good table, for it suited their station, and her temper was considered even, though firm; but she could say a sharp thing or two, if Mr. Mervale was not punctual to a moment. She was very particular that he should change his shoes on coming home—the carpets were new and expensive. She was not sulky, nor passionate—Heaven bless her for that!—but when displeased, she showed it, administered a dignified rebuke—alluded to her fair virtues—to her uncle, who was an admiral, and to the thirty thousand pounds which she had brought to the object of her choice. But as Mr. Mervale was a good-humored man, owned his faults, and subscribed to her excellence, the displeasure was soon over.

Every household has its little disagreements, none fewer than that of Mr. and Mrs. Mervale. Mrs. Mervale, without being improperly fond of dress, paid due attention to it. She was never seen out of her chamber with papers in her hair, nor in that worst of disillusions—a morning wrapper. At half-past eight every morning Mrs. Mervale was dressed for the day—that is, till she redressed for dinner;—her stays well laced,—her cap prim,—

* F. Whither go now?
M. Whither it pleases thee.
We see the small world, then the great.

her gowns, winter and summer, of a thick, handsome silk. Ladies at that time wore short waists; so did Mrs. Mervale. Her morning ornaments were a thick gold chain, to which was suspended a gold watch—none of those fragile dwarfs of mechanism, that look so pretty, and go so ill—but a handsome repeater, which chronicled Father Time to a moment; also a mosaic brooch; also a miniature of her uncle, the admiral, set in a bracelet. For the evening, she had two handsome sets—necklace, earrings, and bracelets complete—one of amethysts, the other topazes. With these, her costume, for the most part, was a gold-colored satin and a turban, in which last her picture had been taken. Mrs. Mervale had an aquiline nose, good teeth, fair hair, and light eyelashes, rather a high complexion, what is generally called a fine bust, full cheeks, large useful feet, made for walking, large white hands, with filbert nails, on which not a speck of dust had, even in childhood, ever been known to alight. She looked a little older than she really was; but that might arise from a certain air of dignity, and the aforesaid aquiline nose. She generally wore short mittens. She never read any poetry but Goldsmith's and Cowper's. She was not amused by novels, though she had no prejudice against them. She liked a play and a pantomime, with a slight supper afterwards. She did not like concerts nor operas. At the beginning of the winter, she selected some book to read, and some piece of work to commence. The two lasted her till the spring, when, though she continued to work, she left off reading. Her favorite study was history, which she read through the medium of Dr. Goldsmith. Her favorite author in the belles lettres was, of course, Dr. Johnson. A worthier woman, or one more respected, was not to be found, except in an epitaph!

It was an autumn night. Mr. and Mrs. Mervale, lately returned from an excursion to Weymouth, are in the drawing-room—"the dame sate on this side—the man sat on that."

"Yes, I assure you, my dear, that Glyndon, with all his eccentricities, was a very engaging, amiable fellow. You would certainly have liked him—all the women did."

"My dear Thomas, you will forgive the remark,—but that expression of yours—'all the *women*'——"

"I beg your pardon,—you are right. I meant to say that he was a general favorite with your charming sex."

"I understand,—rather a frivolous character."

"Frivolous! no, not exactly; a little unsteady—very odd—but certainly not frivolous; presumptuous and headstrong in character, but modest and shy in his manners, rather too much so—just what you like. However, to return; I am seriously uneasy at the accounts I have heard of him to-day. He has been living, it seems, a very strange and irregular life, travelling from place to place, and must have spent already a great deal of money."

"Apropos of money," said Mrs. Mervale; "I fear we must change our butcher; he is certainly in league with the cook."

"This is a pity; his beef is remarkably fine. These London servants are as bad as the Carbonari. But, as I was saying, poor Glyndon ——"

Here a knock was heard at the door. "Bless me," said Mrs. Mervale, "it is past ten! Who can that possibly be?"

"Perhaps your uncle, the admiral," said the husband, with a slight peevishness in his accent. "He generally favors us about this hour.

"I hope, my love, that none of my relations are unwelcome visitors at your house. The admiral is a most entertaining man, and—his fortune is entirely at his own disposal."

"No one I respect more," said Mr. Mervale, with emphasis.

The servant threw open the door, and announced Mr. Glyndon.

"Mr. Glyndon!—what an extraordinary—" exclaimed Mrs. Mervale, but before she could conclude the sentence, Glyndon was in the room.

The two friends greeted each other with all the warmth of early recollection and long absence. An appropriate and proud presentation to Mrs. Mervale ensued; and Mrs. Mervale, with a dignified smile, and a furtive glance at his boots, bade her husband's friend welcome to England.

Glyndon was greatly altered since Mervale had seen him last. Though less than two years had elapsed since then, his fair complexion was more bronzed and manly. Deep lines of care, or thought, or dissipation, had

replaced the smooth contour of happy youth. To a manner once gentle and polished, had succeeded a certain recklessness of mien, tone, and bearing, which bespoke the habits of a society that cared little for the calm decorums of conventional ease. Still a kind of wild nobleness, not before apparent in him, characterized his aspect, and gave something of dignity to the freedom of his language and gestures.

"So, then, you are settled, Mervale—I need not ask you if you are happy. Worth, sense, wealth, character, and so fair a companion deserve happiness, and command it."

"Would you like some tea, Mr. Glyndon?" asked Mrs. Mervale, kindly.

"Thank you—no. I propose a more convivial stimulus to my old friend. Wine, Mervale—wine, eh!—or a bowl of old English punch. Your wife will excuse us—we will make a night of it!"

Mrs. Mervale drew back her chair, and tried not to look aghast. Glyndon did not give his friend time to reply—

"So at last I am in England," he said, looking round the room, with a slight sneer on his lips; "surely this sober air must have its influence; surely here I shall be like the rest."

"Have you been ill, Glyndon?"

"Ill! yes. Humph! you have a fine house. Does it contain a spare room for a solitary wanderer?"

Mr. Mervale glanced at his wife, and his wife looked steadily on the carpet. "Modest and shy in his manners—rather too much so!" Mrs. Mervale was in the seventh heaven of indignation and amaze!

"My dear?" said Mr. Mervale at last meekly and interrogatingly.

"My dear!" returned Mrs. Mervale, innocently and sourly.

"We can make up a room for my old friend, Sarah?"

The old friend had sunk back on his chair; and, gazing intently on the fire, with his feet at ease upon the fender, seemed to have forgotten his question.

Mrs. Mervale bit her lips, looked thoughtful, and at last coldly replied—"Certainly, Mr. Mervale; your friends do right to make themselves at home."

With that she lighted a candle, and moved majestically from the room. When she returned, the two friends had vanished into Mr. Mervale's study.

Twelve o'clock struck—one o'clock—two! Thrice had Mrs. Mervale sent into the room to know—first, if they wanted anything; secondly if Mr. Glyndon slept on a mattress or feather-bed; thirdly, to inquire if Mr. Glyndon's trunk, which he had brought with him, should be unpacked. And to the answer to all these questions, was added, in a loud voice from the visitor—a voice that pierced from the kitchen to the attic—"Another bowl! stronger, if you please, and be quick with it!"

At last, Mr. Mervale appeared in the conjugal chamber—not penitent, not apologetic—no, not a bit of it. His eyes twinkled, his cheek flushed his feet reeled; he sung—Mr. Thomas Mervale positively sung!

"Mr. Mervale! is it possible sir!——

"'Old King Cole was a merry old soul——'"

"Mr. Mervale! sir!—leave me alone, sir!"

"'And a merry old soul was he——'"

"What an example to the servants!"

"'And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl——'"

"If you don't behave yourself, sir, I shall call——"

"'Call for his fiddlers three!'"

CHAPTER III.

In der Welt weit,
Aus der Einsamkeit
Wollen sie Dich locken.*—FAUST.

THE next morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Mervale looked as if all the wrongs of injured woman sat upon her brow. Mr. Mervale seemed the picture of remorseful guilt and avenging bile. He said little, except to complain of headache, and to request the eggs to be removed from the table. Clarence Glyndon—impervious, unconscious, unailing, impenitent—was in noisy spirits and talked for three.

"Poor Mervale! he has lost the habit of

* In the wide world, out of the solitude, will these allure thee.

good fellowship, madam. Another night or two, and he will be himself again!"

"Sir," said Mrs. Mervale, launching a premeditated sentence with more than Johnsonian dignity; "permit me to remind you that Mr. Mervale is now a married man, the destined father of a family, and the present master of a household."

"Precisely the reasons why I envy him so much. I myself have a great mind to marry. Happiness is contagious."

"Do you still take to painting?" asked Mervale, languidly, endeavoring to turn the tables on his guest.

"Oh, no; I have adopted your advice. No art, no ideal—nothing loftier than Commonplace for me now. If I were to paint again, I positively think *you* would purchase my pictures. Make haste and finish your breakfast, man; I wish to consult you. I have come to England to see after my affairs. My ambition is to make money; your counsels and experience cannot fail to assist me here."

"Ah! you were soon disenchanted of your Philosopher's stone. You must know, Sarah, that when I last left Glyndon, he was bent upon turning alchemist and magician."

"You are witty to-day, Mr. Mervale."

"Upon my honor it is true. I told you so before."

Glyndon rose abruptly.

"Why revive those recollections of folly and presumption. Have I not said that I have returned to my native land to pursue the healthful avocations of my kind! O yes! what so healthful, so noble, so fitted to our nature, as what you call the Practical Life? If we have faculties, what is their use, but to sell them to advantage? Buy knowledge as we do our goods; buy it at the cheapest market, sell it at the dearest. Have you not breakfasted yet?"

The friends walked into the streets, and Mervale shrunk from the irony with which Glydon complimented him on his respectability, his station, his pursuits, his happy marriage, and his eight pictures in their handsome frames. Formerly the sober Mervale had commanded an influence over his friend; *his* had been the sarcasm; Glyndon's the irresolute shame at his own peculiarities. Now this position was reversed. There was a fierce earnestness in Glyndon's altered temper which awed and silenced the quiet common-place of his friend's character. He seemed to take a malignant delight in persuading himself that the sober life of the world was contemptible and base.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "how right you were to tell me to marry respectably; to have a solid position; to live in decorous fear of the world and one's wife; and to command the envy of the poor, the good opinion of the rich. You have practised what you preach. Delicious existence! The merchant's desk, and the curtain lecture! Ha! ha! Shall we have another night of it?"

Mervale, embarrassed and irritated, turned the conversation upon Glyndon's affairs. He was surprised at the knowledge of the world which the artist seemed to have suddenly acquired; surprised still more at the acuteness and energy with which he spoke of the speculations most in vogue at the market. Yes; Glyndon was certainly in earnest; he desired to be rich and respectable,—and to make at least ten per cent. for his money!

After spending some days with the merchant, during which time he contrived to disorganize all the mechanism of the house, to turn night into day, harmony into discord, to drive poor Mrs. Mervale half-distracted, and to convince her husband that he was horribly hen-pecked, the ill-omened visitor left them as suddenly as he had arrived. He took a house of his own; he sought the society of persons of substance; he devoted himself to the money-market; he seemed to have become a man of business; his schemes were bold and colossal; his calculations rapid and profound. He startled Mervale by his energy, and dazzled him by his success. Mervale began to envy him—to be discontented with his own regular and slow gains. When Glyndon bought or sold in the funds, wealth rolled upon him like the tide of a sea; what years of toil could not have done for him in art, a few months, by a succession of lucky chances, did for him in speculation. Suddenly, however, he relaxed his exertions; new objects of ambition seemed to attract him. If he heard a drum in the streets, what glory like the soldier's? If a new poem were published, what renown like the poet's? He began works in literature, which promised great excellence, to throw them aside in disgust. All at once he

abandoned the decorous and formal society he had courted; he joined himself with young and riotous associates; he plunged into the wildest excesses of the great city, where Gold reigns alike over Toil and Pleasure. Through all, he carried with him a certain power and heat of soul. In all society he aspired to command—in all pursuits to excel. Yet whatever the passion of the moment, the reaction was terrible in its gloom. He sunk, at times, into the most profound and darkest reveries. His fever was that of a mind that would escape memory—his repose, that of a mind which the memory seizes again, and devours as a prey. Mervale now saw little of him; they shunned each other. Glyndon had no confidant, and no friend.

CHAPTER IV.

Ich fühle Dich mir nahe,
Die Einsamkeit belebt:
Wie über seinen Welten
Der Unsichtbare schwebt.*
—UHLAND.

FROM this state of restlessness and agitation rather than continuous action, Glyndon was aroused by a visitor who seemed to exercise the most salutary influence over him. His sister, an orphan with himself, had resided in the country with her aunt. In the early years of hope and home, he had loved this girl, much younger than himself, with all a brother's tenderness. On his return to England, he had seemed to forget her existence. She recalled herself to him on her aunt's death by a touching and melancholy letter;—she had now no home but his—no dependence save on his affection; he wept when he read it, and was impatient till Adela arrived.

This girl, then about eighteen, concealed beneath a gentle and calm exterior much of the romance or enthusiasm that had, at her own age, characterized her brother. But her enthusiasm was of a far purer order, and was restrained within proper bounds, partly by the sweetness of a very feminine nature, and partly by a strict and methodical education. She differed from him especially in a timidity of character, which exceeded that usual at her age, but which the habit of self-command concealed no less carefully, than that timidity itself concealed the romance I have ascribed to her.

Adela was not handsome; she had the complexion and the form of delicate health; and too fine an organization of the nerves rendered her susceptible to every impression that could influence the health of the frame through the sympathy of the mind. But as she never complained, and as the singular serenity of her manners seemed to betoken an equanimity of temperament which, with the vulgar, might have passed for indifference, her sufferings had so long been borne unnoticed, that it ceased to be an effort to disguise them. Though, as I have said, not handsome, her countenance was interesting and pleasing: and there was that caressing kindness, that winning charm about her smile, her manners, her anxiety to please, to comfort, and to soothe, which went at once to the heart, and made her lovely—because so loving.

Such was the sister whom Glyndon had so long neglected, and whom he now so cordially welcomed. Adela had passed many years a victim to the caprices, and a nurse to the maladies of a selfish and exacting relation. The delicate, and generous, and respectful affection of her brother was no less new to her than delightful. He took pleasure in the happiness he created: he gradually weaned himself from other society; he felt the Charm of Home. It is not surprising then, that this young creature, free and virgin from every more ardent attachment, concentrated all her grateful love on this cherished and protecting relative. Her study by day, her dream by night was to repay him for his affection. She was proud of his talents, devoted to his welfare; the smallest trifle that could interest him swelled in her eyes to the gravest affairs of life. In short, all the long-hoarded enthusiasm which was her perilous and only heritage she invested in this one object of her holy tenderness, her pure ambition.

But in proportion as Glyndon shunned those excitements by which he had so long sought to occupy his time, or distract his thoughts, the gloom of his calmer hours became deeper

* I feel thee near to me;
The loneliness takes life—
As over its world
The Invisible hovers.

and more continuous. He ever and especially dreaded to be alone; he could not bear his new companion to be absent from his eyes; he rode with her, walked with her, and it was with visible reluctance, which almost partook of horror, that he retired to rest at an hour when even revel grows fatigued. This gloom was not that which could be called by the soft name of melancholy—it was far more intense; it seemed rather like despair. Often after a silence as of death,—so heavy, abstracted, motionless, did it appear,—he would start abruptly, and cast hurried glances around him—his lips trembling, his lips livid, his brows bathed in dew. Convinced that some secret sorrow preyed upon his mind, and would consume his health, it was the dearest as the most natural desire of Adela to become his confidante and consoler. She observed, with the quick tact of the delicate, that he disliked her to seem affected by, or even sensible of, his darker moods. She schooled herself to suppress her fears, and her feelings. She would not ask his confidence—she sought to steal into it. By little and little, she felt that she was succeeding. Too wrapped in his own strange existence to be acutely observant of the character of others, Glyndon mistook the self-content of a generous and humble affection for constitutional fortitude; and this quality pleased and soothed him. It is fortitude that the diseased mind requires in the confidant whom it selects as its physican. And how irresistible is that desire to communicate! How often the lonely man thought to himself, "My heart would be lightened of its misery, if once confessed!" He felt, too, that in the very youth, the inexperience, the poetical temperament of Adela, he could find one who would comprehend and bear with him better than any sterner and more practical nature. Mervale would have looked on his revelations as the ravings of madness, and most men, at best, as the sicklied chimeras, the optical delusions, of disease. Thus gradually preparing himself for that relief for which he yearned, the moment for his disclosure arrived thus:—

One evening as they sat alone together, Adela, who inherited some portion of her brother's talent in art, was employed in drawing, and Glyndon, rousing himself from meditations less gloomy than usual, rose and affectionately passing his arm round her waist, looked over her as she sat. An exclamation of dismay broke from his lips—he snatched the drawing from her her hand: "What are you about?—what portrait is this?"

"Dear Clarence do you not remember the original?—it is a copy from that portrait of our wise ancestor which our poor mother used to say so strongly resembled you. I thought it would please you if I copied it from memory."

"Accursed was the likeness!" said Glyndon, gloomily. "Guess you not the reason why I have shunned to return to the home of my fathers?—because I dreaded to meet that portrait!—because—because—but pardon me—I alarm you!"

"Ah, no—no, Clarence, you never alarm me when you speak, only when you are silent! Oh, if you thought me worthy of your trust! oh, if you had given me the right to reason with you in your sorrows that I yearn to share!"

Glyndon made no answer, but paced the room for some moments with disordered strides. He stopped at last, and gazed at her earnestly. "Yes, you, too, are his descendant! you know that such men have lived and suffered—you will not mock me—you will not disbelieve! Listen! hark!—what sound is that?"

"But the wind on the house-top, Clarence—but the wind."

"Give me your hand, let me feel its living clasp, and when I have told you, never revert to the tale again. Conceal it from all—swear that it shall die with us—the last of our predestined race!"

"Never will I betray your trust—I swear it—never!" said Adela firmly; and she drew closer to his side: Then Glyndon commenced his story. That which, perhaps in writing and to minds prepared to question and disbelieve, may seem cold and terrorless, became far different when told by those blanched lips, with all that truth of suffering which convinces and appals. Much, indeed, he concealed, much he involuntarily softened; but he revealed enough to make his tale intelligible and distinct to his pale and trembling listener. "At day-break," he said, "I left that unhallowed and abhorred abode. I had one hope still—I would seek Mejnour through the world. I would force

him to lay at rest the fiend that haunted my soul. With this intent I journeyed from city to city. I instituted the most vigilant researches through the police of Italy. I even employed the services of the Inquisition at Rome, which had lately asserted its ancient powers in the trial of the less dangerous Cagliostro. All was in vain; not a trace of him could be discovered. I was not alone, Adela." Here Glyndon paused a moment, as if embarrassed; for in his recital, I need scarcely say that he had only indistinctly alluded to Fillide, whom the reader may surmise to be his companion. "I was not alone, but the associate of my wanderings was not one in whom my soul could confide—faithful and affectionate, but without education, without faculties to comprehend me, with natural instincts rather than cultivated reason—one in whom the heart might lean in its careless hours, but with whom the mind could have no commune, in whom the bewildered spirit could seek no guide. Yet in the society of this person the dæmon troubled me not. Let me explain yet more fully the dread conditions of its presence. In coarse excitement, in common-place life, in the wild riot, in the fierce excess, in the torpid lethargy of that animal existence which we share with the brutes, its eyes were invisible, its whisper was unheard. But whenever the soul would aspire, whenever the imagination kindled to the loftier ends, whenever the consciousness of our proper destiny struggled against the unworthy life I pursued, then—Adela, then, it cowered by my side in the light of noon, or sat by my bed—a Darkness visible through the Dark. If, in the galleries of Divine Art, the dreams of my youth woke the early emulation—if I turned to the thoughts of sages—if the example of the great, if the converse of the wise, aroused the silenced intellect, the dæmon was with me as by a spell. At last, one evening, at Genoa, to which city I had travelled in pursuit of the Mystic, suddenly, and when least expected, he appeared before me. It was the time of the Carnival. It was in one of those half-frantic scenes of noise and revel, call it not gaiety, which establish a heathern saturnalia in the midst of a Christian festival. Wearied with the dance, I had entered a room in which several revellers were seated, drinking, singing, shouting; and in their fantastic dresses and hideous masks, their orgy seemed scarcely human. I placed myself amongst them, and in that fearful excitement of the spirits which the happy never know, I was soon the most riotous of all. The conversation fell on the Revolution of France, which had always possessed for me an absorbing fascination. The masks spoke of the millenium it was to bring on ear, not as philosophers rejoicing in the advent of light, but as ruffians exulting in the annihilation of law. I know not why it was, but their licentious language infected myself; and, always desirous to be foremost in every circle, I soon exceeded even these rioters in declamations on the nature of the liberty which was about to embrace all the families of the globe—a liberty that should pervade not only public legislation, but domestic life—an emancipation from every fetter that men had forged for themselves. In the midst of this tirade one of the masks whispered me—

"'Take care. One listens to you, who seems to be a spy!'

"My eyes followed those of the mask, and I observed a man who took no part in the conversation, but whose gaze was bent upon me. He was disguised like the rest, yet I found by a general whisper that none had observed him enter. His silence, his attention, had alarmed the fears of the other revellers—they only excited me the more. Rapt in my subject, I pursued it, insensible to the signs of those about me; and, addressing myself only to the silent mask who sat alone, apart from the group, I did not even observe that, one by one, the revellers slunk off, and that I and the silent listener were left alone, until, pausing from my heated and impetuous declamations, I said—

"'And you, Signor,—what is your view of this mighty era? Opinion without persecution—brotherhood without jealousy—love without bondage——'

"'And life without God,' added the mask, as I hesitated for new images.

"The sound of that well-known voice changed the current of my thought. I sprung forward, and cried—

"'Imposter or Fiend, we meet at last!'

"The figure rose as I advanced, and, unmasking, showed the features of Mejnour. His fixed eye—his majestic aspect awed and repelled me. I stood rooted to the ground.

"'Yes,' he said, solemnly, 'we meet, and it

is this meeting that I have sought. How hast thou followed my admonitions! Are these the scenes in which the Aspirant for the Serene Science thinks to escape the Ghastly Enemy? Do the thoughts thou hast uttered—thoughts that would strike all order from the universe—express the hopes of the sage who would rise to the Harmony of the Eternal Spheres?'

"'It is thy fault—it is thine!' I exclaimed. 'Exorcise the phantom! Take the haunting terror from my soul!'

"Mejnour looked at me a moment with a cold and cynical disdain, which provoked at once my fear and rage, and replied—

"'No, fool of thine own senses! No; thou must have full and entire experience of the illusions to which the Knowledge that is without Faith climbs its Titan way. Thou pantest for this Millenium—thou shalt behold it! Thou shalt be one of the agents of the era of Light and Reason. I see, while I speak, the Phantom thou fliest, by thy side—it marshals thy path—it has power over thee as yet—a power that defies my own. In the last days of that Revolution which thou hailest, amidst the wrecks of the Order thou curest as Oppression, seek the fulfilment of thy destiny, and await thy cure.'

"At that instant a troop of masks, clamorous, intoxicated, reeling, and rushing as they reeled poured into the room, and separated me from the Mystic. I broke through them, and sought him everywhere, but in vain. All my researches the next day were equally fruitless. Weeks were consumed in the same pursuit—not a trace of Mejnour could be discovered. Wearied with false pleasures, roused by reproaches I had deserved, recoiling from Mejnour's prophecy of the scene in which I was to seek deliverance, it occurred to me, at last, that in the sober air of my native country, and amidst its orderly and vigorous pursuits, I might work out my own emancipation from the spectre. I left all whom I had before courted and clung to:—I came hither. Amidst mercenary schemes and selfish speculations, I found the same relief as in debauch and excess. The Phantom was invisible, but these pursuits soon became to me distasteful as the rest. Ever and ever I felt that I was born for something nobler than the greed of gain—that life may be made equally worthless, and the soul equally degraded by the icy lust of Avarice, as by the noisier passions. A higher Ambition never ceased to torment me. But, but"—continued Glyndon, with a whitening lip and a visible shudder, "at every attempt to rise into loftier existence came that hideous form. It gloomed beside me at the easel. Before the volumes of Poet and Sage it stood with its burning eyes in the stillness of night, and I thought I heard its horrible whispers uttering temptations never to be divulged." He paused, and the drops stood upon his brow.

"But I," said Adela, mastering her fears, and throwing her arms round him—"But I henceforth will have no life but in thine. And in this love so pure, so holy, thy terror shall fade away."

"No, no!" exclaimed Glyndon, starting from her. "The worst revelation is to come. Since thou hast been here—since I have sternly and resolutely refrained from every haunt, every scene in which this preternatural enemy troubled me not, I—I—have—Oh, heaven! Mercy—mercy! There it stands—there, by thy side—there—there!" And he fell to the ground insensible.

CHAPTER V.

Doch wunderbar ergriff mich's diese Nacht;
Die Glieder schienen schon in Todes Macht.*
—UHLAND.

A FEVER, attended with delirium, for several days deprived Glyndon of consciousness; and when, by Adela's care, more than the skill of the physicians, he was restored to life and reason, he was unutterably shocked by the change in his sister's appearanee; at first, he fondly imagined that her health, affected by her vigils, would recover with his own. But he soon saw, with an anguish which partook of remorse, that the malady was deep-seated—deep, deep beyond the reach of Æsculapius and his drugs. Her imagination, little less lively than his own, was awfully impressed by the strange coufessions she had heard,—by the ravings of his delirium. Again and again, had he shrieked forth, "It is there—there, by thy side, my sister!" He had transferred to her fancy the spectre, and the horror that

* This night it fearfully seized on me; my limbs appeared already in the power of death.

cursed himself. He perceived this, not by her words, but her silence—by the eyes that strained into space—by the shiver that came over her frame—by the start of terror—by the look that did not dare to turn behind. Bitterly he repented his confession—bitterly he felt that between his sufferings and human sympathy, there could be no gentle and holy commune; vainly he sought to retract—to undo what he had done—to declare all was but the chimera of an over-heated brain.

And brave and generous was this denial of himself; for, often and often, as he thus spoke, he saw the Thing of Dread gliding to her side, and glaring at him as he disowned its being. But what chilled him, if possible, yet more than her wasting form and trembling nerves, was the change in her love for him; a natural terror had replaced it. She turned paler if he approached—she shuddered if he took her hand. Divided from the rest of earth, the gulf of the foul remembrance yawned now between his sister and himself. He could endure no more the presence of the one whose life *his* life had embittered. He made some excuses for departure, and writhed to see that they were greeted eagerly. The first gleam of joy he had detected, since that fatal night, on Adela's face, he beheld when he murmured "Farewell." He travelled for some weeks through the wildest parts of Scotland; scenery, which *makes* the artist, was loveless to his haggard eyes. A letter recalled him to London, on the wings of new agony and fear; he arrived to find his sister in a condition both of mind and health which exceeded his worst apprehensions.

Her vacant look—her lifeless posture, appalled him; it was as one who gazed on the Medusa's head, and felt, without a struggle, the human being gradually harden to the statue. It was not frenzy, it was not idiotcy—it was an abstraction, an apathy, a sleep in waking. Only as the night advanced towards the eleventh hour,—the hour in which Glyndon had concluded his tale,—she grew visibly uneasy, anxious, and perturbed. Then her lips muttered, her hands writhed; she looked round with a look of unspeakable appeal for succor—for protection; and suddenly, as the clock struck, fell with a shriek to the ground, cold and lifeless. With difficulty, and not until after the most earnest prayers, did she answer the agonized questions of Glyndon; at last she owned that at that hour, at that hour alone, wherever she was placed, however occupied, she distinctly beheld the apparition of an old hag; who, after thrice knocking at the door, entered the room, and hobbling up to her with a countenance distorted by hideous rage and menace, laid its icy fingers on her forehead; from that moment she declared that sense forsook her; and when she woke again, it was only to wait, in suspense that froze up her blood, the repetition of the ghastly visitation.

The physician who had been summoned before Glyndon's return, and whose letter had recalled him to London, was a common-place practitioner; ignorant of the case, and honestly anxious that one more experienced should be employed. Clarence called in one of the most eminent of the faculty, and to him he recited the optical delusion of his sister. The physician listened attentively, and seemed sanguine in his hopes of cure. He came to the house two hours before the one so dreaded by the patient. He had quietly arranged that the clocks should be put forward half an hour, unknown to Adela, and even to her brother. He was a man of the most extraordinary powers of conversation, of surpassing wit, of all the faculties that interest and amuse. He first administered to the patient a harmless potion, which he pledged himself would dispel the delusion. His confident tone woke her own hopes—he continued to excite her attention, to rouse her lethargy; he jested, he laughed away the time.

The hour struck. "Joy, my brother!" she exclaimed, throwing herself in his arms; "the time is past!" And then, like one released from a spell, she suddenly assumed more than her ancient cheerfulness. "Ah, Clarence!" she whispered, "forgive me for my former desertion—forgive me that I feared *you*. I shall live—I shall live! in my turn to banish the spectre that haunts my brother!" And Clarence smiled and wiped the tears from his burning eyes. The physician renewed his stories, his jests. In the midst of a stream of rich humor, that seemed to carry away both brother and sister, Glyndon suddenly saw over Adela's face the same fearful change, the same anxious look, the same restless, straining eyes, he had beheld the night before. He rose—he

approached her. Adela started up. "Look—look—look!" she exclaimed. "She comes! Save me—save me!" and she fell at his feet in strong convulsions; as the clock, falsely and in vain put back, struck the half-hour.

The physician lifted her in his arms. "My worst fears are confirmed," he said, gravely; the disease is epilepsy." *

The next night at the same hour, Adela Glyndon died.

CHAPTER VI.

La loi dont le èrgne vous épouvante a son glaive levé sur vous: elle vous frappers tous le genre humain a besoin de cet exemple.†—COUTHON.

"OH, joy, joy!—thou art come again! This is thy hand—these thy lips. Say that thou didst not desert me from the love of another; say it again—say it ever!—and I will pardon thee all the rest!"

"So thou hast mourned for me?"

"Mourned!—and thou wert cruel enough to leave me gold—there it is—there—untouched!"

"Poor child of Nature! how, then, in this strange town of Marseilles, hast thou found bread and shelter?"

"Honestly, soul of my soul! honestly, but yet by the face thou didst once think so fair: thinkest thou *that* now?"

"Yes, Fillide, more fair than ever. But what meanest thou?"

"There is a painter here—a great man, one of their great men at Paris—I know not what they call them; but he rules over all here—life and death; and he has paid me largely but to sit for my portrait. It is for a picture to be given to the Nation, for he paints only for glory. Think of thy Fillide's renown!" And the girl's wild eyes sparkled; her vanity was roused. "And he would have married me if I would!—divorced his wife to marry me! But I waited for thee, ungrateful!"

A knock at the door was heard—a man entered.

"Nicot!"

"Ah, Glyndon!—hum!—welcome! What! thou art twice my rival! But Jean Nicot bears no malice. Virtue is my dream—my country, my mistress. Serve my country, citizen; and I forgive thee the preference of beauty. *Ca ira! ça ira!*"

But as the painter spoke, it hymned, it rolled through the streets—the fiery song of the Marseillaise! There was a crowd—a multitude—a people up, abroad, with colors and arms, enthusiasm and song;—with song, with enthusiasm, with colors and arms. And who could guess that that martial movement was one, not of war, but massacre—Frenchmen against Frenchmen? For there are two parties in Marseilles—and ample work for Jourdan Coupe-tête! But this, the Englishman, just arrived, a stranger to all factions, did not as yet comprehend. He comprehended nothing but the song, the enthusiam, the arms, and the colors that lifted to the sun the glorious lie—"*Le peuple Français, debout contre les tyrans!*" *

The dark brow of the wretched wanderer grew animated; he gazed from the window on the throng that marched below, beneath their waving Oriflamme. They shouted as they beheld the patriot Nicot, the friend of Liberty and relentless Hébert, by the stranger's side, at the casement.

"Ay, shout again!" cried the painter—"shout for the brave Englishman who abjures his Pitts and his Coburgs to be a citizen of Liberty and France!"

A thousand voices rent the air, and the hymn of the Marseillaise rose in majesty again.

"Well, and if it be among these high hopes and this brave people that the phantom is to vanish, and the cure to come!" muttered Glyndon; and he thought he felt again the elixir sparkling through his veins.

"Thou shalt be one of the Convention with Paine and Clootz—I will manage it all for thee!" cried Nicot, slapping him on the shoulder; "and Paris——"

"Ah, if I could but see Paris!" cried Fillide, in her joyous voice. Joyous! the whole time, the town, the air—save where, unheard, rose the cry of agony and the yell of murder—were joy! Sleep unhaunting in the grave,

* The most celebrated practitioner in Dublin related to the Editor a story of optical delusion, precisely similar in its circumstances and its physical cause, to the one here narrated.

† The law, whose reign terrifies you, has its sword raised against you; it will strike you all; humanity has need of this example.

* Up, Frenchmen, against tyrants.

cold Adela. Joy, joy! In the Jubilee of Humanity all private griefs should cease! Behold, wild Mariner, the vast whirlpool draws thee to its stormy bosom. There, the individual is not. All things are of the whole! Open thy gates, fair Paris, for the strange-citizen! Receive in your ranks, O meek Republicans, the new champion of liberty, of reason, of mankind! "Mejnour is right; it was in virtue, in valor, in glorious struggle for the human race, that the spectre was to shrink to her kindred darkness."

And Nicot's shrill voice praised him; and

lean Robespierre—"Flambeau, colonne, pierre angulaire de l'édifice de la République" *—smiled ominously on him from his boodshot eyes; and Fillide clasped him with passionate arms to her tender breast. And at his uprising and down-sitting, at board and in bed, thought he saw it not, the Nameless One guided him with the dæmen eyes to the sea, whose waves were gore.

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* "The light, column, and key-stone of the Republic." Lettre du Citoyen P—— Papiers, inédits trouves chez Robespierre.—Tom. II, p. 127.

BOOK SIXTH.

SUPERSTITION DESERTING FAITH.

Why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair.
—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER I.

Therefore the Genii were painted with a platter full of garlands and flowers in one hand, and a whip in the other.—ALEXANDER ROSS, *Mystag. Poet.*

ACCORDING to the order of the events related in this narrative, the departure of Zanoni and Viola from the Greek Isle, in which two happy years appear to have been passed, must have been somewhat later in date than the arrival of Glyndon at Marseilles. It must have been in the course of the year 1791 when Viola fled from Naples with her mysterious lover, and when Glyndon sought Mejnour in the fatal Castle. It is now towards the close of 1793, when our story again returns to Zanoni. The stars of winter shone down on the Lagunes of Venice. The hum of the Rialto was hushed—the last loiterers had deserted the place of St. Mark's, and only at distant intervals might be heard the oars of the rapid gondolas, bearing reveller or lover to his home. But lights still flitted to and fro across the windows of one of the Palladian palaces, whose shadow slept in the great canal; and within the Palace watched the twin Eumenides, that never sleep for Man,—Fear, and Pain.

"I will make thee the richest man in all Venice, if thou savest her."

"Signor," said the Leech; "your gold cannot control death, and the will of Heaven—Signor, unless within the next hour there is some blessed change, prepare your courage."

Ho—ho, Zanoni! man of mystery and might, who hast walked amidst the passions of the world, with no changes on thy brow, art thou tossed at last upon the billows of tempestuous fear?—Does thy spirit reel to and fro!—knowest thou at last the strength and the majesty of Death?

He fled, trembling, from the pale-faced man of art—fled through stately hall, and long-drawn corridor, and gained a remote chamber in the Palace, which other step than his was not permitted to profane. Out with thy herbs and vessels. Break from the enchanted elements, O silvery azure flame! Why comes he not—the Son of the Starbeam! Why is Adon-Ai deaf to thy solemn call? It comes not—the luminous and delightsome Presence! Cabalist! are thy charms in vain? Has thy throne vanished from the realms of space? Thou standest pale and trembling. Pale trembler! not thus didst thou look, when the things of glory gathered at thy spell. Never to the pale trembler bow the things of glory;—the soul, and not the herbs, nor the silvery azure flame, nor the spells of the Cabala, commands the children of the air; and *thy* soul, by Love and Death, is made sceptreless and discrowned!

At length the flame quivers—the air grows cold as the wind in charnels. A thing not of earth is present—a mistlike formless thing. It cowers in the distance—a silent Horror! it rises—it creeps—it nears thee—dark in its mantle of dusky haze; and under its veil it looks on thee with its livid, malignant eyes—the thing of malignant eyes!

"Ha, young Chaldæn! young in thy countless ages—young as when, cold to pleasure and to beauty, thou stoodest on the old Fire-tower, and heardest the starry silence whisper to thee the last mystery that baffles Death,—

fearest thou Death at length! Is thy knowledge but a circle that brings thee back whence thy wanderings began! Generations on generations have withered since we two met! Lo! thou beholdest me now!"

"But I behold thee without fear! Though beneath thine eyes thousands have perished; though, where they burn, spring up the foul poisons of the human heart, and to those whom thou canst subject to thy will, thy presence glares in the dreams of the raving maniac, or blackens the dungeon of despairing crime, thou art not my vanquisher, but my slave!"

And as a slave, will I serve thee! Command thy slave, O beautiful Chaldæan!—Hark, the wail of women!—hark, the sharp shriek of thy beloved one! Death is in thy palace! Adon-Ai comes not to thy call. Only where no cloud of the passion and the flesh veils the eye of the Serene Intelligence can the Sons of the Starbeam glide to man." But *I* can aid thee?—hark!" And Zanoni heard distinctly in his heart, even at that distance from the chamber, the voice of Viola, calling in delirium on her beloved one.

"Oh, Viola, I can save thee not!" exclaimed the Seer, passionately; "my love for thee has made me powerless!"

"Not powerless; I can gift thee with the art to save her—I can place healing in thy hand!"

"For both? child and mother—for both?"

"Both!"

A convulsion shook the limbs of the Seer—a mighty struggle shook him as a child: the Humanity and the Hour conquered the repugnant spirit.

"I yield! Mother and child—save both!"

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In the dark chamber lay Viola, in the sharpest agonies of travail; life seemed rending itself away in the groans and cries that spoke of pain in the midst of frenzy; and still, in groan and cry, she called on Zanoni, her beloved. The physician looked to the clock; on it beat—the Heart of Time,—regularly and slowly—Heart that never sympathized with Life, and never flagged for Death! "The cries are fainter," said the leech; "in ten minutes more all will be past."

Fool! the minutes laugh at thee: Nature even now, like a blue sky through a shattered temple, is smiling through the tortured frame. The breathing grows more calm and hushed—the voice of delirium is dumb—a sweet dream has come to Viola. Is it a dream, or is it the soul that sees? She thinks suddenly that she is with Zanoni, that her burning head is pillowed on his bosom; she thinks, as he gazes on her, that his eyes dispel the tortures that prey upon her—the touch of his hand cools the fever on her brow; she hears his voice in murmurs—it is a music from which the fiends fly. Where is the mountain that seemed to press upon her temples? Like a vapor, it rolls away. In the frost of the winter night, she sees the sun laughing in luxurious heaven—she hears the whisper of green leaves; the beautiful world, valley and stream, and woodland, lie before, and with a common voice speak to her—"We are not yet past for thee!" Fool of drugs and formula, look to thy dial-plate!—the hand has moved on; the minutes are with Eternity; the soul thy sentence would have dismissed still dwells on the shores of Time. She sleeps; the fever abates; the convulsions are gone; the living rose blooms upon her cheek; the crisis is past! Husband, thy wife lives! lover, thy universe is no solitude. Heart of Time, beat on! A while—a little while—joy! joy! joy!—father, embrace thy child!

CHAPTER II.

———tristis Erinnys
Prætulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces.*—OVID.

AND they placed the child in the father's arms! As silently he bent over it, tears—tears how human!—fell from his eyes like rain! And the little one smiled through the tears that bathed its cheeks! Ah, with what happy tears we welcome the stranger into our sorrowing world! With what agonizing tears we dismiss the stranger back to the angels! Unselfish joy; but how selfish is the sorrow!

And now through the silent chamber a faint, sweet voice is heard—the young mother's voice.

"I am here: I am by thy side!" murmured Zanoni.

* Erinnys, doleful and bloody, extends the unblessed torches.

The mother smiled, and clapsed his hand, and asked no more; she was contented.

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Viola recovered with a rapidity that startled the physician; and the young stranger thrived as if it already loved the world to which it had descended. From that hour Zanoni seemed to live in the infant's life; and in that life the souls of mother and father met as in a new bond.—Nothing more beautiful than this infant, had eye ever dwelt upon. It was strange to the nurses that it it came not wailing to the light, but smiled to the light as a thing familiar to it before. It never uttered one cry of childish pain. In its very repose it seemed to be listening to some happy voice within its heart: it seemed itself so happy. In its eyes you would have thought intellect already kindled, though it had not yet found a language. Already it seemed to recognize its parents; already it stretched forth its arms when Zanoni bent over the bed, in which it breathed and bloomed,—the budding flower! And from that bed he was rarely absent: gazing upon it with his serene, delighted eyes, his soul seemed to feed its own. At night and in utter darkness he was still there; and Viola often heard him murmuring over it as she lay in a half sleep. But the murmur was in a language strange to her; and sometimes when she heard, she feared, and vague, undefined superstions came back to her—the superstitions of earlier youth. A mother fears everything, even the gods, for her new-born. The mortals shrieked aloud, when of old they saw the great Demeter seeking to make their child immortal!

But Zanoni, wrapt in the sublime designs that animated the human love to which he was now awakened, forgot all, even all he had forfeited or incurred, in the love that blinded him.

But the dark, formless thing, though he nor invoked nor saw it, crept, often, round and round him; and often sat by the infant's couch, with its hateful eyes.

CHAPTER III.

Fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis.*—VIRGIL.

LETTER FROM ZANONI TO MEJNOUR.

MEJNOUR, Humanity, with all its sorrows and its joys, is mine once more. Day by day, I am forging my own fetters. I live in other lives than my own, and in them I have lost more than half my empire. Not lifting them aloft, they drag me by the strong bands of the affections to their own earth. Exiled from the beings only visible to the most abstract sense, the grim Enemy that guards the Threshold has entangled me in its web. Canst thou credit me, when I tell thee that I have accepted its gifts, and endure the forfeit. Ages must pass ere the brighter beings can again obey the spirit that has bowed to the ghastly one! And—

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In this hope, then, Mejnour, I triumph still; I yet have supreme power over this young life. Insensibly and inaudibly my soul speaks to its own, and prepares it even now. Thou knowest that for the pure and unsullied infant spirit, the ordeal has no terror and no peril. Thus unceasingly I nourish it with no unholy light; and ere it yet be conscious of the gift, it will gain the privileges it has been mine to attain: the child, by slow and scarce-seen degrees, will communicate its own attributes to the mother; and content to see Youth for ever radiant on the brows of the two that now suffice to fill up my whole infinity of thought, shall I regret the airier kingdom, that vanishes hourly from my grasp? But thou, whose vision is still clear and serene, look into the far deeps shut from my gaze, and counsel me, or forewarn! I know that the gifts of the Being whose race is so hostile to our own, are, to the common seeker, fatal and perfidious as itself. And hence, when, at the outskirts of knowledge, which in earlier ages men called Magic, they encountered the things of the hostile tribes, they believed the apparitions to be fiends, and, by fancied compacts, imagined they had signed away their souls; as if man could give for an eternity that over which he has control but while he lives! Dark, and shrouded for ever from human sight, dwell the dæmon rebels, in their impenetrable realm; in them is no breath of the Divine One. In every human creature the Divine One breathes; and He alone can judge His own herafter, and allot its new career and home. Could man sell himself to the fiend, man could prejudge himself, and arrogate the disposal of eternity! But these creatures, modifications as they are of matter, and some with more than the malignity of man, may well seem, to fear and unreasoning superstition, the representatives of fiends. And from the darkest and mightiest of them I have accepted a boon—the secret that startled Death from those so dear to me. Can I not trust that enough of power yet remains to me, to baffle or to daunt the Phantom, if it seek to pervert the gift? Answer me, Mejnour; for in the darkness that veils me, I see only the pure eyes of the new-born; I hear only the low beating of my heart. Answer me, thou whose wisdom is without love!

MEJNOUR TO ZANONI.

Rome.

FALLEN ONE!—I see before thee, Evil and Death, and

* Embraces the Earth with gloomy wings.

Woe! Thou to have relinquished Anon-Ai, for the nameless Terror—the heavenly stars, for those fearful eyes! Thou, at the last to be the victim of the Larva of the dreary Threshold, that, in thy first novitiate, fled, withered and shrivelled, from thy kingly brow! When, at the primary grades of initiation, the pupil I took from thee on the shores of the changed Parthenopé, fell senseless and cowering before that Phantom-Darkness, I knew that his spirit was not formed to front the worlds beyond; for FEAR is the attraction of man to earthiest earth; and while he fears, he cannot soar. But *thou*, seest thou not that to love is but to fear?—seest thou not, that the power of which thou boastest over the malignant one is already gone? It awes, it masters thee; it will mock thee, and betray. Lose not a moment; come to me. If there can yet be sufficient sympathy between us, through *my* eyes shalt thou see, and perhaps guard against the perils that, shapeless yet, and looming through the shadow, marshal themselves around thee and those whom thy very love has doomed. Come from all the ties of thy fond humanity; they will but obscure thy vision! Come forth from thy fears and hopes, thy desires and passions. Come, as alone, Mind can be the monarch and the seer, shining through the home it tenants—a pure, impressionless, sublime Intelligence!

CHAPTER IV.

Plus que vous ne pensez ce moment est terrible.*
—LA HARPE, *Le Comte de Warwick*, Act 3, sc. 5.

FOR the first time since their union Zanoni and Viola were separated—Zanoni went to Rome, on important business. "It was," he said, "but for a few days:" and he went so suddenly that there was little time either for surprise or sorrow. But first parting is always more melancholy than it need be; it seems an interruption to the existence which Love shares with Love; it makes the heart feel what a void life will be, when the last parting shall succeed, as succeed it must, the first. But Viola had a new companion: she was enjoying that most delicious novelty which ever renews the youth, and dazzles the eyes, of woman. As the mistress—the wife—she leans on another; from another are reflected her happiness, her being—as an orb that takes light from its sun. But now, in turn, as the mother, she is raised from dependence into power; it is another that leans on her—a star has sprung into space, to which she herself has become the sun!

A few days—but they will be sweet through the sorrow! A few days—every hour of which seems an era to the infant, over whom bend watchful the eyes and the heart. From its waking to its sleep, from its sleep to its waking, is a revolution in Time. Every gesture to be noted—every smile to seem a new progress into the world it has come to bless! Zanoni has gone—the last dash of the oar is lost—the last speck of the gondola has vanished from the ocean-streets of Venice! Her infant is sleeping in the cradle at the mother's feet; and she thinks through her tears what tales of the fairy-land, that spreads far and wide, with a thousand wonders, in that narrow bed, she shall have to tell the father! Smile on—weep on, young mother! Already the fairest leaf in the wild volume is closed for thee! and the invisible finger turns the page!

* * * * *
* * * * *

By the bridge of the Rialto stood two Venetians—ardent Republicans and Democrats—looking to the Revolution of France as the earthquake which must shatter their own expiring and vicious constitution, and give equality of ranks and rights to Venice.

"Yes, Cottalto," said one; "my correspondent of Paris has promised to elude all obstacles, and baffle all danger. He will arrange with us the hour of revolt, when the legions of France shall be within hearing of our guns. One day in this week, at this hour, he is to meet me here. This is but the fourth day."

He had scarce said these words before a man, wrapped in his *roquelaire*, emerging from one of the narrow streets to the left, halted opposite the pair and eyeing them a few moments with an earnest scrutiny, whispered—"*Salut!*"

"*Et fraternité*," answered the speaker.

"You, then, are the brave Dandolo with whom the *Comité* deputed me to correspond? And this citizen ——?"

"Is Cottalto, whom my letters have so often mentioned." *

"Health and brotherhood to him! I have much to impart to you both. I will meet you at night, Dandolo. But in the streets we may be observed."

* The moment is more terrible than you think.

* I know not if the author of the original MSS. designs, under these names, to introduce the real Cottalto and the true Dandolo, who, in 1797, distinguished themselves by their sympathy with the French, and their democratic ardor.—ED.

"And I dare not appoint my own house; tryanny makes spies of our very walls. But the place herein designated is secure;" and he slipped an address into the hand of his correspondent.

"To-night, then, at nine! Meanwhile I have other business." The man paused, his color changed, and it was with an eager and passionate voice that he resumed—

"Your last letter mentioned this wealthy and mysterious visitor—this Zanoni. He is still at Venice?"

"I heard that he had left this morning; but his wife is still here."

"His wife!—that is well!"

"What know you of him? Think you that he would join us? His wealth would be——"

"His house, his address—quick!" interrupted the man.

"The Palazzo di ———, on the Grand Canal."

"I thank you—at nine we meet."

The man hurried on through the street from which he had emerged; and, passing by the house in which he had taken up his lodging (he had arrived at Venice the night before), a woman who stood by the door caught his arm.

"*Monsieur*," she said, in French, "I have been watching for your return. Do you understand me? I will brave all, risk all, to go back with you to France—to stand, through life or in death, by my husband's side!"

"*Citoyenne*, I promised your husband that, if such your choice, I would hazard my own safety to aid it. But, think again! Your husband is one of the faction which Robespierre's eyes have already marked: he cannot fly. All France is become a prison to the '*suspect*.' You do but endanger yourself by return. Frankly, *citoyenne*, the fate you would share may be the guillotine. I speak (as you know by his letter) as your husband bade me."

"*Monsieur*, I will return with you," said the woman, with a smile upon her pale face.

"And yet you deserted your husband in the fair sunshine of the Revolution, to return to him amidst its storms and thunder!" said the man, in a tone half of wonder, half rebuke.

"Because my father's days were doomed; because he had no safety but in flight to a foreign land; because he was old and penniless, and had none but me to work for him; because my husband was not then in danger, and my father was; *he* is dead—dead! My husband is in danger now. The daughter's duties are no more—the wife's return!"

"Be it so, *citoyenne;* on the third night I depart. Before then you may retract your choice."

"Never!"

A dark smile passed over the man's face.

"O guillotine!" he said, "how many virtues hast thou brought to light! Well may they call thee 'A Holy Mother,' O gory guillotine!"

He passed on, muttering to himself, hailed a gondola, and was soon amidst the crowded waters of the Grand Canal.

CHAPTER V.

Co que j'ignore
Est plus triste peut-être et plus affreux encore.*
—La Harpe, *Le Comte de Warwick*, Act 5, sc. 1.

The casement stood open, and Viola, was seated by it. Beneath sparkled the broad waters, in the cold but cloudless sunlight; and to that fair form, that half-averted face, turned the eyes of many a gallant cavalier, as their gondolas glided by.

But at last, in the centre of the canal, one of these dark vessels halted motionless, as a man fixed his gaze from its lattice upon that stately palace. He gave the word to the rowers—the vessel approached the marge. The stranger quitted the gondola; he passed up the broad stairs; he entered the palace. Weep on!—smile no more, young mother!—the last page is turned!

An attendant entered the room, and gave to Viola a card, with these words in English—"Viola, I must see you! Clarence Glyndon."

Oh, yes, how gladly Viola would see him!—how gladly speak to him of her happiness—of Zanoni!—how gladly show to him her child! Poor Clarence! she had forgotten him till now, as she had all the fever of her earlier life—its dreams, its vanities, its poor excitement, the lamps of the gaudy theatre, the applause of the noisy crowd.

He entered. She started to behold him, so

* That which I know not is, perhaps, more sad and fearful still.

changed were his gloomy brow, his resolute, care-worn features, from the graceful form and careless countenance of the artist-lover. His dress, though not mean, was rude, neglected, and disordered. A wild, desperate, half-savage air had supplanted that ingenuous mien—diffident in its grace, earnest in its diffidence,—which had once characterized the young worshipper of Art, the dreaming Aspirant after some starrier lore!

"Is it you!" she said, at last. "Poor Clarence, how changed!"

"Changed!" said he, abruptly, as he placed himself by her side. "And whom am I to thank, but the fiends—the sorcerers—who have seized upon thy existence, as upon mine? Viola, hear me. A few weeks since, the news reached me that you were in Venice. Under other pretences, and through innumerable dangers, I have come hither, risking liberty, perhaps life, if my name and career are known in Venice, to warn and save you. Changed, you call me!—changed without; but what is that to the ravages within? Be warned, be warned in time!"

The voice of Glyndon, sounding hollow and sepulchral, alarmed Viola even more than his words. Pale, haggard, emaciated, he seemed almost as one risen from the dead, to appal and awe her. "What," she said, at last, in a faltering voice, "what wild words do you utter! Can you——"

"Listen!" interrupted Glyndon, laying his hand upon her arm, and its touch was as cold as death—"Listen! You have heard of the old stories of men who have leagued themselves with devils for the attainment of preternatural powers. Those stories are not fables. Such men live. Their delight is to increase the unhallowed circle of wretches like themselves. If their proselytes fail in the ordeal, the dæmon seizes them, even in this life, as it hath seized me!—if they succeed, woe, yea, a more lasting woe! There is another life, where no spells can charm the evil one, or allay the torture. I have come from a scene where blood flows in rivers—where Death stands by the side of the bravest and the highest, and the one monarch is the Guillotine; but all the mortal perils with which men can be beset, are nothing to the dreariness of a chamber where the Horror that passes death moves and stirs!"

It was then that Glyndon, with a cold and distinct precision, detailed, as he had done to Adela, the initiation through which he had gone. He described, in words that froze the blood of his listener, the appearance of that formless phantom, with the eyes that seared the brain and congealed the marrow of those who beheld. Once seen, it never was to be exorcised. It came at its own will, prompting black thoughts—whispering strange temptations. Only in scenes of turbulent excitement was it absent! Solitude—serenity—the struggling desires after peace and virtue—*these* were the elements it loved to haunt! Bewildered, terror-stricken, the wild account confirmed by the dim impressions that never, in the depth and confidence of affection, had been closely examined, but rather banished as soon as felt,—that the life and attributes of Zanoni were not like those of mortals,—impressions which her own love had made her hitherto censure, as suspicions that wronged, and which, thus mitigated, had perhaps only served to rivet the fascinated chains in which he bound her heart and senses, but which now, as Glyndon's awful narrative filled her with contagious dread, half unbound the very spells they had woven before,—Viola started up in fear—not for *herself;* and clasped her child in her arms!

"Unhappiest one!" cried Glyndon, shuddering, "hast thou indeed given birth to a victim thou canst not save! Refuse it sustenance—let it look to thee in vain for food! In the grave at least, there are repose and peace!"

Then there came back to Viola's mind the remembrance of Zanoni's night-long watches by that cradle, and the fear which even then had crept over her as she heard his murmured—half-chanted words. And, as the child looked at her with its clear, steadfast eye, in the strange intelligence of that look there was something that only confirmed her awe. So there both Mother and Forewarner stood in silence,—the sun smiling upon them through the casement, and dark, by the cradle, though they saw it not, sate the motionless veiled Thing!

But by degrees better, and juster, and more grateful memories of the past returned to the young mother. The features of the infant,

as she gazed, took the aspect of the absent father. A voice seemed to break from those rosy lips, and say, mournfully—"I speak to thee in thy child. In return for all my love for thee and thine, dost thou distrust me, at the first sentence of a maniac who accuses?"

Her breast heaved—her stature rose—her eyes shone with a serene and holy light.

"Go, poor victim of thine own delusions," she said to Glyndon; "I would not believe mine own senses, if they accused *its* father! And what knowest thou of Zanoni? What relation have Mejnour and the grisely spectres he invoked, with the radiant image with which thou wouldst connect them!"

"Thou wilt learn to soon," replied Glyndon, gloomily. "And the very phantom that haunts me, whispers, with its bloodless lips, that its horrors await both thine and thee! I take not thy decision yet; before I leave Venice we shall meet again."

He said, and departed.

CHAPTER VI.

Quel est l'égarament où ton âme se livre?*
—La Harpe, *Le Comte de Warwick*, Act 4, sc. 4.

Alas, Zanoni! the Aspirer, the dark bright one?—didst thou think that the bond between the survivor of ages and the daughter of a day could endure? Didst thou not foresee that, until the ordeal was past, there could be no equality between thy wisdom and her love? Art thou absent now, seeking amidst thy solemn secrets, the solemn safeguards for child and mother, and forgettest thou that the phantom that served thee hath power over its own gifts—over the lives it taught thee to rescue from the grave? Dost thou not know that Fear and Distrust, once sown in the heart of Love, spring up from the seed into a forest that excludes the stars? Dark bright one! the hateful eyes glare beside the mother and the child!

All that day, Viola was distracted by a thousand thoughts and terrors, which fled as she examined them, to settle back the darklier. She remembered that, as she had once said to Glyndon, her very childhood had been haunted with strange forebodings, that she was ordained for some preternatural doom. She remembered that, as she had told him this, sitting by the seas that slumbered in the arms of the Bay of Naples, he, too, had acknowledged the same forebodings, and a mysterious sympathy had appeared to unite their fates. She remembered, above all, that comparing their entangled thoughts, both had, then, said that with the first sight of Zanoni the foreboding, the instinct, had spoken to their hearts more audibly than before, whispering that "with HIM was connected the secret of the unconjectured life."

And now, when Glyndon and Viola met again, the haunting fears of childhood, thus referred to, woke from their enchanted sleep. With Glyndon's terror she felt a sympathy, against which her reason and her love struggled in vain. And still, when she turned her looks upon her child, it watched her with that steady, earnest eye, and its lips moved as if it sought to speak to her;—but no sound came. The infant refused to sleep. Whenever she gazed upon its face, still those wakeful, watchful eyes!—and in their earnestness, there spoke something of pain, of upbraiding, of accusation. They chilled her as she looked. Unable to endure, of herself, this sudden and complete revulsion of all the feelings which had hitherto made up her life, she formed the resolution natural to her land and creed; she sent for the priest who had habitually attended her at Venice, and to him she confessed, with passionate sobs and intense terror, the doubts that had broken upon her. The good father, a worthy and pious man, but with little education and less sense, one who held (as many of the lower Italians do to this day) even a poet to be a sort of sorcerer, seemed to shut the gates of hope upon her heart. His remonstrances were urgent, for his horror was unfeigned. He joined with Glyndon in imploring her to fly if she felt the smallest doubt that her husband's pursuits were of the nature which the Roman church had benevolently burned so many scholars for adopting.

And even the little that Viola could communicate, seemed to the ignorant ascetic, irrefragable proof of sorcery and witchcraft; he had, indeed, previously heard some of the strange rumors which followed the path of Zanoni, and was therefore prepared to believe,

* To what delusion does thy soul abandon itself?

the worst; the worthy Bartolomêo would have made no bones of sending Watt to the stake had he heard him speak of the steam-engine! But Viola, as untutored as himself, was terrified, by his rough and vehement eloquence; terrified, for by that penetration with catholic priests, however dull, generally acquire, in their vast experience of the human heart hourly exposed to their probe, Bartolomêo spoke less of danger to herself than to her child. "Sorcerers," said he, "have ever sought the most to decoy and seduce the souls of the young—nay, the infant;" and therewith he entered into a long catalogue of legendary fables, which he quoted as historical facts; all at which an English woman would have smiled, appalled the tender but superstitious Neapolitan; and when the priest left her, with solemn rebukes and grave accusations of a dereliction of her duties to her child, if she hesitated to fly with it from an abode polluted by the darker powers and unhallowed arts, Viola, still clinging to the image of Zanoni, sunk into a passive lethargy, which held her very reason in suspense.

The hours passed; night came on; the house was hushed; and Viola, slowly awakened from the numbness and torpor which had usurped her faculties, tossed to and fro on her couch, restless and perturbed. The stillness became intolerable; yet more intolerable the sound that alone broke it, the voice of the clock, knelling moment after moment to its grave. The Moments, at last, seemed themselves to find voice, to gain shape. She thought she beheld them springing, wan and fairy-like, from the womb of darkness; and ere they fell again, extinguished, into that womb, their grave, their low, small voices murmured—"Woman! we report to eternity all that is done in time! What shall we report of thee, O guardian of a new-born soul?" She became sensible that her fancies had brought a sort of partial delirium, that she was in a state between sleep and waking, when suddenly one thought became more predominant than the rest. The chamber which, in that and every house they had inhabitated, even that in the Greek isles, Zanoni had set apart to a solitude on which none might intrude, the threshold of which even Viola's step was forbidden to cross, and never, hitherto, in that sweet repose of confidence which belongs to contented love, had she even felt the curious desire to disobey—now, that chamber drew her towards it. Perhaps, *there*, might be found a somewhat to solve the riddle, to dispel or confirm the doubt; that thought grew and deepened in the intenseness; it fastened on her as with a palpable and irresistible grasp; it seemed to raise her limbs without her will. And now, through the chamber, along the galleries thou glidest, O lovely shape! sleep-walking, yet awake. The moon shines on thee as thou glidest by, casement after casement, white-robed and wandering spirit!—thine arms crossed upon thy bosom, thine eyes fixed and open, with a calm, unfearing awe. Mother! it is thy child that leads thee on. The fairy Moments go before thee. Thou hearest still the clock-knell tolling them to their graves behind. On, gliding on, thou hast gained the door; no lock bars thee, no magic spell drives thee back. Daughter of the dust, thou standest alone with Night in the chamber where, pale and numberless, the hosts of space have gathered round the seer.

CHAPTER VII.

Des Erdenlebens
Schweres Traumbild sinkt, und sinkt, und sinkt.*
—Das Ideal und das Lebens.

She stood within the chamber, and gazed around her; no signs by which an Inquisitor of old could have detected the Scholar of the Black Art, were visible. No crucibles and caldrons, no brass-bound volumes and ciphered girdles, no sculls and cross-bones. Quietly streamed the broad moonlight through the desolate chamber with its bare white walls. A few bunches of withered herbs, a few antique vessels of bronze, placed carelessly on a wooden form, were all which that curious gaze could identify with the pursuits of the absent owner. The magic, if it existed, dwelt in the artificer, and the materials, to other hands, were but herbs and bronze. So is it ever with thy works and wonders, O Genius—Seeker of the Stars! Words themselves are the common property of all men; yet, from words themselves, Thou, Architect of Immortalities, pilest up temples that shall outlive the

* The Dream-Shape of the heavy earthly life sinks, and sinks, and sinks.

Pyramids, and the very leaf of the Papyrus becomes a Shinar, stately with towers, round which the Deluge of Ages shall roar in vain!

But in that solitude has the Presence that there had invoked its wonders left no enchantment of its own! It seemed so; for as Viola stood in the chamber, she became sensible that some mysterious, change was at work within herself. Her blood coursed rapidly, and with a sensation of delight, through her veins—she felt as if chains were falling from her limbs, as if cloud after cloud was rolling from her gaze. All the confused thoughts which had moved through her trance, settled and centered themselves in one intense desire to see the Absent One—to be with him. The monads that make up space and air seemed charged with a spiritual attraction,—to become a medium through which her spirit could pass from its clay, and confer with the spirit to which the unutterable desire compelled it. A faintness seized her; she tottered to the seat on which the vessels and herbs were placed, and, as she bent down, she saw in one of the vessels a small vase of crystal. By a mechanical and involuntary impulse her hand seized the vase; she opened it, and the volatile essence it contained sparkled up, and spread through the room a powerful and delicious fragrance. She inhaled the odor, she laved her temples with the liquid, and suddenly her life seemed to spring up from the previous faintness—to spring, to soar, to float, to dilate, upon the wings of a bird.

The room vanished from her eyes. Away—away, over lands, and seas, and space, on the rushing desire flies the disprisoned mind!

Upon a stratum, not of this world, stood the world-born shapes of the sons of Science; upon an embryo world—upon a crude, wan, attenuated mass of matter, one of the Nebulæ, which the suns of the myriad systems throw off as they roll round the Creator's throne,* to become themselves new worlds of symmetry and glory—planets and suns, that for ever and for ever shall in their turn multiply their shining race, and be the fathers of suns and planets yet to come.

There, in that enormous solitude of an infant world, which thousands and thousands of years can alone ripen into form, the spirit of Viola beheld the shape of Zanoni, or rather the likeness, the simulacrum, the LEMUR of his shape, not its human and corporeal substance,—as if, like hers, the Intelligence was parted from the Clay;—and as the sun, while it revolves and glows, had cast off into remotest space that Nebular image of itself, so the thing of earth, in the action of its more luminous and enduring being, had thrown its likeness into that new-born stranger of the heavens. There stood the phantom—a phantom-Mejnour, by its side. In the gigantic chaos around raved and struggled the kindling elements—water and fire, darkness and light, at war—vapor and cloud hardening into mountains, and the Breath of Life moving like a steadfast splendor over all!

As the dreamer looked, and shivered, she beheid that even there the two phantoms of humanity were not alone. Dim monster-forms that that disordered chaos alone could engender, the first reptile Colossal race that wreathe and crawl through the earliest stratum of a world laboring into life, coiled in the oozing matter or hovered through the meteorous vapors. But these the two seekers seemed to heed their gaze was fixed intent upon an object in the farthest space. With the eyes of the spirit, Viola followed theirs; with a terror far greater than the chaos and its hideous inhabitants produced, she beheld a shadowy likenesss of the very room in which her form yet dwelt, its white walls, the moonshine sleeping on its floor, its open casement, with the quiet roofs and domes of Venice looming over

* "Astronomy instructs us, that in the original condition of the solar system, the sun was the nucleus of a nebulosity or luminous mass, which revolved on its axis, and extended far beyond the orbits of all the planets; the planets as yet having no existence. Its temperature gradually diminished, and becoming contracted by cooling, the rotation increased in rapidity, and zones of nebulosity were successively thrown off, in consequence of the centrifugal force overpowering the central attraction. The condensation of these separate masses constituted the planets and satellites. But this view of the conversion of gaseous matter into planetary bodies is not limited to our own system; it extends to the formation of the innumerable suns and worlds which are distributed throughout the universe. The sublime discoveries of modern astronomers have shown that every part of the realms of space abounds in large expansions of attenuated matter termed *nebulæ*, which are irregularly reflective of light, of various figures, and in different states of condensation, from that of a diffused luminous mass to suns and planets like our own."—From Mantell's eloquent and delightful work, entitled, "The Wonders of Geology," vol. i. p. 28.

the sea that sighed below;—and in that room the ghost-like image of herself! This double phantom—here herself a phantom — gazing there upon a phantom-self, had in it a horror which no words can tell, no length of life forego.

But presently she saw this image of herself rise slowly, leave the room with its noiseless feet —it passes the corridor—it kneels by a cradle! Heaven of Heaven! she beholds her child!—still with its wondrous childlike beauty and its silent wakeful eyes. But beside that cradle there sits, cowering, a mantled shadowy form —the more fearful and ghastly, from its indistinct and unsubstantial gloom. The walls of that chamber seem to open as the scene of a theatre. A grim dungeon—streets through which pour shadowy crowds—wrath and hatred, and the aspect of dæmons in their ghastly visages—a place of death—a murderous instrument—a shamble-house of human flesh—herself—her child—all, all, rapid phantasmagoria, chased each other. Suddenly the phantom-Zanoni turned, it seemed to perceive herself—her second self. It sprang towards her; her spirit could bear no more. She shrieked, she woke! She found that in truth she had left that dismal chamber; the cradle was before her—the child! all—all as that trance had seen it, and, vanishing into air, even that dark formless Thing!

"My child! my child! thy mother shall save thee yet!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Qui? Toi! m'abandonner, où vas-tu? non! demeure, Demeure!"*

—LAHARPE, *Le Comte de Warwick*, Act. 3, sc. 5.

LETTER FROM VIOLA TO ZANONI.

"It has come to this!—I am the first to part! I, the unfaithful one, bid thee farewell for ever. When thine eyes fall upon this writing, thou wilt know me as one of the dead. For thou that wert, and still art my life—I am lost to thee! O lover! O husband! O still worshipped and adored! If thou hast ever loved me, if thou canst still pity, seek not to discover the steps that fly thee. If thy charms can detect and track me, spare me—spare our child! Zanoni, I will rear it to love thee, to call thee father! Zanoni, its young lips shall pray for thee! Ah, spare thy child, for infants are the saints of earth, and their mediation may be heard on high! Shall I tell thee why I part? No; thou, the wisely terrible, canst divine what the hand trembles to record; and while I shudder at thy power—while it is thy power I fly, (our child upon my bosom),—it comforts me still to think that thy power can read the heart! Thou knowest that it is the faithful mother that writes to thee, it is not the faithless wife! Is there sin in thy knowledge, Zanoni? Sin must have sorrow; and it were sweet—oh, how sweet, to be thy comforter. But the child, the infant, the soul that looks to mine for its shield! Magician, I wrest from thee that soul! Pardon, pardon, if my words wrong thee. See, I fall on my knees to write the rest!

"Why did I never recoil before from thy mysterious lore?—why did the very strangeness of thine unearthly life only fascinate me with a delightful fear? Because, if thou wert sorcerer or angel-dæmon, there was no peril to other but myself; and none to me, for my love was my heavenliest part; and my ignorance in all things, except the art to love thee, repelled every thought that was not bright and glorious as thine image to my eyes. But NOW there is another! Look, why does it watch me thus—why that never-sleeping, earnest, rebuking gaze? Have thy spells encompassed it already? Hast thou marked it, cruel one, for the terrors of thy unutterable art? Do not madden me—do not madden me!—unbind the spell!

"Hark! the oars without! They come—they come, to bear me from thee! I look round, and methinks that I see thee everywhere. Thou speakest to me from every shadow, from every star. There, by the casement, thy lips last prest mine—there, there by that threshold didst thou turn again, and thy smile seemed so trustingly to confide in me! Zanoni—Husband!—I will stay! I cannot part from thee! No, no! I will go to the room where thy dear voice, with its gentle music, assuaged the pangs of travail!—where, heard through the thrilling darkness, it first whispered to my ear 'Viola, thou art a mother!' A mother!—yes, I rise from my knees—I *am* a mother! They come! I am firm; farewell!"

Yes; thus suddenly, thus cruelly, whether in the delirium of blind and unreasoning superstition, or in the resolve of that conviction which springs from duty, the being for whom he had resigned so much of empire and of glory forsook Zanoni. This desertion, never foreseen, never anticipated was yet but the constant fate that attends those who would place Mind *beyond* the earth, and yet treasure the Heart *within* it. Ignorance everlastingly shall recoil from knowledge. But never yet, from nobler and purer motives of self-sacrifice, did human love link itself to another, than did the forsaking wife now abandon the absent. For rightly had she said, that it was not the faithless wife, it *was* the faithful mother that fled from all in which her earthly happiness was centered.

As long as the passion and fervor that im-

* Who? *Thou* abandon me!—Where goest thou? No, stay, stay!

pelled the act animated her with false fever, she clasped her infant to her breast, and was consoled—resigned. But what bitter doubt of her own conduct, what icy pang of remorse shot through her heart, when, as they rested for a few hours on the road to Leghorn, she heard the woman who accompanied herself and Glyndon, pray for safety to reach her husband's side, and strength to share the perils that would meet her there! Terrible contrast to her own desertion! She shrunk into the darkness of her own heart,—and then no voice from within consoled her.

CHAPTER IX.

Zukunft hast du mir gegeben
Doch du nehmst den Augenblick.*
—KASSANDRA.

"MEJNOUR, behold thy work! Out, out upon our little vanities of wisdom!—out, upon our ages of lore and life. To save her from Peril I left her presence, and the Peril has seized her in its grasp!"

"Chide not thy wisdom, but thy passions! Abandon thine idle hope of the love of woman. See, for those who would unite the lofty with the lowly, the inevitable curse; thy very nature uncomprehended—thy sacrifices unguessed. The lowly one views but in the lofty a necromancer or a fiend. Titan, canst thou weep?"

"I know it now—I see it all! It *was* her spirit that stood beside our own, and escaped my airy clasp! O strong desire of motherhood and nature! unveiling all our secrets, piercing space and traversing worlds!—Mejnour, what awful learning lies hid in the ignorance of the heart that loves!"

"The heart," answered the Mystic, coldly; "ay, for five thousand years I have ransacked the mysteries of creation; but I have not yet discovered all the wonders in the heart of the simplest boor!"

"Yet our solemn rites deceived us not; the prophet-shadows, dark with terror and red with blood, still foretold that, even in the dungeon, and before the deathsman, I—*I* had the power to save them both!

"But at some unconjectured and most fatal sacrifice to thyself."

"To myself! Icy sage, there is no self in love! I go. Nay, alone; I want thee not. I want now no other guide but the human instincts of affection. No cave so dark—no solitude so vast, as to conceal her. Though mine art fail me—though the stars heed me not—though space, with its shining myriads, is again to me but the azure void,—I return but to love, and youth, and hope! when have they ever failed to triumph and to save!"

* Futurity hast thou given to me—yet thou takest from me the Moment.

BOOK SEVENTH.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto
Terrore accresce, e più superbo il rende;
Rosseggian gli occhi, e di veneno infetto
Come infausta cometa, il guardo splende.
Gli involve il mento, e sull 'irsuto petto
Ispida e foita la gran barbe scende;
E in guisa di voragine profonda
Sapre la bocca d'atro sangue immonda.

GER. LIB., Cant. iv. 7.

A horrible majesty in the fierce aspect increases its terror, and renders it more superb. Red glow the eyes, and the aspect infected, like a baleful comet, with envenomed influences, glares around. A vast beard covers the chin—and, rough and thick, descends over the shaggy breast.—And like a profound gulf expand the jaws, foul with black gore.

CHAPTER I.

Qui suis-je, moi quion accuse? Un esclave de la liberté, un martyr vivant de la Republique.*

It roars—the River of Hell, whose first outbreak was chaunted as the gush of a channel to Elysium, How burst into blossoming hopes fair hearts that had nourished themselves on the diamond dews of the rosy dawn, when Liberty came from the dark ocean, and the arms of decrepit Thraldon—Aurora from the bed of Tithon! Hopes! ye have ripened into fruit, and the fruit is gore and ashes! Beautiful Roland, eloquent Vergniaud, visionary Condorcet, high-hearted Malesherbes!—wits, philosophers, statesmen, patriots,—dreamers! behold the millennium for which ye dared and labored!

I invoke the ghosts! Saturn hath devoured his children,† and lives alone—in his true name of Meloch!

It is the Reign of Terror, with Robespierre the king. The struggles between the boa and the lion are past; the boa has consumed the lion, and is heavy with the gorge;—Danton has fallen, and Camille Desmoulins. Danton had said before his death, "The poltroon Robespierre—I alone could have saved him." From that hour, indeed, the blood of the dead giant clouded the craft of "Maximilien the Incorruptible," as at last, amidst the din of the roused Convention, it choked his voice.* If, after that last sacrifice, essential, perhaps, to his safety, Robespierre had proclaimed the close of the Reign of Terror, and acted upon the mercy which Danton had begun to preach, he might have lived and died a monarch. But the prison continued to reek—the glaive to fall; and Robespierre perceived not that his mobs were glutted to satiety with death, and the strongest excitement a chief could give would be a return from devils into men.

We are transported to a room in the house of Citizen Dupleix, the *ménuisier*, in the month of July, 1794; or in the calendar of the Revolurionists it was the Thermidor of the Second Year of the Republic, One and Indivisible! Though the room was small, it was furnished

* Who am I, *I* whom they accuse? A slave of Liberty—a living martyr for the Republic.
—DISCOURS DE ROBESPIERRE, 8 *Thermidor.*

† La Révolution est comme Saturne, elle dévorera tous ses enfans.—VERGNIAUD.

* "Le sang de Danton t'étouffe!" (the blood of Danton chokes thee,) said Garnier d'Aube, when, on the fatal 9th of Thermidor, Robespierre gasped feebly forth—"Pour la dernière fois, Président des Assassins, je te demande la parole." (For the last time, President of Assassins, I demand to speak.)

and decorated with a minute and careful effort at elegance and refinement. It seemed, indeed, the desire of the owner to avoid at once what was mean and rude, and what was luxurious and voluptuous. It was a trim, orderly, precise grace that shaped the classic chairs, arranged the ample draperies, sunk the frameless mirrors into the wall, placed bust and bronze on their pedestals, and filled up the niches here and there with well-bound books, filed regularly in their appointed ranks. An observer would have said, "This man wishes to imply to you—I am not rich; I am not ostentatious; I am not luxurious; I am no indolent Sybarite, with couches of down, and pictures that provoke the sense; I am no haughty noble, with spacious halls, and galleries that awe the echo. But so much the greater is my merit if I disdain these excesses of the ease or the pride since I love the elegant, and have a taste! Others may be simple and honest, from the very coarseness of their habits; if I, with so much refinement and delicacy, am simple and honest,—reflect, and admire me!"

On the walls of this chamber hung many portraits, most of them represented but one face; on the formal pedestals were grouped many busts, most of them sculptured but one head. In that small chamber Egotism sat supreme, and made the Arts its looking-glasses. Erect in a chair, before a large table spread with letters, sat the original of bust and canvass, the the owner of the apartment. He was alone, yet he sat erect, formal, stiff, precise, as if in his very home he was not at ease. His dress was in harmony with his posture and his chamber, it affected a neatness of its own—foreign both to the sumptuous fashions of the deposed nobles, and the filthy ruggedness of the sansculottes. Frizzled and *coiffé*, not a hair was out of order, not a speck lodged on the sleek surface of the blue coat, not a wrinkle crumpled the snowy vest, with its under relief of delicate pink. At the first glance, you might have seen in that face nothing but the ill-favored features of a sickly countenance. At a second glance you would have perceived that it had a power—a character of its own. The forehead, though low and compressed, was not without that appearance of thought and intelligence which, it may be observed, that breadth between the eyebrows almost invariably gives; the lips were firm and tightly drawn together, yet ever and anon they trembled, and writhed restlessly. The eyes, sullen and gloomy, were yet piercing, and full of a concentrated vigor, that did not seem supported by the thin, feeble frame, or the green lividness of the hues which told of anxiety and disease.

Such was Maximilien Robespierre; such the chamber over the *ménuisier's* shop, whence issued the edicts that launched armies on their career of glory, and ordained an artificial conduit to carry of the blood that deluged the metropolis of the most martial people on the globe! Such was the man who had resigned a judicial appointment (the early object of his ambition), rather than violate his philanthropical principles, by subscribing to the death of a single fellow-creature?—such was the virgin enemy of capital punishments, and such, Butcher-Dictator now, was the man whose pure and rigid manners, whose incorruptible honesty, whose hatred of the excesses that tempt to love and wine, would—had he died five years earlier—have left him the model for prudent fathers and careful citizens to place before their sons. Such was the man who seemed to have no vice, till circumstance, that hot-bed brought forth the two which, in ordinary times, lie ever the deepest and most latent in a man's heart—Cowardice and Envy. To one of these sources is to be traced every murder that master-fiend committed. His cowardice was of a peculiar and strange sort; for it was accompanied with the most unscrupulous and determined *will*—a will that Napoleon reverenced, a will of iron, and yet nerves of aspen. Mentally, he was a hero—physically, a dastard. When the variest shadow of danger threatened his person, the frame cowered, but the will swept the danger to the slaughter-house. So there he sat, bolt upright—his small, lean fingers clenched convulsively—his sullen eyes straining into space their whites yellowed with streaks of corrupt blood, his ears literally moving to and fro like the ignobler animal's, to catch every sound—a Dionysius in his cave,—but his posture decorous and collected, and every formal hair in its frizzled place.

"Yes, yes," he said in a muttered tone, "I hear them; my good Jacobins are at their post on the stairs. Pity they swear so! I have a law against oaths—the manners of the

poor and virtuous people must be reformed. When all is safe, an example or two amongst those good Jacobins would make effect. Faithful fellows, how they love me! Hum! —what an oath was that!—they need not swear so loud—upon the very staircase, too! It detracts from my reputation. Ha! steps!"

The soliloquist glanced at the opposite mirror, and took up a volume; he seemed absorbed in its contents, as a tall fellow, a bludgeon in his hand, a girdle, adorned with pistols, round his waist, opened the door, and announced two visitors. The one was a young man, said to resemble Robespierre in person; but of a far more decided and resolute expression of countenance. He entered first, and looking over the volume in Robespierre's hand, for the latter seemed still intent on his lecture, exclaimed—

"What! Rousseau's Heloise? A love tale?"

"Dear Payan, it is not the love—it is the philosophy that charms me. What noble sentiments!—what ardor of virtue! If Jean Jacques had but lived to see this day!"

While the Dictator thus commented on his favorite author, whom, in his orations, he labored hard to imitate, the second visitor was wheeled into the room in a chair. This man was also in what, to most, is the prime of life —viz., about thirty-eight; but he was literally dead in the lower limbs; Crippled, paralytic, distorted, he was yet, as the time soon came to tell him—a Hercules in Crime! But the sweetest of human smiles dwelt upon his lips, a beauty almost angelic characterized his features; * an inexpressible aspect of kindness, and the resignation of suffering but cheerful benignity, stole into the hearts of those who for the first time beheld him. With the most caressing, silver, flute-like voice, Citizen Couthon saluted the admirer of Jean Jacques.

"Nay—do not say that it is not the *love* that attracts thee; it *is* the love! but not the gross, sensual attachment of man for woman. No! the sublime affection for the whole human race, and, indeed, for all that lives!"

And Citizen Couthon, bending down, fondled the little spaniel that he invariably carried in his bosom, even to the Convention, as a vent for the exuberant sensibilities which overflowed his affectionate heart.*

"Yes, for all that lives," repeated Robespierre, tenderly. "Good Couthon — poor Couthon! Ah, the malice of men!—how we are misrepresented! To be caluminated as as the executioners of our colleagues! Ah, it *that* which pierces the heart! To be an object of terror to the enemies of our country—*that* is noble; but to be an object of terror to the good, the patriotic, to those one loves and reveres—*that* is the most terrible of hman tortures; at least, to a susceptible and honest heart!" †

"How I love to hear him!" ejaculated Couthon.

"Hem!" said Payan, with some impatience. "But now to business!"

"Ah, to business!" said Robespierre, with a sinister glance from his bloodshot eyes.

"The time has come," said Payan, "when the safety of the Republic demands a complete concentration of its power. These brawlers of the *Comité du Salut Public* can only destroy; they cannot construct. They hated you, Maximilien, from the moment you attempted to replace anarchy by institutions. How they mock at the festival which proclaimed the acknowledgment of a Supreme

* "Figure d'Ange," says one of his contemporaries, in describing Couthon. The address, drawn up most probably by Payan (Thermidor 9), after the arrest of Robespierre, thus mentions his crippled colleague—"Couthon, ce citoyen vertueux, *qui n'a que la cœur et la tete de vivans*, mais qui les a brûlants de patriotisme." [1]

[1] Couthon, that virtuous citizen, who has but the head and heart of the living, yet possesses these all on flame with patriotism.

* This tenderness for some pet animal was by no means peculiar to Couthon; it seems rather a common fashion with the gentle butchers of the revolution. M. George Duval informs us ("Souvenirs de la Terreur," vol. iii. p. 183) that Chaumette had an aviary, to which he devoted his harmless leisure; the murderous Fournier carried, on his shoulders, a pretty little squirrel, attached by a silver chain; Panis bestowed the superfluity of his affections upon two gold pheasants; and Marat, who would not abate one of the three hundred thousand heads he demanded, *reared doves!* Apropos of the spaniel of Couthon, Duval gives us an amusing anecdote of Sergent, not one of the least relentless agents of the massacre of September. A lady came to implore his protection for one of her relations confined in the Abbaye. He scarcely deigned to speak to her. As she retired in despair, she trod by accident on the paw of his favorite spaniel. Sergent, turning round, enraged and furious, exclaimed—"*Madam, have you no humanity!*"

† Not to fatigue the reader with annotations, I may here observe that nearly every sentiment ascribed in ths text to Robespierre, is to be found expressed in his various discourses.

Being: they would have no ruler, even in heaven! Your clear and vigorous intellect saw that, having wrecked an old world, it became necessary to shape a new one. The first step towards construction must be to destroy the destroyers. While we deliberate, your enemies act. Better this very night to attack the handful of gensdarmes that guard them, than to confront the battalions they may raise to-morrow."

"No," said Robespierre, who recoiled before the determined spirit of Payan; "I have a better and safer plan. This is the 6th of Thermidor: on the 10th—on the 10th, the Convention go in a body to the *Fête Décadaire*. A mob shall form; the *canonniers*, the troops of Henriot, the young pupils de *l'Ecole de Mars*, shall mix in the crowd. Easy, then, to strike the conspirators whom we shall designate to our agents. On the same day too, Fouquier and Dumas shall not rest; and a sufficient number of '*the suspect*' to maintain salutary awe, and keep up the revolutionary excitement, shall perish by the glaive of the law. The 10th shall be the great day of action.—Payan, of these last culprits, have you prepared a list?"

"It is here," returned Payan, laconically, presenting a paper.

Robespierre glanced over it rapidly. "Collot d'Herbois!—good! Barrère!—ay, it was Barrère who said, 'Let us strike;—the dead alone never return.'* Vadier, the savage jester!—good—good! Vadier of the Mountain. He has called me '*Mahomet!*' *Scélérat!* blasphemer?"

"Mahomet is coming to the Mountain," said Couthon, with his silvery accent, as he caressed his spaniel.

"But how is this? I do not see the name of Tallien! Tallien—I hate that man; that is," said Robespierre, correcting himself with the hypocrisy or self-deceit which those who formed the council of this phrase-monger, exhibited habitually, even among themselves—"that is, Virtue and our Country hate him! There is no man in the whole Convention who inspires me with the same horror as Tallien. Couthon, I see a thousand Dantons where Tallien sits!"

"Tallien has the only head that belongs to this deformed body," said Payan, whose ferocity and crime, like those of St. Just, were not unaccompanied by talents of no common order. "Were it not better to draw away the head, to win, to buy him, for the time, and dispose of him better when left alone! He may hate *you*, but he loves *money!*"

"No," said Robespierre, writing down the name of Jean-Lambert Tallien, with a slow hand, that shaped each letter with stern distinctness; "that one head *is my necessity!*"

"I have a *small* list here," said Couthon, sweetly—"a *very* small list. You are dealing with the Mountain; it is necessary to make a few examples in the Plain. These moderates are as straws which follow the wind. They turned against us yesterday in the Convention. A little terror will correct the weathercocks. Poor creatures! I owe them no ill-will; I could weep for them. But before all, *la chère patrie!*"

The terrible glance of Robespierre devoured the list which the man of sensibility submitted to him. "Ah, these are well chosen; men not of mark enough to be regretted, which is the best policy with the relics of that party; some, foreigners too;—yes, *they* have no parents in Paris. These wives and parents are beginning to plead against us. Their complaints demoralize the guillotine!"

"Couthon is right," said Payan; "*my* list contains those whom it will be safer to despatch *en masse* in the crowd assembled at the Fête. *His* list selects those whom we may prudently consign to the law. Shall it not be signed at once?"

"It *is* signed," said Robespierre, formally replacing his pen upon the inkstand. "Now to more important matters. These deaths will create no excitement; but Callot d'Herbois, Bourdon De l'Oise, Tallien"—the last name Robespierre gasped as he pronounced—"*they* are the heads of parties. This is life or death to us as well as them."

"Their heads are the foot stools to your curule chair," said Payan, in a half whisper. "There is no danger if we are bold. Judges, juries all have been your selection. "You seize with one hand the army, with the other, the law. Your voice yet commands the people——"

"The poor and virtuous people," murmured Robespierre.

* "Frappons! il n'y a que les morts qui ne revient pas."—BARRERE.

"And even," continued Payan, "if our design at the Fête fail us, we must not shrink from the resources still at our command. Reflect! Henriot, the general of the Parisian army, furnishes you with troops to arrest; the Jacobin club with a public to approve; inexorable Dumas with judges who never acquit. We must be bold!"

"And we *are* bold," exclaimed Robespierre with sudden passion, and striking his hand on the table as he rose, with his crest erect, as a serpent in the act to strike. "In seeing the multitude of vices that the revolutionary torrent mingles with civic virtues, I tremble to be sullied in the eyes of posterity by the impure neighborhood or these perverse men, who thrust themselves among the sincere defenders of humanity. What!—they think to divide the country like a booty! I thank them for their hatred to all that is virtuous and worthy! These men"—and he grasped the list of Payan in his hand,—"these!—not *we*—have drawn the line of demarcation between themselves and the lovers of France!"

"True, we must reign alone!" muttered Payan; "in other words, the state needs unity of will;" working with his strong practical mind, the corollary from the logic of his word-compelling colleague!

"I will go to the Convention," continued Robespierre. "I have absented myself too long—lest I might seem to overawe the Republic that I have created. Away with such scruples! I will prepare the people! I will blast the traitors with a look!"

He spoke with the terrible firmness of the orator that had never failed—of the moral will that marched like a warrior on the canon. At that instant he was interrupted; a letter was brought to him; he opened it; his face fell—he shook from limb to limb; it was one of the anonymous warnings by which the hate and revenge of those yet left alive to threaten tortured the death-giver.

"Thou art smeared," ran the lines, "with the best blood of France. Read thy sentence! I await the hour when the people shall knell thee to the doomsman. If my hope deceive me, if deferred too long—hearken—read! This hand, which thine eyes shall search in vain to discover, shall pierce thy heart. I see thee every day—I am with thee every day. At each hour my arm rises against thy breast. Wretch! live yet awhile, though but for few and miserable days—live to think of me—sleep to dream of me! Thy terror, and thy thought of me, are the heralds of thy doom. Adieu! this day itself, I go forth to riot on thy fears!" *

"Your lists are not full enough!" said the tyrant, with a low hollow voice, as the paper dropped from his trembling hand. "Give them to me!—give them to me! Think again—think again! Barrère is right—right! Frappons! il n'y a que les morts qui ne revient pas!"

CHAPTER II.

La haine dans ces lieux n'a qu'un glaive assassin,
Elle marche dans l'ombre.†
—LAHARPE, *Jeanne de Naples*, Act iv, sc. 1.

WHILE such the designs and fears of Maximilien Robespierre, common danger—common hatred, whatever was left yet of mercy or of virtue, in the agents of the Revolution, served to unite strange opposites in hostility to the universal death-dealer. There was, indeed, an actual conspiracy at work against him among men little less bespattered than himself with innocent blood. But that conspiracy would have been idle of itself, despite the abilities of Tallien and Barras (the only men whom it comprised, worthy, by foresight and energy, the names of "leaders.") The sure and destroying elements that gathered round the tyrant, were Time and Nature; the one, which he no longer suited; the other, which he had outraged and stirred up in the human breast. The most atrocious party of the Revolution, the followers of Hébert, gone to his last account, the butcher-atheists, who, in desecrating heaven and earth, still arrogated inviolable sanctity to themselves, were equally enraged at the execution of their filthy chief, and the proclamation of a Supreme Being.

The populace, brutal as it had been, started as from a dream of blood, when their huge idol, Danton, no longer filled the stage of ter-

* See *Papiers inedits trouves ches Robespierre*, etc.—vol. ii. p. 155. (No. lx.)

† Hate, in these regions, has but the sword of the assassin. She moves in the shade.

ror, rendering crime popular by that combination of careless frankness and eloquent energy which endears their heroes to the herd. The *glaive* of the guillotine had turned against *themselves*. They had yelled and shouted, and sung and danced, when the venerable age, or the gallant youth, of aristocracy or letters, passed by their streets in the dismal tumbrils; but they shut up their shops, and murmured to each other, when their own order was invaded, and tailors and cobblers, and journeymen and laborers, were huddled off to the embraces of the "Holy Mother Guillotine," with as little ceremony as if they had been the Montmorencies or the La Trémouilles, the Malesherbes or the Lavoisiers. "At this time," said Couthon, justly, "*Les ombres de Danton, d'Hébert, de Chaumette, se promènent parmis nous!*" *

Among those who had shared the doctrines, and who now dreaded the fate of the atheist Hébert, was the painter, Jean Nicot. Mortified and enraged to find that, by the death of his patron, his career was closed; and that, in the zenith of the Revolution for which he had laborod, he was lurking in caves and cellars, more poor, more obscure, more despicable than he had been at the commencement,—not daring to exercise even his art, and fearful every hour that his name would swell the lists of the condemned; he was naturally one of the bitterest enemies of Robespierre and his government. He held secret meetings with Collot d'Herbois, who was animated by the same spirit; and with the creeping and furtive craft that characterized his abilities, he contrived, undetected, to disseminate tracts and invectives against the Dictator, and to prepare, amidst "the poor and virtuous people," the train for the grand explosion. But still so firm to the eyes, even of profounder politicians than Jean Nicot, appeared the sullen power of the incorruptible Maximilien; so timorous was the movement against him, that Nicot, in common with many others, placed his hopes rather in the dagger of the assassin, than the revolt of the multitude. But Nicot, though not actually a coward, shrunk himself from braving the fate of the martyr; he had sense enough to see that though all parties might rejoice in the assassination, all parties would probably concur in beheading the assassin. He had not the virtue to become a Brutus. His object was to inspire a proxy-Brutus; and in the centre of that inflammable population, this was no improbable hope,

Amongst those loudest and sternest against the reign of blood—amongst those most disenchanted of the Revolution—amongst those most appalled by its excesses, was, as might be expected, the Englishman, Clarence Glyndon. The wit and accomplishments, the uncertain virtues that had lighted with fitful gleams the mind of Camille Desmoulins, had fascinated Glyndon more than the qualities of any other agent in the Revolution. And when (for Camille Desmoulins had a heart, which seemed dead or dormant in most of his contempories) that vivid child of genius and of error, shocked at the massacre of the Girondins, and repentant of his own efforts against them, began to rouse the serpent malice of Robespierre by new doctrines of mercy and toleration, Glyndon espoused his views with his whole strength and soul. Camile Desmoulins perished, and Glyndon, hopeless at once of his own life and the cause of humanity, from that time, sought only the occasion of flight from the devouring Golgotha. He had two lives to heed besides his own; for them he trembled, and for them he schemed and plotted the means of escape. Though Glyndon hated the principles, the party,* and the vices of Nicot, he yet extended to the painter's penury the means of subsistence; and Jean Nicot in return, designed to exalt Glyndon to that very immortality of a Brutus, from which he modestly recoiled himself. He founded his designs on the physical courage, on the wild and unsettled fancies of the English artist; and on the vehement hate, and indignant loathing, with which he openly regarded the government of Maximilien.

At the same hour, on the same day in July, in which Robespierre, conferred (as we have seen), with his allies, two persons were seated in a small room, in one of the streets leading

* The shades of Danton, Hébert, and Chaumette, walk amongst us.

* None were more opposed to the Hébertists than Camille Desmoulins and his friends. It is curious and amusing to see these leaders of the mob, calling the mob "the people," one day, and the "canaille" the next, according as it suits them. "I know," says Camille, "that they, the Hébertists, have all the canaille with them." (Ils ont toute la canaille pour eux.)

out of the Rue St. Honoré: the one, a man, appeared listening impatiently, and with a sullen brow, to his companion, a woman of singular beauty, but with a bold and reckless expression, and her face as she spoke was animated by the passions of a half savage and vehement nature.

"Englishman," said the woman, "beware!—you know that, whether in flight or at the place of death, I would brave all to be by your side—you know *that!* Speak!"

"Well, Fillide; did I ever doubt your fidelity?"

"Doubt it you cannot—betray it you may. You tell me that in flight you must have a companion besides myself, and that companion is a female. It shall not be!"

"Shall not!"

"It shall not!" repeated Fillide, firmly, and folding her arms across her breast; before Glyndon could reply, a slight knock at the door was heard, and Nicot opened the latch and entered.

Fillide sunk into her chair, and, leaning her face on her hands, appeared unheeding of the intruder, and the conversation that ensued.

"I cannot bid thee good day, Glyndon," said Nicot, as in his *sans-culotte* fashion he strode towards the artist, his ragged hat on his head, his hands in his pockets, and the beard of a week's growth upon his chin—"I cannot bid thee good day, for while the tyrant lives, evil is every sun that sheds its beams on France."

"It is true; what then? We have sowed the wind, we must reap the whirlwind."

"And yet," said Nicot, apparently not hearing the reply, and as if musingly to himself, "it is strange to think that the butcher is as mortal as the butchered—that his life hangs on as slight a thread—that between the cuticle and the heart there is as short a passage—that, in short, one blow can free France, and redeem mankind?"

Glyndon surveyed the speaker with a careless and haughty scorn, and made no auswer.

"And," proceeded Nicot, "I have sometimes looked around for the man born for this destiny, and whenever I have done so, my steps have led me hither!"

"Should they not rather have led thee to the side of Maximilien Robespierre?" said Glyndon, with a sneer.

"No," returned Nicot, coldly—"no; for I am a '*suspect*'—I could not mix with his train; I could not approach within a hundred yards of his person, but I should be seized; *you*, as yet, are safe. Hear me!" and his voice became earnest and expressive—"hear me! There seems danger in this action; there is none. I have been with Collot d'Herbois and Billaud-Varennes; they will hold him harmless who strikes the blow; the populace will run to thy support, the Convention would hail thee as their deliverer—the——"

"Hold man! How darest thou couple my name with the act of an assassin? Let the tocsin sound from yonder tower, to a war between Humanity and the Tyrant, and I will not be the last in the field; but liberty never yet acknowledged a defender in a felon."

There was something so brave and noble in Glyndon's voice, mien, and manner, as he thus spoke, that Nicot at once was silenced; at once he saw that he had misjudged the man.

"No," said Fillide, lifting her face from her hands—"no! your friend has a wiser scheme in preparation: he would leave you wolves to mangle each other. He is right; but——"

"Flight!" exclaimed Nicot; "is it possible? Flight! how?—when—by what means? All France begirt with spies and guards! Flight! would to Heaven it were in our power!"

"Dost thou, too, desire to escape the blessed Revolution?"

"Desire! Oh!" cried Nicot, suddenly, and, falling down, he clasped Glyndon's knees—"Oh! save me with thyself! My life is a torture; every moment the guillotine frowns before me. I know that my hours are numbered; I know that the tyrant waits but his time to write my name In his inexorable list; I know that Réné Dumas, the Judge who never pardons, has, from the first, resolved upon my death. Oh! Glyndon, by our old friendship—by our common art—by thy royal English faith, and good English heart, let me share thy flight!"

"If thou wilt, so be it."

"Thanks!—my whole life shall thank thee. But how hast thou prepared the means—the passports, the disguise, the——"

"I will tell thee. Thou knowest C——, of

the Convention—he has power, and he is covetous. '*Qu'on me meprise pourvu que je dine*,'* said he, when reproached for his avarice."

"Well?"

"By the help of this sturdy republican, who has friends enough in the *Comité*, I have obtained the means necessary for flight; I have purchased them. For a consideration, I can procure thy passport also."

"Thy riches, then, are not in *assignats?*"

"No, I have gold enough for us all."

And here Glyndon, beckoning Nicot into the next room, first briefly and rapidly detailed to him the plan proposed, and the disguises to be assumed conformably to the passports, and then added—"In return for the service I render thee, grant me one favor, which I think is in thy power. Thou rememberest Viola Pisani?"

"Ah—remember! yes!—and the lover with whom she fled."

"And *from* whom she is a fugitive now."

"Indeed — what! — I understand. *Sacré bleu!* but you are a lucky fellow, *cher confrère*."

"Silence, man! with thy eternal prate of brotherhood and virtue, thou seemest never to believe in one kindly action, or one virtuous thought!"

Nicot bit his lip, and replied, sullenly. "Experience is a great undeceiver. Humph! What service can I do thee, with regard to the Italian?"

"I have been accessary to her arrival in this city of snares and pitfalls. I cannot leave her alone amidst dangers from which neither innocence nor obscurity is a safeguard. In your blessed Republic, a good and unsuspected citizen, who casts a desire on any woman, maid or wife, has but to say, 'Be mine, or I denounce you!—In a word, Viola must share our flight."

"What so easy? I see your passports provide for her."

"What so easy! What so difficult? This Fillide—would that I had never seen her!—would that I had never enslaved my soul to my senses! The love of an uneducated, violent unprincipled woman, opens with a heaven, to merge in a hell! She is jealous as all the Furies, she will not hear of a female companion;—and when once she sees the beauty of Viola!—I tremble to think of it. She is capable of any excess in the storm of her passions."

"Aha, I know what such women are! My wife, Beatrice Sacchini, whom I took from Naples, when I failed with this very Viola, divorced me when my money failed, and, as the mistress of a Judge, passes me in her carriage while I crawl through the streets. Plague on her!—but patience, patience! such is the lot of virtue. Would I were Robespierre for a day!"

"Cease these tirades!" exclaimed Glyndon, impatiently; "and to the point. What would you advise?'

"Leave your Fillide behind."

"Leave her to her own ignorance—leave her unprotected even by the mind—leave her in the Saturnalia of Rape and Murder? No! I have sinned against her once. But come what may, I will not so basely desert one who, with all her errors, trusted her fate to my love."

"You deserted her at Marseilles."

"True; but I left her in safety, and I did not then believe her love to be so deep and faithful. I left her gold, and I imagined she would be easily consoled; but, since then, *we have known danger together!* And now to leave her alone to that danger which she would never have incurred but for devotion to me!—no, that is impossible! A project occurs to me. Canst thou not say that thou hast a sister, a relative, or a benefactress, whom thou wouldst save? Can we not—till we have left France—make Fillide believe that Viola is one in whom *thou* only art interested; and whom, for thy sake only, I permit to share in our escape?"

"Ha, well thought of!—certainly!"

"I will then appear to yield to Fillide's wishes, and resign the project, which she so resents, of saving the innocent object of her frantic jealousy. You, meanwhile, shall yourself, entreat Fillide to intercede with me, to extend the means of escape to——"

"To a lady (she knows I have no sister) who has aided me in my distress. Yes, I will manage all, never fear. One word more—what has become of that Zanoni?"

"Talk not of him—I know not."

"Does he love this girl still?"

* Let them despise me, provided that I dine.

"It would seem so. She is his wife, the mother of his infant, who is with her."

"Wife!—mother! He loves her! Aha! And why——"

"No questions now. I will go and prepare Viola for the flight; you, meanwhile, return to Fillide."

"But the address of the Neapolitan? It is necessary I should know, lest Fillide inquire."

"Rue M—— T——, No. 27. Adieu."

Glyndon seized his hat, and hastened from the house.

Nicot, left alone, seemed for a few moments buried in thought. "Oho," he muttered to himself, "can I not turn all this to my account? Can I not avenge myself on thee, Zanoni, as I have so often sworn—through thy wife and child? Can I not possess myself of thy gold, thy passports, and thy Fillide, hot Englishman, who wouldst humble me with thy loathed benefits, and who hast chucked me thine alms as to a beggar? And Fillide, I love her; and thy gold, I love *that* more! Puppets, I move your strings!"

He passed slowly into the chamber where Fillide yer sat, with gloomy thought on her brow and tears standing in her dark eyes. She looked up eagerly as the door opened, and turned from the rugged face of Nicot with an impatient movement of disappointment.

"Glyndon," said the painter, drawing a chair to Fillide's, "has left me to enliven your solitude, fair Italian. He is not jealous of the ugly Nicot;—ha! ha!—yet Nicot loved thee well once, when his fortunes was more fair. But enough of such past follies."

"Your friend, then, has left the house. Whither? Ah! you look away—you falter—you cannot meet my eyes! Speak! I implore, I command thee, speak!"

"*Enfant!* and what dost thou fear?"

"*Fear!*—yes, alas, I fear!" said the Italian; and her whole frame seemed to shrink into itself as she fell once more back into her seat.

Then, after a pause, she tossed the long hair from her eyes, and, starting up abruptly, paced the room with disordered strides. At length she stopped opposite to Nicot, laid her hand on his arm, drew him towards an escritore, which she unlocked, and opening a well, pointed to the gold that lay within, and said—"Thou art poor—thou lovest money; take what thou wilt, but undeceive me. Who is this woman whom thy friend visits?—and does he love her?"

Nicot's eyes sparkled, and his hands opened and clenched, and clenched and opened, as he gazed upon the coins. But reluctantly resisting the impulse, he said with an affected bitterness—"Thinkest thou to bribe me?—if so, it cannot be with gold. But what if he does love a rival?—what if he betrays thee?—what, if wearied by thy jealousies, he designs in his flight to leave thee behind?—would such knowledge make thee happier?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Italian, fiercely; "yes, for it would be happiness to hate and to be avenged! Oh, thou knowest not how sweet is hatred to those we have really loved."

"But wilt thou swear, if I reveal to thee the secret, that thou wilt not betray me—that thou wilt not fall, as women do, into weak tears and fond reproaches when thy betrayer returns?"

"Tears—reproaches!—Revenge hides itself in smiles!"

"Thou art a brave creature!" said Nicot, almost admiringly. "One condition more: thy lover designs to fly with his new love, to leave thee to thy fate; if I prove this to thee, and if I give thee revenge against thy rival, wilt thou fly with me? I love thee!—I will wed thee!"

Fillide's eyes flashed fire; she looked at him with unutterable disdain, and was silent.

Nicot felt he had gone too far; and with that knowledge of the evil part of our nature, which his own heart and association with crime had taught him, he resolved to trust the rest to the passions of the Italian, when raised to the height to which he was prepared to lead them.

"Pardon me," he said: "my love made me too presumptuous; and yet in is only that love,—my sympathy for thee beautiful and betrayed, that can induce me to wrong, with my revelations, one whom I have regarded as a brother. I can depend upon thine oath to conceal all from Glyndon?"

"On my oath and my wrongs, and my mountain blood!"

"Enough! get thy hat and mantle and follow me!"

As Fillide left the room, Nicot's eyes again rested on the gold; it was much—much more

than he had dared to hope for; and as he peered into the well, and opened the drawers, he perceived a packet of letters in the well-known hand of Camile Desmoulins. He seized —he opened the packet; his looks brightened as he glanced over a few sentences. "This would give fifty Glyndons to the guillotine!" he muttered, and thrust the packet into his bosom.

O Artist!—O haunted one!—O erring Genius!—Behold the two worst foes — the False Ideal that knows no God, and the False Love that burns from the corruption of the senses, and takes no lustre from the soul!

CHAPTER III.

Liebe sonnt das Reich der Nacht.*
—DER TRIUMPH DER LIEBE.

LETTER FROM ZANONI TO MEJNOUR.

Paris.

Dost thou remember in the old time, when the Beautiful yet dwelt in Greece, how we two, in the vast Athenian Theatre, witnessed the birth of Words as undying as ourselves? Dost thou remember the thrill of terror that ran through that mighty audience, when the wild Cassandra burst from her awful silence to shriek to her relentless god! How ghastly, at the entrance of the House of Atreus, about to become her tomb—rang out her exclamations of foreboding woe—"Dwelling abhorred of Heaven!—human shamble-house, and floor blood-bespattered!" † Dost thou remember how, amidst the breathless awe of those assembled thousands, I drew close to thee, and whispered, "Verily, no prophet like the Poet! This scene of fabled horror comes to me as a dream, shadowing forth some likeness in my own remoter future!" As I enter this slaughter-house, that scene returns to me, and I hearken to the voice of Cassandra ringing in my ears. A solemn and warning dread gathers round me, as if I too were come to find a grave, and "the Net of Hades" had already entangled me in its web! What dark treasure-houses of vicissitude and woe are our memories become! What our lives, but the chronicles of unrelenting Death! It seems to me as yesterday when I stood in the streets of this city of the Gaul, as they shone with plumed chivalry, and the air rustled with silken braveries. Young Louis, the monarch and the lover, was victor of the Tournament at the Carousel: and all France felt herself splendid in the splendor of her gorgeous chief! Now there is neither throne nor altar; and what is in their stead? I see it yonder—THE GUILLOTINE! It is dismal to stand amidst the ruins of mouldering cities, to startle the serpent and the lizard amidst the wrecks of Persepolis and Thebes; but more dismal still to stand as I—the stranger from Empires that have ceased to be—stand now amidst the yet ghastlier ruins of Law and Order, the shattering of mankind themselves! Yet here, even here, Love, the Beautiner, that hath led my steps, can walk with unshrinking hope through the wilderness of Death! Strange is the passion that makes a world in itself, that individualizes the One amidst the Multitude; that, through all the changes of my solemn life, yet survives, though ambition, and hate, and anger are dead; the one solitary angel, hovering over an universe of tombs on its two tremulous and human wings—Hope and Fear!

How is it, Mejnour, that, as my diviner art abandoned me—as, in my search for Viola, I was aided but by the ordinary instincts of the merest mortal—how is it that I have never desponded, that I have felt in every difficulty the prevailing prescience that we should meet at last? So cruelly was every vestige of her flight concealed from me—so suddenly, so secretly had she fled, that all the spies, all the Authorities of Venice, could give me no clue. All Italy I searched in vain! Her young home at Naples!—how still, in its humble chambers, there seemed to linger the fragrance of her presence! All the sublimest secrets of our lore failed me —failed to bring her soul visible to mine; yet morning and night, thou lone and childless one, morning and night, detached from myself, I can commune with my child! There in that most blessed, typical and mysterious of all relations, Nature herself appears to supply what Science would refuse. Space cannot separate the Father's watchful soul from the cradle of his first-born! I know not of its resting-place and home—my visions picture not the land—only the small and tender life to which all space is as yet the heritage! For to the infant, before reason dawns—before man's bad passions can dim the essence that it takes from the element it hath left, there is no peculiar country, no native city, and no mortal language. Its soul as yet is the denizen of all airs and of every world; and in space its soul meets with mine—the Child communes with the Father! Cruel and forsaking one—thou for whom I left the wisdom of the spheres—thou, whose fatal dower has been the weakness and terrors of humanity—couldst thou think that young soul less safe on earth because I would lead it evermore up to heaven! Didst thou think that I could have wronged mine own? Didst thou not know that in its serenest eyes the life that I gave it spoke to warn, to upbraid the mother who would bind it to the darkness and pangs of the prison-house of clay? Didst thou not feel that it was I who, permitted by the Heavens, shielded it from suffering and disease? And in its wondrous beauty, I blessed the holy medium through which, at last, my spirit might confer with thine!

And how have I tracked them hither? I learned that thy pupil had been at Venice. I could not trace the young and gentle Neophyte of Parthenope in the description of the haggard and savage visitor who had come to Viola before she fled; but when I would have summoned his IDEA before me, it refused to obey; and I knew then that his fate had become entwined with Viola's. I have tracked him, then, to this Lazar House; I arrived but yesterday; I have not yet discovered him.

* * * * *
* * * * *

I have just returned from their courts of justice—dens where tigers arraign their prey. I find not whom I would seek. They are saved as yet; but I recognize in the crimes of mortals the dark wisdom of the Everlasting. Mejnour, I see here, for the first time, how

* Love illumes the realms of Night.
† Æsch. Agam., 1098.

majestic and beauteous a thing is Death! Of what sublime virtues we robbed ourselves, when, in the thirst for virtue, we attained the art by which we can refuse to die!—When, in some happy clime, where to breathe is to enjoy, the charnel-house swallows up the young and fair—when, in the noble pursuit of knowledge, Death comes to the student, and shuts out the enchanted land, which was opening to his gaze, how natural for us to desire to live; how natural to make perpetual life the first object of research! But here, from my tower of time, looking over the darksome past, and into the starry future, I learn how great hearts feel what sweetness and glory there is to die for the things they love! I saw a father sacrificing himself for his son; he was subjected to charges which a word of his could dispel—he was mistaken for his boy. With what joy he seized the error—confessed the noble crimes of valor and fidelity which the son had indeed committed—and went to the doom, exulting that his death saved the life he had given, not in vain! I saw women, young, delicate, in the bloom of their beauty; they had vowed themselves to the cloister. Hands smeared with the blood of saints opened the grate that had shut them from the world, and bade them go forth, forget their vows, forswear the Divine One these dæmons would depose, find lovers and helpmates, and be free. And some of these young hearts had loved, and even, though in struggles, loved yet. Did they forswear the vow? Did they abandon the faith? Did even love allure them? Mejnour, with one voice they preferred to die! And whence comes this courage? because such *hearts live in some more abstract, and holier life than their own. But to live for ever upon this earth, is to live in nothing diviner than ourselves.* Yes, even amidst this gory butcherdom, God, the Ever-living, vindicates to man the sanctity of His servant, Death!

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* * * * *

Again I have seen thee in spirit; I have seen and blessed thee, my sweet child! Dost thou not know me also in thy dreams? Dost thou not feel the beating of my heart through the veil of thy rosy slumbers? Dost thou not hear the wings of the brighter beings that I yet can conjure around thee, to watch, to nourish, and to save? And when the spell fades at thy waking, when thine eyes open to the day, will they not look round for me, and ask thy mother, with their mute eloquence, "why she has robbed thee of a father?"

Woman, dost thou not repent thee? Flying from imaginary fears, hast thou not come to the very lair of terror, where Danger sits visible and incarnate? Oh, if we could but meet, wouldst thou not fall upon the bosom thou hast so wronged, and feel, poor wanderer amidst the storms, as if thou hadst regained the shelter? Mejnour, still my researches fail me. I mingle with all men, even their judges and their spies, but I cannot yet gain the clue, I know that she is here, I know it by an instinct; the breath of my child seems warmer and more familiar.

They peer at me with venomous looks, as I pass through their streets. With a glance I disarm their malice, and fascinate the basilisks. Everywhere I see the track and scent the presence of the Ghostly One that dwells on the Threshold, and whose victims are the souls that would *aspire*, and can only *fear*. I see its dim shapelessness going before the men of blood, and marshalling their way. Robespierre passed me with his furtive step. Those eyes of horror were gnawing into his heart. I looked down upon their Senate; the grim Phantom sat cowering on its floor. It hath taken up its abode in the city of Dread. And what in truth are these would-be builders of a new world? Like the students who have vainly struggled after our supreme science, they have attempted what is beyond their power; they have passed from this solid earth of usages and forms, into the land of shadow; and its loathsome keeper has seized them as its prey. I looked into the tyrant's shuddering soul, as it trembled past me. There, amidst the ruins of a thousand systems which aimed at virtue, sat Crime, and shivered at its desolation. Yet this man is the only thinker, the only Aspirant, amongst them all. He still looks for a future of peace and mercy, to begin—ay! at what date! When he has swept away every foe. Fool! new foes spring from every drop of blood. Led by the eyes of the Unutterable, he is walking to his doom.

O Viola, thy innocence protects thee! Thou whom the sweet humanities of love shut out even from the dreams of aerial and spiritual beauty, making thy heart an universe of visions fairer than the wanderer over the rosy Hesperus can survey—shall not the same pure affection encompass thee even here, with a charmed atmosphere; and terror itself fall harmless on a life too innocent for wisdom?

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CHAPTER IV.

Ombre più che di notte, in cui di luce
Raggio misto non è;
* * * *
Nè più il palagio appar, nè più le sue
Vestigia; nè dir puossi—egli qui fue.*
—Ger. Lib., canto xvi.—lxix.

The clubs are noisy with clamorous frenzy; the leaders are grim with schemes. Black Henriot flies here and there, muttering to his armed troops—"Robespierre, your beloved, is in danger!" Robespierre stalks perturbed, his list of victims swelling every hour. Tallien, the Macduff to the doomed Macbeth, is whispering courage to his pale conspirators. Along the streets heavily roll the tumbrils. The shops are closed—The people are gorged with gore and will lap no more. And night after night, to the eighty theatres flock the children of the Revolution, to laugh at the quips of comedy, and weep gentle tears over imaginary woes!

* Darkness greater than of night, in which not a ray or light is mixed; * * * * The palace appears no more—not even a vestige—nor can one say that it has been.

In a small chamber, in the heart of the city, sits the mother, watching over her child! It is quiet, happy noon; the sunlight, broken by the tall roofs in the narrow street, comes yet through the open casement, the impartial playfellow of the air, gleesome alike in temple and prison, hall and hovel; as golden and as blithe, whether it laugh over the first hour of life, or quiver in its gay delight on the terror and agony of the last! The child, where it lay at the feet of Viola, stretched out its dimpled hands as if to clasp the dancing motes that revelled in the beam. The mother turned her eyes from the glory; it saddened her yet more.—She turned and sighed.

Is this the same Viola who bloomed fairer than their own Idalia under the skies of Greece? How changed! How pale and worn! She sat listlessly, her arms dropping on her knee; the smile that was habitual to her lips was gone. . A heavy, dull despondency, as if the life of life were no more, seemed to weigh down her youth, and make it weary of that happy sun! In truth, her existence had languished away since it had wandered, as some melancholy stream, from the source that fed it. The sudden enthusiasm of fear or superstition that had almost, as if still in the unconscious movements of a dream, led her to fly from Zanoni, had ceased from the day which dawned upon her in a foreign land. Then—there—she felt that in the smile she had evermore abandoned lived her life. She did not repent—she would not have recalled the impulse that winged her flight. Though the enthusiasm was gone, the superstition yet remained; she still believed she had saved her child from that dark and guilty sorcery, concerning which the traditions of all lands are prodigal, but in none do they find such credulity, or excite such dread, as in the South of Italy. This impression was confirmed by the mysterious conversations of Glyndon, and by her own perception of the fearful change that had passed over one who represented himself as the victim of the enchanters. She did not, therefore, repent—but her very volition seemed gone.

On their arrival at Paris, Viola saw her companion—the faithful wife—no more. Ere three weeks were passed, husband and wife had ceased to lived.

And now, for the first time, the drudgeries of this hard earth claimed the beautiful Neapolitan. In that profession, giving voice and shape to poetry and song, in which her first years were passed, there is, while it lasts, an excitement in the art that lifts it from the labor of a calling. Hovering between two lives, the Real and Ideal, dwells the life of music and the stage. But that life was lost evermore to the idol of the eyes and ears of Naples. Lifted to the higher realm of passionate love, it seemed as if the fictitious genius which represents the thoughts of others was merged in the genius that grows all thought itself. It had been the worst infidelity to the Lost, to have descended again to live on the applause of others. And so—for she would not accept alms from Glyndon—so, by the commonest arts, the humblest industry which the sex knows, alone and unseen, she, who had slept on the breast of Zanoni, found a shelter for their child. As when, in the noble verse prefixed to this chapter, Armida herself has destroyed her enchanted palace,—not a vestige of that bower, raised of old by Poetry and Love, remained to say "it had been!"

And the child avenged the father: it bloomed—it thrived—it waxed strong in the light of life. But still it seemed haunted and preserved by some other being than her own. In its sleep there was that slumber, so deep and rigid, which a thunderbolt could not have disturbed; and in such sleep often it moved its arms as to embrace the air; often its lips stirred with murmured sounds of indistinct affection—*not for her;* and all the while upon its cheeks a hue of such celestial bloom—upon its lips, a smile of such mysterious joy! Then when it waked, its eyes did not turn first to *her*—wistful, earnest, wandering, they roved around, to fix on her pale face, at last, in mute sorrow and reproach.

Never had Viola felt before how mighty was her love for Zanoni; how thought, feeling, heart, soul, life—all lay crushed and dormant in the icy absence to which she had doomed herself! She heard not the roar without, she felt not one amidst those stormy millions,—worlds of excitement laboring through every hour. Only when Glyndon, haggard, wan, and spectre-like, glided in, day after day, to visit her, did the fair daughter of the careless South know how heavy and universal was the Death-Air that girt her around. Sublime in her pas-

sive unconsciousness—her mechanic life—she sat, and feared not, in the den of the Beasts of Prey!"

The door of the room opened abruptly, and Glyndon entered. His manner was more agitated than usual.

"Is it you, Clarence?" she said, in her soft, languid tones. "You are before the hour I expected you."

"Who can count on his hours at Paris?" returned Glyndon, with a frightful smile. "Is it not enough that I am here? Your apathy in the midst of these sorrows, appals me. You say calmly, 'Farewell!'—calmly you bid me 'Welcome!'—as if in every corner there was not a spy, and as if with every day there was not a massacre!"

"Pardon me! But in these walls lies my world. I can hardly credit all the tales you tell me. Everything here, save *that*" (and she pointed to the infant), "seems already so lifeless, that in the tomb itself one could scarcely less heed the crimes that are done without."

Glyndon paused for a few moments, and gazed with strange and mingled feelings upon that face and form, still so young, and yet so invested with that saddest of all repose,—when the heart feels old.

"Oh Viola!" said he, at last, and in a voice of suppressed passion; "was it thus I ever thought to see you—ever thought to feel for you, when we two first met in the gay haunts of Naples? Ah! why then, did you refuse my love?—or why was mine not worthy of you? Nay, shrink not!—let me touch your hand. No passion so sweet as that youthful love can return to me again. I feel for you but as a brother for some younger and lonely sister. With you, in your presence, sad though it be, I seem to breathe back the purer air of my early life. Here alone, except in scenes of turbulence and tempest, the Phantom ceases to pursue me. I forget even the Death that stalks behind, and haunts me as my shadow. But better days may be in store for us yet. Viola, I at last begin dimly to perceive how to baffle and subdue the Phantom that has cursed my life—it is to brave, and defy it. In sin and in riot, as I have told thee, it haunts me not. But I comprehend now what Mejnour said in his dark apothegms, 'that I should dread the spectre, most *when unseen*.' In virtuous and calm resolution it appears—ay, I behold it now—there—there, with its livid eyes!" (and the drops fell from his brow). "But it shall no longer daunt me from that resolution. I face it, and it gradually darkens back into the shade." He paused,—and his eyes dwelt with a terrible exultation upon the sunlit space, then, with a heavy and deep-drawn breath, he resumed—"Viola, I have found the means of escape. We will leave this city. In some other land we will endeavor to comfort each other, and forget the past."

"No," said Viola, calmly; "I have no further wish to stir, till I am borne hence to the last resting-place. I dreamed of him last night, Clarence!—dreamed of him for the first time since we parted: and, do not mock me, methought that he forgave the deserter, and called me 'Wife.' That dream hallows the room. Perhaps it will visit me again before I die."

"Talk not of him—of the demifiend!" cried Glyndon, fiercely, and stamping his foot. "Thank the Heavens for any fate that hath rescued thee from him."

"Hush!" said Viola, gravely. And as she was about to proceed, her eyes fell upon the child. It was standing in the very centre of that slanting column of light which the sun poured into the chamber; and the rays seemed to surround it as a halo, and settled, crown-like, on the gold of its shining hair. In its small shape, so exquisitely modelled—in its large, steady, tranquil eyes, there was something that awed, while it charmed the mother's pride. It gazed on Glyndon as he spoke, with a look which almost might have seemed disdain, and which Viola, at least, interpreted as a defence of the Absent, stronger than her own lips could frame.

Glyndon broke the pause.

"Thou would'st stay,—for what? To betray a mother's duty! If any evil happen to thee, what becomes of thine infant?—Shall it be brought up an orphan, in a country that has desecrated thy religion, and where human charity exists no more! Ah, weep, and clasp it to thy bosom! But tears do not protect and save."

"Thou hast conquered, my friend—I will fly with thee."

"To-morrow night, then, be prepared. I will bring thee the necessary disguises."

And Glyndon then proceeded to sketch rapidly the outline of the path they were to take, and the story they were to tell. Violo listened, but scarcely comprehended: he pressed her hand to his heart, and departed.

CHAPTER V.

——van seco pur anco
Sdegno ed Amor, quasi due Veltri al fianco.*
—Ger. Lib. cant. xx. cxvii.

Glyndon did not perceive, as he hurried from the house, two forms crouching by the angle of the wall. He saw still the spectre gliding by his side, but he beheld not the yet more poisonous eyes of human envy and woman's jealousy that glared on his retreating footsteps.

Nicot advanced to the house; Fillide followed him in silence. The Painter, an old *sans-culotte*, knew well what language to assume to the porter. He beckoned the latter from his lodge—"How is this, Citizen? Thou harborest a '*suspect*.'"

"Citizen, you terrify me!—if so name him."

"It is not a man; a refugee—an Italian woman, lodges here."

"Yes, *au troisième*—the door to the left. But what of her?—she cannot be dangerous, poor child!"

"Citizen beware! Dost thou dare to pity her?"

"I? No, no, indeed. But——"

"Speak the truth! Who visits her?"

"No one but an Englishman."

"That is it—an Englishman, a spy of Pitt and Coburg."

"Just Heaven!—is it possible?"

"How, Citizen! dost thou speak of Heaven? Thou must be an aristocrat!"

"No, indeed; it was but an old, bad habit, and escaped me unawares."

"How often does the Englishman visit her?"

"Daily."

Fillide uttered an exclamation.

"She never stirs out," said the porter. "Her sole occupations are in work, and care of her infant."

"Her infant!"

Fillide made a bound forward. Nicot in vain endeavored to arrest her. She sprung up the stairs; she paused not till she was before the door indicated by the porter; it stood ajar—she entered,—she stood at the threshold, and beheld that face, still so lovely! The sight of so much beauty left her hopeless. And the child, over whom the mother bent!—she who had never been a mother!—she uttered no sound—the furies were at work within her breast. Viola turned, and saw her; and, terrified by the strange apparition, with features that expressed the deadliest hate, and scorn, and vengeance, uttered a cry, and snatched the child to her bosom. The Italian laughed aloud—turned, descended, and, gaining the spot where Nicot still conversed with the frightened porter, drew him from the house. When they were in the open street, she halted abruptly, and said, "Avenge me, and name thy price!"

"My price, sweet one! is but permission to love thee. Thou wilt fly with me to-morrow night; thou wilt possess thyself of the passports and the plan."

"And they——"

"Shall, before then, find their asylum in the Conciergerie. The gullotine shall requite thy wrongs."

"Do this, and I am satisfied," said Fillide, firmly.

And they spoke no more, till they regained the house. But when she there, looking up to the dull building, saw the windows of the room which the belief of Glyndon's love had once made a paradise, the tiger relented at the heart; something of the woman gushed back upon her nature, dark and savage as it was. She pressed the arm on which she leant convulsively, and exclaimed—"No, no!—not him! denounce her—let her perish; but I have slept on *his* bosom—not *him!*

"It shall be as thou wilt," said Nicot, with a devil's sneer; "but he must be arrested for the moment. No harm shall happen to him, for no accuser shall appear. But her—thou wilt not relent for her?"

Fillide turned upon him her eyes, and their dark glance was sufficient answer.

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* There went with him still Disdain and Love, like two greyhounds side by side.

CHAPTER VI.

In poppa quella
Che guidar gli dovea, fatal Donzella.*
—Ger. Lib., cant. xv. 3.

The Italian did not overrate that craft of simulation proverbial with her country and her sex. Not a word, not a look that day revealed to Glyndon the deadly change that had converted devotion into hate. He himself, indeed, absorbed in his own schemes, and in reflections on his own strange destiny, was no nice observer. But her manner, milder and more subdued than usual, produced a softening effect upon his meditations towards the evening; and he then began to converse with her on the certain hope of escape, and on the future that would await them in less unhallowed lands.

"And thy fair friend," said Fillide, with an averted eye and a false smile, "who was to be our companion. Thou hast resigned her, Nicot tells me, in favor of one in whom he is interested. Is it so?"

"He told thee this!" returned Glyndon, evasively. "Well! does the change content thee?"

"Traitor!" muttered Fillide; and she arose suddenly, approached him, parted the long hair from his forehead, caressingly, and pressed her lips convulsively on his brow.

"This were too fair a head for the doomsman," said she, with a slight laugh, and turning away, appeared occupied in preparations for their departure.

The next morning, when he rose, Glyndon did not see the Italian; she was absent from the house when he left it. It was necessary that he should once more visit C——, before his final departure, not only to arrange for Nicot's participation in the flight, but lest any suspicion should have arisen to thwart or endanger the plan he had adopted. C——, though not one of the immediate coterie of Robespierre, and indeed secretly hostile to him, had possessed the art of keeping well with each faction as it rose to power. Sprung from the dregs of the populace, he had, nevertheless, the grace and vivacity so often found impartially amongst every class in France. He had contrived to enrich himself —none knew how—in the course of his rapid career. He became, indeed, ultimately one of the wealthiest proprietors of Paris, and at that time kept a splendid and hospitable mansion. He was one of those whom, from various reasons, Robespierre deigned to favor; and he had often saved the proscribed and suspected, by procuring them passports under disguised names, and advising their method of escape.

But C—— was a man who took this trouble only for the rich. "The incorruptible Maximilien," who did not want the tyrant's faculty of penetration, probably saw through all his manœuvres, and the avarice which he cloaked beneath his charity. But it was noticeable, that Robespierre frequently seemed to wink at —nay, partially to encourage—such vices in men whom he meant hereafter to destroy, as would tend to lower them in the public estimation, and to contrast with his own austere and unassailable integrity and *purism*. And, doubtless, he often grimly smiled in his sleeve at the sumptuous mansion, and the griping covetousness of the worthy citizen C——.

To this personage, then, Glyndon musingly bent his way. It was true, as he had darkly said to Viola, that in proportion as he had resisted the spectre, its terrors had lost their influence. The time had come at last, when, seeing crime and vice in all their hideousness, and in so vast a theatre, he had found that in vice and crime there are deadlier horrors than in the eyes of a phantom-fear. His native nobleness began to return to him. As he passed the streets, he revolved in his mind projects of future repentance and reformation. He even meditated, as a just return for Fillide's devotion, the sacrifice of all the reasonings of his birth and education. He would repair whatever errors he had committed against her, by the self-immolation of marriage with one little congenial with himself. He who had once revolted from marriage with the noble and gentle Viola!—he had learned in that world of wrong to know that right is right, and that Heaven did not make the one sex to be the victim of the other. The young visions of the Beautiful and the Good rose once more before him; and along the dark ocean of his mind lay the smile of re-awakening virtue, as a path of moonlight. Never,

* By the prow was the fatal lady ordained to be the guide.

perhaps, had the condition of his soul been so elevated and unselfish.

In the meanwhile, Jean Nicot, equally absorbed in dreams of the future, and already in his own mind laying out to the best advantage the gold of the friend he was about to betray, took his way to the house honored by the residence of Robespierre. He had no intention to comply with the relenting prayer of Fillide, that the life of Glyndon should be spared. He thought with Barrière, "*il n'y a que les morts qui ne revient pas.*" In all men who have devoted themselves to any study, or any art, with sufficient pains to attain a certain degree of excellence, there must be a fund of energy immeasurably above that of ordinary herd. Usually, this energy is concentred on the objects of their professional ambition, and leaves them, therefore, apathetic to the other pursuits of men. But where those objects are denied, where the stream has not its legitimate vent, the energy, irritated and aroused, possesses the whole being, and if not wasted on desultory schemes, or if not purified by conscience and principle, becomes a dangerous and destructive element in the social system, through which it wanders in riot and disorder. Hence, in all wise monarchies—nay, in all well constituted states, the peculiar care with which channels are opened for every art and every science; hence the honor paid to their cultivators by subtle and thoughtful statesmen, who, perhaps, for themselves, see nothing in a pictute but colored canvass — nothing in a problem but an ingenious puzzle.

No state is ever more in danger than when the talent, that should be consecrated to peace, has no occupation but political intrigue or personal advancement. Talent unhonored is talent at war with men. And here it is noticeable, that the class of Actors having been the most degraded by the public opinion of the old *régime*, their very dust deprived of Christian burial, no men, (with certain exceptions in the company especially favored by the Court) were more relentless and revengeful among the scourges of the revolution. In the savage Collot d'Herbois, *mauvais comédien*, were embodied the wrongs and the vengeance of a class.

Now the energy of Jean Nicot had never been sufficiently directed to the Art he professed. Even in his earliest youth, the political disquisitions of his master, David, had distracted him from the more tedious labors of the easel. The defects of his person had embittered his mind; the Atheism of his benefactor had deadened his conscience. For one great excellence of Religion—above all the Religion of the Cross—is, that it raises PATIENCE first into a Virtue, and next into a Hope. Take away the doctrine of another life, of requital hereafter, of the smile of a Father upon our sufferings and trials in our ordeal here, and what becomes of Patience! But without patience, what is man?—and what a people? Without patience, Art never can be high; without patience, Liberty never can be perfected. By wild throes, and impetuous, aimless struggles, Intellect seeks so soar from Penury, and a nation to struggle into Freedom. And woe, thus unfortified, guideless, and unenduring—woe to both!

Nicot was a villain as a boy. In most criminals, however abandoned, there are touches of humanity—relics of virtue; and the true delineator of mankind often incurs the taunt of bad hearts and dull minds, for showing that even the worst alloy has some particles of gold, and even the best that come stamped from the mint of Nature, have some adulteration of the dross. But there are exceptions, though few, to the general rule; exceptions, when the conscience lies utterly dead, and when good or bad are things indifferent but as means to some selfish end. So was it with the *protégé* of the atheist. Envy and hate filled up his whole being, and the consciousness of superior talent only made him curse the more all who passed him in the sunlight with a fairer form or happier fortunes. But monster though he was, when his murderous fingers griped the throat of his benefactor, Time, and that ferment of all evil passions—the Reign of Blood, had made in the deep hell of his heart a deeper still. Unable to exercise his calling, (for even had he dared to make his name prominent, revolutions are no season for painters; and no man—no! not the richest and proudest magnate of the land, has so great an interest in peace and order, has so high and essential a stake in the well-being of society, as the poet and the artist)—his whole intellect, ever restless and unguided, was left to ponder over the images of guilt most congenial to it. He had no Future but in this life; and how in

this life had the men of power around him, the great wrestlers for dominion, thriven? All that was good, pure, unselfish—whether among Royalists or Republicans—swept to the shambles, and the deathsmen left alone in the pomp and purple of their victims! Nobler paupers than Jean Nicot would despair; and Poverty would rise in its ghastly multitudes to cut the throat of Wealth, and then gash itself limb by limb, if Patience, the Angel of the Poor, sat not by its side, pointing with solemn finger to the life to come!

And now as Nicot neared the house of the Dictator, he began to meditate a reversal of his plans of the previous day: not that he faltered in his resolution to denounce Glyndon, and Viola would necessarily share his fate, as a companion and accomplice,—no, *there* he was resolved! for he hated both—(to say nothing of his old, but never-to-be-forgotten grudge against Zanoni)—Viola had scorned him, Glyndon had served, and the thought of gratitude was as intolerable to him as the memory of insult. But why, now, should he fly from France?—he could possess himself of Glyndon's gold—he doubted not that he could so master Fillide by her wrath and jealousy that he could command her acquiescence in all he proposed. The papers he had purloined—Desmoulins' correspondence with Glyndon while it ensured the fate of the latter, might be eminently serviceable to Robespierre, might induce the tyrant to forget his own old liaisons with Hébert, and enlist him among the allies and tools of the King of Terror. Hopes of advancement, of wealth, of a career, again rose before him. This correspondence, dated shortly before Camille Desmoulins' death, was written with that careless and daring imprudence which characterized the spoiled child of Danton. It spoke openly of designs against Robespierre; it named confederates whom the tyrant desired only a popular pretext to crush. It was a new instrument of death in the hands of the Death-compeller. What greater gift could he bestow on Maximilien the Incorruptible?

Nursing these thoughts, he arrived at last before the door of Citizen Dupleix. Around the threshold were grouped, in admired confusion, some eight or ten sturdy Jocobins, the voluntary body-guard of Robespierre—tall fellows, well armed, and insolent with the power that reflects power, mingled with women, young and fair, and gaily dressed, who had come upon the rumor that Maximilien had had an attack of bile, to inquire tenderly of his health; for Robespierre, strange though it seem, was the idol of the sex!

Through this *cortège*, stationed without the door, and reaching up the stairs to the landing place, for Robespierre's apartments were not spacious enough to afford sufficient antechamber for *levées* so numerous and miscellaneous, Nicot forced his way; and far from friendly or flattering were the expressions that regaled his ears.

"*Aha, le joli Polichinelle!* said a comely matron, whose robe his obtrusive and angular elbows cruelly discomposed. "But how could one expect gallantry from such a scare-crow!"

"Citizen I beg to avise thee * that thou art treading on my feet. I beg thy pardon, but now I look at thine, I see the hall is not wide enough for them."

"Ho! Citizen Nicot," cried a Jacobin, shouldering his formidable bludgeon, "and what brings thee hither? thinkest thou that Hébert's crimes are forgotten already? Off, sport of Nature! and thank the *Etre Suprême* that he made thee insignificant enough to be forgiven."

"A pretty face to look out of the National Window,"† said the woman whose robe the painter had ruffled.

"Citizens," said Nicot, white with passion, but constraining himself so that his words seemed to come from grinded teeth, "I have the honor to inform you that I seek the *Représentant* upon business of the utmost importance to the public and himself; and," he added, slowly, and malignantly glaring round, "I call all good citizens to be my witnesses when I shall complain to Robespierre of the reception bestowed on me by some amongst you."

There was in the man's look and his tone of

* The courteous use of the plural was proscribed at Paris. The *Societes Populaires* had decided that whoever used it should be prosecuted as *suspect et adulateur!* At the door of the public administrations and popular societies was written up—"Ici on s'honore du Citoyen, *et on se tutoye*"!!![1] Take away Murder from the French Revolution, and it becomes the greatest Farce ever played before the Angels!

† The Guillotine.

[1] "Here they respect the title of Citizen, and they *thee* and *thou* one another."

voice so much of deep and concentrated malignity, that the idlers drew back; and as the remembrance of the sudden ups and downs of revolutionary life occurred to them, several voices were lifted to assure the squalid and ragged painter, that nothing was farther from their thoughts than to offer affront to a citizen, whose very appearance proved him to be an exemplary *Sans-Culotte*. Nicot received these apologies in sullen silence; and folding his arms, leant against the wall, waiting in grim patience for his admission.

The loiterers talked to each other in separate knots of two and three; and through the general hum rung the clear, loud, careless whistle of the tall Jacobin who stood guard by the stairs. Next to Nicot, an old woman and a young virgin were muttering in earnest whispers, and the atheist painter chuckled inly to overhear their discourse.

"I assure thee, my dear," said the crone, with a mysterious shake of head "that the divine Catherine Theot, whom the impious now persecute, is really inspired. There can be no doubt that the elect, of whom Dom Gerle and the virtuous Robespierre are destined to be the two grand prophets, will enjoy eternal life here, and exterminate all their enemies. There is no doubt of it—not the least!"

"How delightful!" said the girl; "*ce cher Robespierre!*—he does not look very long-lived either!"

"The greater the miracle," said the old woman. "I am just eighty-one, and I don't feel a day older since Catherine Theot promised me I should be one of the elect!"

Here the women were jostled aside by some new comers, who talked loud and eagerly.

"Yes," cried a brawny man whose garb denoted him to be a butcher, with bare arms, and a cap of liberty on his head, "I am come to warn Robespierre. They lay a snare for him; they offer him the Palais National. *On ne peut être ami du peuple et habiter un palais.*" *

"No," indeed," answered a *cordonnier;* "I like him best in his little lodging with the *menuisier:* it looks like one of *us.*"

Another rush of the crowd, and a new group were thrown forward in the vicinity of Nicot. And these men gabbled and chatted faster and louder than the rest.

"But my plan is——"

"*Au diable* with *your* plan. I tell you *my* scheme is——"

"Nonsense!" cried a third. "When Robespierre understands *my* new method of making gunpowder, the enemies of France shall——"

"Bah! who fears foreign enemies?" interrupted a fourth; "the enemies to be feared are at home. *My* new guillotine takes off fifty heads at a time!"

"But *my* new Constitution!" exclaimed a fifth.

"*My* new Religion, citizen!" murmured, complacently, a sixth.

"*Sacré mille tonnerres*, silence!" roared forth one of the Jacobin guard.

And the crowd suddenly parted as a fierce-looking man, buttoned up to the chin—his sword rattling by his side, his spurs clinking at his heel—descended the stairs; his cheeks swollen and purple with intemperance, his eyes dead and savage as a vulture's. There was a still pause, as all, with pale cheeks made way for the relentless Henriot.* Scarce had this gruff and iron minion of the tyrant stalked through the throngs, than a new movement of respect, and agitation, and fear, swayed the increasing crowd, as there glided in, with the noiselessness of a shadow, a smiling, sober citizen, plainly, but neatly clad, with a downcast, humble eye. A milder, meeker face, no pastoral poet could assign to Corydon or Thyrsis—why did the crowd shrink and hold their breath? As the ferret in a burrow crept that slight form amongst the larger and rougher creatures that huddled and pressed back on each other as he passed. A wink of his stealthy eye—and the huge Jacobins left the passage clear, without sound or question. On he went, to the apartment of the tyrant; and thither will we follow him.

* "No one can be a friend of the people, and dwell in a palace." *Papiers inedits trouves chez Robespierre* etc., vol. ii. p. 132.

* Or Hanriot. It is singular how undetermined are not only the characters of the French Revolution, but even the spelling of their names. With the historians it is Vergniaud—with the journalists of the time, it is Verginaux. With one authority it is Robespierre—with another, Robespierre.

CHAPTER VII.

Constitutum est ut quisquis eum *hominem*, dixisset, fuisse, capitalem penderet pœnam.*—St. Aug.—*Of the God Serapis*, 1. 18, *de Civ. Dei*, c. 5.

Robespierre was reclining languidly in his fauteuil, his cadaverous countenance more jaded, and fatigued than usual. He to whom Catherine Theot assured immortal life, looked, indeed, like a man at death's door. On the table before him was a dish heaped with oranges, with the juice of which it is said that he could alone assuage the acrid bile that overflowed his system. And an old woman, richly dressed, (she had been *Marquise* in the old *régime*), was employed in peeling the Hesperian fruits for the sick Dragon, with delicate fingers covered with jewels. I have before said, that Robespierre was the idol of the women. Strange, certainly !—but then they were French women ! The old *Marquise*, who, like Catherine Theot, called him "son," really seemed to love him piously and disinterestedly as a mother; and as she peeled the oranges, and heaped on him the most caressing and soothing expressions, the livid ghost of a smile fluttered about his meagre lips. At a distance, Payan and Couthon, seated at another table, were writing rapidly, and occasionally pausing from their work, to consult with each other in brief whispers.

Suddenly, one of the Jacobins opened the door, and approaching Robespierre, whispered to him the name of Guérin.† At that word the sick man started up, as if now life were in the sound.

"My kind friend," he said to the *Marquise*, forgive me; I must dispense with thy tender cares. France demands me. I am never ill when I can serve my country ! "

The old Marquise ilfted up her eyes to heaven, and murmured—"*Quel Ange !*"

Robespierre waved his hand impatiently; and the old woman, with a sigh, patted his pale cheek, kissed his forehead, and submissively withdrew. The next moment, that smiling, sober man we have before described, stood bending low, before the tyrant. And well might Robespierre welcome one of the subtlest agents of his power—one on whom he relied more than the clubs of his Jacobins, the tongues of his orators, the bayonets of his armies; Guérin, the most renowned of his *écouteurs*,—the searching, prying, universal, omni-present spy,—who gldied like a sunbeam through chink and crevice, and brought to him intelligence not only of the deeds, but the hearts of men !

"Well, citizen, well !—and what of Tallien ? "

"This morning, early, two minutes after eight, he went out."

"So early ? hem ! "

He passed Rue des Quarte Fils, Rue dn Temple, Rue de La Réunion, au Marais, Rue Martin; nothing observable, except that——"

"That what ? "

"He amused himself at a stall, in bargaining for some books."

"Bargaining for books ! Aha, the Charlatan !—he would cloak the *intriguant* under the *savant !* Well ! "

"At last, in the Rue des Fosses Montmartre, an individual, in a blue surtout (unknown), accosted him. They walked together about the street some minutes, and were joined by Legendre."

"Legendre ! approach, Payan ! Legendre, thou hearest ! "

"I went into a fruit-stall, and hired two little girls to go and play at ball within hearing. They heard Legendre say, 'I believe his power is wearing itself out.' And Tallien answered, 'And *himself*, too. I would not give three months' purchase for his life.' I do not know, citizen, if they meant *thee ?* "

"Nor I, citizen," answered Robespierre, with a fell smile, succeeded by an expression of gloomy thought. "Ha ! " he muttered, "I am young yet—in the prime of life. I commit no excess. No; my constitution is sound—sound. Anything farther of Tallien ? "

"Yes. The woman whom he loves—Teresa de Fontenai—who lives in prison, still continues to correspond with him; to urge him to save her by thy destruction. This, my listeners overheard. His servant is the messenger between the prisoner and himself."

"So ! The servant shall be seized in the open streets of Paris. The Reign of Terror is not over yet. With the letters found on him,

* It was decreed, that whoso should say that he had been a *man* should suffer the punishment of a capital offence.

† See for the espionage on which Guérin was employed, Les Papiers inédits, etc., vol. i. p. 366. No. xxviii.

if such their context, I will pluck Tallien from his benches in the convention."

Robespierre rose, and after walking a few moments to and fro the room in thought, opened the door, and summoned one of the Jacobins without. To him he gave his orders for the watch and arrest of Tallien's servant; and then threw himself again into his chair. As the Jacobin departed, Guérin whispered—

"Is not that the citizen Aristides?"

"Yes; a faithful fellow, if he would wash himself, and not swear so much."

"Didst thou not guillotine his brother?"

"But Aristides denounced him."

"Nevertheless, are such men safe about thy person?"

"Humph! that is true." And Robospierre, drawing out his pocket-book, wrote a memorandum in it, replaced it in his vest, and resumed—

"What else of Tallien?"

"Nothing more. He and Legendre, with the unknown, walked to the *Jardin Egalité*, and there parted. I saw Tallien to his house. But I have other news. Thou badst me watch for those who threaten thee in secret letters."

"Guérin! Hast thou detected them? Hast thou—hast thou——"

And the tyrant, as he spoke, opened and shut both his hands, as if already grasping the lives of the writers, and one of those convulsive grimaces, that seemed like an epileptic affection, to which he was subject, distorted his features.

"Citizen, I think I have found one. Thou must know, that, amongst those most disaffected, is the painter, Nicot."

"Stay, stay!" said Robespierre, opening a manuscript book, bound in red morocco, (for Robespierre was neat and precise, even in his death-lists), and turning to an alphabetical index—"Nicot!—I have him—atheist, *sans-culotte* (I hate slovens) friend of Hébert! Aha! N.B. Réné Dumas knows of his early career, and crimes. Proceed!"

"This Nicot has been suspected of diffusing tracts and pamphlets against thyself, and the *Comité*. Yesterday evening, when he was out, his porter admitted me into his apartment, *Rue Beau-Repaire*. With my master-key I opened his desk and escritoire. I found therein a drawing of thyself, at the guillotine; and underneath was written—'*Bourreau de ton pays, lis l'arrêt de ton châtiment!*'* I compared the words with the fragments of the various letters thou gavest me: the hand-writing tallies with one. See, I tore off the writing."

Robespierre looked, smiled, and, as if his vengeance were already satisfied, threw himself on his chair. "It is well! I feared it was a more powerful enemy. This man must be arrested at once."

"And he waits below. I brushed by him as I ascended the stairs."

"Does he so?—admit!—nay—hold! hold! Guérin, withdraw into the inner chamber till I summon thee again. Dear Payan, see that this Nicot conceals no weapons."

Payan, who was as brave as Robespierre was pusillanimous, repressed the smile of disdain that quivered on his lips a moment, and left the room.

Meanwhile, Robespierre, with his head buried in his bosom, seemed plunged in deep thought. "Life is a melancholy thing, Couthon!" said he, suddenly.

"Begging your pardon, I think death worse," answered the Philanthropist, gently.

Robespierre made no rejoinder, but took from his portefeuille that singular letter which was found afterwards amongst his papers, and is marked LXI. in the published collection. †

"Without doubt," it began, "you are uneasy at not having earlier received news from me. Be not alarmed; you know that I ought only to reply by our ordinary courier; and as he has been interrupted *dans sa derniere course*, that is the cause of my delay. When you receive this, employ all diligence to fly a theatre where you are about to appear and disappear for the last time. It were idle to recall to you all the reasons that expose you to peril. The last step that should place you *sur le sopha de la presidence*, but brings you to the scaffold; and the mob will spit on your face as it has spat on those whom you have judged. Since, then, you have accumulated here a sufficient treasure for existence, I await you with great impatience, to laugh with you at the part you have played in the troubles of a nation as credulous as it is avid of novelties. Take your part according to our arrangements—all is prepared. I conclude—our courier waits. I expect your reply."

Musingly and slowly the Dictator devoured the contents of this epistle. "No," he said to himself—"no; he who has tasted power can no longer enjoy repose. Yet, Danton,

* Executioner of thy country, read the degree of thy punishment.

† Papiers inédits, etc., vol. ii. p. 156.

Danton! thou wert right; better to be a poor fisherman, than to govern men." *

The door opened, and Payan reappeared and whispered Robespierre—"All is safe! See the man."

The Dictator, satisfied, summoned his attendant Jacobin to conduct Nicot to his presence. The painter entered with a fearless expression in his deformed features, and stood erect before Robespierre, who scanned him with a sidelong eye.

It is remarkable that most of the principal actors of the Revolution were singularly hideous in appearance—from the colossal ugliness of Mirabeau and Danton, or the villanous ferocity in the countenances of David and Simon, to the filthy squalor of Marat, the sinister and bilious meanness of the Dictator's features. But Robespierre, who was said to resemble a cat, had also a cat's cleanness; and his prim and dainty dress, his shaven smoothness, the womanly whiteness of his lean hands, made yet more remarkable the disorderly ruffianism that characterized the attire and mien of the painter-*sans-culotte*.

"And so, citizen," said Robespierre, mildly, "thou wouldst speak with me? I know thy merits and civism have been overlooked too long. Thou wouldst ask some suitable provision in the state? Scruple not—say on!"

"Virtuous Robespierre, *toi qui éclaires l'univers*,† I come not to ask a favor, but to render service to the state. I have discovered a correspondence that lays open a conspiracy, of which many of the actors are yet unsuspected." And he placed the papers on the table. Robespierre seized, and ran his eye over them rapidly and eagerly.

"Good!—good!" he muttered to himself;—"this is all I wanted. Barrère—Legendre! I have them! Camille Desmoulins was but their dupe. I loved him once; I never loved them! Citizen Nicot, I thank thee. I observe these letters are addressed to an Englishman. What Frenchman but must distrust these English wolves in sheep's clothing! France wants no longer citizens of the world; that farce ended with Anarcharsis Clootz. I beg pardon, Citizen Nicot; but Clootz and Hébert were *thy* friends."

"Nay," said Nicot, apologetically, "we are all liable to be deceived. I ceased to honor them when thou didst declare against; for I disown my own senses rather than thy justice."

"Yes, I pretend to justice: that *is* the virtue I affect," said Robespierre, meekly; and with his feline propensities he enjoyed, even in that critical hour of vast schemes, of imminent danger, of meditated revenge, the pleasure of playing with a solitary victim.* "And my justice shall no longer be blind to thy services, good Nicot. Thou knowest this Glyndon?"

"Yes, well—intimately. He *was* my friend, but I would give up my brother if he were one of the '*indulgents*.' I am not ashamed to say, that I have received favors from this man."

"Aha!—and thou dost honestly hold the doctrine that where a man threatens my life, all personal favors are to be forgotten?"

"All!"

"Good citizen!—kind Nicot!—oblige me by writing the address of this Glyndon."

Nicot stooped to the table; and, suddenly, when the pen was in his hand, a thought flashed across him, and he paused, embarrassed and confused.

"Write on, *kind* Nicot!"

The painter slowly obeyed.

"Who are the other familiars of Glyndon?"

"It was on that point I was about to speak to thee, *Représentant*," said Nicot. "He visits daily a woman, a foreigner, who knows all his secrets; she affects to be poor, and to support her child by industry. But she is the wife of an Italian of immense wealth, and there is no doubt that she has moneys which are spent in corrupting the citizens. She should be seized and arrested."

"Write down her name also."

"But no time is to be lost; for I know that both have a design to escape from Paris this very night."

"Our government is prompt, good Nicot—never fear. Humph!—humph!" and Robespierre took the paper on which Nicot had

* "*Il vaudrait mieux*," said Danton, in his dungeon, "*etre un pauvre pecheur que de gouverner les hommes.*"

† Thou who enlightenest the world.

* The most detestable anecdote of this peculiar hypocrisy in Robespierre is that in which he is recorded to have tenderly pressed the hand of his old school-friend, Camille Desmoulins, the day that he signed the warrant for his arrest.

written, and stooping over it—for he was near-sighted—added, smilingly, "Dost thou always write the same hand, citizen? This seems almost like a disguised character."

"I should not like them to know, who denounced them, *Représentant.*"

"Good! good!—Thy virtue shall be rewarded, trust me. *Salut et fraternité!*"

Robespierre half rose as he spoke, and Nicot withdrew.

"Ho, there!—without!" cried the Dictator, ringing his bell; and as the ready Jacobin attended the summons—"Follow that man, Jean Nicot. The instant he has cleared the house seize him. At once to the Conciergerie with him! Stay!—nothing against the law; there is thy warrant. The public accuser shall have my instruction. Away!—quick!"

The Jacobin vanished. All trace of illness, of infirmity, had gone from the valetudinarian; he stood erect on the floor, his face twitching convulsively, and his arms folded. "Ho! Guérin!" (the spy re-appeared)—"take these addresses! Within an hour this Englishman and his woman must be in prison; their revelations will aid me against worthier foes. They shall die—they shall perish with the rest on the 10th—the third day from this. There!" and he wrote hastily—"there, also, is thy warrant!—Off!"

"And now, Couthon—Payan—we will dally no longer with Tallien and his crew. I have information that the Convention will *not* attend the Fête on the 10th. We must trust only to the sword of the law. I must compose my thoughts—prepare my harangue. To-morrow, I will re-appear at the Convention—to-morrow, bold St. Just joins us, fresh from our victorious armies—to-morrow, from the tribune, I will dart the thunder-bolt on the masked enemies of France—to-morrow, I will demand, in the face of the country, the heads of the conspirators."

CHAPTER VIII.

Le glaive est contre toi tourné de toutes parties.*
—LAHARPE, *Jeanne de Naples*, Act iv. sc. 4.

IN the meantime, Glyndon, after an audience of some length with C——, in which the final preparations were arranged, sanguine of safety, and foreseeing no obstacle to escape, bent his way back to Fillide. Suddenly, in the midst of his cheerful thoughts, he fancied he heard a voice too well and too terribly recognized, hissing in his ear,—"What! thou wouldst defy and escape me! thou wouldst go back to virtue and content. It is in vain—it is too late. No, *I* will not haunt thee;—*human* footsteps, no less inexorable, dog thee now. Me thou shalt not see again till in the dungeon, at midnigat before thy doom! Behold!——

And Glyndon, mechanically turning his head, saw, close behind him, the stealthy figure of a man whom he had observed before, but with little heed, pass and repass him, as he quitted the house of Citizen C——. Instantly and instinctively he knew that he was watched—that he was pursued. The street he was in was obscure and deserted, for the day was oppressively sultry, and it was the hour when few abroad, either on business or pleasure. Bold as he was, an icy chill shot through his heart. He knew too well the tremendous system that then reigned in Paris, not to be aware of his danger. As the sight of the first plague-boil to the victim of the Pestilence, was the first sight of the shadowy spy to that of the Revolution—the watch, the arrest, the trial, the guillotine—these made the regular and rapid steps of the monster that the anarchists called Law! He breathed hard, he heard distinctly the loud beating of his heart. And so he paused, still and motionless, gazing upon the shadow that halted also behind him!

Presently, the absence of all allies to the spy, the solitude of the streets, reanimated his courage; he made a step towards his pursuers, who retreated as he advanced. "Citizen, thou followest me," he said. "Thy business?"

"Surely," answered the man, with a deprecating smile, "the streets are broad enough for both? Thou art not so bad a republican as to arrogate all Paris to thyself!"

"Go on first, then. I make way for thee."

The man bowed, doffed his hat politely, and passed forward. The next moment Glyndon plunged into a winding lane, and fled fast through a labyrinth of streets, passages, and alleys. By degrees, he composed himself, and, looking behind, imagined that he had baffled the pursuer; he then, by a circuitous

* The sword is raised against you on all sides.

route, bent his way once more to his home. As he emerged into one of the broader streets, a passenger, wrapped in a mantle, brushing so quickly by him that he did not observe his countenance, whispered—"Clarence Glyndon, you are dogged—follow me!" and the stranger walked quickly before him. Clarence turned, and sickened once more to see at his heels, with the same serville smile on his face, the pursuer he fancied he had escaped. He forgot the injunction of the stranger to follow him, and perceiving a crowd gathered close at hand, round a caricature shop, dived amidst them, and, gaining another street, altered the direction he had before taken, and, after a long and breathless course, gained, without once more seeing the spy, a distant *quartier* of the city.

Here, indeed, all seemed so serene and fair, that his artist eye, even in that imminent hour, rested with pleasure on the scene. It was a comparatively broad space, formed by one of the noble quais. The Seine flowed majestically along, with boats and craft resting on its surface. The sun gilt a thousand spires and domes, and gleamed on the white palaces of a fallen chivalry. Here fatigued and panting, he paused an instant, and a cooler air from the river fanned his brow. "Awhile, at least, I am safe here," he murmured; and as he spoke, some thirty paces behind him, he beheld the spy. He stood rooted to the spot; wearied and spent as he was, escape seemed no longer possible—the river on one side, (no bridge at hand), and the long row of mansions closing up the other. As he halted, he heard laughter and obscene songs from a house a little in his rear, between himself and the spy. It was a *café* fearfully known in that quarter. Hither often resorted the black troop of Henriot—the minions and *huissiers* of Robespierre. The spy, then, had haunted the victim within the jaws of the hounds. The man slowly advanced, and pausing before the opened window of the *café*, put his head through the aperture, as to address and summon forth its armed inmates.

At that very instant, and while the spy's head was thus turned from him, standing in the half-open gateway of the house immediately before him, he perceived the stranger who had warned; the figure, scarcely distinguishable through the mantle that wrapped it, motioned to him to enter. He sprang noiselessly through the friendly opening; the door closed; breathlessly he followed the stranger up a flight of broad stairs, and through a suite of empty rooms, until, having gained a small cabinet, his conductor doffed the large hat and the long mantle that had hitherto concealed his shape and features, and Glyndon beheld Zanoni.

CHAPTER IX.

Think not my magic wonders wrought by aid
Of Stygian angels summoned up from hell;
Scorned and accursed be those who have essay'd,
Her gloomy Dives and Afrites to compel.
But by perception of the secret powers
Of mineral springs, in nature's inmost cell,
Of herbs in curtain of her greenest bowers,
And of the moving stars o'er mountain tops and towers.
—WIFFEN'S *Translation of Tasso*, xiv. cant. xliii.

"You are safe here, young Englishman!" said Zanoni, motioning Glyndon to a seat. "Fortunate for you that I come on your track at last!"

"Far happier had it been if we had never met! Yet, even in these last hours of my fate, I rejoice to look once more on the face of that ominous and mysterious being to whom I can ascribe all the sufferings I have known. Here, then, thou shalt not palter with or elude me. Here, before we part, thou shalt unravel to me the dark enigma, if not of thy life, of my own!"

"Hast thou suffered? Poor Neophyte!" said Zanoni, pityingly. "Yes—I see it on thy brow.—But wherefore wouldst thou blame me? Did I not warn thee against the whispers of thy spirit?—did I not warn thee to forbear? Did I not tell thee that the ordeal was one of awful hazard and tremendous fears?—nay, did I not offer to resign to thee the heart that was mighty enough, while mine, Glyndon, to content me? Was it not thine own daring and resolute choice to brave the initiation? Of thine own free will didst thou make Mejnour thy master, and his lore thy study!"

"But whence came the irresistible desires of that wild and unholy knowledge? I knew them not till thine evil eye fell upon me, and I was drawn into the magic atmosphere of thy being!"

"Thou errest!—the desires were in thee;

and whether in one direction or the other, would have forced their way! Man! thou askest me the enigma of thy fate and my own! Look round all being, is there not mystery everywhere? Can thine eye trace the ripening of the grain beneath the earth! In the moral and the physical world alike, lie dark portents, far more wondrous than the powers thou wouldst ascribe to me!"

"Dost thou disown those powers?—dost thou confess thyself an impostor?—or wilt thou dare to tell me that thou art indeed sold to the Evil One?—a magician, whose familiar has haunted me night and day!"

"It matters not what I am," returned Zanoni; "it matters only whether I can aid thee to exorcise thy dismal phantom, and return once more to the wholesome air of this common life. Something, however, will I tell thee, not to vindicate myself, but the Heaven and the Nature that thy doubts malign."

Zanoni paused a moment, and resumed, with a slight smile—

"In thy younger days thou hast doubtless read with delight the great Christian poet, whose muse, like the morning it celebrated, came to earth crowned with flowers culled in Paradise.' * No spirit was more imbued with the knightly superstitions of the time; and surely the Poet of Jerusalem hath sufficiently, to satisfy even the Inquisitor he consulted, execrated all the practitioners of the unlawful spells invoked,—

'Per isforzar Cocito o Flegetonte.' †

But in his sorrows and his wrongs—in the prison of his madhouse, know you not that Tasso himself found his solace, his escape, in the recognition, of a holy and spiritual Theurgia—of a magic that could summon the Angel, or the Good Genius, not the Fiend? And do you not remember, how he, deeply versed as he was, for his age, in the mysteries of the noble Platonism, which hints at the secrets of all the starry brotherhoods, from the Chaldæn to the later Rosicrucian, discriminates, in his lovely verse, between the black art of Ismeno, and the glorious lore of the Enchanter who counsels and guides upon their errand the Champions of the Holy Land? *His*, not the charms wrought by the aid of the Stygian Rebels;* but the perception of the secret powers of the fountain and the herb—the Arcana of the unknown nature and the various motions of the stars. His, the holy haunts of Lebanon and Carmel—beneath his feet he saw the clouds, and snows, the hues of Iris, the generations of the rains and dews. Did the Christian Hermit who converted the Enchanter, (no fabulous being, but the type of all spirit that would aspire through Nature up to God), command him to lay aside these sublime studies, 'Le solite arte e l'uso mio?' No! but to cherish and direct them to worthy ends. And in this grand conception of the poet lies the secret of the true Theurgia, which startles your ignorance in a more learned day with puerile apprehensions, and the nightmares of a sick man's dreams."

Again Zanoni paused, and again resumed—

"In ages far remote—of a civilization far different from that which now merges the individual in the state, there existed men of ardent minds, and an intense desire of knowledge. In the mighty and solemn kingdoms in which they dwelt, there were no turbulent and earthly channels to work off the fever of their minds. Set in the antique mould of castes through which no intellect could pierce, no valor could force its way, the thirst for wisdom, alone, reigned in the hearts of those who received its study as a heritage from sire to son. Hence, even in your imperfect records of the progress of human knowledge you find that, in the earliest ages, Philosophy descended not to the business and homes of men. It dwelt amidst the wonders of the loftier creation; it sought to analyze the formation of matter—the essentials of the prevailing soul; to read the mysteries of the starry orbs; to dive into those depths of Nature in which Zoroaster is said by the schoolmen, first to have discovered the arts which your ignorance classes under the name of magic. In such an age, then, arose some men, who, amidst the vanities and delusions of their class, imagined that they detected gleams of a brighter and steadier lore. They fancied an affinity exist-

* ———l'aurea testa
Di rose colte in Paradiso infiora.
—Tasso, Ger. Lib, iv. l.

† To constrain Cocytus or Phlegethon.

* See this remarkable passage, which does indeed not unfaithfully represent the doctrine of the Pythagorean and the Platonist, in Tasso, cant. xiv., stanzas xli. to xlvii. (Ger. Lib.) They are beautifully translated by Wiffen.

ing among all the works of Nature, and that in the lowliest lay the secret attraction that might conduct them upward to the loftiest.* Centuries passed, and lives were wasted in these discoveries; but step after step was chronicled and marked, and became the guide to the few who alone had the hereditary privilege to track their path.

"At last from this dimness upon some eyes the light broke; but think not young visionary, that to those who nursed unholy thoughts, over whom the Origin of Evil held a sway, that dawning was vouchsafed. It could be given then, as now, only to the purest ecstasies of imagination and intellect, undistracted by the cares of a vulgar life, or the appetites of the common clay. Far from descending to the assistance of a fiend, theirs was but the august ambition to approach nearer to the Fount of Good; the more they emancipated themselves from the limbo of the planets, the more they were penetrated by the splendor and beneficence of God. And if they sought, and at first discovered, how to the eye of the Spirit all the subtler modifications of being, and of matter might be made apparent; if they discovered how, for the wings of the Spirit, all Space might be annihilated; and while the body stood heavy and solid here, as a deserted tomb, the freed *Idea* might wander from star to star;—if such discoveries became in truth their own, the sublimest luxury of their knowledge was but this—to wander, to venerate and adore! For, as one not unlearned in these high matters has expressed it, 'There is a principle of the soul superior to all external nature, and through this principle we are capable of surpassing the order and systems of the world, and participating the immortal life and the energy of the Sublime Celestials. When the soul is elevated to natures above itself, it deserts the order to which it is awhile compelled, and by a religious magnetism is attracted to another, and a loftier, with which it blends and mingles.'* Grant, then, that such beings found at last the secret to arrest death—to fascinate danger and the foe—to walk the revolutions of the earth unharmed; think you that this life could teach them other desire than to yearn the more for the Immortal, and to fit their intellect the better for the higher being to which they might, when Time and Death exist no longer, be transferred? Away with your gloomy phantasies of sorcerer and dæmon!—the soul can aspire only to the light; and even the error of our lofty knowledge was but the forgetfulness of the weakness, the passions, and the bonds, which the death we so vainly conquered only can purge away!"

This address was so different from what Glyndon had anticipated, that he remained for some moments speechless, and at length faltered out—

"But why, then to me——"

"Why," added Zanoni, "why to thee have been only the penance and the terror—the Threshold and the Phantom? Vain man! look to the commonest elements of the common learning. Can every tyro at his mere wish and will become the master?—can the student, when he has bought his Euclid, become a Newton?—can the youth whom the Muses haunt, say, 'I will equal Homer?'—yea, can yon pale tyrant, with all the parchment-laws of a hundred system-shapers, and the pikes of his dauntless multitude, carve, at his will, a constitution not more vicious than the one which the madness of a mob could overthrow? When, in that far time to which I have referred, the student aspired to the heights to which thou wouldst have sprung at a single bound, he was trained from his very cradle to the career he was to run. The internal and the outward nature were made clear to his eyes, year after year, as they opened on the day. He was not admitted to the practical initiation till not one earthly wish chained that sublimest faculty which you call the IMAGINATION, one carnal desire clouded the penetrative essence that you call the INTELLECT. And even then, and at the best, how few attained to the last mystery! Happier inasmuch as they attained the earlier to the holy glories for which Death is the heavenliest gate."

Zanoni paused, and a shade of thought and sorrow darkened his celestial beauty.

* Agreeably, it would seem, to the notion of Iamblichus and Plotinus, that the universe is as an animal; so that there is sympathy and communication between one part and the other; in the smallest part may be the subtlest nerve. And hence the universal magnetism of Nature. But man contemplates the universe as an animalcule would an elephant. The animalcule, seeing scarcely the tip of the hoof, would be incapable of comprehending that the trunk belonged to the same creature—that the effect produced upon one extremity would be felt in an instant by the other.

* From Iamblichus, on the Mysteries, c. 7, sect. 7.

"And are there, indeed, others, besides thee and Mejnour, who lay claim to thine attributes, and have attained to thy secrets?"

"Others there have been before us, but we two now are alone on earth."

"Impostor! thou betrayest thyself! If they could conquer Death, why live they not yet?" *

"Child of a day!" answered Zanoni, mournfully, "Have I not told thee the error of our knowledge was the forgetfulness of the desires and passions which the spirit never can wholly and permanently conquer, while this matter clokes it? Canst thou think that it is no sorrow, either to reject all human ties, all friendship, and all love, or to see, day after day, friendship and love wither from our life, as blossoms from the stem? Canst thou wonder how, with the power to live while the world shall last, ere even our ordinary date be finished we yet may prefer to die? Wonder rather that there are two who have clung so faithfully to earth! Me, I confess, that earth can enamour yet. Attaining to the last secret while youth was in its bloom, youth still colors all arouud me with its own luxuriant beauty; to me, yet, to breathe is to enjoy. The freshness has not faded from the face of Nature, and not a herb in which I cannot discover a new charm—an undetected wonder.

As with my youth, so with Mejnour's age; he will tell you, that life to him is but a power to examine; and not till he has exhausted all the marvels which the Creator has sown on earth, would he desire new habitations for the renewed Spirit to explore. We are the types of the two essences of what is imperishable—'ART, that enjoys, and SCIENCE, that contemplates!' And now, that thou mayst be contented that the secrets are not vouchsafed to thee, learn that so utterly must the idea detach itself from what makes up the occupation and excitement of men, so must it be void of whatever would covet, or love, or hate; that for the ambitious man, for the lover, the hater, the power avails not. And I, at last, bound and blinded by the most common of household ties—I, darkened and helpless, adjure thee, the baffled and discontented—I adjure thee to direct, to guide me;—where are they—Oh, tell me—speak! My wife—my child? Silent!—oh, thou knowest now that I am no sorcerer, no enemy. I cannot give thee what thy faculties deny—I cannot achieve what the passionless Mejnour failed to accomplish; but I can give thee the next best boon, perhaps the fairest—I can reconcile thee to the daily world, and place peace between thy conscience and thyself."

"Wilt thou promise?"

"By their sweet lives, I promise!"

Glyndon looked and believed. He whispered the address to the house whither his fatal step already had brought woe and doom.

"Bless thee for this," exclaimed Zanoni, passionately, "and thou shalt be blessed! What! couldst thou not perceive that at the entrance to all the grander worlds dwell the race that intimidate and awe? Who in thy daily world ever left the old regions of Custom and Prescription, and felt not the first seizure of the shapeless and nameless Fear? Everywhere around thee, where men aspire and labor, though they see it not—in the closet of the sage, in the council of the demagogue, in the camp of the warrior,—everywhere cowers and darkens the Unutterable Horror. But there, where thou hast ventured, alone is the phantom *visible;* and never will it cease to haunt, till thou canst pass to the Infinite, as the seraph, or return to the Familiar, as a child! But answer me this,—When, seeking to adhere to some calm resolve of virtue, the Phantom hath stalked suddenly to thy side; when its voice hath whispered thee despair; when its ghastly eyes would scare thee back to those scenes of earthly craft or riotous excitement, from which, as it leaves thee to worse foes to the soul, its presence is ever absent, hast thou never bravely resisted the spectre and thine own horror?—hast thou never said, 'Come what may, to Virtue I will cling?'"

"Alas!" answered Glyndon, "only of late have I dared to do so."

"And thou hast felt then that the Phantom grew more dim and its power more faint."

"It is true."

"Rejoice, then!—thou hast overcome the true terror and mystery of the ordeal. Resolve is the first success. Rejoice, for the exorcism is sure! Thou art not of those who denying a life to come, are the victims of the Inexorable Horror. Oh, when shall men learn, at

* Glyndon appears to forget that Mejnour had before answered the very question which his doubts, here, a second time suggest.

last, that if the Great Religion inculcates so rigidly the necessity of FAITH, it is not alone that FAITH leads to the world to be; but that without faith there is no excellence in this—faith in something wiser, happier, diviner, than we see on earth!—the Artist calls it the Ideal—the Priest, Faith. The Ideal and Faith are one and the same. Return, O wanderer! return. Feel what beauty and holiness dwell in the Customary and the Old. Back to thy gateway glide, thou Horror and calm, on the childlike heart, smile again, O azure Heaven, with thy night and thy morning-star but as one, though under its double name of Memory and Hope?"

As he thus spoke, Zanoni laid his hand gently on the burning temples of his excited and wondering listener; and presently a sort of trance came over him: he imagined he was returned to the home of his infancy; that he was in the small chamber where, over his early slumbers, his mother had watched and prayed. There it was—visible, palpable, solitary, unaltered. In the recess, the homely bed; on the walls, the shelves filled with holy books; the very easel on which he had first sought to call the ideal to the canvas, dust-covered, broken, in the corner. Below the window lay the old churchyard; he saw it green in the distance, the sun glancing through the yew trees; he saw the tomb where father and mother lay united, and the spire pointing up to Heaven, the symbol of the hopes of those who consigned the ashes to the dust; in his ear rang the bells, pealing, as on a sabbath day; far fled all the visions of anxiety and awe that had haunted and convulsed; youth, boyhood, childhood, came back to him with innocent desires and hopes; he thought he fell upon his knees to pray. He woke—he woke in delicious tears; he felt that the phantom was fled for ever. He looked round—Zanoni was gone. On the table lay these lines, the ink yet wet:—

"I will find ways and means for thy escape. At nightfall, as the clock strikes nine, a boat shall wait thee on the river before this house, the boatman will guide thee to a retreat where thou mayest rest in safety, till the Reign of Terror, which nears its close, be past. Think no more of the sensual love that lured, and well nigh lost, thee. It betrayed, and would have destroyed. Thou wilt regain thy land in safety,—long years yet spared to thee to muse over the past, and to redeem it. For thy future, be thy dream thy guide, and thy tears thy baptism."

The Englishman obeyed the injunctions of the letter, and found their truth.

CHAPTER X.

Quid mirare meas tot in uno corpore formas?*
—PROPERY.

ZANONI TO MEJNOUR.

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* * * * *

"SHE is in one of their prisons—their inexorable prisons. It is Robespierre's order—I have tracked the cause to Glyndon. This, then, made that terrible connection between their fates which I could not unravel, but which (till severed as it now is) wrapped Glyndon himself in the same cloud that concealed her. In prison—in prison!—it is the gate of the grave! Her trial, and the inevitable execution that follows such trial, is the third day from this. The tyrant has fixed all his schemes of slaughter for the 10th of Thermidor. While the deaths of the unoffending strike awe to the city, his satellites are to massacre his foes. There is but one hope left—that the Power which now dooms the doomer, may render me an instrument to expediate his fall. But two days left—two days! In all my wealth of time I see but two days; all beyond—darkness—solitude. I may save her yet. The tyrant shall fall the day before that which he has set apart for slaughter! For the first time I mix among the broils and stratagems of men, and my mind leaps up from my despair, armed and eager for the contest."

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

A crowd had gathered round the Rue St. Honoré—a young man was just arrested by the order of Robespierre. He was known to be in the service of Tallien, that hostile leader in the Convention, whom the tyrant had hitherto trembled to attack. This incident had therefore produced a greater excitement than a circumstance so customary as an arrest in the Reign of Terror might be supposed to create. Amongst the crowd were many friends of Tallien, many foes to the tyrant, many weary of beholding the tiger dragging victim after victim to its den. Hoarse, foreboding murmurs were heard; fierce eyes glared upon the officers as they seized their prisoner; and though they did not yet dare openly to resist, those in the rear pressed on those behind, and

* Why wonder that I have so many forms in a single body?

encumbered the path of the captive and his captors. The young man struggled hard for escape, and, by a violent effort, at last wrenched himself from the grasp. The crowd made way, and closed round to protect him ,as he dived and darted through their ranks; but suddenly the trampling of horses was heard at hand—the savage Henriot and his troop were bearing down upon the mob. The crowd gave way in alarm, and the prisoner was again seized by one of the partisans of the Dictator. At that moment a voice whispered the prisoner —"Thou hast a letter, which, if found on thee, ruins thy last hope. Give it to me! I will bear to Tallien." The prisoner turned in amaze, read something that encouraged him in the eyes of the stranger who thus accosted him; the troop were now on the spot; the Jacobin who had seized the prisoner released hold of him for a moment, to escape the hoofs of the horses,—in that moment the opportunity was found—the stranger had disappeared.

* * * * *
* * * * *

At the house of Tallien the principal foes of the tyrant were assembled. Common danger made common fellowship. All factions laid aside their feuds for the hour to unite against the formidable man who was marching over all factions to his gory throne. There, was bold Lecointre, the declared enemy—there, creeping Barrère, who would reconcile all extremes, the hero of the cowards; Barras, calm and collected—Collot d'Herbois, breathing wrath and vengeance, and seeing not that the crimes of Robespierre alone sheltered his own.

The council was agitated and irresolute. The awe which the uniform success, and the prodigious energy of Robespierre excited, still held the greater part under its control. Tallien, whom the tyrant most feared, and who alone could give head and substance and direction to so many contradictory passions, was to sullied by the memory of his own cruelties, not to feel embarrassed by his position as the champion of mercy. "It is true," he said after an animating harangue from Lecointre, "that the Usurper menaces us all. But he is still so beloved by his mobs—still so supported by his Jacobins—better delay open hostilities till the hour is more ripe. To attempt and not succeed is to give us, bound hand and foot, to the guillotine. Every day his power must decline. Procrastination is our best ally——" While yet speaking, and while yet producing the effect of water on the fire, it was announced that a stranger demanded to see him instantly on business that brooked no delay.

"I am not at leisure," said the orator, impatiently. The servant placed a note on the table. Tallien opened it, and found these words in pencil, "From the prison of Teresa de Fontenai." He turned pale, started up, and hastened to the anteroom, where he beheld a face entirely strange to him.

"Hope of France!" said the visitor to him, and the very sound of his voice went straight to the heart—"your servant is arrested in the streets. I have saved your life, and that of your wife who will be. I bring to you this letter from Teresa de Fontenai."

Tallien, with a trembling hand, opened the letter, and read—

"Am I for ever to implore you in vain? Again and again I say—Lose not an hour, if you value my life and your own. My trial and death are fixed the third day from this—the 10th Thermidor. Strike while it is yet time—strike the monster!—you have two days yet. If you fail—if you procrastinate—see me for the last time as I pass your windows to the guillotine?"

"Her trial will give proof against you," said the stranger. "Her death is the herald of your own. Fear not the populace—the populace would have rescued your servant. Fear not Robespierre—he gives himself to your hands. To-morrow he comes to the Convention—to-morrow, you must cast the last throw for his head or your own."

"To-morrow he comes to the Convention! And who are you, that know so well what is concealed from me?"

"A man, like you, who would save the woman he loves."

Before Tallien could recover his surprise, the visitor was gone.

Back went the Avenger to his conclave, an altered man. "I have heard tidings—no matter what," he cried, "that have changed my purpose. On the 10th we are destined to the guillotine. I revoke my counsel for delay. Robespierre comes to the Convention to-morrow; *there* we must confront and crush him. From the Mountain shall frown against him the grim shade of Danton—from the Plain

shall rise, in their bloody cerements, the spectres of Vergniaud and Condorcet. *Frappons!*"

"*Frappons!*" cried even Barrère, startled into energy by the new daring of his colleague. "*Frappons! il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas.*"

It was observable (and the fact may be found in one of the memoirs of the time) that, during that day and night (the 7th Thermidor), a stranger to all the previous events of that stormy time was seen in various parts of the city—in the cafés, the clubs, the haunts of the various factions—that, to the astonishment and dismay of his hearers, he talked aloud of the crimes of Robespierre, and predicted his coming fall; and as he spoke, he stirred up the hearts of men, he loosed the bonds of their fear, he inflamed them with unwonted rage and daring. But what surprised them most was, that no voice replied—no hand was lifted against him—no minion, even of the tyrant, cried, "Arrest the Traitor." In that impunity men read, as in a book, that the populace had deserted the man of blood.

Once only a fierce, brawny Jacobin sprung up from the table at which he sat, drinking deep, and, approaching the stranger, said, "I seize thee, in the name of the Republic.'

"Citizen Aristides," answered the stranger, in a whisper, "go to the lodgings of Robespierre; he is from home, and in the left pocket of the vest, which he cast off not an hour since, thou wilt find a paper; when thou hast read that, return. I will await thee: and if thou wouldst then seize me, I will go without a struggle. Look round on those lowering brows, touch me *now*, and thou wilt be torn to pieces."

The Jacobin felt as if compelled to obey against his will. He went forth muttering: he returned, the stranger was still there: "*Mille tonnerres*," he said to him—"I thank thee; the poltroon had my name in his list for the guillotine."

With that the Jacobin Aristides sprung upon the table, and shouted. "Death to the Tyrant!"

CHAPTER XI.

Le lendemain, 8 Thermidor, Robespierre se décida à prononcer son fameux discours.*—THIERS, *Hist de la Revolution.*

THE morning rose—the 8th of Thermidor (July 26th.) Robespierre has gone to the Convention. He has gone, with his labored speech; he has gone, with his phrases of philanthropy and virtue; he has gone to single out his prey. All his agents are prepared for his reception; the fierce St. Just has arrived from the armies, to second his courage and inflame his wrath. His ominous apparition prepares the audience for the crisis. "Citizens!" screeched the shrill voice of Robespierre—"others have placed before you flattering pictures; I come to announce to you useful truths.

* * * * *

And they attribute to me, to me alone!—whatever of harsh or evil is committed; it is Robespierre who wishes it; it is Robespierre who ordains it. Is there a new tax?—it is Robespierre who ruins you. They call me tyrant!—and why? Because I have acquired some influence; but how? in speaking truth; and who pretends that truth is to be without force in the mouths of the Representatives of the French people! Doubtless, Truth has its power, its rage, its despotism, its accents, touching,—terrible, which resound in the pure heart, as in the guilty conscience; and which Falsehood can no more imitate than Salmoneus could forge the thunderbolts of Heaven. What am I, whom they accuse? A slave of liberty—a living martyr of the Republic—the victim, as the enemy, of crime! All ruffianism affronts me; and actions legitimate in others, are crimes in me. It is enough to know me, to be calumniated. It is in my very zeal that they discover my guilt. Take from me my conscience, and I should be the most miserable of men!"

He paused; and Couthon wiped his eyes, and St. Just murmured applause, as with stern looks he gazed on the rebellious Mountain; and there was a dead, mournful, and chilling silence through the audience. The touching sentiment woke no echo.

The orator cast his eyes around. Ho! he will soon arouse that apathy. He proceeds:

* The next day, 8 Thermidor, Robespierre resolved to deliver his celebrated discourse.

he praises, he pities himself, no more. He denounces—he accuses. Overflooded with his venom, he vomits it forth on all. At home, abroad, finances, war—on all! Shriller and sharper rose his voice—

"A conspiracy exists against the Public Liberty. It owes it strength to a criminal coalition in the very bosom of the Convention; it has accomplices in the bosom of the Committee of Public Safety. . . . What is the remedy to this evil? To punish the traitors; to purify this committee; to crush all factions by the weight of the National Authority; to raise upon their ruins the power of Liberty and Justice. Such are the principles of that Reform. Must I be ambitious to profess them? then the principles are proscribed, and Tyranny reigns amongst us! For what can you object to a man who is in the right, and has, at least, this knowledge he knows how to die for his native land! I am made to combat crime, and not to govern it. The time, alas! is not yet arrived when men of worth can serve with impunity their country. So long as the knaves rule, the defenders of liberty will be only the proscribed."

For two hours through that cold and gloomy audience, shrilled the Death-speech. In silence it began, in silence closed. The enemies of the orator were afraid to express resentment: they knew not yet the exact balance of power. His partisans were afraid to approve; they knew not whom of their own friends and relations the accusations were designed to single forth. "Take care!" whispered each to each, "it is thou whom he threatens." But silent though the audience, it was, at the first, well-nigh subdued. There was still about this terrible man the spell of an over-mastering will. Always—though not what is called a great orator—resoulute, and sovereign in the use of words, words seemed as things when uttered by one who with a nod moved the troops of Henriot, and influenced the judgment of Réné Dumas, grim President of the Tribunal. Lecointre of Versailles rose, and there was an anxious movement of attention; for Lecointre was one of the fiercest foes of the tyrant. What was the dismay of the Tallien faction,—what the complacent smile of Couthon, when Lecointre demanded only that the oration should be printed? All seemed paralyzed. At length, Bourdon de l'Oise, whose name was doubly marked in the black list of the Dictator, stalked to the tribune, and moved the old counter-resolution, that the speech should be referred to the two Committees whom that very speech accused. Still no applause from the conspirators: they sat torpid as frozen men. The shrinking Barrêre, ever on the prudent side, looked round before he rose. He rises, and sides with Lecointre! Then Couthon seized the occasion, and from his seat, (a privilege permitted alone to the paralytic philanthropist,) * and with his melodious voice, sought to convert the crisis into a triumph.

He demanded, not only that the harangue should be printed, but sent to all the communes and all the armies. It was necessary to soothe a wonged and ulcerated heart. Deputies, the most faithful, had been accused of shedding blood. "Ah! if *he* had contributed to the death of one innocent man, he should immolate himself with grief." Beautiful tenderness!—and while he spoke, he fondled the spaniel in his bosom. Bravo, Couthon! Robespierre triumphs! The reign of Terror shall endure!—the old submission settles dove-like back in the assembly! They vote the printing of the Death-speech, and its transmission to all the municipalities. From the benches of the Mountain, Tallien, alarmed, dismayed, impatient, and indignant, cast his gaze where sat the strangers admitted to hear the debates. And, suddenly, he met the eyes of the Unknown who had brought to him the letter from Teresa de Fontenai, the preceding day. The eyes fascinated him as he gazed. In after times, he often said, that their regard, fixed, earnest, half reproachful, and yet cheering and triumphant, filled him with new life and courage. They spoke to his heart as the trumpet speaks to the war-horse. He moved from his seat; he whispered with his allies; the spirit he had drawn in was contagious; the men whom Robespierre especially had denounced, and who saw the sword over their heads, woke from their torpid trance. Vadier, Cambon, Billaud-Varennes, Panis, Amar, rose at once—all at once demanded speech. Vadier

* M. Thiers in his History, vol. iv. p. 79, makes a curious blunder: he says, "Cauthon *s'elance a la* tribune." (Cauthon darted towards the tribune.) Poor Cauthon! whose half body was dead, and who was always wheeled in his chair into the Convention, and spoke sitting.

is first heard, the rest succeed. It burst forth, the Mountain, with its fires and consuming lava! flood upon flood they rush, a legion of Ciceros upon the startled Catiline! Robespierre falters—hesitates—would qualify, retract. They gather new courage from his new fears; they interrupt him; they down his voice; they demand the reversal of the motion. Amar moves again that the speech be referred to the Committees—to the Commitees—to his enemies! Confusion, and noise, and clamor! Robespierre wraps himself in silent and superb disdain. Pale, defeated, but not yet destroyed, he stands, a storm in the midst of storm!

The motion is carried. All men foresee in that defeat the Dictator's downfall. A solitary cry rose from the galleries; it was caught up; it circled through the hall—the audience: "*A bas le tyrant! Vive la république!*" *

CHAPTER XII.

Auprès d'un corps aussi avili que la Convention il restait des chances pour que Robespierre sortit vainqueur de cette lutte.†—LACRETELLE, vol. xii.

As Robespierre left the hall, there was a dead and ominous silence in the crowd without. The herd, in every country, side with success; and the rats run from the falling tower. But Robespierre, who wanted courage, never wanted pride, and the last often supplied the place of the first: thoughtfully, and with an impenetrable brow, he passed through the throng, leaning on St. Just, Payan and his brother following him.

As they got into the open space, Robespierre abruptly broke the silence.

"How many heads were to fall upon the tenth?"

"Eighty," replied Payan.

"Ah, we must not tarry so long; a day may lose an empire; terrorism must serve us yet!"

He was silent a few moments, and his eyes roved suspiciously through the street.

"St. Just," he said, abruptly, "they have not found this Englishman, whose revelations or whose trial would have crushed the Amars and the Talliens. No, no! my Jacobins themselves are growing dull and blind. But they have seized a woman—only a woman!"

"A woman's hand stabbed Marat," said St. Just. Robespierre stopped short, and breathed hard.

"St. Just," said he, "when this peril is past, we will found the Reign of Peace. There shall be homes and gardens set apart for the old. David is already designing the porticos. Virtuous men shall be appointed to instruct the young. All vice and disorder shall be *not* exterminated; no, no! only banished! We must not die yet. Posterity cannot judge us till our work is done. We have recalled *L' Etre Suprême;* we must now remodel this corrupted world. All shall be love and brotherhood; and — ho! Simon! Simon! — hold! Your pencil, St. Just!" And Robespierre wrote hastily. "This to Citizen President Dumas. Go with it quick, Simon. These eighty heads must fall *to-morrow—to-morrow*, Simon. Dumas will advance their trial a day. I will write to Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser. We meet at the Jacobins, to-night, Simon; there, we will denounce the Convention itself; there we will rally round us the last friends of liberty and France."

A shout was heard in the distance behind—"*Vive la république!*"

The tyrant's eye shot a vindictive gleam. "The republic!—faugh! We did not destroy the throne of a thousand years for that *canaille!*"

The trial, the execution of the victims is advanced a day! By the aid of the mysterious intelligence that had guided and animated him hitherto, Zanoni learned that his arts had been in vain. He knew that Viola was safe, if she could but survive an hour the life of the tyrant. He knew that Robespierre's hours were numbered; that the tenth of Thermidor, on which he had originally designed the execution of his last victims, would see himself at the scaffold. Zanoni had toiled, had schemed for the fall of the Butcher and his reign. To what end? A single word from the tyrant had baffled the result of all. The execution of Viola is advanced a day. Vain seer, who wouldst make thyself the instrument of the Eternal, the very dangers that now beset the tyrant but expedite the doom of his victims!

* Down with the tyrant! Hurrah for the republic!

† Amongst a body so debased as the Convention, there still remained some chances that Robespierre would come off victor in the struggle.

To-morrow, eighty heads, and her whose pillow has been thy heart! to-morrow! and Maximilien is safe to-night!

CHAPTER XIII.

Erde mag zurück in Erde stäuben,
Fliegt der Geist doch aus dem morschen Haus!
Seine Asche mag der Sturmwind treiben,
Sein Leben dauert ewig aus! *—ELEGIE.

TO-MORROW!—and it is already twilight. One after one, the gentle stars come smiling through the heaven. The Seine, in its slow waters, yet trembles with the last kiss of the rosy day; and still, in the blue sky gleams the spire of Notre Dame; and still in the blue sky, looms the guillotine by the *Barrière du Trône*. Turn to that time-worn building, once the church and the convent of the *Frères-Prêcheurs*, known by the then holy name of Jacobins; there the new Jacobins hold their club. There, in that oblong hall, once the library of the peaceful monks, assemble the idolators of Saint Robespierre. Two immense tribunes, raised at either end, contain the lees and dregs of the atrocious populace—the majority of that audience consisting of the furies of the guillotine (*furies de guillotine*). In the midst of the hall are the bureau and chair of the president—the chair long preserved by the piety of the monks as the relic of St. Thomas Aquinas! Above this seat scowls the harsh bust of Brutus. An iron lamp, and two branches, scatter over the vast room a murky fuliginous ray, beneath the light of which the fierce faces of that Pandæmonium seem more grim and haggard. There, from the orator's tribune, shrieks the shrill wrath of Robespierre!

Meanwhile, all is chaos, disorder, half daring and half cowardice, in the Committee of his foes. Rumors fly from street to street, from haunt to haunt, from house to house. The swallows flit low, and the cattle group together before the storm. And above this roar of the lives and things of the little hour, alone in his chamber stood he on whose starry youth—symbol of the imperishable bloom of the calm Ideal amidst the mouldering Actual—the clouds of ages had rolled in vain.

All those exertions which ordinary wit and courage could suggest had been tried in vain. All such exertions *were* in vain, where, in that Saturnalia of death, a life was the object. Nothing but the fall of Robespierre could have saved his victim; now, too late, that fall would only serve to avenge.

Once more, in that last agony of excitement and despair, the Seer had plunged into solitude, to invoke again the aid or counsel of those mysterious intermediates between earth and heaven who had renounced the intercourse of the spirit when subjected to the common bondage of the mortal. In the intense desire and anguish of his heart, perhaps, lay a power not yet called forth; for who has not felt that the sharpness of extreme grief cuts and grinds away many of those strongest bonds of infirmity and doubt which bind down the souls of men to the cabined darkness of the hour; and that from the cloud and thunder-storm often swoops the Olympian eagle that can ravish us aloft!

And the invocation was heard—the bondage of sense was rent away from the visual mind. He looked, and saw—no, not the being he had called, with its limbs of light and unutterably tranquil smile—not his familiar, Adon-Ai, the Son of Glory and the Star—but the Evil Omen, the dark Chimera, the implacable Foe, with exultation and malice burning in its hell-lit eyes. The Spectre, no longer cowering and retreating into shadow, rose before him, gigantic and erect,—the face whose veil no mortal hand had ever raised, was still concealed, but the form was more distinct, corporeal, and cast from it, as an atmosphere, horror, and rage, and awe. As an iceberg, the breath of that presence froze the air; as a clond, it filled the chamber, and blackened the stars from heaven.

"Lo!" said Its voice, "I am here once more. Thou hast robbed me of a meaner prey Now exorcise *thyself* from my power! Thy life has left thee, to live in the heart of a daughter of the charnel and the worm. In that life I come to thee with my inexorable tread. Thou art returned to the Threshold—thou, whose steps have trodden the verges of the Infinite! And, as the goblin of its phantasy seizes on a child in the dark,—mighty

* Earth may crumble back into earth; the Spirit will still escape from its frail tenement. The wind of the storm may scatter his ashes; his being endures for ever.

one who wouldst conquer Death, I seize on thee!"

"Back to thy thraldom, slave! if thou art come to the voice that called thee not, it is again not to command, but to obey! Thou, from whose whisper I gained the boons of the lives lovlier and dearer than my own—thou,—I command thee, not by spell and charm, but by the force of a soul mightier than the malice of thy being,—thou serve me yet, and speak again the secret that can rescue the lives thou hast, by permission, of the Universal Master, permitted me to retain awhile in the temple of the clay!"

Brighter and more devouringly burnt the glare from those lurid eyes; more visible and colossal yet rose the dilating shape: a yet fiercer and more disdainful hate spoke in the voice that answered—"Didst thou think that my boon would be other than thy curse? Happy for thee hadst thou mourned over the deaths which come by the gentle hand of Nature—hadst thou never known how the name of mother consecrates the face of Beauty, and never, bending over thy first-born, felt the imperishable sweetness of a father's love! They are saved, for what?—the mother, for the death of violence, and shame, and blood—for the doomsman's hand to put aside that shining hair which has entangled thy bridegroom kisses, the child, first and last of thine offspring, in whom thou didst hope to found a race that should hear with thee the music of celestial harps, and float, by the side of thy familiar, Adon-Ai, through the azure rivers of joy,—the child, to live on a few days, as a fungus in a burial vault, a thing of the loathsome dungeon, dying of cruelty, and neglect, and famine. Ha! ha! thou who wouldst baffle Death, learn how the deathless die if they dare to love the mortal. Now, Chaldæan, behold my boons! Now I seize and wrap thee with the pestilence of my presence; now, evermore, till thy long race is run, mine eyes shall glow into thy brain, and mine arms shall clasp thee, when thou wouldst take the wings of the Morning, and flee from the embrace of Night!"

"I tell thee, no! And again I compel thee, speak and answer to the lord who can command his slave. I know, though my lore fails me, and the reeds on which I lean pierce my side, I know yet that it is written that the life of which I question can be saved from the headsman. Thou wrappest her future in the darkness of thy shadow, but thou canst not shape it. Thou mayst foreshow the antidote: thou canst not effect the bane. From thee I wring the secret, though it torture thee to name it. I approach thee—I look dauntless, into thine eyes. The soul that loves can dare all things. Shadow, I defy thee, and compel!"

The spectre waned and recoiled. Like a vapor that lessens as the sun pierces and pervades it, the form shrunk cowering and dwarfed in the dimmer distance, and through the casement again rushed the stars.

"Yes," said the Voice, with a faint and hollow accent, "thou *canst* save her from the headsman; for it is written, that sacrifice can save. Ha! ha!" And the shape again suddenly dilated into the gloom of its giant stature, and its ghastly laugh exulted, as if the Foe, a moment baffled, had regained its might. "Ha! ha!—thou canst save her life, if thou wilt sacrifice thine own! Is it for this thou hast lived on through crumbling empires and countless generations of thy race? At last shall Death reclaim thee? Would thou save her?—*die for her!* Fall, O stately column, over which stars yet unformed may gleam—fall, that the herb at thy base may drink a few hours longer the sunlight and the dews! Silent! Art thou ready for the sacrifice? See, the moon moves up through Heaven. Beautiful and wise one, wilt thou bid her smile to-morrow on thy headless clay?"

"Back! for my soul, in answering thee from depths where thou canst not hear it, has regained its glory; and I hear the wings of Adon-Ai gliding musical through the air."

He spoke: and, with a low shriek of baffled rage and hate, the thing was gone, and through the room rushed, luminous and sudden, the Presence of silvery light.

As the Heavenly visitor stood in the atmosphere of his own lustre, and looked upon the face of the Theurgist with an aspect of ineffable tenderness and love, all space seemed lighted from his smile. Along the blue air without, from that chamber in which his wings had halted, to the farthest star in the azure distance, it seemed as if the track of his flight were visible, by a lengthened splendor in the air, like the column

of moonlight on the sea. Like the flower that diffuses perfume as the very breath of its life, so the emanation of that presence was joy. Over the world, as a million times swifter than light, than electricity, the Son of Glory had sped his way to the side of love, his wings had scattered delight as the morning scatters dew. For that brief moment, Poverty had ceased to mourn, disease fled from its prey, and Hope breathed a dream of Heaven into the darkness of Despair.

"Thou art right," said the melodious Voice. "Thy courage has restored thy power. Once more, in the haunts of earth, thy soul charms me to thy side. Wiser now, in the moment when thou comprehendest Death, than when thy unfettered spirit learned the solemn mystery of Life; the human affections that thralled and humbled thee awhile bring to thee, in these last hours of thy mortality, the sublimest heritage of thy race—the eternity that commences from the grave."

"O Adon-Ai," said the Chaldæan, as, circumfused in the splendor of the visitant, a glory more radiant than human beauty settled round his form, and seemed already to belong to the eternity of which the Bright One spoke, "as men, before they die, see and comprehend the enigmas hidden from them, before,* so in this hour, when the sacrifice of self to another brings the course of ages to its goal, I see the littleness of Life, compared to the majesty of Death; but oh, Divine Consoler, even here, even in thy presence, the affections that inspire me, sadden. To leave behind me in this bad world, unaided, unprotected, those for whom I die! the wife! the child!—oh, speak comfort to me in this!"

"And what," said the visitor, with a slight accent of reproof in the tone of celestial pity, "what, with all thy wisdom and thy starry secrets, with all thy empire of the past, and thy visions of the future—what art thou to the All-Directing and Omniscient? Canst thou yet imagine that thy presence on earth can give to the hearts thou lovest the shelter which the humblest take from the wings of the Presence that lives in Heaven? Fear not thou for their future. Whether thou live or die, their future is the care of the Most High! In the dungeon and on the scaffold looks everlasting the Eye of HIM, tenderer than thou to love, wiser than thou to guide, mightier than thou to save!"

Zanoni bowed his head; and when he looked up again, the last shadow had left his brow. The visitor was gone; but still the glory of his presence seemed to shine upon the spot; still the solitary air seemed to murmur with tremulous delight. And thus ever shall it be with those who have once, detaching themselves utterly from life, received the visit of the Angel FAITH. Solitude and space retain the splendor, and it settles like a halo round their graves.

* The greatest Poet, and one of the noblest thinkers, of the last age, said, on his death-bed, "Many things obscure to me before, now clear up, and become visible."—See the LIFE OF SCHILLER.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dann zur Blumenflur der Sterne
Aufgeschauet liebewarm,
Fass' ihn freundlich Arm in Arm
Trag' ihn in die blaue Ferne.
—UHLAND, *An den Tod.*

Then towards the Garden of the Star
Lift up thine aspect warm with love,
And, friendlike link'd through space afar,
Mount with him, arm in arm, above.
—UHLAND, *Poem to* DEATH.

HE stood upon the lofty balcony that overlooked the quiet city. Though afar, the fiercest passions of men were at work on the web of strife and doom, all that give itself to his view was calm and still in the rays of the summer moon, for his soul was wrapped from man and man's narrow sphere, and only the serener glories of creation were present to the vision of the seer. There he stood, alone and thoughtful, to take the last farewell of the wondrous life that he had known.

Coursing through the fields of space, he beheld the gossamer shapes, whose choral joys his spirit had so often shared. There, group upon group, they circled in the starry silence multiform in the unimaginable beauty of a being fed by ambrosial dews and serenest light. In his trance, all the universe stretched visible beyond; in the green valleys afar, he saw the dances of the fairies; in the bowels of the mountains, he beheld the race that breathe the lurid air of the volcanoes, and hide from

the light of Heaven; on every leaf in the mumberless forests, in every drop of the unmeasured seas, he surveyed its separate and swarming world; far up, in the farthest blue, he saw orb upon orb ripening into shape, and planets starting from the central fire, to run their day of ten thousand years. For everywhere in creation is the breath of the Creator, and in every spot, where the breath breathes is life! And alone, in the distance, the lonely man beheld his Magian brother. There, at work with his numbers and his cabala, amidst the wrecks of Rome, passionless and calm, sat in his cell the mystic Mejnour; living on, living ever while the world lasts, in-indifferent whether his knowledge produces weal or woe; a mechanical agent of a more tender and a wiser Will, that guides every spring to its inscrutable designs. Living on—living ever—as Science that cares alone for knowledge, and halts not to consider how knowledge advances happiness; how Human Improvement, rushing through civilization, crushes in its march all who cannot grapple to its wheels; * ever, with its cabala and its numbers, lives on to change, in its bloodless movements, the face of the habitable world!

And, "Oh, farewell to life!" murmured the glorious dreamer. "Sweet, O life! hast thou been to me. How fathomless thy joys—how rapturously has my soul bounded forth upon the upward paths! To him who for ever renews his youth in the clear fount of Nature, how exquisite is the mere happiness *to be!* Farewell, ye lamps of heaven, and ye million tribes, the Populace of Air. Not a mote in the beam, not a herb on the mountain, not a pebble on the shore, not a seed far-blown in the wilderness, but contributed to the lore that sought in all, the true principle of life, the Beautiful, the Joyous, the Immortal. To others, a land, a city, a hearth, has been a home; *my* home has been wherever the intellect could pierce, or the spirit could breathe the air."

He paused, and through the immeasurable space, his eyes and his heart, penetrating the dismal dungeon, rested on his child. He saw it slumbering in the arms of the pale mother, and *his* soul spoke to her sleeping soul. "Forgive me, if my desire was sin; I dreamed to have reared and nurtured thee to the divinest destinies my visions could forsee. Betimes, as the mortal part was strengthened against disease, to have purified the spiritual from every sin; to have led thee, heaven upon heaven, through the holy ecstasies which make up the existence of the orders that dwell on high; to have formed, from thy sublime affections, the pure and ever living communication between thy mother and myself. The dream was but a dream—it is no more! In sight myself of the grave, I feel, at last, that through the portals of the grave lies the true initiation into the holy and the wise. Beyond those portals I await ye both, beloved pilgrims!"

From his numbers and his cabala, in his cell, amidst the wrecks of Rome, Mejnour, startled, looked up, and, through the spirit, felt that the spirit of his distant friend addressed him.

"Fare thee well for ever upon this earth! Thy last companion forsakes thy side. Thine age survives the youth of all; and the Final Day shall find thee still the contemplater of our tombs. I go with my free-will into the land of darkness; but new suns and systems blaze around us from the grave. I go where the souls of those for whom I resign the clay shall be my co-mates through eternal youth. At last, I recognize the true ordeal and the real victory. Mejnour, cast down thy elixir; lay by thy load of years! Wherever the soul can wander, the Eternal Soul of all things protects it still!"

* "You colonize the lands of the savage with the Anglo-Saxon—you civilize that portion of *the earth;* but is the *savage* civilized? He is exterminated! You accumulate machinery—you increase the total of wealth: but what becomes of the labor you displace? One generation is sacrificed to the next. You diffuse knowledge—and the world seems to grow brighter; but Discontent at Poverty replaces Ignorance, happy with its crust. Every improvement, every advancement in civilization, injures some to benefit others, and either cherishes the want of to-day, or prepares the revolution of to-morrow.—STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

CHAPTER XV.

Ils ne veulent plus perdre un moment d'une nuit si précieuse.*—LACRETELLE, tom. xii.

IT was late that night, and Réné-François Dumas, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, had re-entered his cabinet, on his re-

* They would not lose another moment of so precious a night.

turn from the Jacobin club. With him were two men who might be said to represent, the one the moral, the other the physical force of the Reign of Terror: Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Accuser, and François Henriot, the General of the Parisian National Guard. This formidable triumvirate were assembled to debate on the proceedings of the next day; and the three sister-witches, over their hellish caldron, were scarcely animated by a more fiend-like spirit, or engaged in more execrable designs, than these three heroes of the Revolution in their premeditated massacre of the morrow.

Dumas was but little altered in appearance since, in the earlier part of this narrative, he was presented to the reader, except that his manner was somewhat more short and severe, and his eye yet more restless. But he seemed almost a superior being by the side of his associates. Réné-Dumas, born of respectable parents, and well-educated, despite his ferocity, was not without a certain refinement, which perhaps rendered him the more acceptable to the precise and formal Robespierre.* But Henriot had been a lackey, a thief, a spy of the police; he had drunk the blood of Madame de Lamballe, and had risen to his present rank for no quality but his ruffianism; and Fouquier-Tinville, the son of a provincial agriculturist, and afterwards a clerk at the Bureau of the Police, was little less base in his manners, and yet more, from a certain loathsome buffoonery, revolting in his speech; bull-headed, with black, sleek hair, with a narrow and livid forehead, with small eyes, that twinkled without a sinister malice; strongly and coarsely built, he looked what he was, the audacious Bully of a lawless and relentless Bar.

Dumas trimmed the candles, and bent over the list of the victims for the morrow.

"It is a long catalogue," said the President; "eighty trials for one day! And Robespierre's orders to despatch the whole *fournée* are unequivocal."

"Pooh!" said Fouquier, with a coarse, loud laugh; we must try them *en masse*. I know how to deal with our jury. '*Je pense, Citoyens, que vous êtes convaincus du crime des accusés?*' * Ha! ha!—the longer the list, the shorter the work."

"Oh, yes," growled out Henriot, with an oath,—as usual, half drunk, and lolling on his chair, with his spurred heels on the table—"little Tinville is the man for despatch."

"Citizen Henriot," said Dumas, gravely, "permit me to request thee to select another footstool; and for the rest, let me warn thee that to-morrow is a critical and imporatnt day; one that will decide the fate of France."

"A fig for little France! *Vive le Vertueux Robespierre, la Colonne de la République!* † Plague on this talking; it is dry work. Hast thou no *eau de vie* in that little cupboard?"

Dumas and Fouquier exchanged looks of disgust. Dumas shrugged his shoulders, and replied—

"It is to guard thee against *eau de vie*, Citizen General Henriot, that I have requested thee to meet me here. Listen, if thou canst!"

"Oh, talk away! thy *métier* is to talk, mine to fight and to drink."

"To-morrow, I tell thee then, the populace will be abroad; all factions will be astir. It is probable enough that they will even seek to arrest our tumbrils on their way to the guillotone. Have thy men armed and ready; keep the streets clear; cut down without merey whomsoever may obstruct the ways."

"I undersand;" said Henriot, striking his sword so loudly that Dumas half started at the clank—"Black Henriot is no '*Indulgent.*'"

"Look to it, then, Citizen—look to it! And hark thee," he added, with a grave and sombre brow, "if thou wouldst keep thine own head on thy shoulders, beware of the *eau de vie*."

"My own head!—*sacre mille tonnerres!* Dost thou threaten the General of the Parisian army?"

Dumas, like Robespierre, a precise, atrabilious, and arrogant man, was about to retort, when the craftier Tinville laid his hand on his arm, and, turning to the General, said, "My dear Henroit, thy dauntless republicanism, which is too ready to give offence, must learn to take a reprimand from the representative of

* Dumas was a Beau in his way. His gala dress was *a blood-red coat*, with the finest ruffles.

* I think, citizens, that you are convinced of the crime of the accused.

† Long life to the virtuous Robespierre—the pillar of the Republic.

Republican Law. Seriously, *mon cher*, thou must be sober for the next three or four days; after the crisis is over, thou and I will drink a bottle together. Come, Dumas, relax thine austerity, and shake hands with our friend. No quarrels amongst ourselves!"

Dumas hesitated, and extended his hand, which the ruffian clasped; and, maudlin tears succeeding his ferocity, he half sobbed, half hiccupped forth his protestations of civism and his promises of sobriety.

"Well, we depend on thee, *mon Général*," said Dumas; "and now, since we shall all have need of vigor for to-morrow, go home and sleep soundly."

"Yes, I forgive thee, Dumas—I forgive thee. I am not vindictive—I! but still, if a man threatens me—if a man insults me"—And, with the quick change of intoxication, again his eyes gleamed fire through their foul tears. With some difficulty, Fouquier succeeded at last in soothing the brute, and leading him from the chamber. But still, as some wild beast disappointed of a prey, he growled and snarled, as his heavy tread descended the stairs. A tall trooper, mounted, was leading Henriot's horse to and fro the streets; and as the General waited at the porch till his attendant turned, a stranger stationed by the wall accosted him—

"General Henriot, I have desired to speak with thee. Next to Robespierre, thou art or shouldst be, the most powerful man in France."

"Hem!—yes, I ought to be. What then?—every man has not his deserts!"

"Hist!" said the stranger, "thy pay is scarcely suitable to thy rank and thy wants."

"That is true."

"Even in a revolution, a man takes care of his fortunes!"

"*Diable!*" speak out, Citizen."

"I have a thousand pieces of gold with me—they are thine if thou wilt grant me one small favor."

"Citizen, I grant it!" said Henriot, waving his hand majestically. "Is it to denounce some rascal who has offended thee?"

"No; it is simply this:—write these words to President Dumas—'Admit the bearer to thy presence; and if thou canst grant him the request he will make to thee, it will be an inestimable obligation to François Henriot.'"

The stranger as he spoke, placed pencil and tablets in the shaking hands of the soldier.

"And where is the gold?"

"Here."

With some difficulty, Henriot scrawled the words dictated to him, clutched the gold, mounted his horse and was gone.

Meanwhile Fouquier, when he had closed the door upon Henriot, said sharply—"How canst thou be so mad as to incense that brigand? Knowest thou not that our laws are nothing without the physical force of the National Guard, and that he is their leader?"

"I know this, that Robespierre must have been mad to place that drunkard at their head; and mark my words, Fouquier, if the struggle come, it is that man's incapacity and cowardice that will destroy us. Yes, thou mayst live thyself to accuse thy beloved Robespierre, and to perish in his fall."

"For all that, we must keep well with Henriot till we can find the occasion to seize and behead him. To be safe, we must fawn on those who are still in power; and fawn the more, the more we would depose them. Do not think this Henriot, when he wakes to-morrow, will forget thy threats. He is the most revengeful of human beings. Thou must send, and soothe him in the morning!"

"Right," said Dumas, convinced. "I was too hasty; and now I think we have nothing further to do, since we have arranged to make short work with our *fournée* of to-morrow. I see in the list a knave I have long marked out, though his crime once procured me a legacy—Nicot, the Hébertist."

"And young André Chenier, the Poet? Ah, I forgot; we beheaded *him* to-day! Revolutionary virtue is at its acmé. His own brother abandoned him!" *

"There is a foreigner—an Italian woman—in the list; but I can find no charge made out against her."

"All the same; we must execute her for

* His brother is said, indeed, to have contributed to the condemnation of this virtuous and illustrious person. He was heard to cry aloud—"Si mon frère est coupable, qu'il perisse." (If my brother be culpable, let him die.) This brother, Marie Joseph, also a poet, and the author of "Charles IX.," so celebrated in the earlier days of the revolution, enjoyed, of course, according to the wonted justice of the world, a triumphant career; and was proclaimed in the Champ de Mars, "le premier des poëtes Français," a title due to his murdered brother.

the sake of the round number; eighty sounds better than seventy-nine!"

Here a *huissier* brought a paper, on which was was written the request of Henriot.

"Ah! this is fortunate," said Tinville, to whom Dumas chucked the scroll—"grant the prayer by all means; so at least that it does not lessen our bead-roll. But I will do Henriot the justice to say, that he never asks to let off, but to put on. Good-night! I am worn out—my escort waits below. Only on such an occasion would I venture forth in the streets at night." * And Fouquier, with a long yawn, quitted the room.

"Admit the bearer!" said Dumas, who withered and dried, as lawyers in practice mostly are, seemed to require as little sleep as his parchments.

The stranger entered.

"Réné-François Dumas," said he, seating himself opposite to the President; and markedly adopting the plural, as if in contempt of the revolutionary jargon; "amidst the excitement and occupations of your later life, I know not that if you can remember that we have met before?"

The judge scanned the features of his visitor, and a pale blush settled on his sallow cheeks—"Yes, Citizen, I remember!"

"And you recall the words I then uttered! You spoke tenderly and philanthropically of your horror of capital executions—you exulted in the approaching Revolution as the termination of all sanguinary punishments—you quoted reverently the saying of Maximilien Robespierre, the rising statesman, 'the executioner is the invention of the tyrant;' and I replied, that while you spoke, a foreboding seized me that we should meet again when your ideas of death and the philosophy of revolutions might be changed! Was I right. Citizen Réné-François Dumas, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal?"

"Pooh!" said Dumas, with some confusion on his brazen brow, "I spoke then as men speak who have not acted. Revolutions are not made with rose-water! But truce to the gossip of the long-ago. I remember, also, that thou didst then save the life of my relation, and it will please thee to learn that his intended murderer will be guillotined to-morrow."

"That concerns yourself—your justice or your revenge. Permit me the egotism to remind you, that you then promised that if ever a day should come when you could serve me, your life—yes, the phrase was, 'your heart's blood—was at my bidding. Think not, austere judge, that I come to ask a boon that can affect yourself—I come but to ask a day's respite for another!"

"Citizen, it is impossible! I have the order of Robespierre that not one less than the total on my list must undergo their trial for to-morrow. As for the verdict, that rests with the jury!"

"I do not ask you to diminish the catalogue Listen still! In your death-roll there is the name of an Italian woman, whose youth, whose beauty, and whose freedom, not only from every crime, but every tangible charge, will excite only compassion, and not terror. Even *you* would tremble to pronounce her sentence. It will be dangerous on a day when the populace will be excited, when your tumbrils may be arrested, to expose youth and innocence and beauty to the pity and courage of a revolted crowd."

Dumas looked up, and shrunk from the eye of the stranger.

"I do not deny, Citizen, that there is reason in what thou urgest. But my orders are positive."

"Positive only as to the number of the victims. I offer you a substitute for this one. I offer you the head of a man who knows all of the very conspiracy which now threatens Robespierre and yourself; and compared with one clue to which, you would think even eighty ordinary lives a cheap purchase."

"That alters the case," said Dumas, eagerly; "if thou canst do this, on my own responsibility I will postpone the trial of the Italian. Now name the proxy!"

"You behold him!"

"Thou!" exclaimed Dumas, while a fear he could not conceal betrayed itself through his surprise. "Thou!—and thou comest to me alone at night, to offer thyself to justice. Ha!—this is a snare. Tremble, fool!—thou art in my power, and I can have *both!*"

"You can," said the stranger, with a calm smile of disdain; "but my life is valueless

* During the latter part of the Reign of Terror, Fouquier rarely stirred out at night, and never without an escort. In the Reign of Terror, those most terrified were its kings.

without my revelations. Sit still, I command you,—hear me!" and the light in those dauntless eyes spell-bound and awed the judge. "You will remove me to the Conciergerie—you will fix my trial, under the name of Zanoni, amidst your *fournée* of to-morrow. If I do not satisfy you by my speech, you hold the woman I die to save as your hostage. It is but the reprieve for her of a single day that I demand. The day following the morrow, I shall be dust, and you may wreak your vengeance on the life that remains. Tush! Judge and condemner of thousands, do you hesitate—do you imagine that the man who voluntarily offers himself to death, will be daunted into uttering one syllable at your bar against his will? Have you not had experience enough of the inflexibility of pride and courage? President, I place before you the ink and implements? Write to the jailer, a reprieve of one day for the woman whose life can avail you nothing, and I will bear the order to my own prison—I, who can now tell this much as an earnest of what I can communicate—while I speak, your own name, Judge, is in a list of death. I can tell you by whose hand it is written down—I can tell you in what quarter to look for danger—I can tell you from what cloud, in this lurid atmophere, hangs the storm that shall burst on Robespierre and his reign!"

Dumas grew pale; and his eyes vainly sought to escape the magnetic gaze that overpowered and mastered him. Mechanically, and as if under an agency not his own, he wrote while the stranger dictated.

"Well," he said, then, forcing a smile to his lips; "I promised I would serve you; see, I am faithful to my word. I suppose that you are one of those fools of feeling—those professors of anti-revolutionary virtue, of whom I have seen not a few before my bar. Faugh! it sickens me to see those who make a merit of incivism, and perish to save some bad patriot, because it is a son, or a father, or a wife, or a daughter, who is saved."

"I *am* one of those fools of feeling," said the stranger rising. "You have divined aright."

"And wilt thou not, in return for my mercy, utter to-night the revelations thou wouldst proclaim to-morrow? Come; and perhaps, thou too—nay, the woman also, may receive not reprieve, but pardon."

"Before your tribunal, and there alone! Nor will I deceive you, President. My information may avail you not; and even while I show the cloud the bolt may fall."

"Tush!—Prophet, look to thyself! Go, madman; go. I know, too well, the contumacious obstinacy of the class to which I suspect thou belongest to waste further words. *Diable!* but ye grow accustomed to look on death, that ye forget the respect ye owe to it. Since thou offerest me thy head, I accept it. To-morrow, thou mayst repent; it will be too late."

"Ay, too late, President!" echoed the calm visitor.

"But, remember, it is not pardon, it is but a day's reprieve, I have promised to this woman. According as thou dost satisfy me to-morrow, she lives or dies. I am frank, Citizen; thy ghost shall not haunt me for want of faith."

"It is but a day that I have asked; the rest I leave to justice and to Heaven. Your *huissiers* wait below."

CHAPTER XVI.

Und den Mordstahl seh' ich blinken;
Und das Mörderauge glühn! *—KASSANDRA.

VIOLA was in the prison, that opened not but fot those already condemned before adjudged. Since her exile from Zanoni, her very intellect had seemed paralyzed. All that beautiful exuberance of fancy, which if not the fruit of genius, seemed its blossoms: all that gush of exquisite thought, which Zanoni had justly told her flowed with mysteries and subtleties ever new to him, the wise one; all were gone, annihilated; the blossom withered, the fount dried up. From something almost above womanhood, she seemed listlessly to sink into something below childhood. With the inspirer the inspirations had ceased; and, in deserting love, genius also was left behind.

She scarcely comprehended why she had been thus torn from her home and the mechanism of her dull tasks. She scarcely knew what meant those kindly groups, that,

* And I see the steel of Murder glitter,
And the eye of Murder glow.

struck with her exceeding loveliness, had gathered round her in the prison, with mournful looks, but with words of comfort. She, who had been hitherto taught to abhor those whom Law condemns for crime, was amazed to hear that beings thus compassionate and tender, with cloudless and lofty brows, with gallant and gentle mien, were criminals, for whom Law had no punishment short of death. But they, the savages, gaunt and menacing, who had dragged her from her home, who had attempted to snatch from her the infant, while she clasped it in her arms, and laughed fierce scorn at her mute quivering lips—THEY were the chosen citizens, the men of virtue, the favorities of Power, the ministers of Law! Such thy black caprices, O thou, the ever-shifting and calumnious,—Human Judgment!

A squalid, and yet a gay world, did the prison houses of that day present. There, as in the sepulchre to which they led, all ranks were cast, with an even-handed scorn. And yet there, the reverence that comes from great emotions restored Nature's first and imperishable, and most lovely, and most noble Law—THE INEQUALITY BETWEEN MAN AND MAN! There, place was given by the prisoners, whether royalists or sans-culottes, to Age, to Learning, to Renown, to Beauty; and Strength, with its own inborn chivalry, raised into rank the helpless, and the weak. The iron sinews, and the Herculean shoulders, made way for the woman, and the child; and the graces of Humanity, lost elsewhere, sought their refuge in the abode of Terror.

"And wherefore, my child, do they bring thee hither?" asked an old gray-haired priest.

"I cannot guess."

"Ah! if you know not your offence, fear the worst."

"And, my child?" (for the infant was still suffered to rest upon her bosom).

"Alas, young mother! they will suffer thy child to live."

"And for this—an orphan in the dungeon!" murmured the accusing heart of Viola, "have I reserved his offspring! Zanoni, even in thought, ask not—ask not, what I have done with the child I bore thee!"

Night came; the crowd rushed to the grate, to hear the muster-roll.* Her name was with the doomed. And the old priest, better prepared to die, but reserved from the death-list, laid his hands on her head, and blessed her while he wept. She heard, and wondered; but she did not weep. With downcast eyes, with arms folded on her bosom, she bent submissively to the call. But now, another name was uttered; and a man, who had pushed rudely past her, to gaze or to listen, shrieked out a howl of despair and rage. She turned, and their eyes met. Through the distance of time, she recognized that hideous aspect. Nicot's face settled back into its devilish sneer.—"At least, gentle Neapolitan, the Guillotine will unite us. Oh, we shall sleep well our wedding night!" And, with a laugh, he strode away through the crowd, and vanished into his lair.

* * * * *
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She was placed in her gloomy cell, to await the morrow. But the child was still spared her; and she thought it seemed as if conscious of the awful Present. In their way to the prison, it had not moaned or wept; it had looked with its clear eyes, unshrinking, on the gleaming pikes and savage brows of the *huissiers*. And now, alone in the dungeon, it put its arms round her neck, and murmured its indistinct sounds, low and sweet as some unknown language of consolation and of heaven. And of heaven it was! For, at the murmur, the terror melted from her soul; upward, from the dungeon and the death—upward, where the happy cherubim chaunt the mercy of the All-loving, whispered that cherub's voice. She fell upon her knees, and prayed. The despoilers of all that beautifies and hallows life had desecrated the altar, and denied the God!—they had removed from the last hour of their victims the Priest, the Scripture and the Cross! But Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of Heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro—PRAYER.

And there, in the very cell beside her own, the atheist, Nicot, sits stolid amidst the darkness, and hugs the thought of Danton, that death is nothingness.* His, no spectacle of

* Called in the mocking jargon of the day, "the Evening Gazette."

* "Ma demeure sera bientôt LE NEANT," (My abode will soon be nothingness) said Danton before his judges.

an appalled and perturbed conscience! Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue, and virtue he never knew. Had he to live again, he would live the same. But more terrible than the death-bed of a believing and despairing sinner, that blank gloom of apathy—that contemplation of the worm and the rat of the charnel-house—that grim and loathsome NOTHINGNESS which, for his eye, falls like a pall over the universe of life. Still, staring into space, gnawing his livid lip, he looks upon the darkness, convinced that darkness is for ever and for ever!

* * * * *

Place, there! place! Room yet in your crowded cells. Another has come to the slaughter-house.

As the jailer, lamp in hand, ushered in the stranger, the latter touched him, and whispered. The stranger drew a jewel from his finger. *Diantre*, how the diamond flashed in the ray of the lamp! Value each head of your eighty at a thousand francs, and the jewel is more worth than all? The jailer paused, and the diamond laughed in his dazzled eyes. O thou Cerberus, thou hast mastered all else that seems human in that fell employ. Thou hast no pity, no love, and no remorse. But Avarice survives the rest, and the foul heart's master-serpent swallows up the tribe. Ha! ha! crafty stranger, thou hast conquered! They tread the gloomy corridor; they arrive at the door where the jailer has placed the fatal mark, now to be erased, for the prisoner within is to be reprieved a day. The key grates in the lock—the door yawns—the stranger takes the lamp and enters.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH AND LAST.

"Cosi vince Goffredo!" *
—GER. LIB., cant, xx.—xliv.

AND Viola was in prayer. She heard not the opening of the door; she saw not the dark shadow that fell along the floor. *His* power, *his* arts were gone; but the mystery and the spell known to *her* simple heart did not desert her in the hours of trial and despair. When Science falls as a firework from the sky it would invade, when Genius withers as a flower in the breath of the icy charnel, the Hope of a child-like soul wraps the air in light, and the innocence of unquestioning Belief covers the grave with blossoms.

In the farthest corner of the cell she knelt; and the infant, as if to imitate what it could not comprehend, bent its little limbs, and bowed its smiling face, and knelt with her also, by her side.

He stood, and gazed upon them as the light of the lamp fell calmly on their forms. It fell over those clouds of golden hair, dishevelled, parted, thrown back from the rapt, candid brow; the dark eyes raised on high, where, through the human tears, a light as from above was mirrored; the hands clasped—the lips apart—the form all animate and holy with the sad serenity of innocence and the touching humility of woman. And he heard her voice, though it scarcely left her lips—the low voice that the heart speaks—loud enough for God to hear!

"And if never more to see him, O Father! canst thou not make the love that will not die, minister, even beyond the grave, to his earthly fate? Canst thou not yet permit it, as a living spirit, to hover over him—a spirit fairer than all his science can conjure? Oh, whatever lot be ordained to either, grant—even though a thousand ages may roll between us—grant, when at last purified and regenerate, and fitted for the transport of such re-union—grant that we may meet once more! And for his child—it kneels to thee from the dungeon floor! To-morrow, and whose breast shall cradle it!—whose hand shall feed! whose lips shall pray for its weal below and its soul hereafter!" She paused—her voice choked with sobs.

"Thou, Viola!—thou, thyself. He whom thou hast deserted is here to preserve the mother to the child!"

She started!—those accents, tremulous as her own? She started to her feet!—he was there,—in all the pride of his unwaning youth and superhuman beauty! there, in the house of dread, and in the hour of travail!—there, image and personation of the love that can pierce the Valley of the Shadow, and can glide, the unscathed wanderer from the heaven, through the roaring abyss of hell.

* Thus conquered Godfrey.

With a cry, never, perhaps, heard before in that gloomy vault—a cry of delight and rapture, she sprang forward, and fell at his feet.

He bent down to raise her, but she slid from his arms. He called her by the familiar epithets of the old endearment, and she only answered him by sobs. Wildly, passionately, she kissed his hands, the hem of his garment, but voice was gone.

"Look up, look up!—I am here—I am here to save thee! Wilt thou deny to me thy sweet face? Truant, wouldst thou fly me still?"

"Fly thee!" she said, at last, and in a broken voice; "oh, if my thoughts wronged thee—oh, if my dream, that awful dream, deceived—kneel down with me, and pray for our child!" Then, springing to her feet with a sudden impulse, she caught up the infant, and placing it in his arms, sobbed forth, with deprecating and humble tones, "Not for my sake — not for mine, did I abandon thee, but——"

"Hush!" said Zanoni: "I know all the thoughts that thy confused and struggling senses can scarcely analyze themselves. And see how, with a look, thy child answers them!"

And in truth the face of that strange infant seemed radiant with its silent and unfathomable joy. It seemed as if it recognized the father; it clung—it forced itself to his breast, and there, nestling, turned its bright clear eyes upon Viola, and smiled.

"Pray for my child!" said Zanoni, mournfully. "The thoughts of souls that would aspire as mine, are *all prayer!*" And, seating himself by her side, he began to reveal to her some of the holier secrets of his lofty being. He spoke of the sublime and intense faith from which alone the diviner knowledge can arise—the faith which, seeing the immortal everywhere, purifies and exalts the mortal that beholds—the glorious ambition that dwells not in the cabals and crimes of earth, but amidst those solemn wonders that speak not of men, but of God—of that power to abstract the soul from the clay which gives to the eye of the soul its subtle vision, and to the soul's wing the unlimited realm—of that pure, severe, and daring initiation, from which the mind emerges, as from death, into clear perceptions of its kindred with the Father Principles of life and light, so that, in its own sense of the Beautiful, it finds its joy! in the serenity of its will, its power; in its sympathy with the youthfulness of the Infinite Creation, of which itself is an essence and a part, the secrets that embalm the very clay which they consecrate, and renew the strength of life with the ambrosia of mysterious and celestial sleep. And while he spoke, Viola listened, breathless. If she could not comprehend, she no longer dared to distrust. She felt that in that enthusiasm, self-deceiving or not, no fiend could lurk; and by an intuition, rather than an effort of the reason, she saw before her, like a starry ocean, the depth and mysterious beauty of the soul which her fears had wronged. Yet, when he said, (concluding his strange confessions), that to this life *within* life and *above* life, he had dreamed to raise her own, the fear of humanity crept over her, and he read in her silence how vain, with all his science, would the dream have been.

But now, as he closed, and, leaning on his breast, she felt the clasp of his protecting arms, —when, in one holy kiss, the past was forgiven and the present lost,—then there returned to her the sweet and warm hopes of the natural life—of the loving woman. He was come to save her! She asked not how—she believed it without a question. They should be at last again united. They would fly far from those scenes of violence and blood. Their happy Ionian isle, their fearless solitudes, would once more receive them. She laughed, with a child's joy, as this picture rose up amidst the gloom of the dungeon! Her mind, faithful to its sweet, simple instincts, refused to receive the lofty images that flitted confusedly by it, and settled back to its human visions, yet more baseless, of the earthly happiness and the tranquil home.

"Talk not now to me, beloved—talk not more now to me of the past! Thou art here —thou wilt save me; we shall live yet the common happy life; that life with thee is happiness and glory enough to me. Traverse, if thou wilt, in thy pride of soul, the universe; thy heart again is the universe to mine. I thought but now that I was prepared to die; I see thee, touch thee, and again I know how beautiful a thing is life! See through the grate the stars are fading from the sky; the morrow will soon be here—THE MORROW which will open the prison doors! Thou sayest thou canst save me—I will not not doubt it now.

Oh, let us dwell no more in cities! I never doubted thee in our lovely isle; no dreams haunted me there, except dreams of joy and beauty; and thine eyes made yet more beautiful and joyous the world in waking. To-morrow!—why do you not smile? To-morrow, love! is not *to-morrow* a blessed word! Cruel! you would punish me still, that you will not share my joy. "Aha! see our little one, how it laughs to my eyes! I will talk to *that*. Child, thy father is come back!"

And taking the infant in her arms, and seating herself at a little distance, she rocked it to and fro on her bosom, and prattled to it, and kissed it between every word; and laughed and wept by fits, as ever and anon she cast over her shoulder her playful, mirthful glance, upon the father to whom those fading stars smiled sadly their last farewell. How beautiful she seemed as she thus sat, unconscious of the future. Still half a child herself, her child laughing to her laughter—two soft triflers on the brink of the grave! Over her throat, as she bent, fell, like a golden cloud, her redundant hair; it covered her treasure like a veil of light; and the child's little hands put it aside from time to time, to smile through the parted tresses, and then to cover its face and peep and smile again. It were cruel to damp that joy, more cruel still to share it.

"Viola," said Zanoni, at last, "dost thou remember that, seated by the cave on the moonlit beach, in our bridal isle, thou once didst ask me for this amulet?—the charm of a superstition long vanished from the world, with the creed to which it belonged. It is the last relic of my native land, and my mother, on her death-bed placed it round my neck. I told thee then I would give it thee on that day *when the laws of our being should become the same*."

"I remember it well."

"To-morrow it shall be thine!"

"Ah, that dear to morrow!" And, gently laying down her child, for it slept now, she threw herself on his breast, and pointed to the dawn that began greyly to creep along the skies.

There, in those horror-breathing walls, the day-star looked through the dismal bars upon those three beings, in whom were concentred whatever is most tender in human ties; whatever is most mysterious in the combinations of the human mind; the sleeping Innocence; the trustful Affection, that, contented with a touch, a breath, can foresee no sorrow; the weary Science that, traversing all the secrets of creation, comes at last to Death for their solution, and still clings, as it nears the threshold, to the breast of Love. Thus, within, *the within*—a dungeon; without, *the without*—stately with marts and halls, with palaces and temples—Revenge and Terror, at their dark schemes and counter-schemes—to and fro, upon the tide of the shifting passions, reeled the destinies of men and nations; and hard at hand that day-star, waning into space, looked with impartial eye on the church tower and the guillotine. Up springs the blithesome morn. In yon gardens the birds renew their familiar song. The fishes are sporting through the freshening waters of the Seine. The gladness of divine nature, the roar and dissonance of mortal life awake again; the trader unbars his windows—the flower-girls troop gaily to their haunts—busy feet are tramping to the daily drudgeries that revolutions which strike down kings and kaisars, leave the same Cain's heritage to the boor—the wagons groan and reel to the mart—Tyranny, up betimes, holds its pallid *levée*—Conspiracy, that hath not slept, hears the clock, and whispers to its own heart, "The hour draws near." A group gather, eager-eyed, round the purlieus of the Convention Hall; to-day decides the sovereignty of France—about the courts of the Tribunal their customary hum and stir. No matter what the hazard of the dye, or who the ruler, this day eighty heads shall fall!

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And she slept so sweetly. Wearied out with joy, secure in the presence of the eyes regained, she had laughed and wept herself to sleep; and still, in that slumber, there seemed a happy consciousness that the Loved was by—the Lost was found. For she smiled and murmured to herself, and breathed his name often, and stretched out her arms, and sighed if they touched him not. He gazed upon her as he stood apart—with what emotions it were vain to say. She would wake no more to him—she could not know how dearly the safety of that sleep was purchased. That morrow she had so yearned for,—it had come at last. *How would she greet the eve?* Amidst all

the exquisite hopes with which love and youth contemplate the future, her eyes had closed. Those hopes still lent their iris-colors to her dreams. She would wake to live! To-morrow, and the Reign of Terror was no more—the prison gates would be opened—she would go forth, with their child, into that summer-world of light. And *he?*—he turned, and his eye fell upon the child, it was broad awake, and that clear, serious, thoughtful look which it mostly wore watched him with a solemn steadiness. He bent over and kissed its lips.

"Never more," he murmured, "O heritor of love and grief—never more wilt thou see me in thy visions—never more will the light of those eyes be fed by celestial commune—never more can my soul guard from thy pillow the trouble and the disease. Not such as I would have vainly shaped it must be thy lot. In common with thy race, it must be thine to suffer, to struggle, and to err. But mild be thy human trials, and strong be thy spirit, to love and to believe! And thus, as I gaze upon thee—thus may my nature breathe into thine its last and most intense desire; may my love for thy mother pass to thee, and in thy looks may she hear my spirit comfort and console her. Hark! they come!—Yes! I await ye both beyond the grave!"

The door slowly opened; the jailer appeared, and through the aperture rushed at the same instant, a ray of sunlight—it streamed over the fair hushed face of the happy sleeper—it played like a smile upon the lips of the child, that still, mute and steadfast, watched the movements of its father. At that moment Viola muttered in her sleep—"The day is come—the gates are open! Give me thy hand; we will go forth! To sea—to sea!—How the sunshine plays upon the waters!—to home, beloved one! to home again."

"Citizen, thine hour is come!"

"Hist!—she sleeps! A moment! There! it is done! thank Heaven!—and *still* she sleeps!" He would not kiss lest he should awaken her, but gently placed round her neck the amulet that would speak to her, hereafter, the farewell;—and promise, in that farewell,—re-union! He is at the threshhold—he turns again, and again. The door closes! He is gone for ever.

She woke at last—she gazed round. "Zanoni, it is day!" No answer but the low wail of her child. Merciful heaven! was it then all a dream? She tossed back the long tresses that must veil her sight—she felt the amulet on her bosom—it was *no* dream! "Oh, God! and he is gone!" She sprang to the door—she shrieked aloud. The jailer comes! "My husband, my child's father?"

"He is gone before thee, woman!"

"Whither? Speak—speak!"

"To the guillotine!" and the black door closed again.

It closed upon the Senseless! As a lightening flash, Zanoni's words, his sadness, the true meaning of his mystic gift, the very sacrifice he made for her, all became distinct for a moment to her mind—and then darkness swept on it like a storm, yet darkness which had its light. And, while she sat there, mute, rigid, voiceless, as congealed to stone, A VISION, like a wind, glided over the deeps within!—the grim court—the judge—the jury—the accuser; and amidst the victims the one dauntless and radiant form.

"Thou knowest the danger to the State—confess!"

"I know; and I keep my promise. Judge, I reveal thy doom! I know that the Anarchy thou callest a state expires with the setting of this sun. Hark! to the tramp without!—hark! to the roar of voices! Room there, ye Dead!—room in hell for Robespierre and his crew!"

They hurry into the court—the hasty and pale messengers—there is confusion, and fear, and dismay! "Off with the conspirator!—and to-morrow the woman thou wouldst have saved shall die!"

"To-morrow, President, the steel falls on THEE!"

On, through the crowded and roaring streets, on moves the procession of Death. Ha, brave people! thou art aroused at last. They shall not die!—Death is dethroned!—Robespierre has fallen!—they rush to the rescue! Hideous in the tumbril, by the side of Zanoni, raved and gesticulated that form which, in his prophetic dreams, he had seen his companion at the place of death. "Save us!—save us!" howled the atheist, Nicot! "On, brave populace! we *shall* be saved!" And through the crowd, her dark hair streaming wild, her eyes flashing fire, pressed a female form—"My Clarence!" she shrieked, in the soft southern

language, native to the ears of Viola; "butcher! what hast thou done with Clarence?" her eyes roved over the eager faces of the prisoners; she saw not the one she sought. "Thank Heaven!—thank Heaven! I am not thy murderess?"

Nearer and nearer press the populace—another moment, and the deathsman is defrauded. O Zanoni! why still upon *thy* brow the resignation, that speaks no hope? Tramp! tramp! through the streets, dash the armed troop: faithful to his orders, black Henriot leads them on. Tramp! tramp! over the craven and scattered crowd! Here, flying in disorder—there, trampled in the mire, the shrieking rescuers! And amidst them, stricken by the sabres of the guard, her long hair blood-bedabbled, lies the Italian woman; and still upon her writhing lips sits joy, as they murmur—"Clarence! I have not destroyed thee!"

On to the *Barrière du Trône*. It frowns dark in the air—the giant instrument of murder! One after one to the glaive;—another and another and another! Mercy! O mercy! Is the bridge between the sun and the shades so brief?—brief as a sigh! There, there—*his* turn has come. "Die not yet; leave me not behind; Hear me—hear me!" shrieked the inspired sleeper. "What! and thou smilest still!" They smiled—those pale lips—and *with* the smile, the place of doom, the headsman, the horror vanished! With that smile, all space seemed suffused in eternal sunshine. Up from the earth he rose—he hovered over her—a thing not of matter—an IDEA of joy and light! Behind, Heaven opened, deep after deep; and the Hosts of Beauty were seen, rank upon rank, afar; and "Welcome," in a myriad melodies, broke from your choral multitude, ye People of the Skies—"Welcome! O purified by sacrifice, and immortal only through the grave—this it is to die." And radiant amidst the radiant, the IMAGE stretched forth its arms, and murmured to the sleeper: "Companion of Eternity!—*this* it is to die!"

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"Ho! wherefore do they make us signs from the house tops? Wherefore gather the crowds through the street? Why sounds the bell? Why shrieks the tocsin? Hark to the guns!—the armed clash! Fellow captives, is there hope for us at last?"

So gasp out the prisoners, each to each. Day wanes,—evening closes; still they press their white faces to the bars; and still from window, and from house-top, they see the smiles of friends—the waving signals! "Hurrah!" at last—"Hurrah! Robespierre is fallen! The Reign of Terror is no more! God hath permitted us to live!"

Yes; cast thine eyes into the hall, where the tyrant and his conclave hearkened to the roar without!—Fulfilling the prophecy of Dumas, Henriot, drunk with blood and alcohol, reels within, and chucks his gory sabre on the floor. "All is lost!"

"Wretch! thy cowardice hath destroyed us?" yelled the fierce Coffinhal as he hurled the coward from the window.

Calm as despair stands the stern St. Just; the palsied Couthon crawls, grovelling, beneath the table; a shot—an explosion! Robespierre would destroy himself! The trembling hand has mangled, and failed to kill! The clock of the *Hôtel de Ville* strikes the third hour. Through the battered door—along the gloomy passages, into the Death-hall, burst the crowd. Mangled, livid, blood-stained, speechless, but not unconscious, sits haughty yet in his seat erect, the Master-Murderer! Around him they throng—they hoot—they execrate! their faces gleaming in the tossing torches! *He*, and not the starry Magian, the *real* Sorcerer! And round *his* last hours gather the Fiends he raised!

They drag him forth! Open thy gates, inexorable prison! The Conciergerie receives its prey! Never a word again on earth spoke Maximilien Robespierre! Pour forth thy thousands, and tens of thousands, emancipated Paris! To the *Place de la Révolution*, rolls the tumbril of the King of Terror,—St. Just, Dumas, Couthon,—his companions to the grave! A woman—a childless woman, with hoary hair, springs to his side—"Thy death makes me drunk with joy!" He opened his bloodshot eyes—"Descend to hell, with the curses of wives and mothers!"

The headsmen wrench the rag from the shattered jaw! a shriek, and the crowd laugh, and the axe descends amidst the shout of the countless thousands. And blackness rushes

on thy soul, Maximilien Robespierre! So ended the Reign of Terror.

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Daylight in the prison. From cell to cell they hurry with the news; crowd upon crowd:—the joyous captives mingled with the very jailers, who, for fear, would fain seem joyous too—they stream through the dens and alleys of the grim house they will shortly leave. They burst into a cell, forgotten since the previous morning. They found there a young female, sitting upon her wretched bed; her arms crossed upon her bosom, her face raised upward; the eyes unclosed, and a smile, of more than serenity,—of bliss upon her lips. Even in the riot of their joy, they drew back in astonishment and awe. Never had they seen life so beautiful; and as they crept nearer, and with noiseless feet, they saw that the lips breathed not, that the repose was of marble, that the beauty, and the ecstasy were of death. They gathered round in silence; and lo! at her feet there was a young infant, who, wakened by their tread, looked at them steadfastly, and with its rosy fingers played with its dead mother's robe. An orphan there in the dungeon vault!

"Poor one!" said a female, (herself a parent),—"and they say the father fell yesterday; and now, the mother! Alone in the world, what can be its fate?"

The infant smiled fearlessly on the crowd, as the woman spoke thus. And the old Priest, who stood amongst them, said, gently, "Woman, see! the orphan smiles! THE FATHERLESS ARE THE CARE OF GOD!"

NOTE.

THE curiosity which Zanoni has excited among those who think it worth while to dive into the subtler meanings they believe it intended to convey, may excuse me in adding a few words, not in explanation of its mysteries, but upon the principles which permit them. Zanoni is not, as some have supposed, an allegory; but beneath the narrative it relates, *typical* meanings are concealed. It is to be regarded in two characters, distinct yet harmonious—1st. that of the simple and objective fiction, in which (once granting the licence of the author to select a subject which is, or appears to be, preternatural) the reader judges the writer by the usual canons—viz. by the consistency of his characters under such admitted circumstances, the interest of his story, and the coherence of his plot;—of the work regarded in this view, it is not my intention to say anything, whether in exposition of the design, or in defence of the execution. No typical meanings (which, in plain terms, are but moral suggestions, more or less numerous, more or less subtle,) can afford just excuse to a writer of fiction, for the errors he should avoid in the most ordinary novel. We have no right to expect the most ingenious reader to search for the inner meaning, if the obvious course of the narrative be tedious and displeasing. It is, on the contrary, in proportion as we are satisfied with the objective sense of a work of imagination, that we are inclined to search into the depths for the more secret intentions of the author.—Were we not so divinely charmed with "Faust," and "Hamlet," and "Prometheus," so ardently carried on by the interest of the story told to the common understanding, we should trouble ourselves little with the types in each which all of us can detect—none of us can elucidate:—none elucidate, for the essence of type is mystery. We behold the figure, we cannot lift the veil. The Author himself is not called upon to explain what is designed. An Allegory is a personation of distinct and definite things—Virtues and Qualities—and the key can be given easily; but a writer who conveys typical meanings, may express them in myriads. He cannot disentangle all the hues which commingle into the light he seeks to cast upon truth; and therefore the great masters of this enchanted soil—Fairy land of Fairy Jand—Poetry embedded beneath Poetry—wisely leave to each mind to guess at such truths as best please or instruct it. To have asked Goethe to explain the "Faust" would have entailed as complex and puzzling an answer as to have asked Mephistopheles to explain what is beneath the earth we tread on. The stores beneath may differ for every passenger; each step may require a new description; and what is treasure to the geologist may be rubbish to the miner. Six worlds may lie under a sod, but to the common eye they are but six layers of stone.

Art in itself, is not necessarily typical, is essentially a suggester of something subtler than that which it embodies to the sense, What Pliny tells us of a great painter of old, is true of most great painters; "their works express something beyond the works"—"more felt than understood." This belongs to the concentration of intellect which high Art demands, and which of all the Arts, Sculpture best illustrates. Take Thorwaldsens Statue of Mercury—it is but a single figure, yet it tells to those conversant with Mythology a whole legend. The god has removed the pipe from his lips, because he has lulled already the Argus, whom you do not see, to sleep. He is pressing his heel against his sword, because the moment is come when he may slay his victim. Apply the principle of this noble

concentration of Art to the moral writer; he, too, gives to your eye but a single figure; yet each attitude, each expression, may refer to events and truths you must have the learning to remember, the acuteness to penetrate, or the imagination to conjecture. But to a classical judge of sculpture, would not the exquisite pleasure of discovering the all not told in Thorwaldsen's masterpiece be destroyed if the artist had engraved in detail his meaning at the base of the statue? Is it not the same with the typical sense which the artist in words conveys? The pleasure of divining Art in each is the noble exercise of all by whom Art is worthily regarded.

We of the humbler race not unreasonably shelter ourselves under the Authority of the Masters, on whom the world's judgment is pronounced; and great names are cited, not with the arrogance of equals, but with the humility of inferiors.

The author of Zanoni gives, then, no key to mysteries, be they trivial or important, which may be found in the secret chambers by those who lift the tapestry from the wall; but out of the many solutions of the main enigma—if enigma, indeed, there be—which have been sent to him, he ventures to select the one which he subjoins, from the ingenuity and thought which it displays, and from respect for the distinguished writer (one of the most eminent our time has produced) who deemed him worthy of an honor he is proud to display. He leaves it to the reader to agree with, or dissent from, the explanation. "A hundred men," says the old Platonist, "may read the book by the help of the same lamp, yet all may differ on the text; for the lamp only lights the characters—the mind must divine the meaning." The object of a Parable is not that of a Problem; It does not seek to convince, but to suggest. It takes the thought below the surface of the understanding to the deeper intelligence which the world rarely tasks. It is not sunlight on the water, it is a hymn chanted to the Nymph who hearkens and awakes below.

"ZANONI EXPLAINED

BY ——."

Mejnour—Contemplation of the Actual—SCIENCE. Always old, and must last as long as the Actual. Less fallible than Idealism, but less practically potent, from its ignorance of the human heart.

Zanoni—Contemplation of the Ideal,—IDEALISM. Always necessarily sympathetic: lives by enjoyment; and is therefore typified by eternal youth.* Idealism is the potent Interpreter and Prophet of the Real; but its powers are impaired in proportion to their exposure to human passion.

Viola—Human INSTINCT. (Hardly worthy to be called LOVE, as Love would not forsake its object at the bidding of Superstition.) Resorts, first, in its aspiration after the Ideal, to tinsel shows; then relinquishes these for a higher love; but is still, from the conditions of its nature, inadequate to this, and liable to suspicion and mistrust. Its greatest force (Maternal Instinct) has power to penetrate some secrets, to trace some movements of the Ideal, but, too feeble to command them, yields to Superstition,—sees sin where there is none, while committing sin, under a false guidance,—weakly seeking refuge amidst the very tumults of the warring passions of the Actual, while deserting the serene Ideal;—pining, nevertheless, in the absence of the Ideal, and expiring (not perishing, but becoming transmuted) in the aspiration after having the laws of the two natures reconciled.

(It might best suit popular apprehension to call these three the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Heart.)

Child—NEW-BORN INSTINCT, while trained and informed by Idealism, promises a preter-human result by its early, incommunicable vigilance and intelligence, but is compelled, by inevitable orphanhood, and the one-half of the laws of its existence, to lapse into ordinary conditions.

Aidon-Ai—FAITH, which manifests its splendor, and delivers its oracles, and imparts its marvels, only to the higher moods of the soul, and whose directed antagonism is with FEAR; so that those who employ the resource of Fear must dispense with those of Faith. Yet aspiration holds open a way of restoration, and may summon Faith, even when the cry issues from beneath the yoke of Fear.

Dweller of the Threshold—FEAR (or HORROR), from whose ghastliness men are protected by the opacity of the region of Prescription and Custom. The moment this protection is relinquished, and the human spirit pierces the cloud, and enters alone on the unexplored regions of Nature, this Natural Horror haunts it, and is to be successfully encountered only by defiance,—by aspiration towards, and reliance on, the Former and Director of Nature, whose Messenger and Instrument of re-assurance is Faith.

Mervale—CONVENTIONALISM.

Nicot—Base, grovelling, malignant PASSION.

Glyndon—UNSUSTAINED ASPIRATION:—Would follow

* "I do not understand the making Idealism less undying (on this scene of existence) than Science."—COMMENTATOR.—Because, granting the above premises, Idealism is more subjected than Science to the Affections, or to Instinct, because the Affections, sooner or later, force Idealism into the Actual, and in the Actual its Immortality departs. The only absolutely Actual portion of the work is found in the concluding scenes that depict the Reign of Terror. The introduction of this part was objected to by some as out of keeping with the fanciful portions that preceded it. But if the writer of the solution has rightly shown or suggested the intention of the author, the most strangely and rudely actual scene of the age in which the story is cast was the necessary and harmonious completion of the whole. The excesses and crimes of Humanity are the grave of the Ideal.—AUTHOR.

Instinct, but is deterred by Conventionalism:—is overawed by Idealism, yet attracted, and transiently inspired; but has not steadiness for the initiatory contemplation of the Actual. He conjoins its snatched privileges with a besetting sensualism, and suffers at once from the horror of the one, and the disgust of the other, involving the innocent in the fatal conflict of his spirit. When on the point of perishing, he is rescued by Idealism; and, unable to rise to that species of existence, is grateful to be replunged into the region of the Familiar, and takes up his rest henceforth in Custom. (Mirror of Young Manhood.)

ARGUMENT.

Human Existence, subject to, and exempt from, ordinary conditions—(Sickness, Poverty, Ignorance, Death).

Science is ever striving to carry the most gifted beyond ordinary conditions—the result being as many victims as efforts, and the striver being finally left a solitary—for his object is unsuitable to the natures he has to deal with.

The pursuit of the Ideal involves so much emotion as to render the Idealist vulnerable by human passion—however long and well guarded, still vulnerable—liable, at last, to an union with Instinct. Passion obscures both Insight and Forecast. All effort to elevate Instinct to Idealism is abortive, the laws of their being not coinciding (in the early stage of the existence of the one). Instinct is either alarmed, and takes refuge in Superstition or Custom, or is left helpless to human charity, or given over to providential care.

Idealism, stripped of insight and forecast, loses its serenity, becomes subject once more to the horror from which it has escaped, and by accepting its aids, forfeits the higher help of Faith:—aspiration, however, remaining still possible; and, thereby, slow restoration; and also, SOMETHING BETTER.

Summoned by aspiration, Faith extorts from Fear itself the saving truth to which Science continues blind, and which Idealism itself hails as its crowning acquisition,—the inestimable PROOF wrought out by all labors and all conflicts.

Pending the elaboration of this proof,
Conventionalism plods on, safe and complacent:
Selfish Passion perishes, grovelling and hopeless:
Instinct sleeps, in order to a loftier waking: and
Idealism learns, as its ultimate lesson, that self-sacrifice is true redemption; that the region beyond the grave is the fitting one for exemption from mortal conditions; and that Death is the everlasting portal, indicated by the finger of God,—the broad avenue, through which man does not issue, solitary and stealthy, into the region of Free Existence, but enters triumphant, hailed by a hierarchy of immortal natures.

The result is (in other words), THAT THE UNIVERSAL HUMAN LOT IS, AFTER ALL, THAT OF THE HIGHEST PRIVILEGE.

END OF "ZANONI."

FALKLAND.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE KNEBWORTH EDITION.

"FALKLAND" is the earliest of Lord Lytton's prose fictions. Published before "Pelham," it was written in the boyhood of its illustrious author. In the maturity of his manhood and the fulness of his literary popularity he withdrew it from print. This is the first English edition of his collected works in which the tale reappears. It is because the morality of it was condemned by his experienced judgment, that the author of "Falkland" deliberately omitted it from each of the numerous reprints of his novels and romances which were published in England during his lifetime.

The publishers therefore desire to state the motives which have induced them, with the consent of the author's son, to include "Falkland" in the present edition of his collected works.

In the first place, this work has been for many years, and still is, accessible to English readers in every country except England. The continental edition of it, published by Baron Tauchnitz, has a wide circulation; and, since for this reason the book cannot practically be withheld from the public, it is thought desirable that the publication of it should at least be accompanied by some record of the above-mentioned fact.

In the next place, the considerations which would naturally guide an author of established reputation in the selection of early compositions for subsequent republication, are obviously inapplicable to the preparation of a posthumous standard edition of his collected works. Those who read the tale of "Falkland" eight-and-forty years ago * have long survived the age when character is influenced by the literature of sentiment. The readers to whom it is now presented are not Lord Lytton's contemporaries; they are his posterity. To them his works have already become classical. It is only upon the minds of the young that the works of sentiment have any appreciable moral influence. But the sentiment of each age is peculiar to itself; and the purely moral influence of sentimental fiction seldom survives the age to which it was first addressed. The youngest and most impressionable reader of such works as the "Nouvelle Héloïse," "Werthe," "The Robbers," "Corinne," or "René," is not now likely to be morally influenced, for good or ill, by the perusal of those masterpieces of genius. Had Byron attained the age at which great authors most realize the responsibilities of fame and genius, he might possibly have regretted, and endeavored to suppress, the publication of "Don Juan;" but the possession of that immortal poem is an unmixed benefit to posterity, and the loss of it would have been an irreparable misfortune.

"Falkland," although the earliest, is one of the most carefully finished of its author's compositions. All that was once turbid, heating, unwholesome in the current of sentiment which flows through this history of a guilty passion, "Death's immortalizing winter" has chilled and purified. The book is now a harmless, and it may be hoped, a not uninteresting, evidence of the precocity of its author's genius.

* It was published in 1827.

BOOK FIRST.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON. FREDERICK MONKTON.

L——, *May* —, 1822.

You are mistaken, my dear Monkton! Your description of the gaiety of "the season" gives me no emotion. You speak of pleasure; I remember no labor so wearisome: you enlarge upon its changes; no sameness appears to be so monotonous. Keep, then, your pity for those who require it. From the height of my philosophy I compassionate *you*. No one is so vain as a recluse; and your jests at my hermitship and hermitage cannot penetrate the folds of a self-conceit, which does not envy you in your suppers at D—— House, nor even in your waltzes with Eleanor ——.

It is a ruin rather than a house which I inhabit. I have not been at L—— since my return from abroad, and during those years the place has gone rapidly to decay; perhaps, for that reason, it suits me better, *tel maître telle maison*.

Of all my possessions this is the least valuable in itself, and derives the least interest from the associations of childhood, for it was not at L—— that any part of that period was spent. I have, however, chosen it for my present retreat, because here only I am personally unknown, and therefore little likely to be disturbed. I do not, indeed, wish for the interruptions designed as civilities; I rather gather around myself, link after link, the chains that connected me with the world; I find among my own thoughts that variety and occupation which you only experience in your intercourse with others; and I make, like the Chinese, my map of the universe consist of a circle in a square—the circle is my own empire of thought *and self;* and it is to the scanty corners which it leaves without, that I banish whatever belongs to the remainder of mankind.

About a mile from L—— is Mr. Mandeville's beautiful villa of E——, in the midst of grounds which form a delightful contrast to the savage and wild scenery by which they are surrounded. As the house is at present quite deserted, I have obtained, through the gardener, a free admittance into his domains, and I pass there whole hours, indulging, like the hero of the *Lutrin*, "*une sainte oisiveté*," listening to a little noisy brook, and letting my thoughts be almost as vague and idle as the birds which wander among the trees that surround me. I could wish, indeed, that this simile were in all things correct—that those thoughts, if as free, were also as happy as the objects of my comparison, and could, like them, after the rovings of the day, turn at evening to a resting-place, and be still. We are the dupes and the victims of our senses: while we use them to gather from external things the hoards that we store within, we cannot foresee the punishments we prepare for ourselves; the remembrance which stings, and the hope which deceives, the passions which promise us rapture, which reward us with despair, and the thoughts which, if they constitute the healthful action, make also the feverish excitements of our minds. What sick man has not dreamt in his delirium everything that our philosophers have said? * But I am growing into my old habit of gloomy reflection, and it is time that I should conclude. I meant to have written you a letter as light as your own; if I have failed, it is no wonder.—"Notre cœur est un instrument incomplet—une lyre où il manque des cordes, et où nous sommes forcés de rendre less accens de la joie, sur le ton consacré aux soupirs."

* Quid segrotus unquam somniavit quod philosophorum aliquis non dixerit?—LACTANTIUS.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

You ask me to give you some sketch of my life, and of that *bel mondo* which wearied me so soon. Men seldom reject an opportunity to talk of themselves; and I am not unwilling to re-examine the past, to re-connect it with the present, and to gather from a consideration of each what hopes and expectations are still left to me for the future.

But my detail must be rather of thought than of action: most of those whose fate has been connectd with mine are now living, and I would not, even to you, break that tacit confidence which much of my history would require. After all, you will have no loss. The actions of another may interest—but, for the most part, it is only his reflections which come home to us; for few have acted, nearly all of us have thought.

My own vanity too would be unwilling to enter upon incidents which had their origin either in folly or in terror. It is true that those follies and errors have ceased, but their effects remain. With years our *faults* diminish, but our *vices* increase.

You know that my mother was Spanish, and that my father was one of that old race of which so few scions remain, who, living in a distant country, have been little influenced by the changes of fashion, and, priding themselves on the antiquity of their names, have looked with contempt upon the modern distinctions and the mush-room nobles which have sprung up to discountenance and eclipse the plainness of more venerable and solid respectability. In his youth my father had served in the army. He had known much of men and more of books; but his knowledge, instead of rooting out, had rather been engrafted on his prejudices. He was one of that class (and I say it with a private reverence, though a public regret), who, with the best intentions, have made the worst citizens, and who think it a duty to perpetuate whatever is pernicious by having learnt to consider it as sacred. He was a great country gentleman, a great sportsman, and a great Tory; perhaps the three worst enemies which a country can have. Though beneficent to the poor, he gave but a cold reception to the rich; for he was too refined to associate with his inferiors, and too proud to like the competition of his equals. One ball and two dinners a-year constituted all the aristocratic portion of our hospitality, and at the age of twelve, the noblest and youngest companions that I possessed, were a large Danish dog and a wild mountain pony, as unbroken and as lawless as myself. It is only in later years that we can perceive the immeasurable importance of the early scenes and circumstances which surrounded us. It was in the loneliness of my unchecked wanderings that my early affection for my own thoughts was conceived. In the seclusion of Nature—in whatever court she presided—the education of my mind was begun; and, even at that early age, I rejoiced (like the wild hart the Grecian poet * has described) in the stillness of the great woods, and the solitudes unbroken by human footstep.

The first change in my life was under melancholy auspices; my father fell suddenly ill, and died; and my mother, whose very existence seemed only held in his presence, followed him in three months. I remember that, a few hours before her death, she called me to her: she reminded me that, through her, I was of Spanish extraction; that in her country I received my birth, and that, not the less for its degradation and distress, I might hereafter find in the relations which I held to it a remembrance to value, or even a duty to fulfil. On her tenderness to me at that hour, on the impression it made upon my mind, and on the keen and enduring sorrow which I felt for months after her death, it would be useless to dwell.

My uncle became my guardian. He is, you know, a member of parliament of some reputation; very sensible and very dull; very much respected by men, very much disliked by women; and inspiring all children, of either sex, with the same unmitigated aversion which he feels for them himself.

I did not remain long under his immediate care. I was soon sent to school—that preparatory world, where the great primal principles of human nature, in the aggression of the strong and the meanness of the weak, constitute the earliest lesson of importance that we are taught; and where the forced *primitiæ* of that less universal knowledge which is useless to the many who, in after life, neglect, and bitter to the few who improve it, are the first motives for which our minds are to be broken to terror, and our hearts initiated into tears.

* Eurip. Bacchae, l. 874.

Bold and resolute by temper, I soon carved myself a sort of career among my associates. A hatred to all oppression, and a haughty and unyielding character, made me at once the fear and aversion of the greater powers and principalities of the school; while my agility at all boyish games, and my ready assistance or protection to every one who required it, made me proportionally popular with, and courted by, the humbler multitude of the subordinate classes. I was constantly surrounded by the most lawless and mischievous followers whom the school could afford; all eager for my commands, and all pledged to their execution.

In good truth, I was a worthy Rowland of such a gang: though I excelled in, I cared little for, the ordinary amusements of the school: I was fonder of engaging in marauding expeditions contrary to our legislative restrictions, and I valued myself equally upon my boldness in planning our exploits, and my dexterity in eluding their discovery. But exactly in proportion as our school terms connected me with those of my own years, did our vacations unfit me for any intimate companionship but that which I already began to discover in myself.

Twice in the year, when I went home, it was to that wild and romantic part of the country where my former childhood had been spent. There, alone and unchecked, I was thrown utterly upon my own resources. I wandered by day over the rude scenes which surrounded us; and at evening I pored, with an unwearied delight, over the ancient legends which made those scenes sacred to my imagination. I grew by degrees of a more thoughtful and visionary nature. My temper imbibed the romance of my studies; and whether, in winter, basking by the large hearth of our old hall, or stretched, in the indolent voluptuousness of summer, by the rushing streams which formed the chief characteristic of the country around us, my hours were equally wasted in those dim and luxurious dreams, which constituted, perhaps, the essence of that poetry I had not the genius to embody. It was then, by that alternate restlessness of action and idleness of reflection, into which my young years were divided, that the impress of my character was stamped: that fitfulness of temper, that affection for extremes has accompanied me through life. Hence, not only all intermediums of emotion appear to me as tame, but even the most overwrought excitation can bring neither novelty nor zest. I have, as it were, feasted upon the passions; I have made that my daily food, which, in its strength and excess, would have been poison to others; I have rendered my mind unable to enjoy the ordinary aliments of nature; and I have wasted, by a premature indulgence, my resources and my powers, till I have left my heart, without a remedy or a hope, to whatever disorders its own intemperance has engendered.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

When I left Dr. ——'s, I was sent to a private tutor in D——e. Here I continued for about two years. It was during that time that —but what *then* befel me is for no living ear! The characters of that history are engraven on my heart, in letters of fire; but it is a language that none but myself have the authority to read. It is enough for the purpose of my confessions that the events of that period were connected with the first awakening of the most powerful of human passions, and that, whatever their commencement, their end was despair! and *she*—the object of that love—the only being in the world who ever possessed the secret and the spell of my nature—*her* life was the bitterness and the fever of a troubled heart,—her rest is the grave—

> Non la conobbe il mondo mentre l'ebbe
> Con ibill 'io, ch 'a pianger qui rimasi.

That attachment was not so much a single event, as the first link in a long chain which was coiled around my heart. It were a tedious and bitter history, even were it permitted, to tell you of all the sins and misfortunes to which in after-life that passion was connected. I will only speak of the more hidden but general effect it had upon my mind; though, indeed, naturally inclined to a morbid and melancholy philosophy, it is more than probable, but for that occurrence, that it would never have found matter for excitement. Thrown early among mankind, I should early have imbibed their feelings, and grown like them by the influence of custom. I should not have carried within me one unceasing remembrance, which was to teach me, like Faustus, to find nothing in knowledge but its inutility, or in

hope but its deceit; and to bear like him, through the blessings of youth and the allurements of pleasure, the curse and the presence of a fiend.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

It was after the first violent grief produced by that train of circumstances to which I must necessarily so darkly allude, that I began to apply with earnestness to books. Night and day I devoted myself unceasingly to study, and from this fit I was only recovered by the long and dangerous illness it produced. Alas! there is no fool like him who wishes for knowledge! It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom, not from flowers, but thorns.

"Une grande passion malheureuse est un grand moyen de sagesse." From the moment in which the buoyancy of my spirit was first broken by real anguish, the losses of the *heart* were repaired by the experience of the *mind*. I passed at once, like Melmoth, from youth to age. What were any longer to me the ordinary avocations of my contemporaries? I had exhausted years in moments—I had wasted, like the Eastern Queen, my richest jewel in a draught. I ceased to hope, to feel, to act, to burn: such are the impulses of the young! I learned to doubt, to reason, to analyze: such are the habits of the old! From that time, if I have not avoided the pleasures of life, I have not enjoyed them. Women, wine, the society of the gay, the commune of the wise, the lonely pursuit of knowledge, the daring visions of ambition, all have occupied me in turn, and all alike have deceived me; but, like the Widow in the story of Voltaire, I have built at last a temple to "Time, the Comforter:" I have grown calm and unrepining with years; and, if I am now shrinking from men, I have derived at least this advantage from the loneliness first made habitual by regret;—that while I feel increased benevolence to others, I have learned to look for happiness only in myself.

They alone are independent of Fortune who have made themselves a separate existence from the world.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I went to the University with a great fund of general reading, and habits of constant application. My uncle, who having no children of his own, began to be ambitious for me, formed great expectations of my career at Oxford. I staid there three years, and did nothing! I did not gain a single prize, nor did I attempt any thing above the ordinary degree. The fact is, that nothing seemed to me worth the labor of success. I conversed with those who had obtained the highest academical reputation, and I smiled with a consciousness of superiority at the boundlessness of their vanity, and the narrowness of their views. The limits of the distinction they had gained seemed to them as wide as the most extended renown; and the little knowledge their youth had acquired only appeared to them an excuse for the ignorance and the indolence of maturer years. Was it to equal these that I was to labor? I felt that I already surpassed them! Was it to gain *their* good opinion, or, still worse, that of their admirers? Alas! I had too long learned to live for myself to find any happiness in the respect of the idlers I despised.

I left Oxford at the age of twenty-one. I succeeded to the large estates of my inheritance, and for the first time I felt the vanity so natural to youth when I went up to London to enjoy the resources of the Capital, and to display the powers I possessed to revel in whatever those resources could yield. I found society like the Jewish temple: any one is admitted into its threshold; none but the chiefs of the institution into its recesses.

Young, rich, of an ancient and honorable name, pursuing pleasure rather as a necessary excitement than an occasional occupation, and agreeable to the associates I drew around me because my profusion contributed to their enjoyment, and my temper to their amusement—I found myself courted by many, and avoided by none. I soon discovered that all civility is but the mask of design. I smiled at the kindness of the fathers who, hearing that I was talented, and knowing that I was rich, looked to my support in whatever political side they had espoused. I saw in the notes of the mothers their anxiety for the establishment of their daughters, and their respect for my acres; and in the cordiality of the sons who had horses to sell and rouge-et-noir debts to pay, I de-

tected all that veneration for my money which implied such contempt for its possessor. By nature observant, and by misfortune sarcastic, I looked upon the various colorings of society with a searching and philosophic eye: I unravelled the intricacies which knit servility with arrogance, and meanness with ostentation; and I traced to its sources that universal vulgarity of inward sentiment and external manner, which, in all classes, appears to me to constitute the only unvarying characteristic of our countrymen. In proportion as I increased my knowledge of others, I shrunk with a deeper disappointment and dejection into my own resources. The first moment of real happiness which I experienced for a whole year was when I found myself about to seek, beneath the influence of other skies, that more extended acquaintance with my species which might either draw me to them with a closer connection, or at least reconcile me to the ties which already existed.

I will not dwell upon my adventures abroad: there is little to interest others in a recital which awakens no interest in one's self. I sought for wisdom, and I acquired but knowledge. I thirsted for the truth, the tenderness of love, and I found but its fever and its falsehood. Like the two Florimels of Spencer, I mistook, in my delirium, the delusive fabrication of the senses for the divine reality of the heart; and I only awoke from my deceit when the phantom I had worshipped melted into snow. Whatever I pursued partook of the energy, yet fitfulness of my nature; mingling to-day in the tumults of the city, and to-morrow alone with my own heart in the solitude of unpeopled nature; now revelling in the wildest excesses, and now tracing, with a painful and unwearied search, the intricacies of science; alternately governing others, and subdued by the tyranny which my own passions imposed—I passed through the ordeal unshrinking yet unscathed. "The education of life," says De Staël, "perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous." I do not inquire, Monkton, to which of these classes I belong; but I feel too well, that though my mind has not been depraved, it has found no perfection but in misfortune; and that whatever be the acquirements of later years, they have nothing which can compensate for the losses of our youth.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I returned to England. I entered again upon the theatre of its world; but I mixed now more in its greater than its lesser pursuits. I looked rather at the mass than the leaven of mankind; and while I felt aversion for the few whom I knew, I glowed with philanthropy for the crowd which I know not.

It is in contemplating men at a distance that we become benevolent. When we mix with them, we suffer by the contact, and grow, if not malicious from the injury, at least selfish from the circumspection which our safety imposes: but when, while we feel our relationship, we are not galled by the tie; when neither jealousy, nor envy, nor resentment are excited, we have nothing to interfere with those more complacent and kindliest sentiments which our earliest impressions have rendered natural to our hearts. We may fly men in hatred because they have galled us, but the feeling ceases with the cause: none will willingly feed long upon bitter thoughts. It is thus that, while in the narrow circle in which we move we suffer daily from those who approach us, we can, in spite of our resentment to *them*, glow with a general benevolence to the wider relations from which we are remote; that while smarting beneath the treachery of friendship, the sting of ingratitude, the faithlessness of love, we would almost sacrifice our lives to realize some idolized theory of legislation; and that, distrustful, calculating, selfish in private, there are thousands who would, with a credulous fanaticism, fling themselves as victims before that unrecompensing Moloch which they term the Public.

Living, then, much by myself, but reflecting much upon the world, I learned to love mankind. Philanthropy brought ambition; for I was ambitious, not for my own aggrandizement, but for the service of others—for the poor—the toiling—the degraded; these constituted that part of my fellow beings which I the most loved, for these were bound to me by the most engaging of all human ties—misfortune! I began to enter into the intrigues of the state; I extended my observation and inquiry from individuals to nations; I examined into the mysteries of the science which has arisen in these later days to give the lie to the wisdom of the past, to reduce into the simplicity of

problems the intricacies of political knowledge, to teach us the fallacy of the system which had governed by restriction, and imagined that the happiness of nations depended upon the perpetual interference of its rulers, and to prove to us that the only unerring policy of art is to leave a free and unobstructed progress to the hidden energies and providence of Nature. But it was not only the *theoretical* investigation of the state which employed me. I mixed, though in secret, with the agents of its springs. While I seemed only intent upon pleasure, I locked in my heart the consciousness and vanity of power. In the levity of the lip I disguised the workings and the knowledge of the brain; and I looked, as with a gifted eye, upon the mysteries of the hidden depths, while I seemed to float an idler, with the herd, only on the surface of the stream.

Why was I disgusted, when I had but to put forth my hand and grasp whatever object my ambition might desire? Alas! there was in my heart always something too soft for the aims and cravings of my mind. I felt that I was wasting the young years of my life in a barren and wearisome pursuit. What to me, who had outlived vanity, would have been the admiration of the crowd! I sighed for the sympathy of *the one!* and I shrunk in sadness from the prospect of renown to ask my heart for the reality of love! For what purpose, too, had I devoted myself to the service of men? As I grew more sensible of the labor of pursuing, I saw more of the inutility of accomplishing, individual measures. There is one great and moving order of events which we may retard, but we cannot arrest, and to which, if we endeavor to hasten them, we only give a dangerous and unnatural impetus. Often, when in the fever of the midnight, I have paused from my unshared and unsoftened studies, to listen to the deadly pulsation of my heart,* when I have felt in its painful and tumultuous beating the very life waning and wasting within me, I have sickened to my inmost soul to remember that, amongst all those whom I was exhausting the health and enjoyment of youth to benefit, there was not one for whom my life had an interest, or by whom my death would be honored by a tear. There is a beautiful passage in Chalmers on the want of sympathy we experience in the world. From my earliest childhood I had one deep, engrossing, yearning desire,—and that was to love and to be loved. I found, too young, the realization of that dream—it passed! and I have never known it again. The experience of long and bitter years, teaches me to look with suspicion on that far recollection of the past, and to doubt if this earth could indeed produce a living form to satisfy the visions of one who has dwelt among the boyish creations of fancy—who has shaped out in his heart an imaginary idol, arrayed it in whatever is most beautiful in nature, and breathed into the image the pure but burning spirit of that innate love from which it sprung! It is true that my manhood has been the undeceiver of my youth, and that the meditation upon facts has disenthralled me from the visionary broodings over fiction; but what remuneration have I found in reality? If the line of the satirist be not true,

"Souvent de tous nos maux la raison est le pire," *

at least, like the madman of whom he speaks, I owe but little gratitude to the act which, "in drawing me from my error, has robbed me also of a paradise."

I am approaching the conclusion of my confessions. Men who have no ties in the world, and who have been accustomed to solitude, find, with every disappointment in the former, a greater yearning for the enjoyments which the latter can afford. Day by day I relapsed more into myself; "man delighted me not, nor woman either." In my ambition, it was not in the means, but the end, that I was disappointed. In my friends, I complained not of treachery, but insipidity; and it was not because I was deserted, but wearied by more tender connections, that I ceased to find either excitement in seeking, or triumph in obtaining, their love. It was not, then, in a momentary disgust, but rather in the calm of satiety, that I formed that resolution of retirement which I have adopted now.

Shrinking from my kind, but too young to live wholly for myself, I have made a new tie with nature; I have come to cement it here. I am like a bird which has wandered afar, but has returned home to its nest at last. But there is one feeling which had its origin in the world, and which accompanies me still; which consecrates my recollections of the past; which

* Falkland suffered much, from very early youth, from a complaint in his heart.

* Boileau.

contributes to take its gloom from the solitude of the present:—Do you ask me its nature, Monkton? It is my friendship for you.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I wish that I could convey to you, dear Monkton, the faintest idea of the pleasures of indolence. You belong to that class which is of all the most busy, though the least active. Men of pleasure never have time for anything. No lawyer, no statesman, no bustling, hurrying, restless underling of the counter or the Exchange, is so eternally occupied as a lounger "about town." He is linked to labor by a series of undefinable nothings. His independence and idleness only serve to fetter and engross him, and his leisure seems held upon the condition of never having a moment to himself. Would that you could see me at this instant in the luxury of my summer retreat, surrounded by the trees, the waters, the wild birds, and the hum, the glow, the exultation which teem visibly and audibly through creation in the noon of a summer's day! I am undisturbed by a single intruder. I am unoccupied by a single pursuit. I suffer one moment to glide into another, without the remembrance that the next must be filled up by some laborious pleasure, or some wearisome enjoyment. It is here that I feel all the powers, and gather together all the resources, of my mind. I recall my recollections of men; and, unbiassed by the passions and prejudices which we do not experience *alone*, because their very existence depends upon others, I endeavor to perfect my knowledge of the human heart. He who would acquire that better science must arrange and analyze in private the experience he has collected in the crowd. Alas, Monkton, when you have expressed surprise at the gloom which is so habitual to my temper, did it never occur to you that my acquaintance with the world would alone be sufficient to account for it?—that knowledge is neither for the good nor the happy. Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled? Who can look upon the workings of grief and rejoice, or associate with guilt and be pure.

It has been by mingling with men, not only in their *haunts* but their *emotions*, that I have learned to know them. I have descended into the receptacles of vice; I have taken lessons from the brothel and the hell; I have watched feeling in its unguarded sallies, and drawn from the impulse of the moment conclusions which gave the lie to the previous conduct of years. But all knowledge brings us disappointment, and *this* knowledge the most—the satiety of good, the suspicion of evil, the decay of our young dreams, the premature iciness of age, the reckless, aimless, joyless indifference which follows an overwrought and feverish excitation—*These* constitute the lot of men who have renounced *hope* in the acquisition of *thought*, and who, in learning the motives of human actions, learn only to despise the persons and the things which enchanted them like divinities before.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I told you, dear Monkton, in my first letter, of my favorite retreat in Mr. Mandeville's grounds. I have grown so attached to it, that I spend the greater part of the day there. I am not one of those persons who always perambulate with a book in their hands, as if neither nature nor their own reflections could afford them any rational amusement. I go there more frequently *en paresseux* than *en savant:* a small brooklet which runs through the grounds broadens at last into a deep, clear, transparent lake. Here fir and elm and oak fling their branches over the margin; and beneath their shade I pass all the hours of noonday in the luxuries of a dreamer's reverie. It is true, however, that I am never less idle than when I appear the most so. I am like Prospero in his desert island, and surround myself with spirits. A spell trembles upon the leaves; every wave comes fraught to me with its peculiar music: and an Ariel seems to whisper the secrets of every breeze, which comes to my forehead laden with the perfumes of the West. But do not think, Monkton, that it is only good spirits which haunt the recesses of my solitude. To push the metaphor to exaggeration—Memory is my Sycorax, and Gloom is the Caliban she conceives. But let me digress from myself to my less idle occupations;—I have of late diverted my thoughts in some measure by a recurrence to a study to which I once was particularly devoted—history. Have

you ever remarked, that people who live the most by themselves reflect the most upon others; and that he who lives surrounded by the million never thinks of any but the one individual—himself? Philosophers—moralists—historians, whose thoughts, labors, lives, have been devoted to the consideration of mankind or the analysis of public events, have usually been remarkably attached to solitude and seclusion. We are indeed so linked to our fellow-beings, that, where we are not chained to them by action, we are carried to and connected with them by thought.

I have just quitted the observations of my favorite Bolingbroke upon history. I cannot agree with him as to its utility. The more I consider, the more I am convinced that its study has been upon the whole prenicious to mankind. It is by those details, which are always as unfair in their inference as they must evidently be doubtful in their facts, that party animosity and general prejudice are supported and sustained. There is not one abuse—one intolerance—one remnant of ancient barbarity and ignorance existing at the present day, which is not advocated, and actually confirmed by some vague deduction from the bigotry of an illiterate chronicler, or the obscurity of an uncertain legend. It is through the constant appeal to our ancestors that we transmit wretchedness and wrong to our posterity: we should require, to corroborate an evil originating in the present day, the clearest and most satisfactory proof; but the minutest defence is sufficient for an evil handed down to us by the barbarism of antiquity. We reason from what even in old times was dubious, as if we were adducing what was certain in those in which we live. And thus we have made no sanction to abuses so powerful as history, and no enemy to the present like the past.

FROM THE LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO MRS. ST. JOHN.

At last, my dear Julia, I am settled in my beautiful retreat. Mrs. Dalton and Lady Margaret Leslie are all whom I could prevail upon to accompany me. Mr. Mandeville is full of the corn-laws. He is chosen chairman to a select committee in the house. He is murmuring agricultural distresses in his sleep; and when I asked him occasionally to come down here to see me, he started from a reverie, and exclaimed—"Never, Mr. Speaker, as a landed proprietor; never will I consent to my own ruin."

My boy, my own, my beautiful companion, is with me. I wish you could see how fast he can run, and how sensibly he can talk. "What a fine figure he has for his age!" said I to Mr. Mandeville the other day. "Figure! age!" said his father; "in the House of Commons he shall make a figure to every age." I know that in writing to you, you will not be contented if I do not say a great deal about myself. I shall therefore proceed to tell you that I feel already much better from the air and exercise of the journey, from the conversation of my two guests, and, above all, from the constant society of my dear boy. He was three last birthday. I think that at the age of twenty-one I am the least childish of the two. Pray remember me to all in town who have not quite forgotten me. Beg Lady —— to send Elizabeth a subscription ticket for Almack's and—oh, talking of Almack's, I think my boy's eyes are even more blue and beautiful than Lady C——'s.

Adieu, my dear Julia,

Ever, etc.,

E. M.

Lady Emily Mandeville was the daughter of the Duke of Lindvale. She married, at the age of sixteen, a man of large fortune, and some parliamentary reputation. Neither in person nor in character was he much beneath or above the ordinary standard of men. He was one of Nature's Macadamized achievements. His great fault was his equality; and you longed for a hill though it were to climb, or a stone though it were in your way. Love attaches itself to something prominent, even if that something be what others would hate. One can scarcely feel extremes for mediocrity. The few years Lady Emily had been married had but little altered her character. Quick in feeling, though regulated in temper; gay, less from levity, than from that first *spring-tide* of a heart which has never yet known occasion to be sad; beautiful and pure, as an enthusiast's dream of heaven, yet bearing within the latent and powerful passion and tenderness of earth: she mixed with all a simplicity and innocence

which the extreme earliness of her marriage, and the ascetic temper of her husband, had tended less to diminish than increase. She had much of what is termed genius—its warmth of emotion—its vividness of conception—its admiration for the grand—its affection for the good, and that dangerous contempt for whatever is mean and worthless, the very indulgence of which is an offence against the habits of the world. Her tastes, were, however, too feminine and chaste ever to render her eccentric: they were rather calculated to conceal than to publish the deeper recesses of her nature; and it was beneath that polished surface of manner common to those with whom she mixed, that she hid the treasures of a mine which no human eye had beheld.

Her health, naturally delicate, had lately suffered much from the dissipation of London, and it was by the advice of her physicians that she had now come to spend the summer at E——. Lady Margaret Leslie, who was old enough to be tired with the caprices of society, and Mrs. Dalton, who having just lost her husband was forbidden at present to partake of its amusements, had agreed to accompany her to her retreat. Neither of them was perhaps much suited to Emily's temper, but youth and spirits make almost any one congenial to us: it is from the years which confirm our habits, and the reflections which refine our taste, that it becomes easy to revolt us, and difficult to please.

On the third day after Emily's arrival at E——, she was sitting after breakfast with Lady Margaret and Mrs. Dalton. "Pray," said the former, "did you ever meet my relation, Mr. Falkland? he is in your immediate neighborhood." "Never; though I have a great curiosity: that fine old ruin beyond the village belongs to him, I believe." "It does. You ought to know him: you would like him so!" "Like him!" repeated Mrs. Dalton, who was one of those persons of *ton* who, though everything collectively, are nothing individually: "Like him? impossible!" "Why?" said Lady Margaret, indignantly—"he has every requisite to please—youth, talent, fascination of manner, and great knowledge of the world." "Well," said Mrs. Dalton, "I cannot say I discovered his perfections. He seemed to me conceited and satirical, and—and—in short, very disagreeable; *but then, to be sure, I have only seen him once.*" "I have heard many accounts of him," said Emily, "all differing from each other: I think, however, that the generality of people rather incline to Mrs. Dalton's opinion than to yours, Lady Margaret." "I can easily believe it. It is very seldom that he takes the trouble to please; but when he does, he is irresistible. Very little, however, is generally known respecting him. Since he came of age, he has been much abroad; and when in England, he never entered with eagerness into society. He is supposed to possess very extraordinary powers, which, added to his large fortune and ancient name, have procured him a consideration and rank rarely enjoyed by one so young. He had refused repeated offers to enter into public life; but he is very intimate with one of the ministers, who, it is said, has had the address to profit much by his abilities. All other particulars concerning him are extremely uncertain. Of his person and manners you had better judge yourself; for I am sure, Emily, that my petition for inviting him here is already granted." "By all means," said Emily: "you cannot be more anxious to see him than I am." And so the conversation dropped. Lady Magaret went to the library; Mrs. Dalton seated herself on the ottoman, dividing her attention between the last novel and her Italian greyhound; and Emily left the room in order to revisit her former and favorite haunts. Her young son was her companion, and she was not sorry that he was her only one. To be the instructress of an infant, a mother should be its playmate; and Emily was, perhaps, wiser than she imagined, when she ran with a laughing eye and a light foot over the grass, occuping herself almost with the same earnestness as her child in the same infantine amusements. As they passed the wood which led to the lake at the bottom of the grounds, the boy, who was before Emily, suddenly stopped. She came hastily up to him: and scarcely two paces before, though half hid by the steep bank of the lake beneath which he reclined, she saw a man apparently asleep. A volume of Shakespeare lay beside him: the child had seized it. As she took it from him in order to replace it, her eye rested upon the passage the boy had accidently opened. How often in after days was that passage recalled as an omen! It was the following:—

> Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history—
> The course of true love never did run
> smooth!—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

As she laid the book gently down she caught a glimpse of the countenance of the sleeper: never did she forget the expression which it wore,—stern, proud, mournful even in repose!

She did not wait for him to awake. She hurried home through the trees. All that day she was silent and abstracted; the face haunted her like a dream. Strange as it may seem, she spoke neither to Lady Margaret nor to Mrs. Dalton of her adventure. *Why?* Is there in our hearts any prescience of their misfortunes?

On the next day, Falkland, who had received and accepted Lady Margaret's invitation, was expected to dinner. Emily felt a strong yet excusable curiosity to see one of whom she had heard so many and such contradictory reports. She was alone in the saloon when he entered. At the first glance she recognized the person she had met by the lake on the day before, and she blushed deeply as she replied to his salutation. To her great relief Lady Margaret and Mrs. Dalton entered in a few minutes, and the conversation grew general.

Falkland had but little of what is called animation in manner; but his wit, though it rarely led to mirth, was sarcastic, yet refined, and the vividness of his imagination threw a brilliancy and originality over remarks which in others might have been commonplace and tame.

The conversation turned chiefly upon society; and though Lady Margaret had told her he had entered but little into its ordinary routine, Emily was struck alike by his accurate acquaintance with men, and the justice of his reflections upon manners. There also mingled with his satire an occasional melancholy of feeling, which appeared to Emily the more touching because it was always unexpected and unassumed. It was after one of these remarks, that for the first time she ventured to examine into the charm and peculiarity of the countenance of the speaker. There was spread over it that expression of mingled energy and languor, which betokens that much, whether of thought, sorrow, passion, or action, has been undergone, but resisted: has wearied, but not subdued. In the broad and noble brow, in the chiselled lip, and the melancholy depths of the calm and thoughtful eye, there sat a resolution and a power, which, though mournful, were not without their pride; which, if they had borne the worst, had also defied it. Notwithstanding his mother's country, his complexion was fair and pale; and his hair, of a light chestnut, fell in large *antique* curls over his forehead. That forehead, indeed, constituted the principal feature of his countenance. It was neither in its height nor expansion alone that its remarkable beauty consisted; but if ever thought to conceive and courage to execute high designs were embodied and visible, they were imprinted *there.*

Falkland did not stay long after dinner; but to Lady Margaret he promised all that she required of future length and frequency in his visits. When he left the room, Lady Emily went instinctively to the window to watch him depart; and all that night his low soft voice rung in her ear, like the music of an indistinct and half-remembered dream.

FROM MR. MANDEVILLE TO LADY EMILY.

DEAR EMILY,—Business of great importance to the country has prevented my writing to you before. I hope you have continued well since I heard from you last, and that you do all you can to preserve that retrenchment of unnecessary expenses, and observe that attention to a prudent economy, which is no less incumbent upon individuals than nations.

Thinking that you must be dull at E——, and ever anxious both to entertain and to improve you, I send you an excellent publication by Mr. Tooke,* together with my own two last speeches, corrected by myself.

Trusting to hear from you soon, I am, with best love to Henry,

Very affectionately yours,

JOHN MANDEVILLE.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON. FREDERICK MONKTON.†

Well, Monkton, I have been to E——; that important event in my monastic life has been concluded. Lady Margaret was as talkative as usual; and a Mrs. Dalton, who, I find, is an acquaintance of yours, asked very tenderly after

* The Political Economist.

† A letter from Falkland, mentioning Lady Margaret's invitation, has been omitted.

your poodle and yourself. But Lady Emily! Ay, Monkton, I know not well how to describe *her* to you. Her beauty interests not less than it dazzles. There is that deep and eloquent softness in her every word and action, which, of all charms, is the most dangerous. Yet she is rather of a playful than of the melancholy and pensive nature which generally accompanies such gentleness of manner; but there is no levity in her character; nor is that playfulness of spirit ever carried into the exhilaration of what we call "mirth." She seems, if I may use the antithesis, at once too feeling to be gay, and too innocent to be sad. I remember having frequently met her husband. Cold and pompous, without anything to interest the imagination, or engage the affections, I am not able to conceive a person less congenial to his beautiful and romantic wife. But she must have been exceedingly young when she married him; and she, probably, knows not yet that she is to be pitied, because she has not yet learned that she can love.

> Le veggio in fronte amor come in suo seggio
> Sul crin, negli occhi—su le labra amore
> Sol d'intorno al suo cuore amor non veggio.

I have been twice to her house since my first admission there. I love to listen to that soft and enchanting voice, and to escape from the gloom of my own reflections to the brightness, yet simplicity, of hers. In my earlier days this comfort would have been attended with danger; but we grow callous from the excess of feeling. We cannot re-illumine ashes! I can gaze upon her dreamlike beauty, and not experience a single desire which can sully the purity of my worship. I listen to her voice when it melts in endearment over her birds, her flowers, or, in a deeper devotion, over her child; but my heart does not thrill at the tenderness of the sound. I touch her hand, and the pulses of my own are as calm as before. Satiety of the past is our best safeguard from the temptations of the future; and the perils of youth are over when it has acquired that dulness and apathy of affection which should belong only to the insensibility of age.

Such were Falkland's opinions at the time he wrote. Ah! what is so delusive as our affections? Our security is our danger—our defiance our defeat! Day after day he went to E——. He passed the mornings in making excursions with Emily over that wild and romantic country by which they were surrounded; and in the dangerous but delicious stillness of the summer twilights they listened to the first whispers of their hearts.

In his relationship to Lady Margaret, Falkland found his excuse for the frequency of his visits; and even Mrs. Dalton was so charmed with the fascination of his manner, that (in spite of her previous dislike) she forgot to inquire how far his intimacy at E—— was at variance with the proprieties of the world she worshipped, or in what proportion it was connected with herself.

It is needless for me to trace through all its windings the formation of that affection, the subsequent records of which I am about to relate. What is so unearthly, so beautiful, as the first birth of a woman's love? The air of heaven is not purer in its wanderings—its sunshine not more holy in its warmth. Oh! why should it deteriorate in its nature, even while it increases in its degree? Why should the step which *prints*, *sully* also the snow? How often, when Falkland met that guiltless yet thrilling eye, which revealed to him those internal secrets that Emily was yet awhile too happy to discover; when, like a fountain among flowers, the goodness of her heart flowed over the softness of her manner to those around her, and the benevolence of her actions to those beneath; how often he turned away with a veneration too deep for the selfishness of human passion, and a tenderness too sacred for its desires! It was in this temper (the earliest and the most fruitless prognostic of real love) that the following letter was written:—

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON. FREDERICK MONKTON.

I have had two or three admonitory letters from my uncle. "The summer (he says) is advancing, yet you remain stationary in your indolence. There is still a great part of Europe which you have not seen; and since you will neither enter society for a wife, nor the House of Commons for fame, spend your life, at least while it is yet free and unshackled, in those active pursuits which will render idleness hereafter more sweet; or in that observation and enjoyment among others, which will increase

your resources in yourself." All this sounds well; but I have already acquired more knowledge than will be of use either to others or myself, and I am not willing to lose *tranquillity* here for the chance of obtaining *pleasure* elsewhere. Pleasure is indeed a holiday sensation which does not occur in ordinary life. We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.

I do not know if you ever felt that existence was ebbing away without being put to its full value: as for me, I am never conscious of life without being also conscious that it is not enjoyed to the utmost. This is a bitter feeling, and its worst bitterness is our ignorance how to remove it. My indolence I neither seek nor wish to defend, yet it is rather from necessity than choice: it seems to me that there is nothing in the world to arouse me. I only ask for action, but I can find no motive sufficient to excite it: let me then, in my indolence, not, like the world, be idle, yet dependent on others; but at least dignify the failing by some appearance of that freedom which retirement only can bestow.

My seclusion is no longer solitude; yet I do not value it the less. I spend a great portion of my time at E——. Loneliness is attractive to men of reflection, not so much because they like their own thoughts, as because they dislike the thoughts of others. Solitude ceases to charm the moment we can find a single being whose ideas are more agreeable to us than our own. I have not, I think, yet described to you the person of Lady Emily. She is tall, and slightly, yet beautifully, formed. The ill health which obliged her to leave London for E——, in the height of the season, has given her cheek a more delicate hue than I should think it naturally wore. Her eyes are light, but their lashes are long and dark, her hair is black and luxuriant, and worn in a fashion peculiar to herself; but her manners, Monkton! how can I convey to you their fascination? so simple, and therefore so faultless—so modest, and yet so tender—she seems, in acquiring the intelligence of the woman, to have only perfected the purity of the child; and now, after all that I have said, I am only more deeply sensible of the truth of Bacon's observation, that "the best part of beauty is that which no picture can express." I am loth to finish this description, because it seems to me scarcely begun; I am unwilling to continue it, because every word seems to show me more clearly those recesses of my heart, which I would have hidden even from myself. I do not *yet* love, it is true, for the time is passed when I was lightly moved to passion; but I will not incur that danger, the probability of which I am seer enough to foresee. Never shall that pure and innocent heart be sullied by one who would die to shield it from the lightest misfortune. I find in myself a powerful seconder to my uncle's wishes. I shall be in London next week; till then, farewell. E. F.

When the proverb said, that "Jove laughs at lovers' vows," it meant not (as in the ordinary construction) a sarcasm on their insincerity, but *inconsistency*. We deceive others far less than we deceive ourselves.

What to Falkland were resolutions which a word, a glance, could overthrow? In the world he might have dissipated his thoughts: in loneliness he concentred them; for the passions are like the sounds of Nature, only heard in her solitude! He lulled his soul to the reproaches of his conscience; he surrendered himself to the intoxication of so golden a dream; and amidst those beautiful scenes there arose, as an offering to the summer heaven, the incense of two hearts which had, through those very fires so guilty in themselves, purified and ennobled every other emotion they had conceived.

God made the country, and man made the town,

says the hackneyed quotation: and the feelings awakened in each, differ with the genius of the place. Who can compare the frittered and divided affections formed in cities with that which crowds cannot distract by opposing temptations, or dissipation infect with its frivolities?

I have often thought that had the execution of Atala equalled its design, no human work could have surpassed it in its grandeur. What picture is more simple, though more sublime, than the vast solitude of an unpeopled wilderness, the woods, the mountains, the face of nature, cast in the fresh yet giant mould of a new and unpolluted world; and, amidst those most silent and mighty temples of THE GREAT GOD, the lone spirit of Love reigning and brightening over all?

BOOK SECOND.

It is dangerous for women, however wise it be for men, "to commune with their own hearts, and to be still!" Continuing to pursue the follies of the world had been to Emily more prudent than to fly them; to pause, to separate herself from the herd, was to discover, to feel, to murmur at the vacuum of her being; and to occupy it with the feelings which it craved, could in her be but the hoarding a provision for despair.

Married, before she had begun the bitter knowledge of *herself*, to a man whom it was impossible to love, yet deriving from nature a tenderness of soul, which shed itself over every thing around, her only escape from misery had been in the dormancy of feeling. The birth of her son had opened to her a new field of sensations, and she drew the best charm of her own existence from the life she had given to another. Had she not met Falkland, all the deeper sources of affection would have flowed into one only and legitimate channel; but those whom *he* wished to fascinate had never resisted his power, and the attachment he inspired was in proportion to the strength and ardor of his own nature.

It was not for Emily Mandeville to love such as Falkland without feeling that from that moment a separate and selfish existence had ceased *to be*. Our senses may captivate us with beauty; but in absence we forget, or by reason we can conquer, so superficial an impression. Our vanity may enamour us with rank; but the affections of vanity are traced in sand; but who can love *Genius*, and not feel that the sentiments it excites partake of its own intenseness and its own immortality? It arouses, concentrates, engrosses all our emotions, even to the most subtle and concealed. Love what is common, and ordinary objects can replace or destroy a sentiment which an ordinary object has awakened. Love what we shall not meet again amidst the littleness and insipidity which surround us, and where can we turn for a new object to replace that which has no parallel upon earth? The recovery from such a delirium is like return from a fairy land; and still fresh in the recollections of a bright and immortal clime, how can we endure the dulness of that human existence to which for the future we are condemned?

It was some weeks since Emily had written to Mrs. St. John; and her last letter, in mentioning Falkland, had spoken of him with a reserve which rather alarmed than deceived her friend. Mrs. St. John had indeed a strong and secret reason for fear. Falkland had been the object of her own and her earliest attachment, and she knew well the singular and mysterious power which he exercised at will over the mind. He had, it is true, never returned, nor even known of, her feelings towards him; and during the years which had elapsed since she last saw him, and in the new scenes which her marriage with Mr. St. John had opened, she had almost forgotten her early attachment, when Lady Emily's letter renewed its remembrance. She wrote in answer an impassioned and affectionate caution to her friend. She spoke much (after complaining of Emily's late silence) in condemnation of the character of Falkland, and in warning of its fascinations; and she attempted to arouse alike the virtue and the pride which so often triumph in alliance, when separately they would so easily fail. In this Mrs. St. John probably imagined she was actuated solely by friendship; but in the best actions there is always some latent evil in the motive; and the selfishness of a jealousy, though hopeless not conquered, perhaps predominated over the less interested feelings which were all that she acknowledged to herself.

In this work it has been my object to portray the progress of the passions; to chronicle a history rather by thoughts and feelings than by incidents and events; and to lay open those minuter and more subtle mazes and secrets of the human heart, which in modern writings have been so sparingly exposed. It is with this view that I have from time to time broken the thread of narration, in order to bring forward more vividly the characters it contains; and in laying no claim to the ordinary ambition of tale-writers, I have deemed myself at liberty to deviate from the ordinary courses they pursue. Hence the motive and the excuse for the insertion of the following extracts, and of occasional letters. They portray the interior struggle when Narration would look only to the external event, and trace the lightning "home to its cloud," when History would only mark the spot where it scorched or destroyed.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

Tuesday.—More than seven years have passed since I began this journal! I have just been looking over it from the commencement. Many and various are the feelings which it attempts to describe—anger, pique, joy, sorrow, hope, pleasure, weariness, ennui; but never, never once, humiliation or remorse! —these were not doomed to be my portion in the bright years of my earliest youth. How shall I describe them now? I have received—I have read, as well as my tears would let me, a long letter from Julia. It is true that I have not dared to write to her: when shall I answer this? She has shown me the state of my heart; I more than suspected it before. Could I have dreamed two months—six weeks since—that I should have a single feeling of which I could be ashamed? *He* has just been here—*He*—the only one in the world, for all the world seems concentred in him. He observed my distress, for I looked on him; and my lips quivered and my eyes were full of tears. He came to me—he sat next to me—he whispered his interest, his anxiety—and was this all? Have I loved before I even knew that I was beloved? No, no; the tongue was silent, but the eye, the cheek, the manner—alas! *these* have been but too eloquent.

Wednesday.—It was so sweet to listen to his low and tender voice; to watch the expression of his countenance—even to breathe the air that he inhaled. But now that I know its cause, I fell that this pleasure is a crime, and I am miserable even when he is with me. He has not been here to-day. It is past three. Will he come? I rise from my seat—I go to the window for breath—I am restless, agitated, disturbed. Lady Margaret speaks to me—I scarcely answer her. My boy—yes, my dear, dear Henry comes, and I fell that I am again a mother. Never will I betray that duty, though I have forgotten one as sacred, though less dear! Never shall my son have cause to blush for his parent! I will fly hence—I will see *him* no more!

FROM ERAMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON. FREDERICK MONKTON.

Write to me, Monkton—exhort me, admonish me, or forsake me for ever. I am happy, yet wretched: I wander in the delirium of a fatal fever, in which I see dreams of a brighter life, but every one of them only brings me nearer to death. Day after day I have lingered here, until weeks have flown—and for what? Emily is not like the women of the world—virtue, honor, faith, are not to her the mere *conveniances* of society. "There is no crime," said Lady A., "where there is concealment." Such can never be the creed of Emily Mandeville. She will not disguise guilt either in the levity of the world, or in the affectations of sentiment. She will be wretched, and for ever. *I* hold the destinies of her future life, and yet I am base enough to hesitate whether to save or destroy her. Oh, how fearful, how selfish, how degrading is unlawful love!

You know my theoretical benevolence for everything that lives; you have often smiled at its vanity. I see now that you were right; for it seems to me almost superhuman virtue not to destroy the person who is dearest to me on earth.

I remember writing to you some weeks since that I would come to London. Little did I know of the weakness of my own mind. I told her that I intended to depart. She turned pale—she trembled—but she did not speak. Those signs which should have hastened my

departure have taken away the strength even to think of it.

I am here still! I go to E—— every day. Sometimes we sit in silence; I dare not trust myself to speak. How dangerous are such moments! *Ammutiscon lingue parlen l'alme.*

Yesterday they left us alone. We had been conversing with Lady Margaret on indifferent subjects. There was a pause for some minutes. I looked up; Lady Margaret had left the room. The blood rushed into my cheek—my eyes met Emily's; I would have given worlds to have repeated with my lips what those eyes expressed. I could not even speak—I felt choked with contending emotions. There was not a breath stirring; I heard my very heart beat. A thunderbolt would have been a relief. Oh God! if there be a curse, it is to burn, swell, madden with feelings which you are doomed to conceal! This is, indeed, to be "a cannibal of one's own heart." *

It was sunset. Emily was alone upon the lawn which sloped towards the lake, and the blue still waters beneath broke, at bright intervals, through the scattered and illuminated trees. She stood watching the sun sink with wistful and tearful eyes. Her soul was sad within her. The ivy which love first wreathes around his work had already faded away, and she now only saw the desolation of the ruin it concealed. Never more for her was that freshness of unwakened feeling which invests all things with a perpetual daybreak of sunshine, and incense, and dew. The heart may survive the decay or rupture of an innocent and lawful affection—"la marque reste, mais la blessure guérit"—but the love of darkness and guilt is branded in a character ineffaceable—eternal! The one is, like lightning, more likely to dazzle than to destroy, and, divine even in its danger, it *makes holy what it sears;* † but the other is like that sure and deadly fire which fell upon the cities of old, graving in the barrenness of the desert it had wrought the record and perpetuation of a curse. A low and thrilling voice stole upon Emily's ear. She turned—Falkland stood beside her. "I felt restless and unhappy," he said, "and I came to seek you. If (writes one of the fathers) a guilty and wretched man could behold, though only for a few minutes, the countenance of an angel, the calm and glory which it wears would so sink into his heart, that he would pass at once over the gulf of gone years into his first unsullied state of purity and hope; perhaps I thought of that sentence when I came to you." "I know not," said Emily, with a deep blush at this address, which formed her only answer to the compliment it conveyed; "I know not why it is, but to me there is always something melancholy in this hour—something mournful in seeing the beautiful day die with all its pomp and music, its sunshine, and songs of birds."

"And yet," replied Falkland, "if I remember the time when my feelings were more in unison with yours (for at present external objects have lost for me much of their influence and attraction), the melancholy you perceive has in it a vague and ineffable sweetness not to be exchanged for more exhilarated spirits. The melancholy which arises from no cause within ourselves is like music—it enchants us in proportion to its effect upon our feelings. Perhaps its chief charm (though this it requires the contamination of after years before we can fathom and define) is in the purity of the sources it springs from. Our feelings can be but little sullied and worn while they can yet respond to the passionless and primal sympathies of nature; and the sadness you speak of is so void of bitterness, so allied to the best and most delicious sensations we enjoy, that I should imagine the *very happiness of Heaven partook rather of melancholy than mirth.*"

There was a pause of some moments. It was rarely that Falkland alluded even so slightly to the futurity of another world; and when he did, it was never in a careless and commonplace manner, but in a tone which sank deep into Emily's heart. "Look," she said, at length, "at that beautiful star! the first and brightest! I have often thought it was like the promise of life beyond the tomb—a pledge to us that even in the depths of midnight, the earth shall have a light, unquenched and unquenchable, from Heaven!"

Emily turned to Falkland as she said this, and her countenance sparkled with the enthusiasm she felt. But *his* face was deadly pale. There went over it, like a cloud, an expression of changeful and unutterable thought; and then, passing suddenly away, it left his features calm and bright in all their noble and intellect-

* Bacon.

† According to the ancient superstition.

ual beauty. Her soul yearned to him, as she looked, with the tenderness of a sister.

They walked slowly towards the house. "I have frequently," said Emily, with some hesitation, "been surprised at the little enthusiasm you appear to possess even upon subjects where your conviction must be strong." "*I have thought enthusiasm away!*" replied Falkland; "it was the loss of hope which brought me reflection, and in reflection I forgot to feel. Would that I had not found it so easy to recall what I thought I had lost for ever!"

Falkland's cheek changed as he said this, and Emily sighed faintly, for she felt his meaning. In him that allusion to his love had aroused a whole train of dangerous recollections; for Passion is the avalanche of the human heart—*a single breath can dissolve it from its repose.*

They remained silent; for Falkland would not trust himself to speak, till, when they reached the house, he faltered out his excuses for not entering, and departed. He turned towards his solitary home. The grounds at E—— had been laid out in a classical and costly manner, which contrasted forcibly with the wild and simple nature of the surrounding scenery. Even the short distance between Mr. Mandeville's house and L—— wrought as distinct a change in the character of the country as any length of space could have effected. Falkland's ancient and ruinous abode, with its shattered arches and moss-grown parapets, was situated on a gentle declivity, and surrounded by dark elm and larch trees. It still retained some traces both of its former consequence, and of the perils to which that consequence had exposed it. A broad ditch, overgrown with weeds, indicated the remains of what once had been a moat; and huge rough stones, scattered around it, spoke of the outworks the fortification had anciently possessed, and the stout resistance they had made in "the Parliament Wars" to the sturdy followers of Ireton and Fairfax. The moon, that flatterer of decay, shed its rich and softening beauty over a spot which else had, indeed, been desolate and cheerless, and kissed into light the long and unwaving herbage which rose at intervals from the ruins, like the false parasites of fallen greatness. But for Falkland the scene had no interest or charm, and he turned with a careless and unheeding eye to his customary apartment. It was the only one in the house furnished with luxury, or even comfort. Large book-cases, inlaid with curious carvings in ivory; busts of the few public characters the world had ever produced worthy, in Falkland's estimation, of the homage of posterity; elaborately wrought hangings from Flemish looms; and French fauteuils and sofas of rich damask, and massive gilding (relics of the magnificent days of Louis Quatorze) bespoke a costliness of design suited rather to Falkland's wealth than to the ordinary simplicity of his tastes.

A large writing-table was overspread with books in various languages, and upon the most opposite subjects. Letters and papers were scattered amongst them; Falkland turned carelessly over the latter. One of the epistolary communications was from Lord ——, the ——. He smiled bitterly, as he read the exaggerated compliments it contained, and saw to the bottom of the shallow artifice they were meant to conceal. He tossed the letter from him, and opened the scattered volumes, one after another, with that languid and sated feeling common to all men who have read deeply enough to feel how much they have learned, and how little they know. "We pass our lives," thought he, "in sowing what we are never to reap! We endeavor to erect a tower, which shall reach the heavens, in order to escape *one* curse, and lo! we are smitten by *another!* We would soar from a common evil, and from that moment *we are divided by a separate language from our race!* Learning, science, philosophy, the world of men and of imagination, I ransacked—and for what? I centred my happiness in wisdom. I looked upon the aims of others with a scornful and loathing eye. I held commune with those who have gone before me; I dwelt among the monuments of their minds, and made their records familiar to me as friends: I penetrated the womb of nature, and went with the secret elements to their home: I arraigned the stars before me, and learned the method and the mystery of their courses: I asked the tempest its bourn, and questioned the winds of their path. This was not sufficient to satisfy my thirst for knowledge, and I searched in this lower world for new sources to content it. Unseen and unsuspected, I saw and agitated the springs of the automaton that we call 'the Mind.' I found a clue for the labyrinth of human motives, and I surveyed the hearts of those around

me as through a glass. Vanity of vanities! What have I acquired? I have separated myself from my kind, but not from those worst enemies, my passions! I have made a solitude of my soul, but I have not mocked it with the appellation of Peace.* In flying the herd, I have not escaped from myself; like the wounded deer, the barb was within me, and *that* I could not fly!" With these thoughts he turned from his reverie, and once more endeavored to charm his own reflections by those which ought to speak to us of quiet, for they are graven on the pages of the dead; but his attempts were as idle as before. His thoughts were still wandering and confused, and could neither be quieted nor collected; he read, but he scarcely distinguished one page from another: he wrote —the ideas refused to flow at his call; and the only effort at connecting his feelings which even partially succeeded, was in the verses which I am about to place before the reader. It is a common property of poetry, however imperfectly the gift be possessed, to speak to the hearts of others in proportion as the sentiments it would express are felt in our own; and I subjoin the lines which bear the date of that evening, in the hope that, more than many pages, they will show the morbid yet original character of the writer, and the particular sources of feeling from which they took the bitterness that pervades them:—

KNOWLEDGE.

Ergo hominum genus incassum frustraque laborat
Semper, et in curis consumit inanibus aevum.—LUCRET.

'Tis midnight! Round the lamp which o'er
My chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is wisely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream—

The dream—the thirst—the wild desire,
Delirious yet divine—to *know;*
Around to roam—above aspire—
And drink the breath of Heaven below!

From Ocean—Earth—the Stars—the Sky
To lift mysterious Nature's pall;
And bare before the kindling eye
In MAN the darkest mist of all!

Alas! what boots the midnight oil?
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh, vague the hope, and vain the toil,
Which only leave us doubly blind!

What learn we from the Past?—the same
Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom:
I ask'd the Future, and there came
No voice from its unfathom'd womb.

The Sun was silent, and the wave;
The air but answer'd with its breath:
But earth was kind; and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—*Death!*

And *this* was all! We need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth!
O fools! o'er Wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden youth!

In science wildly do we seek
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse—the feverish cheek—
The spirits drooping on their wing!

To think—is but to learn to groan—
To scorn what all beside adore—
To feel amid the world alone,
An alien on a desert shore;—

To lose the only ties which seem
To idler gaze in mercy given!—
To find love, faith, and hope a dream,
And turn to dark despair from heaven.

* * * * *

I pass on to a wilder period of my history. The passion, as yet only revealed by the eye, was now to be recorded by the lip; and the scene which witnessed the first confession of the lovers was worthy of the last conclusion of their loves!

E—— was about twelve miles from a celebrated cliff on the seashore, and Lady Margaret had long proposed an excursion to a spot, curious alike for its natural scenery and the legends attached to it. A day was at length fixed for accomplishing this plan. Falkland was of the party. In searching for something in the pockets of the carriage, his hand met Emily's, and involuntarily pressed it. She withdrew it hastily, but he felt it tremble. He did not dare to look up: that single contact had given him a new life: intoxicated with the most delicious sensations, he leaned back in silence. A fever had entered his veins—the thrill of the touch had gone like fire into his system—all his frame seemed one nerve.

Lady Margaret talked of the weather and the prospect, wondered how far they had got, and animadverted on the roads, till at last, like a child, she talked herself to rest. Mrs. Dalton read "Guy Mannering;" but neither Emily nor her lover had any occupation or thought in common with their companions: silent and absorbed, they were only alive to the vivid exist-

* "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."—TACITUS.
"They make a solitude, and call it peace."—BYRON.

ence of the present. Constantly engaged, as we are, in looking behind us or before, if there be one hour in which we feel only the time being—in which we feel sensibly that we live, and that those moments of the present are full of the enjoyment, the rapture of existence—it is when we are with the *one* person whose life and spirits have become the great part and principle of our own. They reached their destination—a small inn close by the shore. They rested there a short time, and then strolled along the sands towards the cliff. Since Falkland had known Emily, her character was much altered. Six weeks before the time I write of, and in playfulness and lightness of spirits she was almost a child: now those indications of an unawakened heart had mellowed into a tenderness full of that melancholy so touching and holy, even amid the voluptuous softness which it breathes and inspires. But this day, whether from that coquetry so common to all women, or from some cause more natural to *her*, she seemed gayer than Falkland ever remembered to have seen her. She ran over the sands, picking up shells, and tempting the waves with her small and fairy feet, not daring to look at him, and yet speaking to him at times with a quick tone of levity which hurt and offended him, even though he knew the depth of those feelings she could not disguise either from him or from herself. By degrees his answers and remarks grew cold and sarcastic. Emily affected pique; and when it was discovered that the cliff was still nearly two miles off, she refused to proceed any further. Lady Margaret talked her at last into consent, and they walked on as sullenly as an English party of pleasure possibly could do, till they were within three quarters of a mile of the place, when Emily declared she was so tired that she really could not go on. Falkland looked at her, perhaps, with no very amiable expression of countenance, when he perceived that she seemed really pale and fatigued; and when she caught his eyes, tears rushed into her own.

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Falkland," said she, eagerly, "this is *not* affectation. I am very tired; but rather than prevent your amusement, I will endeavor to go on." "Nonsense, child," said Lady Margaret, "you *do* seem tired. Mrs. Dalton and Falkland shall go to the rock, and I will stay here with you." This proposition, however, Lady Emily (who knew Lady Margaret's wish to see the rock) would not hear of; she insisted upon staying by herself. "Nobody will run away with me; and I can very easily amuse myself with picking up shells till you come back." After a long remonstrance, which produced no effect, this plan was at last acceded to. With great reluctance Falkland set off with his two companions; but after the first step, he turned to look back. He caught her eye, and felt from that moment that their reconciliation was sealed. They arrived, at last, at the cliff. Its height, its excavations, the romantic interest which the traditions respecting it had inspired, fully repaid the two women for the fatigue of their walk. As for Falkland, he was unconscious of everything around him; he was full of "sweet and bitter thoughts." In vain the man whom they found loitering there, in order to serve as a guide, kept dinning in his ear stories of the marvellous, and exclamations of the sublime. The first words which aroused him were these—"It's lucky, please your Honor, that you have just saved the tide. It is but last week that three poor people were drowned in attempting to come here; as it is you will have to go home round the cliff." Falkland started: he felt his heart stand still. "Good God!" cried Lady Margaret, "what will become of Emily?"

They were at that instant in one of the caverns, where they had already been loitering too long. Falkland rushed out to the sands. The tide was hurrying in with a deep sound, which came on his soul like a knell. He looked back towards the way they had come: not one hundred yards distant, and the waters had already covered the path! An eternity would scarcely atone for the horror of that moment! One great characteristic of Falkland was his presence of mind. He turned to the man who stood beside him—he gave him a cool and exact description of the spot where he had left Emily. He told him to repair with all possible speed to his home—to launch his boat—to row it to the place he had described. "Be quick," he added, "and you *must* be in time: if you are, you shall never know poverty again." The next moment he was already several yards from the spot. He ran or rather flew, till he was stopped by the waters. He rushed in; they were over a hollow between two rocks—they were already up to his chest. "There is yet hope," thought

he, when he had passed the spot, and saw the smooth sand before him. For some minutes he was scarcely sensible of existence; and then he found himself breathless at *her* feet. Beyond, towards T—— (the small inn I spoke of), the waves had already reached the foot of the rocks, and precluded all hope of return. Their only chance was the possibility that the waters had not yet rendered impassable the hollow through which Falkland had just waded. He scarcely spoke; at least he was totally unconscious of what he said. He hurried her on breathless and trembling, with the sound of the booming waters ringing in his ear, and their billows advancing to his very feet. They arrived at the hollow: a single glance sufficed to show him that their solitary hope was past! The waters, before up to his chest, had swelled considerably: he could not swim. He saw in that instant that they were girt with a hastening and terrible death. Can it be believed that with that certainty ceased his fear? He looked in the pale but calm countenance of her who clung to him, and a strange tranquillity, even mingled with joy, possessed him. Her breath was on his cheek —her form was reclining on his own—his hand clasped hers; if they were to die, it was thus. What could life afford to him more dear? "It is in this moment," said he, and he knelt as he spoke, "that I dare tell you what otherwise my lips never should have revealed. I love—I adore you! Turn not away from me thus. In life our persons were severed; if our hearts are united in death, then death will be sweet." She turned—*her cheek was no longer pale!* He rose —he clasped her to his bosom: his lips pressed hers. Oh! that long, deep, burning pressure! —youth, love, life, soul, all concentrated in that one kiss! Yet the same cause which occasioned the avowal hallowed also the madness of his heart. What had the passion, declared only at the approach of death, with the more earthly desires of life? They looked to heaven —it was calm and unclouded: the evening lay there in its balm and perfume, and the air was less agitated than their sighs. They turned towards the beautiful sea which was to be their grave: the wild birds flew over it exultingly: the far vessels seemed "rejoicing to run their course." All was full of the breath, the glory, the life of nature; and in how many minutes was all to be as *nothing!* Their existence would resemble the ships that have gone down at sea in the very smile of the element that destroyed them. They looked into each other's eyes, and they drew still nearer together. Their hearts, in safety apart, mingled in peril and became one. Minutes rolled on, and the great waves came dashing round them. They stood on the loftiest eminence they could reach. The spray broke over their feet: the billows rose—rose—they were speechless. He thought he heard her heart beat, but her lip trembled not. A speck—a boat! "Look up, Emily! look up! See how it cuts the waters. Nearer—nearer! but a little longer, and we are safe. It is but a few yards off—it approaches—it touches the rock!" Ah! what to them henceforth was the value of life, when the moment of discovering its charm became also the date of its misfortunes, and when the death they had escaped was the only method of cementing their union without consummating their guilt?

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON. FREDERICK MONKTON.

I will write to you at length to-morrow. Events have occurred to alter, perhaps, the whole complexion of the future. I am now going to Emily to propose to her to fly. We are not *les gens du monde*, who are ruined by the loss of public opinion. She has felt that I can be to her far more than the world; and as for me, what would I not forfeit for one touch of her hand?

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

Friday.—Since I wrote yesterday in these pages the narrative of our escape, I have done nothing but think over those moments, too dangerous because too dear; but at last I have steeled my heart—I have yielded to my own weakness too long—I shudder at the abyss from which I have escaped. I can yet fly. He will come here to-day—he shall receive my farewell.

Saturday Morning, Four o'clock.—I have sat in this room alone since eleven o'clock. I cannot give vent to my feelings; they seem as if crushed by some load from which it is impossible to rise. "*He is gone, and for ever!*"

I sit repeating those words to myself, scarcely conscious of their meaning. Alas! when to-morrow comes, and the next day, and the next, and yet I see him not, I shall awaken, indeed, to all the agony of my loss! He came here—he saw me alone—he implored me to fly. I did not dare to meet his eyes; I hardened my heart against his voice. I knew the part I was to take—I have adopted it; but what struggles, what misery, has it not occasioned me! Who could have thought it had been so hard to be virtuous! His eloquence drove me from one defence to another, and then I had none but *his* mercy. I opened my heart—I showed him its weakness—I implored his forbearance. My tears, my anguish, convinced him of my sincerity. We have parted in bitterness, but, thank Heaven, not in guilt! He has entreated permission to write to me. How could I refuse him? Yet I may not—cannot—write to him again! How *could* I, indeed, suffer my heart to pour forth one of its feelings in reply? for would there be one word of regret, or one term of endearment, which my inmost soul would not echo?

Sunday.—Yes, *that day*—but I must not think of this; my very religion I dare not indulge. Oh God! how wretched I am! His visit was always the great æra in the day; it employed all my hopes till he came, and all *my memory* when he was gone. I sit now and look at the place he used to fill, till I feel the tears rolling silently down my cheek: they come without an effort—they depart without relief.

Monday.—Henry asked me where Mr. Falkland was gone; I stooped down to hide my confusion. When shall I hear from him? To-morrow? Oh that it were come! I have placed the clock before me, and I actually count the minutes. He left a book here; it is a volume of "Melmouth." I have read over every word of it, and whenever I have come to a pencil-mark by him, I have paused to dream over that varying and eloquent countenance, the low soft tone of that tender voice, till the book has fallen from my hands, and I have started to find the utterness of my desolation!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

—— Hotel, London.

For the first time in my life I write to you! How my hand trembles—how my cheek flushes! a thousand, thousand thoughts rush upon me, and almost suffocate me with the variety and confusion of the emotions they awaken! I am agitated alike with the rapture of writing to you, and with the impossibility of expressing the feelings which I cannot distinctly unravel even to myself. You love me, Emily, and yet I have fled from you, and at your command; but the thought that, though absent, I am not forgotten, supports me through all.

It was with a feverish sense of weariness and pain that I found myself entering this vast reservoir of human vices. I became at once sensible of the sterility of that polluted soil so incapable of nurturing affection, and I clasped your image the closer to my heart. It is you, who, when I was most weary of existence, gifted me with a new life. You breathed into me a part of your own spirit; my soul feels that influence, and becomes more sacred. I have shut myself from the idlers who would molest me: I have built a temple in my heart: I have set within it a divinity; and the vanities of the world shall not profane the spot which has been consecrated to *you*. Our parting, Emily,—do you recall it? Your hand clapsed in mine; your cheek resting, though but for an instant, on my bosom; and the tears which love called forth, but which virtue purified even at their source. Never were hearts so near, yet so divided; never was there an hour so tender yet so unaccompanied with danger. Passion, grief, madness, all sank beneath your voice, and lay hushed like a deep sea within my soul! "Tu abbia veduto il leone ammansarsi alla sola tua voce." *

I tore myself from you; I hurried through the wood; I stood by the lake, on whose banks I had so often wandered with you: I bared my breast to the winds; I bathed my temples with the waters. Fool that I was! the fever, the fever was within! But it is not thus, my adored and beautiful friend, that I should console and support you. Even as I write, passion melts into tenderness, and pours itself in softness over your remembrance. The virtue so gentle, yet so strong; the feelings so kind, yet so holy, the tears which wept over the decision your lips proclaimed—these are the recollections which come over me like dew. Let your

* Ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis.

own heart, my Emily, be your reward; and know that your lover only forgets that he *adores*, to remember that he *respects* you!

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

— Park.

I could not bear the tumult and noise of London. I sighed for solitude, that I might muse over your remembrance undisturbed. I came here yesterday. It is the home of my childhood. I am surrounded on all sides by the scenes and images consecrated by the fresh recollections of my unsullied years. *They* are not changed. The seasons which come and depart renew in them the havoc which they make. If the December destroys, the April revives; but man has but one spring, and the desolation of the heart but one winter! In this very room have I sat and brooded over dreams and hopes which — but no matter — those dreams could never show me a vision to equal *you*, or those hopes hold out to me a blessing so precious as your love.

Do you remember, or rather can you ever forget, that moment in which the great depths of our souls were revealed? Ah! not in the scene in which such vows should have been whispered to your ear, and your tenderness have blushed its reply. The passion concealed in darkness was revealed in danger; and the love, which in life was forbidden, was our comfort amidst the terrors of death! And that long and holy kiss, the first, the only moment in which our lips shared the union of our souls!—do not tell me that it is wrong to recall it!—do not tell me that I sin, when I own to you the hours I sit alone, and nurse the delirium of that voluptuous remembrance. The feelings you have excited may render me wretched, but not guilty; for the love of *you* can only *hallow* the heart—it is a fire which consecrates the altar on which it burns. I feel, even from the hour that I loved, that my soul has become more pure. I could not have believed that *I* was capable of so unearthly an affection, or that the love of woman could possess that divinity of virtue which I worship in yours. The world is no fosterer of our young visions of purity and passion: embarked in its pursuits, and acquainted with its pleasures, while the latter sated me with what is evil, the former made me incredulous to what is pure. I considered your sex as a problem which my experience had already solved. Like the French philosophers, who lose truth by endeavoring to condense it, and who forfeit the *moral* from their regard to the *maxim*, I concentrated my knowledge of women into aphorisms and antitheses; and I did not dream of the exceptions, if I did not find myself deceived in the general conclusion. I confess that I erred; I renounce from this moment the colder reflections of my manhood,—the fruits of a bitter experience,—the wisdom of an inquiring yet agitated life. I return with transport to my earliest visions of beauty and love; and I dedicate them upon the altar of my soul to you, who have embodied, and concentrated, and breathed them into life!

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

Monday.—This is the most joyless day in the whole week; for it can bring me no letter from him. I rise listlessly, and read over again and again the last letter I received from him—useless task! it is graven on my heart! I long only for the day to be over, because to-morrow I may, perhaps, hear from him again. When I wake at night from my disturbed and broken sleep, I look if the morning is near; not because it gives light and life, but because it may bring tidings of him. When his letter is brought to me, I keep it for minutes unopened—I feed my eyes on the handwriting—I examine the seal—I press it with my kisses, before I indulge myself in the luxury of reading it. I then place it in my bosom, and take it thence only to read it again and again,—to moisten it with my tears of gratitude and love, and, alas! of penitence and remorse! What can be the end of this affection? I dare neither to hope that it may continue or that it may cease; in either case I am wretched for ever!

Monday Night, Twelve o'clock.—They observe my paleness; the tears which tremble in my eyes; the listlessness and dejection of my manner. I think Mrs. Dalton guesses the cause. Humbled and debased in my own mind, I fly, Falkland, for refuge to you! Your affection cannot raise me to my former state, but it can reconcile—no—not reconcile, but support me in my present. This dear letter,

I kiss it again—oh! that to-morrow were come!

Tuesday.—Another letter, so kind, so tender, so encouraging: would that I deserved his praises! alas! I sin even in reading them. I know that I ought to struggle more against my feelings—*once* I attempted it; I prayed to Heaven to support me; I put away from me everything that could recall him to my mind—for three days I would not open his letters. I could then resist no longer; and my weakness became the more confirmed from the feebleness of the struggle. I remember one day that he told us of a beautiful passage in one of the ancients, in which the bitterest curse against the wicked is, that they may see virtue, but not be able to obtain it;* *that* punishment is mine!

Wednesday.—My boy has been with me: I see him now from the windows gathering the field-flowers, and running after every butterfly which comes 'across him. Formerly he made all my delight and occupation; now he is even dearer to me than ever; but he no longer engrosses all my thoughts. I turn over the leaves of this journal; once it noted down the little occurrences of the day; it marks nothing now but the monotony of sadness. *He* is not here—*he* cannot come. What event then *could* I notice?

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.†

—— Park.

If you knew how I long, how I thirst, for one word from you—one word to say you are well, and have not forgotten me!—but I will not distress you. You will guess my feelings, and do justice to the restraint I impose on them, when I make no effort to alter your resolution not to write. I know that it is just, and I bow to my sentence; but can you blame me if I am restless, and if I repine? It is past twelve; I always write to you at night. It is then, my own love, that my imagination can the more readily transport me to you: it is then that my spirit holds with you a more tender and undivided commune. In the day the world can force itself upon my thoughts, and its trifles usurp the place which "I love to keep for only thee and Heaven;" but in the night all things recall you the more vividly: the stillness of the gentle skies,—the blandness of the unbroken air,—the stars, so holy in their loveliness, all speak and breath to me of you. I think your hand is clapsed in mine; and I again drink the low music of your voice, and imbibe again in the air the breath which has been perfumed by your lips. You seem to stand in my lonely chamber in the light and stillness of a spirit, who has wandered on earth to teach us the love which is felt in Heaven.

I cannot, believe me, I cannot endure this separation long; it must be more or less. You must be mine for ever, or our parting must be without a mitigation, which is rather a cruelty than a relief. If you will not accompany me, I will leave this country alone. I must not wean myself from your image by degrees, but break from the enchantment at once. And when, Emily, I am once more upon the world, when no tidings of my fate shall reach your ear, and all its power of alienation be left to the progress of time—then, when you will at last have forgotten me, when your peace of mind will be restored, and, having no struggles of conscience to undergo, you will have no remorse to endure; then, Emily, when we are indeed divided, let the scene which has witnessed our passion, the letters which have recorded my vow, the evil we have suffered, and the temptation we have overcome; let these in our old age be remembered, and in declaring to Heaven that we were innocent, add also—*that we loved.*

FROM DON ALPHONSO D'AGUILAR TO DON ——.

London.

Our cause gains ground daily. The great, indeed the only ostensible object of my mission is nearly fulfilled; but I have another charge and attraction which I am now about to explain to you. You know that my acquaintance with the English language and country arose from my sister's marriage with Mr. Falkland. After the birth of their only child I accompanied them to England: I remained with them for three years, and I still consider those days among the whitest in my restless and agitated career. I returned to Spain; I became engaged in the troubles and dissensions which

* Persius.

† Most of the letters from Falkland to Lady E. Mandeville I have thought it expedient to suppress.

distracted my unhappy country. Years rolled on, *how* I need not mention to *you*. One night they put a letter into my hands; it was from my sister; it was written on her death-bed. Her husband had died suddenly. She loved him as a Spanish woman loves, and she could not survive his loss. Her letter to me spoke of her country and her son. Amid the new ties she had formed in England, she had never forgotten the land of her fathers. "I have already," she said, "taught my boy to remember that he has two countries; that the one, prosperous and free, may afford him his pleasures; that the other, struggling and debased, demands from him his duties. If, when he has attained the age in which you can judge of his character, he is respectable only from his rank, and valuable only from his wealth; if neither his head nor his heart will make him useful to *our* cause, suffer him to remain undisturbed in his prosperity *here:* but if, as I presage, he becomes worthy of the blood which he bears in his veins, then I conjure you, my brother, to remind him that he has been sworn by me on my death-bed to the most sacred of earthly altars."

Some months since, when I arrived in England, before I ventured to find him out in person, I resolved to inquire into its character. Had he been as the young and the rich generally are—had dissipation become habitual to him, and frivolity grown around him as a second nature, then I should have acquiesced in the former injunction of my sister much more willingly than I shall now obey the latter. I find that he is perfectly acquainted with our language, that he has placed a large sum in our funds, and that from the general liberality of his sentiments he is as likely to espouse, as (in that case) he would be certain, from his high reputation for talent, to serve, our cause. I am, therefore, upon the eve of seeking him out. I understand that he is living in perfect retirement in the county of ——, in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Mandeville, an Englishman of considerable fortune, and warmly attached to our cause.

Mr. Mandeville has invited me to accompany him down to his estate for some days, and I am too anxious to see my nephew not to accept eagerly of the invitation. If I can persuade Falkland to aid us, it will be by the influence of his name, his talents, and his wealth. It is not of him that we can ask the stern and laborious devotion to which we have consecrated ourselves. The perfidy of friends, the vigilance of foes, the rashness of the bold, the cowardice of the wavering; strife in the closet, treachery in the senate, death in the field; *these* constitute the fate we have pledged ourselves to bear. Little can any, who do not endure it, imagine of the life to which those who share the contests of an agitated and distracted country are doomed; but if they know not our griefs, neither can they dream of our consolation. We move like the delineation of Faith, over a barren and desert soil: the rock, and the thorn, and the stings of the adder, are round our feet; but we clasp a crucifix to our hearts for our comfort, and we fix our eyes upon the heavens for our hope!

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

Wednesday.—His letters have taken a different tone: instead of soothing, they add to my distress; but I deserve all—all that can be inflicted upon me. I have had a letter from Mr. Mandeville. He is coming down here for a few days, and intends bringing some friends with him: he mentions particularly a Spaniard —*the uncle of Mr. Falkland, whom he asks if I have seen.* The Spaniard is particularly anxious to meet his nephew—he does not then know that Falkland is gone. It will be some relief to see Mr. Mandeville alone; but even then how shall I meet him? What shall I say when he observes my paleness and alteration? I feel bowed to the very dust.

Thursday Evening.—Mr. Mandeville has arrived: fortunately, it was late in the evening before he came, and the darkness prevented his observing my confusion and alteration. He was kinder than usual. Oh! how bitterly my heart avenged him! He brought with him the Spaniard, Don Alphonso d'Aguilar; I think there is a faint family likeness between him and Falkland. Mr. Mandeville brought also a letter from Julia. She will be here the day after to-morrow. The letter is short, but kind: she does not allude to *him;* it is some days since I heard from him.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON. FREDERICK MONKTON.

I have resolved, Monkton, to go to her again! I am sure that it will be better for both of us to meet once more; perhaps, to unite for ever! None who have once loved me can easily forget me. I do not say this from vanity, because I owe it not to my being *superior* to, but *different* from, others. I am sure that the remorse and affliction she feels now are far greater than she would experience, even were she more guilty, and with me. *Then*, at least, she would have some one to soothe and sympathize in whatever she might endure. To one so pure as Emily, the full crime is already incurred. It is not the innocent who insist upon that nice line of morality between the thought and the action: such distinctions require reflection, experience, deliberation, prudence of head, or coldness of heart; these are the traits, not of the guideless, but of the worldly It is the *affections*, not the *person*, of a virtuous woman, which it is difficult to obtain: that difficulty is the safeguard to her chastity; that difficulty I have, in this instance, overcome. I have endeavored to live without Emily, but in vain. Every moment of absence only taught me the impossibility. In twenty-four hours I shall see her again. I feel my pulse rise into fever at the very thought.

Farewell, Monkton. My next letter, I hope, will record my triumph.

BOOK THIRD.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

Friday.—Julia is here, and so kind! She has not mentioned *his* name, but she sighed so deeply when she saw my pale and sunken countenance, that I threw myself into her arms and cried like a child. We had no need of other explanation: those tears spoke at once my confession and my repentance. No letter from him for several days! Surely he is not ill! how miserable that thought makes me?

Saturday.—A note has just been brought me from him. He is come back—*here!* Good heavens! how very imprudent! I am so agitated that I can write no more.

Sunday.—I have seen him! Let me repeat that sentence—*I have seen him.* Oh that moment! did it not atone for all that I have suffered? I dare not write everything he said, but he wished me to fly with him—*him*—what happiness, yet what guilt, in the very thought! Oh! this foolish heart—would that it might break! I feel too well the sophistry of his arguments, and yet I cannot resist them. He seems to have thrown a spell over me, which precludes even the effort to escape.

Monday.—Mr. Mandeville has asked several people in the country to dine here to-morrow, and there is to be a ball in the evening. Falkland is of course invited. We shall meet then, and *how?* I have been so little accustomed to disguise my feelings, that I quite tremble to meet him with so many witnesses around. Mr. Mandeville has been so harsh to me to-day; if Falkland ever looked at me so, or ever said one such word, my heart would indeed break. What is it Alfieri says about the two demons to whom he is for ever a prey? "*La mente e il cor in perpetua lite.*" Alas! at times I start from my reveries with such a keen sense of agony and shame! How, how am I fallen!

Tuesday.—He is to come here to-day, and I shall see him!

Wednesday Morning.—The night is over, thank Heaven! Falkland came late to dinner: every one else was assembled. How gracefully he entered! how superior he seemed to all the crowd that stood around him! He appeared as if he were resolved to exert powers which he had disdained before. He entered into the conversation, not only with such brilliancy, but with such a blandness and courtesy of manner! There was no scorn on his lip, no haughtiness on his forehead—nothing which showed him for a moment conscious of his immeasurable superiority over every one present. After dinner, as we retired, I caught his eyes. What volumes they told!—and then I had to listen to his praises, *and say nothing.* I felt angry even in my pleasure. Who but I had a right to speak of him so well!

The ball came on: I felt languid and dispirited. Falkland did not dance. He sat himself by me—he urged me to—O God! O God! would that I were dead!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

How are you this morning, my adored friend? You seemed pale and ill when we parted last night, and I shall be *so* unhappy till I hear something of you. Oh Emily, when you listened to me with those tearful and downcast looks: when I saw your bosom heave at every word which I whispered in your ear; when, as I accidentally touched your hand, I felt it tremble beneath my own; oh! was there nothing in those moments at your heart which pleaded for me more eloquently than words? Pure and holy as you are,

you know not, it is true, the feelings which burn and madden in me. When you are beside me, your hand, if it trembles, is not on fire: your voice, if it is more subdued, does not falter with the emotions it dares not express: your heart is not, like mine, devoured by a parching and wasting flame: your sleep is not turned by restless and turbulent dreams from the heathful renewal, into the very consumer, of life. No, Emily! God forbid that you *should* feel the guilt, the agony which preys upon me; but, at least, in the fond and gentle tenderness of your heart, there must be a voice you find it difficult to silence. Amidst all the fictitious ties and fascinations of art, you cannot dismiss from your bosom the unconquerable impulses of nature. What is it you fear?—you will answer, *disgrace!* But *can* you feel it, Emily, when you share it with me? Believe me that the love which is nursed through shame and sorrow is of a deeper and holier nature than that which is reared in pride, and fostered in joy. But, if not shame, it is guilt, perhaps, which you dread? Are you then so innocent *now?* The adultery of the heart is no less a crime than that of the deed; and—yet I will not deceive you—it *is* guilt to which I tempt you!—*it is* a fall from the proud eminence you hold now. I grant this, and I offer you nothing in recompense but my love. If you loved like me, you would feel that it was something of pride—of triumph—to dare all things, even crime, for the one to whom all things are as nought! As for me, I know that if a voice from Heaven told me to desert you, I would only clasp you the closer to my heart!

I tell you, my own love, that when your hand is in mine, when your head rests upon my bosom, when those soft and thrilling eyes shall be fixed upon my own, when every sigh shall be mingled with my breath, and every tear be kissed away at the very instant it rises from its source—I tell you that then you shall only feel that every pang of the past, and every fear for the future, shall be but a new link to bind us the firmer to each other. Emily, my life, my love, you cannot, if you would, desert me. Who can separate the waters, which are once united, or divide the hearts which have met and mingled into one?

Since they had once more met, it will be perceived that Falkland had adopted a new tone in expressing his passion to Emily. In the book of guilt another page, branded in a deeper and more burning character, had been turned. He lost no opportunity of summoning the earthlier emotions to the support of his cause. He wooed her fancy with the golden language of poetry, and strove to arouse the latent feelings of her sex by the soft magic of his voice, and the passionate meaning it conveyed. But at times there came over him a deep and keen sentiment of remorse; and even, as his experienced and practised eye saw the moment of his triumph approach, he felt that the success he was hazarding his own soul and hers to obtain, might bring him a momentary transport, but not a permanent happiness. There is always this difference in the love of women and of men; that in the former, when once admitted, it engrosses all the sources of thought, and excludes every object but itself; but in the latter, it is shared with all the former reflections and feelings which the past yet bequeaths us, and can neither (however powerful be its nature) constitute the *whole* of our happiness or woe. The love of man in his maturer years is not indeed so much a new emotion, as a revival and concentration of all his departed affections to others; and the deep and intense nature of Falkland's passion for Emily was linked with the recollections of whatever he had formerly cherished as tender or dear; it touched—it awoke a long chain of young and enthusiastic feelings, which arose, perhaps, the fresher from their slumber. Who, when he turns to recall his first and fondest associations; when he throws off, one by one, the layers of earth and stone which have grown and hardened over the records of the past; who has not been surprised to discover how fresh and unimpaired those buried treasures rise again upon his heart? They have been lain up in the storehouse of Time; they have not perished; their very concealment has preserved them! *We remove the lava, and the world of a gone day is before us!*

The evening of the day on which Falkland had written the above letter was rude and stormy. The various streams with which the country abounded were swelled by late rains into an unwonted rapidity and breadth; and their voices blended with the rushing sound of the winds, and the distant roll of the thunder,

which began at last sullenly to subside. The whole of the scene around L—— was of that savage yet sublime character, which suited well with the wrath of the aroused elements. Dark woods, large tracts of unenclosed heath, abrupt variations of hill and vale, and a dim and broken outline beyond of uninterrupted mountains, formed the great features of that romantic country.

It was filled with the recollections of his youth, and of the wild delight which he took then in the convulsions and varieties of nature, that Falkland roamed abroad that evening. The dim shadows of years, crowded with concealed events and corroding reflections, all gathered around his mind, and the gloom and tempest of the night came over him like the sympathy of a friend.

He passed a group of terrified peasants; they were cowering under a tree. The oldest hid his head and shuddered; but the youngest looked steadily at the lightning which played at fitful intervals over the mountain stream that rushed rapidly by their feet. Falkland stood beside them unnoticed and silent, with folded arms and a scornful lip. To him, nature, heaven, earth, had nothing for fear, and every thing for reflection. In youth, thought he (as he contrasted the fear felt at one period of life with the indifference at another), there are so many objects to divide and distract life, that we are scarcely sensible of the collected conviction that we live. We lose the sense of what *is* by thinking rather of what is *to be*. But the old, who have no future to expect, are more vividly alive to the present, and they feel death more, because they have a more settled and perfect impression of existence.

He left the group, and went on alone by the margin of the winding and swelling stream. "It is (said a certain philosopher) in the conflicts of Nature that man most feels his littleness." Like all general maxims, this is only partially true. The mind, which takes its first ideas from perception, must take also its tone from the character of the objects perceived. In mingling our spirits with the great elements, we partake of their sublimity; we awaken thought from the secret depths where it had lain concealed; our feelings are too excited to remain riveted to ourselves; they blend with the mighty powers which are abroad; and, as in the agitations of men, the individual arouses from himself to become a part of the crowd, so in the convulsions of nature we are equally awakened from the littleness of self, to be lost in the grandeur of the conflict by which we are surrounded.

Falkland still continued to track the stream: it wound its way through Mandeville's grounds, and broadened at last into the lake which was so consecrated to his recollections. He paused at that spot for some moments, looking carelessly over the wide expanse of waters, now dark as night, and now flashing into one mighty plain of fire beneath the coruscations of the lightning. The clouds swept on in massy columns, dark and aspiring—veiling, while they rolled up to, the great heavens, like the shadows of human doubt. Oh! weak, weak was that dogma of the philosopher! There is a *pride* in the storm which, according to his doctrine, would debase us; a stirring music in its roar; even a savage joy in its destruction: for we can exult in a defiance of its power, even while we share in its triumphs, in a consciousness of a superior spirit within us to that which is around. We can mock at the fury of the elements, for they are less terrible than the passions of the heart; at the devastations of the awful skies, for they are less desolating than the wrath of man; at the convulsions of that surrounding nature which has no peril, no terror to the soul, which is more indestructible and eternal than itself. Falkland turned towards the house which contained *his* world; and as the lightning revealed at intervals the white columns of the porch, and wrapt in sheets of fire, like a spectral throng, the tall and waving trees by which it was encircled, and then as suddenly ceased, and "the jaws of darkness" devoured up the scene; he compared, with that bitter alchymy of feeling which resolves all into one crucible of thought, those alternations of light and shadow to the history of his own guilty love—that passion whose birth was the womb of Night; shrouded in darkness, surrounded by storms, and receiving only from the angry heavens a momentary brilliance, more terrible than its customary gloom.

As he entered the saloon, Lady Margaret advanced towards him. "My dear Falkland," said she, "how good it is in you to come in such a night. We have been watching the skies till Emily grew terrified at the lightning; *formerly* it did not alarm her." And Lady

Margaret turned, utterly unconscious of the reproach she had conveyed, towards Emily.

Did not Falkland's look turn also to that spot? Lady Emily was sitting by the harp which Mrs. St. John appeared to be most seriously employed in tuning: her countenance was bent downwards, and burning beneath the blushes called forth by the gaze which she *felt* was upon her.

There was in Falkland's character a peculiar dislike to all outward display of less worldly emotions. He had none of the vanity most men have in conquest; he would not have had any human being know that he was loved. He was right! No altar should be so unseen and inviolable as the human heart! He saw at once and relieved the embarrassment he had caused. With the remarkable fascination and grace of manner so peculiarly his own, he made his excuses to Lady Margaret for his disordered dress; he charmed his uncle, Don Alphonso, with a quotation from Lopez de Vega: he inquired tenderly of Mrs. Dalton touching the health of her Italian greyhound; and then—not till then—he ventured to approach Emily, and speak to her in that soft tone, which, like a fairy language, is understood only by the person it addresses. Mrs. St. John rose and left the harp; Falkland took her seat. He bent down to whisper Emily. His long hair touched her cheek! it was still wet with the night due. She looked up as she felt it, and met his gaze: better had it been to have lost earth than to have drunk the soul's poison from that eye when it tempted to sin.

Mrs. St. John stood at some distance: Don Alphonso was speaking to her of his nephew, and of his hopes of ultimately gaining him to the cause of his mother's country. "See you not," said Mrs. St. John, and her color went and came, "that while he has such attractions to detain him, your hopes are in vain?" "What mean you?" replied the Spaniard; but his eye had followed the direction she had given it, and the question came only from his lips. Mrs. St. John drew him to a still remoter corner of the room, and it was in the conversation that then ensued between them, that they agreed to unite for the purpose of separating Emily from her lover—"I to save my friend," said Mrs. St. John, "and you your kinsman." Thus is it with human virtue:—the fair show and the good deed without—the one eternal motive of selfishness within. During the Spaniard's visit at E——, he had seen enough of Falkland to perceive the great consequence he might, from his perfect knowledge of the Spanish language, from his singular powers, and, above all, from his command of wealth, be to the cause of that party he himself had adopted. His aim, therefore, was now no longer confined to procuring Falkland's good will and aim at home: he hoped to secure his personal assistance in Spain: and he willingly coincided with Mrs. St. John in detaching his nephew from a tie so likely to detain him from that service to which Alphonso wished he should be pledged.

Mandeville had left E—— that morning: he suspected nothing of Emily's attachment. This, on his part, was less confidence than indifference. He was one of those persons who have no existence separate from their own: his senses all turned inwards; they reproduced selfishness. Even the House of Commons was only an object of interest because he imagined it *a part of him, not he of it.* He said, with the insect on the wheel, "Admire *our* rapidity." But did the defects of his character remove Lady Emily's guilt? No! and this, at times, was her bitterest conviction. Whoever turns to these pages for an apology for sin will be mistaken. They contain the burning records of its sufferings, its repentance, and its doom. If there be one crime in the history of woman worse than another, it is adultery. It is, in fact, the only crime to which, in ordinary life, she is exposed. Man has a thousand temptations to sin—woman has but one; if she cannot resist it, she has no claim upon our mercy. The heavens are just! her own guilt is her punishment! Should these pages, at this moment, meet the eyes of one who has become the centre of a circle of disgrace—the contaminator of her house—the dishonor of her children,—no matter what the excuse for her crime—no matter what the exchange of her station—in the very arms of her lover, in the very cincture of the new ties which she has chosen—I call upon her to answer me if the fondest moments of rapture are free from humiliation, though they have forgotten remorse; and if the passion itself of her lover has not become no less the penalty than the recompense of her guilt? But at that hour of which I now write there was neither in Emily's heart, nor in that of her seducer, any recol-

lection of their sin. Those hearts were too full for thought—they had forgotten every thing but each other. Their love was their creation: beyond, all was night—chaos—nothing.

Lady Margaret approached them. "You will sing to us, Emily, to-night? it is *so* long since we have heard you!" It was in vain that Emily tried—her voice failed. She looked at Falkland, and could scarcely restrain her tears. She had not yet learned the latest art which sin teaches us—*its concealment!* "I will supply Lady Emily's place," said Falkland. *His* voice was calm, and *his* brow serene: the world had left nothing for him to learn. "Will you play the air," he said to Mrs. St. John, "that you gave us some nights ago! I will furnish the words." Mrs. St. John's hand trembled as she obeyed.

SONG.

1.

Ah, let us love while yet we may,
Our summer is decaying;
And woe to hearts which, in their gray
December, go a-maying.

2.

Ah, let us love, while of the fire
Time hath not yet bereft us:
With years our warmer thoughts expire,
Till only ice is left us!

3.

We'll fly the bleak world's bitter air—
A brighter home shall win us;
And if our hearts grow weary there,
We'll find a world within us.

4.

They preach that passion fades each hour,
That nought will pall like pleasure;
My bee, if Love's so frail a flower,
Oh, haste to hive its treasure.

5.

Wait not the hour, when all the mind
Shall to the crowd be given;
For links, which to the *million* bind,
Shall from the *one* be riven.

6.

But let us love while yet we may,
Our summer is decaying;
And woe to hearts which, in their gray
December, go a-maying.

The next day Emily rose ill and feverish. In the absence of Falkland, her mind always awoke to the full sense of the guilt she had incurred. She had been brought up in the strictest, even the most fastidious, principles; and her nature was so pure, that merely to err appeared like a change in existence—like an entrance into some new and unknown world, from which she shrank back, in terror, to herself.

Judge, then, if she easily habituated her mind to its present degradation. She sat, that morning, pale and listless; her book lay unopened before her; her eyes were fixed upon the ground, heavy with suppressed tears. Mrs. St. John entered: no one else was in the room. She sat by her, and took her hand. Her countenance was scarcely less colorless than Emily's, but its expression was more calm and composed. "It is not too late, Emily," she said; "you have done much that you should repent—nothing to render repentance unavailing. Forgive me, if I speak to you on this subject. It is time—in a few days your fate will be decided. I have looked on, though hitherto I have been silent: I have witnessed that eye when it dwelt upon you; I have heard that voice when it spoke to your heart. None ever resisted their influence long: do you imagine that you are the first who have found the power? Pardon me, pardon me, I beseech you, my dearest friend, if I pain you. I have known you from your childhood, and I only wish to preserve you spotless to your old age."

Emily wept, without replying. Mrs. St. John continued to argue and expostulate. What is so wavering as passion? When, at last, Mrs. St. John ceased, and Emily shed upon her bosom the hot tears of her anguish and repentance, she imagined that her resolution was taken, and that she could almost have vowed an eternal separation from her lover; Falkland came that evening, and she loved him more madly than before.

Mrs. St. John was not in the saloon when Falkland entered. Lady Margaret was reading the well-known story of Lady T—— and the Duchess of M——, in which an agreement had been made and *kept*, that the one who died first should return once more to the survivor. As Lady Margaret spoke laughingly of the anecdote, Emily, who was watching Falkland's countenance, was struck with the dark and sudden shade which fell over it. He moved in silence towards the window where Emily was sitting. "Do you believe," she said, with a faint smile, "in the possibility of such an event?" "I believe—though I reject—noth-

ing!" replied Falkland, "but I would give worlds for such a proof that death does not destroy." "Surely," said Emily, "you do not deny that evidence of our immortality which we gather from the Scriptures?—are *they* not all that a voice from the dead could be?" Falkland was silent for a few moments: he did not seem to hear the question; his eyes dwelt upon vacancy; and when he at last spoke, it was rather in commune with himself than in answer to her. "I have watched," said he, in a low internal tone, "over the tomb: I have called, in the agony of my heart, unto her who slept beneath; I would have *dissolved my very soul* into a spell, could it have summoned before me for one, one moment, the being who had once been the spirit of my life! I have been, as it were, *entranced* with the intensity of my own adjuration; I have gazed upon the empty air, and worked upon my mind to fill it with imaginings; I have called aloud unto the winds, and tasked my soul to waken their silence to reply. All was a waste—a stillness—an infinity—without a wanderer or a voice! The dead answered me not, when I invoked them; and in the vigils of the still night I looked from the rank grass and the mouldering stones to the Eternal Heavens, as man looks from decay to immortality! Oh! that awful magnificence of repose—that living sleep—that breathing yet unrevealing divinity, spread over those still worlds! To *them* also I poured my thoughts—*but in a whisper*. I did not dare to breathe *aloud* the unhallowed anguish of my mind to the majesty of the unsympathizing stars! In the vast order of creation—in the midst of the stupendous system of universal life, my doubt and inquiry were murmured forth—*a voice crying in the wilderness, and returning with an echo, unanswered unto myself!*"

The deep light of the summer moon shone over Falkland's countenance, which Emily gazed on, as she listened, almost tremblingly, to his words. His brow was knit and hueless, and the large drops gathered slowly over it, as if wrung from the strained yet impotent tension of the thoughts within. Emily drew nearer to him—she laid her hand upon his own. "Listen to me," she said: "if a herald from the grave could satisfy your doubt, *I would gladly die that I might return to you!*"

"Beware," said Falkland, with an agitated but solemn voice; "the *words, now so lightly spoken, may be registered on high.*" "*Be it so!*" replied Emily firmly, and she felt what she said. *Her* love penetrated beyond the tomb, and she would have forfeited all here for their union hereafter.

"In my earliest youth," said Falkland, more calmly than he had yet spoken, "I found in the present and the past of this world enough to direct my attention to the futurity of another; if I did not credit all with the enthusiast, I had no sympathies with the scorner; I sat myself down to examine and reflect: I pored alike over the pages of the philosopher and the theologian; I was neither baffled by the subtleties, nor deterred by the contradictions of either. As men first ascertained the geography of the earth by observing the signs of the heavens, I did homage to the Unknown God, and sought from that worship to inquire into the reasonings of mankind. I did not confine myself to books—all things breathing or inanimate constituted my study. From death itself I endeavored to extract its secret; and whole nights I have sat in the crowded asylums of the dying, watching the last spark flutter and decay. Men die away as in sleep, without effort, or struggle, or emotion. I have looked on their countenances a moment before death, and the serenity of repose was upon them, waxing only more deep as it approached that slumber *which is never broken:* the breath grew gentler and gentler, till the lips it came from fell from each other, and all was hushed; the light had departed from the cloud, but the cloud itself, gray, cold, altered as it seemed, was as before. *They died and made no sign.* They had left the labyrinth without bequeathing us its clew. It is in vain that I have sent my spirit into the land of shadows—it has borne back no witness of its inquiry. As Newton said of himself, 'I picked up a few shells by the sea-shore, but the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me.'"

There was a long pause. Lady Margaret had sat down to chess with the Spaniard. No look was upon the lovers: their eyes met, and with that one glance the whole current of their thoughts was changed. The blood, which a moment before had left Falkland's cheek so colorless, rushed back to it again. The love which had so penetrated and pervaded his whole system, and which abstruser and colder

reflection had just calmed, thrilled through his frame with redoubled power. As if by an involuntary and mutual impulse, their lips met: he threw his arm round her; he strained her to his bosom. "Dark as my thoughts are," he whispered, "evil as has been my life, will you not yet soothe the one, and guide the other? My Emily! my love! the *Heaven to the tumultuous ocean of my heart*—will you not be mine—mine only—wholly—and for ever?" She did not answer—she did not turn from his embrace. Her cheek flushed as his breath stole over it, and her bosom heaved beneath the arm which encircled that empire so devoted to him. "Speak one word, only one word," he continued to whisper: "will you not be mine? Are you not mine at heart even at this moment?" Her head sank upon his bosom. Those deep and eloquent eyes looked up to his through their dark lashes. "I *will* be yours," she murmured: "I am at your mercy; I have no longer any existence but in you. My only fear is, that I shall cease to be worthy of your love!"

Falkland pressed his lips once more to her own: it was his only answer, and the last seal to their compact. As they stood before the open lattice, the still and unconscious moon looked down upon that record of guilt. There was not a cloud in the heavens to dim *her* purity: the very winds of night had hushed themselves to do her homage: all was silent but *their* hearts. They stood beneath the calm and holy skies, a guilty and devoted pair—a fearful contrast of the sin and turbulence of this unquiet earth to the passionless serenity of the eternal heaven. The same stars, that for thousands of unfathomed years had looked upon the changes of this nether world, gleamed pale, and pure, and steadfast upon their burning but transitory vow. In a few years what of the condemnation or the recorders of that vow would remain? From other lips, on that spot, other oaths might be plighted; new pledges of unchangeable fidelity exchanged: and, year after year, in each succession of scene and time, the same stars will look from the mystery of their untracked and impenetrable home, to mock, as now, with their immutability, the variations and shadows of mankind!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

At length, then, you are to be mine—you have consented to fly with me. In three days we shall leave this country, and have no home—no world but in each other. We will go, my Emily, to those golden lands where Nature, the only companion we will suffer, woos us, like a mother, to find our asylum in her breast; where the breezes are languid beneath the passion of the voluptuous skies; and where the purple light that invests all things with its glory is only less tender and consecrating than the spirit which we bring. Is there not, my Emily, in the external nature which reigns over creation, and that human nature centred in ourselves, some secret and undefinable intelligence and attraction? Are not the impressions of the former as spells over the passions of the latter? and in gazing upon the loveliness around us, do we not gather, as it were, and store within our hearts, an increase of the yearning and desire of love? What can we demand from earth but its solitudes—what from heaven but its unpolluted air? All that others would ask from either, we can find in ourselves. Wealth—honor—happiness—every object of ambition or desire, exist not for us without the circle of our arms! But the bower that surrounds us shall not be unworthy of your beauty or our love. Amidst the myrtle and the vine, and the valleys where the summer sleeps, and the rivers that murmur the memories and the legends of old; amidst the hills and the glossy glades, and the silver fountains, still as beautiful as if the Nymph and Spirit yet held and decorated an earthly home—amidst these we will make the couch of our bridals, and the moon of Italian skies shall keep watch on our repose.

Emily!—Emily!—how I love to repeat and to linger over that beautiful name! If to see, to address, and, more than all, to touch you, has been a rapture, what word can I find in the vocabulary of happiness to express the realization of that hope which now burns within me—to mingle our youth together into one stream, wheresoever it flows; to respire the same breath; to be almost blent in the same existence; to grow, as it were, on one stem, and knit into a *single* life the feelings, the wishes, the *being* of both!

To-night I shall see you again: let one day

more intervene, and—I cannot conclude the sentence! As I have written, the tumultuous happiness of hope has come over me to confuse and overwhelm everything else. At this moment my pulse riots with fever; the room swims before my eyes; everything is indistinct and jarring—a chaos of emotions. Oh! that happiness should ever have such excess!

When Emily received and laid this letter to her heart, she felt nothing in common with the spirit which it breathed. With that quick transition and inconstancy of feeling common in women, and which is as frequently their safety as their peril, her mind had already repented of the weakness of the last evening, and relapsed into the irresolution and bitterness of her former remorse. Never had there been in the human breast a stronger contest between conscience and passion;—if, indeed, the extreme softness (notwithstanding its power) of Emily's attachment could be called passion: it was rather a love that had refined by the increase of its own strength; it contained nothing but the primary guilt of conceiving it, which that order of angels, *whose nature is love*, would have sought to purify away. To see him, to live with him, to count the variations of his countenance and voice, to touch his hand at moments when waking, and watch over his slumbers when he slept—this was the essence of her wishes, and constituted the limit to her desires. Against the temptations of the present was opposed the whole history of the past. Her mind wandered from each to each, wavering and wretched, as the impulse of the moment impelled it. Hers was not, indeed, a strong character; her education and habits had weakened, while they rendered more feminine and delicate a nature originally too soft. Every recollection of former purity called to her with the loud voice of duty, as a warning from the great guilt she was about to incur; and whenever she thought of her child—that centre of fond and sinless sensations, where once she had so wholly garnered up her heart—her feelings melted at once from the object which had so wildly held them riveted as by a spell, to dissolve and lose themselves in the great and sacred fountain of a mother's love.

When Falkland came that evening, she was sitting at a cornor of the saloon, apparently occupied in reading, but her eyes were fixed upon her boy, whom Mrs. St. John was endeavoring at the opposite end of the room to amuse. The child, who was fond of Falkland, came up to him as he entered: Falkland stopped to kiss him; and Mrs. St. John said, in a low voice which just reached his ear, "Judas, too, kissed before he betrayed." Falkland's color changed: he felt the sting the words were intended to convey. On that child, now so innocently caressing him, he was indeed about to inflict a disgrace and injury the most sensible and irremediable in his power. But who ever indulges reflection in passion? He banished the remorse from his mind as instantaneously as it arose; and, seating himself by Emily, endeavored to inspire her with a portion of the joy and hope which animated himself. Mrs. St. John watched them with a jealous and anxious eye: she had already seen how useless had been her former attempt to arm Emily's conscience effectually against her lover; but she resolved at least to renew the impression she had then made. The danger was imminent, and any remedy must be prompt; and it was something to protract, even if she could not finally break off, an union against which were arrayed all the angry feelings of jealousy, as well as the better affections of the friend. Emily's eye was already brightening beneath the words that Falkland whispered in her ear, when Mrs. St. John approached her. She placed herself on a chair beside them, and unmindful of Falkland's bent and angry brow, attempted to create a general and commonplace conversation. Lady Margaret had invited two or three people in the neighborhood; and when these came in, music and cards were resorted to immediately, with that English *politesse*, which takes the earliest opportunity to show that the conversation of our friends is the last thing for which we have invited them. But Mrs. St. John never left the lovers; and at last, when Falkland, in despair at her obstinacy, arose to join the card-table, she said, "Pray, Mr. Falkland, were you not intimate at one time with ******, who eloped with Lady ***?" "I knew him but slightly," said Falkland; and then added with a sneer, "the only times I ever met him were at your house." Mrs. St. John, without noticing the sarcasm, continued:—"What an unfortunate affair that proved! They were very much attached to one another in early life—the *only* excuse, perhaps, for a woman's breaking her

subsequent vows. They eloped. The remainder of their history is briefly told: it is that of all who forfeit everything for passion, and forget that of everything it is the briefest in duration. He who had sacrificed his honor for her, sacrificed her also as lightly for another. She could not bear his infidelity; and how could she reproach him? In the very act of yielding to, she had become unworthy of, his love. She *did not* reproach him —she died of a broken heart! I saw her just before her death, for I was distantly related to her, and I could not forsake her utterly even in her sin. She then spoke to me only of the child by her former marriage, whom she had left in the years when it most needed her care: she questioned me of its health—its education —its very growth: the minutest thing was not beneath her inquiry. His tidings were all that brought back to her mind 'the redolence of joy and spring.' I brought that child to her one day: *he* at least had never forgotten her. How bitterly both wept when they were separated! and she—poor, poor Ellen—an hour after their separation was no more!" There was a pause for a few minutes. Emily was deeply affected. Mrs. St. John had anticipated the effect she had produced, and concerted the method to increase it. "It is singular," she resumed, "that, the evening before her elopement, some verses were sent to her anonymously—I do not think, Emily, that you have ever seen them. Shall I sing them to you now?" and, without waiting for a reply, she placed herself at the piano; and with a low but sweet voice, greatly aided in effect by the extreme feeling of her manner, she sang the following verses:—

TO * * *

1.

And wilt thou leave that happy home,
Where once it was so sweet to live?
Ah! think, before thou seek'st to roam,
What safer shelter Guilt can give!

2.

The Bird may rove, and still regain
With spotless wings her wonted rest;
But home, once lost, is ne'er again
Restored to Woman's erring breast!

3.

If wandering o'er a world of flowers,
The heart at times would ask repose;
But *thou* would'st lose the only bowers
Of rest amid a world of woes.

4.

Recall thy youth's unsullied vow—
The past which on thee smiled so fair;
Then turn from thence to picture now
The frowns thy future fate must wear!

5.

No hour, no hope, can bring relief
To her who hides a blighted name;
For hearts unbow'd by stormiest *grief*
Will break beneath one breeze of *shame!*

6.

And when thy child's deserted years
Amid life's early woes are thrown,
Shall menial bosoms soothe the tears
That should be shed on thine alone?

7.

When on thy name his lips shall call,
(That tender name, the earliest taught!)
Thou wouldst not Shame and Sin were all
The memories link'd around its thought!

8.

If Sickness haunt his infant bed,
Ah! what could then replace thy care?
Could hireling steps as gently tread
As if a Mother's soul was there?

9.

Enough! 'tis not too late to shun
The bitter draught thyself would'st fill;
The latest link is not undone—
Thy bark is in the haven still.

10.

If doom'd to grief through life thou art,
'Tis thine at least unstain'd to die!
Oh! better break at once thy heart
Than rend it from its holiest tie!

It were vain to attempt describing Emily's feelings when the song ceased. The scene floated before her eyes indistinct and dark. The violence of the emotions she attempted to conceal pressed upon her almost to choking. She rose, looked at Falkland with one look of such anguish and despair that it froze his very heart, and left the room without uttering a word. A moment more—they heard a noise—a fall. They rushed out—Emily was stretched on the ground, apparently lifeless. *She had broken a blood-vessel!*

BOOK FOURTH.

FROM MRS. ST. JOHN TO ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ.

At last I can give a more favorable answer to your letters. Emily is now *quite* out of danger. Since the day you forced yourself, with such a disinterested regard for her health and reputation, into her room, she grew (no thanks to your forbearance) gradually better. I trust that she will be able to see you in a few days. I hope this the more, because she now feels and decides that it will be for the last time. You have, it is true, injured her happiness for life: her virtue, thank Heaven, is yet spared; and though you have made her wretched, you will never, I trust, succeed in making her despised.

You ask me, with some menacing and more complaint, why I am so bitter against you. I will tell you. I not only know Emily, and feel confident, from that knowledge, that nothing can recompense her for the reproaches of conscience, but I know *you*, and am convinced that you are the last man to render her happy. I set aside, for the moment, all rules of religion and morality in general, and speak to you (to use the cant and abused phrase) "without prejudice" as to the particular instance. Emily's nature is soft and susceptible, yours fickle and wayward in the extreme. The smallest change or caprice in you, which would not be noticed by a mind less delicate, would wound *her* to the heart. You know that the very softness of her character arises from its want of strength. Consider, for a moment, if she could bear the humiliation and disgrace which visit so heavily the offences of an English wife? She has been brought up in the strictest notions of morality; and, in a mind not naturally strong, nothing can efface the first impressions of education. She is not—indeed she is not—fit for a life of sorrow or degradation. In another character, another line of conduct might be desirable; but with regard to *her*, pause, Falkland, I beseech you, before you attempt again to destroy her for ever. I have said all. Farewell.—Your, and above all, Emily's friend.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ, TO LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

You will see me, Emily, now that you are recovered sufficiently to do so without danger. I do not ask this as a favor. If my love has deserved anything from yours, if past recollections give me any claim over you, if my nature has not forfeited the spell which it formerly possessed upon your own, I demand it as a right.

The bearer waits for your answer.

FROM LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ.

See you, Falkland! Can you doubt it? Can you think for a moment that your commands can ever cease to become a law to me? Come here whenever you please. If, during my illness, they have prevented it, it was without my knowledge. I await you; but I own that this interview will be the last, if I can claim anything from your mercy.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

I have seen you, Emily, and for the last time! My eyes are dry—my hand does not tremble. I live, move, breathe, as before—and yet I have seen you for the last time! You told me—even while you leaned on my

bosom, even while your lip pressed mine—you told me (and I saw your sincerity) to spare you, and to see you no more. You told me you had no longer any will, any fate of your own; that you would, if I still continued to desire it, leave friends, home, honor, for me; but you did not disguise from me that you would, in so doing, leave happiness also. You did not conceal from me that I was not sufficient to constitute all your world: you threw yourself, as you had done once before, upon what you called my generosity: you did not deceive yourself then; you have not deceived yourself now. In two weeks I shall leave England, probably for ever. I have another country still more dear to me, from its afflictions and humiliation. Public ties differ but little in their nature from private; and this confession of preference of what is debased to what is exalted, will be an answer to Mrs. St. John's assertion, that we cannot love in disgrace as we can in honor. Enough of this. In the choice, my poor Emily, that you have made, I cannot reproach you. You have done wisely, rightly, virtuously. You said that this separation must rest rather with me than with yourself; that you would be mine the moment I demanded it. I will not now or ever accept this promise. No one, much less one whom I love so intensely, so truly as I do you, shall ever receive disgrace at my hands, unless she can feel that that disgrace would be dearer to her than glory elsewhere; that the simple fate of being mine was not so much a recompense as a reward; and that, in spite of worldly depreciation and shame, it would constitute and concentrate all her visions of happiness and pride. I am now going to bid you farewell. May you—I say this disinterestedly, and from my very heart—may you soon forget how much you have loved and yet love me! For this purpose, you cannot have a better companion than Mrs. St. John. Her opinion of me is loudly expressed, and probably true; at all events, you will do wisely to believe it. You will hear me attacked and reproached by many. I do not deny the charges; you know best what I have deserved from *you*. God bless you, Emily. Wherever I go, I shall never cease to love you as I do now. May you be happy in your child and in your conscience! Once more, God bless you, and farewell!

FROM LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ.

O Falkland! you have conquered! I am yours—*yours only—Wholly and for ever*. When your letter came, my hand trembled so, that I could not open it for several minutes; and when I did, I felt as if the very earth had passed from my feet. You were going from your country; you were about to be lost to me for ever. I could restrain myself no longer; all my virtue, my pride, forsook me at once. Yes, yes, you are indeed my world. I will fly with you any where—every where. Nothing can be dreadful, but not seeing you; I would be a servant—a slave—a dog, as long as I could be with you; hear one tone of your voice, catch one glance of your eye. I scarcely see the paper before me, my thoughts are so straggling and confused. Write to me one word, Falkland; one word, and I will lay it to my heart, and be happy.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

—— Hotel, London.

I hasten to you, Emily—my own and only love. Your letter has restored me to life. To-morrow we shall meet.

It was with mingled feelings, alloyed and embittered, in spite of the burning hope which predominated over all, that Falkland returned to E——. He knew that he was near the completion of his most ardent wishes; that he was within the grasp of a prize which included all the thousand objects of ambition, into which, among other men, the desires are divided: the only dreams he had ventured to form for years were about to kindle into life. He had every reason to be happy;—such is the inconsistency of human nature, that he was almost wretched. The morbid melancholy, habitual to him, threw its colorings over every emotion and idea. He knew the character of the woman whose affections he had seduced; and he trembled to think of the doom to which he was about to condemn her. With this, there came over his mind a long train of dark and remorseful recollections. Emily was not the only one whose destruction he had prepared. All who had loved him, he had repaid with ruin; and *one*—the first—the fairest—and the most loved, with death.

That last remembrance, more bitterly than all, possessed him. It will be recollected that Falkland, in the letters which begin this work, speaking of the ties he had formed after the loss of his first love, says, that it was the senses, not the affections that were engaged. Never, indeed, since her death, till he met Emily, had his *heart* been unfaithful to her memory. Alas! none but those who have cherished in their souls an image of the death; who have watched over it for long and bitter years in secrecy and gloom; who have felt that it was to them as a holy and fairy spot which no eye but theirs could profane; who have filled all things with *recollections* as with a spell, and made the universe one wide mausoleum of the lost;—none but those can understand the mysteries of that regret which is shed over every after passion, though it be more burning and intense;—that sense of sacrilege with which we fill up the haunted recesses of the spirit with a new and a living idol, and perpetrate the last act of infidelity to that buried love, which the heavens that now receive her, the earth where we beheld her, tell us, with the unnumbered voices of Nature, to worship with the incense of our faith.

His carriage stopped at the lodge. The woman who opened the gates gave him the following note:—

"Mr. Mandeville is returned; I almost fear that he suspects our attachment. Julia says, that if you come again to E——, she will inform him. I dare not, dearest Falkland, see you here. What is to be done? I am very ill and feverish: my brain burns so, that I can think, feel, remember nothing, but the one thought, feeling, and remembrance—that through shame, and despite of guilt, in life, and till death, I am yours.

"E. M."

As Falkland read this note, his extreme and engrossing love for Emily doubled with each word: an instant before, and the certainty of seeing her had suffered his mind to be divided into a thousand objects; now, doubt united them once more into one.

He altered his route to L——, and despatched from thence a short note to Emily, imploring her to meet him that evening by the lake, in order to arrange their ultimate flight. Her answer was brief, and blotted with her tears; but it was assent.

During the whole of that day, at least from the moment she received Falkland's letter, Emily was scarcely sensible of a single idea: she sat still and motionless, gazing on vacancy, and seeing nothing within her mind, or in the objects which surrounded her, but one dreary blank. Sense, thought, feeling, even remorse, were congealed and frozen; and the tides of emotion were still, *but they were ice!*

As Falkland's servant had waited without to deliver the note to Emily, Mrs. St. John had observed him: her alarm and surprise only served to quicken her presence of mind. She intercepted Emily's answer under pretence of giving it herself to Falkland's servant. She read it, and her resolution was formed. After carefully resealing and delivering it to the servant, she went at once to Mr. Mandeville, and revealed Lady Emily's attachment to Falkland. In this act of treachery, she was solely instigated by her passions; and when Mandeville, roused from his wonted apathy to a paroxysm of indignation, thanked her again and again for the generosity of friendship which he imagined was all that actuated her communication, he dreamed not of the fierce and ungovernable jealousy which envied the very disgrace that her confession was intended to award. Well said the French enthusiast, "that the heart, the most serene to appearance, resembles that calm and glassy fountain which cherishes the monster of the Nile in the bosom of its waters." Whatever reward Mrs. St. John proposed to herself in this action, verily she has had the recompense that was her due. Those consequences of her treachery, which I hasten to relate, have ceased to others—to *her* they remain. Amidst the pleasures of dissipation, one reflection has rankled at her mind; one dark cloud has rested between the sunshine and her soul: like the murderer in Shakespeare, the revel where she fled for forgetfulness has teemed to her with the spectres of remembrance. O thou untamable conscience! thou that never flatterest—thou that watchest over the human heart never to slumber or to sleep—it is thou that takest from us the present, barrest to us the future, and knittest the eternal chain that binds us to the rock and the vulture of the past!

The evening came on still and dark; a

breathless and heavy apprehension seemed gathering over the air: the full large clouds lay without motion in the dull sky, from between which, at long and scattered intervals, the wan stars looked out; a double shadow seemed to invest the grouped and gloomy trees that stood unwaving in the melancholy horizon. The waters of the lake lay heavy and unagitated, as the sleep of death; and the broken reflections of the abrupt and winding banks rested upon their bosoms, like the dream-like remembrance of a former existence.

The hour of the appointment was arrived: Falkland stood by the spot, gazing upon the lake before him; his cheek was flushed, his hand was parched and dry with the consuming fire within him. His pulse beat thick and rapidly; the demon of evil passions was upon his soul. He stood so lost in his own reflections, that he did not for some moments perceive the fond and tearful eye which was fixed upon him: on that brow and lip, thought seemed always so beautiful, so divine, that to disturb its repose was like a profanation of something holy; and though Emily came towards him with a light and hurried step, she paused involuntarily to gaze upon that noble countenance which realized her earliest visions of the beauty and majesty of love. He turned slowly, and perceived her; he came to her with his own peculiar smile; he drew her to his bosom in silence; he pressed his lips to her forehead: she leaned upon his bosom, and forgot all but him. Oh! if there be one feeling which makes Love, even guilty Love, a god, it is the knowledge that in the midst of this breathing world he reigns aloof and alone; and that those who are occupied with his worship know nothing of the pettiness, the strife, the bustle, which pollute and agitate the ordinary inhabitants of earth! What was now to them, as they stood alone in the deep stillness of nature, everything that had engrossed them before they had met and loved? Even in her, the recollections of guilt and grief subsided: she was only sensible of one thought—the presence of the being who stood beside her,

That ocean to the rivers of her soul.

They sat down beneath an oak: Falkland stooped to kiss the cold and pale cheek that still rested upon his breast. His kisses were like lava: the turbulent and stormy elements of sin and desire were aroused even to madness within him. He clasped her still nearer to his bosom: her lips answered to his own: they caught perhaps something of the spirit which they received: her eyes were half-closed; the bosom heaved wildly that was pressed to his beating and burning heart. The skies grew darker and darker, as the night stole over them: one low roll of thunder broke upon the curtained and heavy air—*they* did not hear it; and yet it was the knell of peace—virtue—hope—lost, lost for ever to their souls!

* * * * *
* * * *
* * * * *

They separated as they had never done before. In Emily's bosom there was a dreary void—a vast blank—over which there went a low deep voice like a Spirit's—a sound indistinct and strange, that spoke a language she knew not; but felt that it told of woe—guilt—doom. Her senses were stunned: the vitality of her feelings was numbed and torpid: the first herald of despair is insensibility. "To-morrow, then," said Falkland—and his voice for the first time seemed strange and harsh to her—"we will fly hence for ever: meet me at day-break—the carriage shall be in attendance—we cannot now unite too soon—would that at this very moment we were prepared!"—"To-morrow!" repeated Emily, "at day-break!" and she clung to him, he felt her shudder: "to-morrow — ay — to-morrow!—" one kiss—one embrace—one word—*farewell*—and they parted.

Falkland returned to L——: a gloomy foreboding rested upon his mind: that dim and indescribable fear, which no earthly or human cause can explain—that shrinking within self—that vague terror of the future—that grappling, as it were, with some unknown shade—that wandering of the spirit—whither?—that cold, cold creeping dread—of what? As he entered the house, he met his confidential servant. He gave him orders respecting the flight of the morrow, and then retired into the chamber where he slept. It was an antique and large room: the wainscot was of oak; and one broad and high window looked over the expanse of country which stretched beneath. He sat himself by the casement in silence—he opened it: tha dull air came over his forehead, not with a sense of freshness, but, like the parching at

mosphere of the east, charged with a weight and fever that sank heavy into his soul. He turned:—he threw himself upon the bed, and placed his hands over his face. His thoughts were scattered into a thousand indistinct forms, but over all, there was one rapturous remembrance; and that was, that the morrow was to unite him for ever to her whose possession had only rendered her more dear. Meanwhile, the hours rolled on; and as he lay thus silent and still, the clock of the distant church struck with a distinct and solemn sound upon his ear. It was the half-hour after midnight. At that moment an icy thrill ran, slow and curdling, through his veins. His heart, as if with a presentiment of what was to follow, beat violently, and then stopped; life itself seemed ebbing away; cold drops stood upon his forehead; his eyelids trembled, and the balls reeled and glazed, like those of a dying man; a deadly fear gathered over him, so that his flesh quivered, and every hair in his head seemed instinct with a separate life, the very marrow of his bones crept, and his blood waxed thick and thick, as if stagnating into an ebbless and frozen substance. He started in a wild and unutterable terror. There stood, at the far end of the room, a dim and thin shape like moonlight, without outline or form; still, and indistinct, and shadowy. He gazed on, speechless and motionless; his faculties and senses seemed locked in an unnatural trance. By degrees the shape became clearer and clearer to his fixed and dilating eye. He saw, as through a floating and mist-like veil, the features of Emily; but how changed !—sunken, and hueless, and set in death. The dropping lip, from which there seemed to trickle a deep red stain like blood; the lead-like and lifeless eye; the calm, awful, mysterious repose which broods over the aspect of the dead;—all grew, as it were, from the hazy cloud that encircled them for one, one brief, agonizing moment, and then as suddenly faded away. The spell passed from his senses. He sprang from the bed with a loud cry. All was quiet. There was not a trace of what he had witnessed. The feeble light of the skies rested upon the spot where the apparition had stood; upon that spot he stood also. He stamped upon the floor —it was firm beneath his footing. He passed his hands over his body—he was awake—he was unchanged; earth, air, heaven, were around him as before. What has thus gone over his soul to awe and overcome it to such weakness? To these questions his reason could return no answer. Bold by nature, and sceptical by philosophy, his mind gradually recovered its original tone: he did not give way to conjecture; he endeavored to discard it: he sought by natural causes to account for the apparition he had seen or imagined; and, as he felt the blood again circulating in its accustomed courses, and the night air coming chill over his feverish frame, he smiled with a stern and scornful bitterness at the terror which had so shaken, and the fancy which had so deluded, his mind.

Are there not "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy?" A Spirit may hover in the air that we breathe: the depth of our most secret solitude may be peopled by the invisible: our uprisings and our downsittings may be marked by a witness from the grave. In our walks the dead may be behind us; in our banquets they may sit at the board; and the chill breath of the night wind that stirs the curtains of our bed may bear a message our senses receive not, from lips that once have pressed kisses on our own ! Why is it that at moments there creeps over us an awe, a terror, overpowering, but undefined ? Why is it that we shudder without a cause, and feel the warm life-blood stand still in its courses ? *Are the dead too near?* Do unearthly wings touch us as they flit around ? Has our soul any intercourse which the body shares not, though it feels, with the supernatural world—mysterious revealings—unimaginable communion—a language of dread and power, shaking to its centre the fleshy barrier that divides the spirit from its race ?

How fearful is the very life which we hold ! We have our being beneath a cloud, and are a marvel even to ourselves. There is not a single thought which has its affixed limits. Like circles in the water, our researches weaken as they extend, and vanish at last into the immeasurable and unfathomable space of the vast unknown. We are like children in the dark; we tremble in a shadowy and terrible void, peopled with our fancies ! Life is our real night, and the first gleam of the morning, which bring us certainty, *is death.*

Falkland sat the remainder of that night by the window, watching the clouds become gray

as the dawn rose, and its earliest breeze awoke. He heard the trampling of the horses beneath: he drew his cloak round him, and descended. It was on a turning of the road beyond the lodge that he directed the carriage to wait, and he then proceeded to the place appointed. Emily was not yet there. He walked to and fro with an agitated and hurried step. The impression of the night had in a great measure been effaced from his mind, and he gave himself up without reserve to the warm and sanguine hopes which he had so much reason to conceive. He thought too, at moments, of those bright climates beneath which he designed their asylum, where the very air is music, and the light is like the colorings of love: and he associated the sighs of a mutual rapture with the fragrance of myrtles, and the breath of a Tuscan heaven. Time glided on. The hour was long past, yet Emily came not! The sun rose, and Falkland turned in dark and angry discontent from its beams. With every moment his impatience increased, and at last he could restrain himself no longer. He proceeded towards the house. He stood for some time at a distance; but as all seemed still hushed in repose, he drew nearer and nearer till he reached the door: to his astonishment it was open. He saw forms passing rapidly through the hall. He heard a confused and indistinct murmur. At length he caught a glimpse of Mrs. St. John. He could command himself no more. He sprang forwards—entered the door—the hall—and caught her by a part of her dress. He could not speak, but his countenance said all which his lips refused. Mrs. St. John burst into tears when she saw him. "Good God!" she said, "why are you here? Is it possible you have not yet learned ——." Her voice failed her. Falkland had by this time recovered himself. He turned to the servants who gathered around him. "Speak," he said calmly. "What has occurred?" "My lady—my lady!" burst at once from several tongues. "What of her?" said Falkland, with a blanched cheek, but unchanging voice. There was a pause. At that instant a man, whom Falkland recognized as the physician of the neighborhood, passed at the opposite end of the hall. A light, a scorching and intolerable light, broke upon him. "She is dying—she is dead, perhaps," he said, in a low sepulchral tone, turning his eye around till it had rested upon every one present. *Not one answered.* He paused a moment, as if stunned by a sudden shock, and then sprang up the stairs. He passed the boudoir, and entered the room where Emily slept. The shutters were only partially closed: a faint light broke through, and rested on the bed; beside it bent two women. Then he neither heeded nor saw. He drew aside the curtains. He beheld—the same as he had seen it in his vision of the night before—the changed and lifeless countenance of Emily Mandeville! That face, still so tenderly beautiful, was partially turned towards him. Some dark stains upon the lip and neck told how she had died—the blood-vessel she had broken before had burst again. The bland and soft eyes, which for him never had but *one* expression, were closed; and the long and dishevelled tresses half hid, while they contrasted that bosom, which had but the night before first learned to thrill beneath his own. Happier in her fate than she deserved, she passed from this bitter life ere the punishment of her guilt had begun. She was not doomed to wither beneath the blight of shame, nor the coldness of estranged affection. From him whom she had so worshipped, she was not condemned to bear wrong nor change. She died while his passion was yet in its spring—before a blossom, a leaf, had faded; and she sank to repose while his kiss was yet warm upon her lip, and her last breath almost mingled with his sigh. For the woman who has erred, life has no exchange for such a death. Falkland stood mute and motionless; not one word of grief or horror escaped his lips. At length he bent down. He took the hand which lay outside the bed; he pressed it; it replied not to the pressure, but fell cold and heavy from his own. He put his cheek to her lips; not the faintest breath came from them; and then for the first time a change passed over his countenance: he pressed upon those lips one long and last kiss, and, without word, or sign, or tear, he turned from the chamber. Two hours afterwards he was found senseless upon the ground: it was upon the spot where he had met Emily the night before.

For weeks he knew nothing of this earth—he was encompassed with the spectres of a terrible dream. All was confusion, darkness, horror—a series and a change of torture! At one time he was hurried through the heavens in the womb

of a fiery star, girt above and below and around with unextinguishable but unconsuming flames. Wherever he trod, as he wandered through his vast and blazing prison, the molten fire was his footing, and the breath of fire was his air. Flowers, and trees, and hills were in that world as in ours, but wrought from one lurid and intolerable light; and, scattered around, rose gigantic palaces and domes of the living flame, like the mansions of the city of Hell. With every moment there passed to and fro shadowy forms, on whose countenances was engraven unutterable anguish; but not a shriek, not a groan, rung through the red air; *for the doomed, who fed and inhabited the flames, were forbidden the consolation of voice.* Above there sat, fixed and black, a solid and impenetrable cloud—*Night frozen into substance;* and from the midst there hung a banner of a pale and sickly flame, on which was written "For Ever." A river rushed rapidly beside him. He stooped to slake the agony of his thirst—the waves *were waves of fire;* and, as he started from the burning draught, he longed to shriek aloud, *and could not.* Then he cast his despairing eyes above for mercy; and saw on the livid and motionless banner "For Ever."

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream!

He was suddenly borne upon the winds and storms to the oceans of an eternal winter. He fell stunned and unstruggling upon the ebbless and sluggish waves. Slowly and heavily they rose over him as he sank: then came the lengthened and suffocating torture of that drowning death—the impotent and convulsive contest with the closing waters—the gurgle, the choaking, the bursting of the pent breath,—the flutter of the heart, its agony, *and its stillness.* He recovered. He was a thousand fathoms beneath the sea, chained to a rock round which the heavy waters rose as a wall. He felt his own flesh rot and decay, perishing from his limbs piece by piece; and he saw the coral banks, which it requires a thousand ages to form, rise slowly from their slimy bed: and spread atom by atom, till they became a shelter for the leviathan; *their growth was his only record of eternity;* and ever and ever, around and above him, came vast and misshapen things—the wonders of the secret deeps; and the sea serpent, the huge chimæra of the north, made its resting-place by his side, glaring upon him with a livid and death-like eye, wan, yet burning *as an expiring sun.* But over all, in every change, in every moment of that immortality, there was present one pale and motionless countenance, never turning from his own. The fiends of hell, the monsters of the hidden ocean, had no horror so awful *as the human face of the dead whom he had loved.*

The word of his sentence was gone forth. Alike through that delirium and its more fearful awakening, through the past, through the future, through the vigils of the joyless day, and the broken dreams of the night, there was a charm upon his soul—a hell within himself; and the curse of his sentence was—*never to forget!*

When Lady Emily returned home on that guilty and eventful night, she stole at once to her room: she dismissed her servant, and threw herself upon the ground in that deep despair which on this earth can never again know hope. She lay there without the power to weep, or the courage to pray—how long, she knew not. Like the period before creation, her mind was a chaos of jarring elements, and knew neither the method of reflection, nor the division of time.

As she rose, she heard a slight knock at the door, and her husband entered. Her heart misgave her; and when she saw him close the door carefully before he approached her, she felt as if she could have sunk into the earth, alike from her internal shame, and her fear of its detection.

Mr. Mandeville was a weak, common-place character; indifferent in ordinary matters, but, like most imbecile minds, violent and furious when aroused. "Is this, Madam, addressed to you?" he cried, in a voice of thunder, as he placed a letter before her (it was one of Falkland's); "and this, and this, Madam?" said he, in a still louder tone, as he flung them out one after another from her own escritoire, which he had broken upon.

Emily sank back, and gasped for breath. Mandeville rose, and, laughing fiercely, seized her by the arm. He grasped it with all his force. She uttered a faint scream of terror: he did not heed it; he flung her from him, and, as she fell upon the ground, the blood gushed in torrents from her lips. In the sudden change of feeling which alarm created, he raised her in

his arms. *She was a corpse!* At that instant the clock struck upon his ear with a startling and solemn sound; *it was the half hour after mid-night!*

The grave is now closed upon that soft and erring heart, with its guiltiest secret unrevealed. She went to that last home with a blest and unblighted name; for her guilt was unknown, and her virtues are yet recorded in the memories of the Poor.

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They laid her in the stately vaults of her ancient line, and her bier was honored with tears from hearts not less stricken, because their sorrow, if violent, was brief. For the dead there are many mourners, but only one monument—the bosom which loved them *best*. The spot where the hearse rested, the green turf beneath, the surrounding trees, the gray tower of the village church, and the proud halls rising beyond,—all had witnessed the childhood, the youth, the bridal-day of the being whose last rites and solemnities they were to witness now. The very bell which rang for her birth had rung also for the marriage peal; it *now* tolled for her death. But a little while, and she had gone forth from that home of her young and unclouded years, amidst the acclamations and blessings of all, a bride, with the insignia of bridal pomp—in the first bloom of her girlish beauty—in the first innocence of her unawakened heart, weeping, not for the future she was entering, but for the past she was about to leave, and smiling through her tears, as if innocence had no business with grief. On the same spot, where he had then waved his farewell, stood the father now. On the grsss which they had then covered, flocked the peasants whose wants her childhood had relieved; by the same priest who had blest her bridals, bent the bridegroom who had plighted its vow. There was not a tree, not a blade of grass withered. The day itself was bright and glorious; such was it when it smiled upon her nuptials. And *she—she*—but four little years, and all youth's innocence darkened, and earth's beauty come to dust! Alas! not for her, but the mourner whom she left! In death even love is forgotten; but in life there is no bitterness so utter as to feel everything is unchanged, except the One Being who was the soul of all—to know *the world* is the same, but that *its sunshine* is departed.

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The noon was still and sultry. Along the narrow street of the small village of Lodar poured the wearied but yet unconquered band, which embodied in that district of Spain the last hope and energy of freedom. The countenances of the soldiers were haggard and dejected; they displayed even less of the vanity, than their accoutrements exhibited of the pomp and circumstances of war. Yet their garments were such as even the peasants had disdained: covered with blood and dust, and tattered into a thousand rags, they betokened nothing of chivalry but its endurance of hardship; even the rent and sullied banners drooped sullenly along their staves, as if the winds themselves had become the minions of fortune, and disdained to swell the insignia of those whom she had deserted. The glorious music of battle was still. An air of dispirited and defeated enterprise hung over the whole array. "Thank Heaven," said the chief, who closed the last file as it marched on to its scanty refreshment and brief repose; "thank Heaven, we are at least out of the reach of pursuit; and the mountains, those last retreats of liberty, are before us!" "True, Don Rafael," replied the youngest of the two officers who rode by the side of the commander; "and if we can cut our passage to Mina, we may yet plant the standard of the Constitution in Madrid." "Ay," added the elder officer, "and sing Riego's hymn in the place of the Escurial!" "Our sons may!" said the chief, who was indeed Riego himself, "but for us—all hope is over! Were we united, we could scarcely make head against the armies of France; and divided as we are, the wonder is that we have escaped so long. Hemmed in by invasion, our great enemy has been ourselves. Such has been the hostility faction has created between Spaniard and Spaniard, that we seem to have none left to waste upon Frenchmen. We cannot establish freedom if men are willing to be slaves. We have no hope, Don Alphonso—no hope—but that of death!" As Riego concluded this desponding answer, so contrary to his general enthusiasm, the younger officer rode on among the soldiers, cheering them with

words of congratulation and comfort; ordering their several divisions; cautioning them to be prepared at a moment's notice; and impressing on their remembrance those small but essential points of discipline which a Spanish troop might well be supposed to disregard. When Riego and his companion entered the small and miserable hovel which constituted the head-quarters of the place, this man still remained without; and it was not till he had slackened the girths of his Andalusian horse, and placed before it the undainty provender which the *écurie* afforded, that he thought of rebinding more firmly the bandages wound around a deep and painful sabre cut in the left arm, which for several hours had been wholly neglected. The officer, whom Riego had addressed by the name of Alphonso, came out of the hut just as his comrade was vainly endeavoring, with his teeth and one hand, to replace the ligature. As he assisted him, he said, "You know not, my dear Falkland, how bitterly I reproach myself for having ever persuaded you to a cause where contest seems to have no hope, and danger no glory." Falkland smiled bitterly. "Do not deceive yourself, my dear uncle," said he; "your persuasions would have been unavailing but for the suggestions of my own wishes. I am not one of those enthusiasts who entered on your cause with high hopes and chivalrous designs: I asked but forgetfulness and excitement—I have found them! I would not exchange a single pain I have endured for what would have constituted the pleasures of other men: but enough of this. What time, think you, have we for repose?" "Till the evening," answered Alphonso; "our route will then most probably be directed to the Sierra Morena. The general is extremely weak and exhausted, and needs a longer rest than we shall gain. It is singular that with such weak health he should endure so great an excess of hardship and fatigue." During this conversation they entered the hut. Riego was already asleep. As they seated themselves to the wretched provision of the place, a distant and indistinct noise was heard. It came first on their ears like the birth of the mountain wind—low, and hoarse, and deep; gradually it grew loud and louder, and mingled with other sounds which they defined too well—the hum, the murmur, the trampling of steeds, the ringing echoes of the rapid march of armed men! They heard and knew the foe was upon them!—a moment more, and the drum beat to arms. "By St. Pelagio," cried Riego, who had sprung from his light sleep at the first sound of the approaching danger, unwilling to believe his fears, "it cannot be; the French are far behind:" and then, as the drum beat, his voice suddenly changed,—"the enemy! the enemy! D'Aguilar, to horse!" and with those words he rushed out of the hut. The soldiers, who had scarcely begun to disperse, were soon recollected. In the meanwhile the French commander, D'Argout, taking advantage of the surprise he had occasioned, poured on his troops, which consisted solely of cavalry, undaunted and undelayed by the fire of the posts. On, on they drove like a swift cloud charged with thunder, and gathering wrath as it hurried by, before it burst in tempest on the beholders. They did not pause till they reached the farther extremity of the village: there the Spanish infantry were already formed into two squares. "Halt!" cried the French commander: the troop suddenly stopped, confronting the nearer square. There was one brief pause—the moment before the storm. "Charge!" said D'Argout, and the word rang throughout the line up to the clear and placid sky. Up flashed the steel like lightning; on went the troop like the dash of a thousand waves when the sun is upon them; and before the breath of the riders was thrice drawn, came the crash—the shock—the slaughter of battle. The Spaniards made but a faint resistance to the impetuosity of the on-set: they broke on every side beneath the force of the charge, like the weak barriers of a rapid and weak swollen stream; and the French troops after a brief but bloody victory (joined by a second squadron from the rear), advanced immediately upon the Spanish cavalry. Falkland was by the side of Riego. As the troop advanced, it would have been curious to notice the contrast of expression in the face of each; the Spaniard's features lighted up with the daring enthusiasm of his nature; every trace of their usual langnor and exhaustion vanished beneath the unconquerable soul that blazed out the brighter for the debility of the frame; the brow knit; the eye flashing; the lip quivering:—and close beside, the calm, stern, passionless repose that brooded over the severe yet noble beauty of Falkland's countenance.

To him danger brought scorn, not enthusiasm; he rather despised than defied it. "The dastards! they waver," said Riego, in an accent of despair, as his troop faltered beneath the charge of the French: and so saying, he spurred his steed on to the foremost line. The contest was longer, but not less decisive, than the one just concluded. The Spaniards, thrown into confusion by the first shock, never recovered themselves. Falkland, who, in his anxiety to rally and inspirit the soldiers, had advanced with two other officers beyond the ranks, was soon surrounded by a detachment of dragoons: the wound in his left arm scarcely suffered him to guide his horse: he was in the most imminent danger. At that moment D'Aguilar, at the head of his own immediate followers, cut his way into the circle, and covered Falkland's retreat; another detachment of the enemy came up, and they were a second time surrounded. In the meanwhile, the main body of the Spanish cavalry were flying in all directions, and Riego's deep voice was heard at intervals, through the columns of smoke and dust, calling and exhorting them in vain. D'Aguilar and his scanty troop, after a desperate skirmish, broke again through the enemy's line drawn up against their retreat. The rank closed after them, like waters when the object that pierced them has sunk: Falkland and his two companions were again environed: he saw his comrades cut to the earth before him. He pulled up his horse for one moment, clove down with one desperate blow the dragoon with whom he was engaged, and then setting his spurs to the very rowels into his horse, dashed at once through the circle of his foes. His remarkable presence of mind, and the strength and sagacity of his horse befriended him. Three sabres flashed before him, and glanced harmless from his raised sword, like lightning on the water. The circle was passed! As he galloped towards Riego, his horse started from a dead body that lay across his path. He reigned up for one instant, for the countenance, which looked upwards, struck him as familiar. What was his horror, when in that livid and distorted face he recognized his uncle! The thin grizzled hairs were besprent with gore and brains, and the blood yet oozed from the spot where the ball had passed through his temple. Falkland had but a brief interval for grief; the pursuers were close behind: he heard the snort of the foremost horse before he again put spurs into his own. Riego was holding a hasty consultation with his principal officers. As Falkland rode breathless up to them, they had decided on the conduct expedient to adopt. They led the remaining square of infantry towards the chain of mountains against which the village, as it were, leaned; and there the men dispersed in all directions. "For us," said Riego to the followers on horseback who gathered around him, "for us the mountains still promise a shelter. We must ride, gentlemen, for our lives—Spain will want *them* yet."

Wearied and exhausted as they were, that small and devoted troop fled on into the recesses of the mountains for the remainder of that day—twenty men out of the two thousand who had halted at Lodar. As the evening stole over them, they entered into a narrow defile: the tall hills rose on every side, covered with the glory of the setting sun, as if Nature rejoiced to grant her bulwarks as a protection to liberty. A small clear stream ran through the valley, sparkling with the last smile of the departing day; and ever and anon, from the scattered shrubs and the fragrant herbage, came the vesper music of the birds, and the hum of the wild bee.

Parched with thirst, and drooping with fatigue, the wanderers sprung forward with one simultaneous cry of joy to the glassy and refreshing wave which burst so unexpectedly upon them: and it was resolved that they should remain for some hours in a spot where all things invited them to the repose they so imperiously required. They flung themselves at once upon the grass; and such was their exhaustion, that rest was almost synonymous with sleep. Falkland alone could not immediately forget himself in repose; the face of his uncle, ghastly and disfigured, glared upon his eyes whenever he closed them. Just, however, as he was sinking into an unquiet and fitful doze, he heard steps approaching: he started up, and perceived two men, one a peasant, the other in the dress of a hermit. They were the first human beings the wanderers had met; and when Falkland gave the alarm to Riego, who slept beside him, it was immediately proposed to detain them as guides to the town of Carolina, where Riego had hopes of finding effectual assistance, or the means of ultimate escape. The hermit and his companion re-

fuseo, with much vehemence, the office imposed upon them; but Riego ordered them to be forcibly detained. He had afterwards reason bitterly to regret this compulsion.

Midnight came on in all the gorgeous beauty of a southern heaven, and beneath its stars they renewed their march.

As Falkland rode by the side of Riego, the latter said to him in a low voice, "There is yet escape for you and my followers; none for me: they have set a price on my head, and the moment I leave these mountains, I enter upon my own destruction." "No, Rafael!" replied Falkland; "you can yet fly to England, that asylum of the free, though ally of the despotic; the abettor of tyranny, but the shelter of its victims!" Riego answered, with the same faint and dejected tone, "I care not now what becomes of me! I have lived solely for Freedom; I have made her my mistress, my hope, my dream: I have no existence but in her. With the last effort of my country let me perish also! I have lived to view liberty not only defeated, but derided: I have seen its efforts not aided, but mocked. In my own country, those only, who wore it, have been respected who used it as a covering to ambition. In other nations, the free stood aloof when the charter of their own rights was violated in the invasion of ours. I cannot forget that the senate of that England, where you promise me a home, rang with insulting plaudits when her statesman breathed his ridicule on our weakness, not his sympathy for our cause; and I—*I*—fanatic—dreamer—enthusiast, as I may be called, whose whole life has been one unremitting struggle for the opinion I have adopted, am at least not so blinded by my infatuation, but I can see the mockery it incurs. If I die on the scaffold to-morrow, I shall have nothing of martyrdom but its doom; not the triumph—the incense—the immortality of popular applause: I should have no hope to support me at such a moment, gleaned from the glories of the future—nothing but one stern and prophetic conviction of the vanity of that tyranny by which my sentence will be pronounced." Riego paused for a moment before he resumed, and his pale and death-like countenance received an awful and unnatural light from the intensity of the feeling that swelled and burned within him. His figure was drawn up to its full height, and his voice rang through the lonely hills with a deep and hollow sound, that had in it a tone of prophecy, as he resumed: "It is in vain that they oppose OPINION; any thing else they may subdue. They may conquer wind, water, nature itself; but to the progress of that secret, subtle, pervading spirit, their imagination can devise, their strength can accomplish, no bar: *its votaries* they may seize, they may destroy; *itself* they cannot touch. If they check it in one place, it invades them in another. They cannot build a wall across the whole earth; and, even if they could, it would pass over its summit! Chains cannot bind it, for it is immaterial—dungeons enclose it, for it is universal. Over the fagot and the scaffold—over the bleeding bodies of its defenders which they pile against its path, it sweeps on with a noiseless but unceasing march. Do they levy armies against it, it presents to them no palpable object to oppose. *Its camp is the universe; its asylum is the bosoms of their own soldiers.* Let them depopulate, destroy as they please, to each extremity of the earth; but as long as they have a single supporter themselves—as long as they leave a single individual into whom that spirit can enter—so long they will have the same labors to encounter, and the same enemy to subdue."

As Riego's voice ceased, Falkland gazed upon him with a mingled pity and admiration. Sour and ascetic as was the mind of that hopeless and disappointed man, he felt somewhat of a kindred glow at the pervading and holy enthusiasm of the patriot to whom he had listened; and though it was the character of his own philosophy to question the purity of human motives, and to smile at the more vivid emotions he had ceased to feel, he bowed his soul in homage to those principles whose sanctity he acknowledged, and to that devotion of zeal and fervor with which their defender cherished and enforced them. Falkland had joined the Constitutionalists with respect, but not ardor, for their cause. He demanded excitation; he cared little where he found it. He stood in this world a being who mixed in all its changes, performed all its offices, took, as if by the force of superior mechanical power, a leading share in its events; but whose thoughts and soul were as offsprings of another planet, imprisoned in a human form, and *longing for their home!*

As they rode on, Riego continued to converse with that imprudent unreserve which the

openness and warmth of his nature made natural to him: not one word escaped the hermit and the peasant (whose name was Lopez Lara) as they rode on two mules behind Falkland and Riego. "Remember," whispered the hermit to his comrade, "the reward!" "I do," muttered the peasant.

Throughout the whole of that long and dreary night, the wanderers rode on incessantly, and found themselves at daybreak near a farm-house: this was Lara's own home. They made the peasant Lara knock; his own brother opened the door. Fearful as they were of the detection to which so numerous a party might conduce, only Riego, another officer (Don Luis de Sylva), and Falkland entered the house. The latter, whom nothing ever seemed to render weary or forgetful, fixed his cold stern eye upon the two brothers, and, seeing some signs pass between them, locked the door, and so prevented their escape. For a few hours they reposed in the stables with their horses, their drawn swords by their sides. On waking, Riego found it absolutely necessary that his horse should be shod. Lopez started up, and offered to lead it to Arguillas for that purpose. "No," said Riego, who, though naturally imprudent, partook in this instance of Falkland's habitual caution: "your brother shall go and bring hither the farrier." Accordingly the brother went: he soon returned. "The farrier," he said, "was already on the road." Riego and his companions, who were absolutely fainting with hunger, sat down to breakfast; but Falkland, who had finished first, and who had eyed the man since his return with the most scrutinizing attention, withdrew towards the window, looking out from time to time with a telescope which they had carried about them, and urging them impatiently to finish. "Why?" said Riego, "famished men are good for nothing, either to fight or fly—and we *must* wait for the farrier." "True," said Falkland, "but——" he stopped abruptly. Sylva had his eyes on his face at that moment. Falkland's color suddenly changed: he turned round with a loud cry. "Up! up! Riego! Sylva! We are undone—the soldiers are upon us!" "Arm!" cried Riego, starting up. At that moment Lopez and his brother seized their own carbines, and levelled them at the betrayed constitutionalists. "The first who moves," cried the former, "is a dead man!" "Fools!" said Falkland, with a calm bitterness, advancing deliberately towards them. He moved only three steps—Lopez fired. Falkland staggered a few paces, recovered himself, sprang towards Lara, clove him at one blow from the skull to the jaw, and fell, with his victim, lifeless upon the floor. "Enough!" said Riego to the remaining peasant; "we are your prisoners; bind us!" In two minutes more the soldiers entered, and they were conducted to Carolina. Fortunately Falkland was known, when at Paris, to a French officer of high rank then at Carolina. He was removed to the Frenchman's quarters. Medical aid was instantly procured. The first examination of his wound was decisive; recovery was hopeless!

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Night came on again, with her pomp of light and shade—the night that for Falkland had no morrow. One solitary lamp burned in the chamber where he lay alone with God and his own heart. He had desired his couch to be placed by the window, and requested his attendants to withdraw. The gentle and balmy air stole over him, as free and bland as if it were to breathe for him for ever; and the silver moonlight came gleaming through the lattice, and played upon his wan brow, like the tenderness of a bride that sought to kiss him to repose. "In a few hours," thought he, as he lay gazing on the high stars which seemed such silent witnesses of an eternal and unfathomed mystery, "in a few hours either this feverish and wayward spirit will be at rest forever, or it will have commenced a new career in an untried and unimaginable existence! In a very few hours I may be amongst the very heavens that I survey—a part of their own glory—a new link in a new order of beings—breathing amidst the elements of a more gorgeous world—arrayed myself in the attributes of a purer and diviner nature—a wanderer among the planets—an associate of angels—the beholder of the arcana of the great God—redeemed, regenerate, immortal, or—*dust!*

"There is no Œdipus to solve the enigma of life. We are—whence came we? We are *not*—whither do we go? All things *in* our existence have their object; existence has none. We live, move, beget our species, perish—and

for what? We ask the past its moral; we question the gone years of the reason of our being, and from the clouds of a thousand ages there goes forth no answer. Is it merely to pant beneath this weary load; to sicken of the sun; to grow old; to drop like leaves into the grave; and to bequeath to our heirs the worn garments of toil and labor that we leave behind? Is it to sail for ever on the same sea, ploughing the ocean of time with new furrows, and feeding its billows with new wrecks, or——" and his thoughts paused, blinded and bewildered.

No man, in whom the mind has not been broken by the decay of the body, has approached death in full consciousness, as Falkland did that moment, and not thought intensely on the change he was about to undergo; and yet what new discoveries upon that subject has any one bequeathed us? There the wildest imaginations are driven from originality into triteness: there all minds, the frivolous and the strong, the busy and the idle, are compelled into the same path and limit of reflection. Upon that unknown and voiceless gulf of inquiry broods an eternal and impenetrable gloom; no wind breathes over it—no wave agitates its stillness: over the dead and solemn calm there is no change propitious to adventure—there goes forth no vessel of research, which is not driven, baffled and broken, again upon the shore.

The moon waxed high in her career. Midnight was gathering slowly over the earth: the beautiful, the mystic hour, blent with a thousand memories, hallowed by a thousand dreams, made tender to remembrance by the vows our youth breathed beneath its star, and solemn by the olden legends which are linked to its majesty and peace—*the hour in which men should die;* the isthmus between two worlds; the climax of the past day; the verge of that which is to come; wrapping us in sleep after a weary travail, and promising us a morrow *which since the first birth of Creation has never failed.* As the minutes glided on, Falkland felt himself grow gradually weaker and weaker. The pain of his wound had ceased, but a deadly sickness gathered over his heart: the room reeled before his eyes, and the damp chill mounted from his feet up—up to the breast in which the life-blood waxed dull and thick.

As the hand of the clock pointed *to the half-hour after midnight*, the attendants who waited in the adjoining room heard a faint cry. They rushed hastily into Falkland's chamber; they found him stretched half out of the bed. His hand was raised towards the opposite wall; it dropped gradually as they approached him; and his brow, which was at first stern and bent, softened shade by shade, into his usual serenity. But the dim film gathered fast over his eye, and the last coldness upon his limbs. He strove to raise himself as if to speak; the effort failed, and he fell motionless on his face. They stood by the bed for some moments in silence: at length they raised him. Placed against his heart was an open locket of dark hair, which one hand still pressed convulsively. They looked upon his countenance—(a single glance was sufficient)—it was hushed—proud—passionless—the seal of Death was upon it!"

END OF "FALKLAND."